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TAIT'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE

FOR

1839.

VOLUME VI.

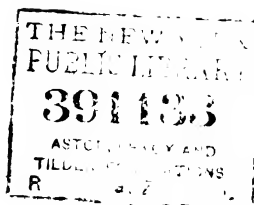
NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
1839

WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

MDCCCXXXIX.

Rep. 1.57/67



WROX
CLUB
VAGUE

From the STEAM-PRESS of PETER BROWN, Printer. 19, St James' Square.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1839.

LAKE REMINISCENCES, FROM 1807 TO 1830.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

NO. I.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IN 1807 it was, at the beginning of winter, that I first saw William Wordsworth. I have already mentioned that I had introduced myself to his notice by letter as early as the spring of 1803. To this hour it has continued, I believe, a mystery to Wordsworth, why it was that I suffered an interval of four and a half years to slip away before availing myself of the standing invitation with which I had been honoured to the poet's house. Very probably he accounted for this delay by supposing that the new-born liberty of an Oxford life, with its multiplied enjoyments, acting upon a boy just emancipated from the restraints of a school, and, in one hour, elevated into what we Oxonians so proudly and so exclusively* denominate a "man," might have tempted me into pursuits alien from the pure intellectual passions which had so powerfully mastered my youthful heart some years before. Extinguished such a passion could not be; nor could he think, if remembering the fervour with which I had expressed it, the sort of "nympholepsy" which had seized upon me, and which, in some imperfect way, I had avowed with reference to the very origin of lakes and mountains, amongst which the scenery of this most original poetry had chiefly grown up and moved. The very names of the ancient hills—Fairfield, Seat Sandal, Helvellyn, Blencathara, Glaramara; of the sequestered glens—such as Borrowdale, Martindale, Mardale, Wasdale, and Ennerdale; but, above all, the shy pastoral recesses, not garishly

in the world's eye, like Windermere or Derwentwater, but lurking half unknown to the traveller of that day—Grasmere, for instance, the lovely abode of the poet himself, solitary, and yet sowed, as it were, with a thin diffusion of humble dwellings—here a scattering, and there a clustering, as in the starry heavens—sufficient to afford, at every turn and angle, human remembrances and memorials of time-honoured affections, or of passions, (as the "Churchyard amongst the Mountains" will amply demonstrate)—not wanting even in scenic and tragical interest:—these were so many local spells upon me, equally poetic and elevating with the Miltonic names of Valdarno and Vallombrosa, whilst, in addition to that part of their power, they had a separate fascination, under the anticipation that very probably I might here form personal ties which would for ever connect me with their sweet solitudes by powers deep as life and awful as death. Oh! sense of mysterious pre-existence, by which, through years in which as yet a stranger to these valleys of Westmoreland, I viewed myself as a phantom-self—a second identity projected from my own consciousness, and already living amongst them!—how was it, and by what prophetic instinct, that already I said to myself oftentimes, when chasing day-dreams along the pictures of these wild mountainous labyrinths, which as yet I had not traversed—Here, in some distant year, I shall be shaken with love, and there with stormiest grief?—whence was it that sudden revelations came upon me, like the drawing-up of a curtain, and closing again as rapidly, of scenes that made the future heaven of my life?—and how was it that in thought I *was* and yet in reality was *not* a denizen, already, in 1803–4–5, of lakes and forest lawns which I never saw till 1807?—and that, by a prophetic instinct of the heart, I rehearsed and lived over, as it were, in vision, those chapters of my life which have carried with them the weightiest burthen of joy and sorrow, and by the margin of those very lakes and hills with which I prefigured this connexion?—and, in short, that for me, by a transcendent

* At the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where the town is viewed as a mere ministerial appendage to the numerous colleges—the civic Oxford, for instance, existing for the sake of the academic Oxford, and not *vice versa*—it has naturally happened that the students honour with the name of "*a man*," him only who wears a cap and gown. The word is not used with any reference to physical powers, or to age; but simply to the final object for which the places are supposed to have first arisen, and to maintain themselves. There is, however, a ludicrous effect produced, in some instances, by the use of this term in contradistinguishing parties. "Was he a man?" is a frequent question; and as frequent in the mouth of a stripling under nineteen, speaking, perhaps, of a huge, elderly tradesman—"Oh, no! not a man at all."

*DA
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privilege, during the noviciate of my life, most truly I might say—

“In To-day already walked To-morrow?”

Deep are the voices which seem to call, deep is the lesson which would be taught even to the most thoughtless of men, by “any gladsome field of earth” which he may chance to traverse, if (according to the supposition* of Wordsworth) that field, so gay to him,

_____“could render back the sighs

To which it hath responded;”

_____“or could echo the sad steps

By which it hath been trod.”

But, if this recall of the real be affecting, much more so to me is this aerial and shadowy anticipation of the future, when looked back upon from far distance through a multitude of years, and when confirmed for the great outlines of its sketches by the impassioned experience of life. *Why* I should have done so, I can hardly say; but that I did—even before I had visited Grasmere, and whilst it was almost certain, from the sort of channel in which my life seemed destined to flow, that London would be the central region of my hopes and fears—even then I turned to Grasmere and its dependencies as knit up, in some way as yet unknown, with my future destinies. Of this, were it not that it would wear a superstitious air, I could mention a very memorable proof from the records of my life in 1804, full three and a half years before I saw Grasmere. However, I allude to that fact in this place by way of shewing that Oxford had not weaned my thoughts from the northern mountains and their great inhabitants; and that my delay was due to anything rather than to waning interest. On the contrary, the real cause of my delay was the too great profundity, and the increasing profundity, of my interest in this regeneration of our national poetry; and the increasing awe, in due proportion to the decaying thoughtlessness of boyhood, which possessed me for the character of its author. So far from neglecting Wordsworth, it is a fact (and Professor Wilson—who, without knowing me in those or for many subsequent years, shared my feelings towards both the poetry and the poet—has a story of his own experience somewhat similar, to report)—it is a fact, I say, that twice I had undertaken a long journey expressly for the purpose of paying my respects to Wordsworth; twice I came so far as the little rustic inn (at that time the sole inn of the neighbourhood) at Church Coniston—the village which stands at the north-western angle of Coniston Water; and on neither occasion could I summon confidence enough to present myself before him. It was not that I had any want of proper boldness for facing the most numerous company of a mixed or ordinary character: reserved indeed I was, and too much so, perhaps even shy—from the character of my mind, so profoundly meditative, and the character of my life, so profoundly se-

questered: but still, from counteracting causes, I was not deficient in a reasonable self-confidence towards the world generally. But the very image of Wordsworth, as I prefigured it to my own planet-struck eye, crushed my faculties as before Elijah or St Paul. Twice, as I have said, did I advance as far as the Lake of Coniston, which is about eight miles from the church of Grasmere, and once I absolutely went forwards from Coniston to the very gorge of Hammerscar, from which the whole vale of Grasmere suddenly breaks upon the view in a style of almost theatrical surprise, with its lovely valley stretching in the distance, the lake lying immediately below, with its solemn boat-like island of five acres in size, seemingly floating on its surface; its exquisite outline on the opposite shore, revealing all its little bays and wild sylvan margin, feathered to the edge with wild flowers and ferns. In one quarter, a little wood, stretching for about half a mile towards the outlet of the lake, more directly in opposition to the spectator; a few green fields; and beyond them, just two bowshots from the water, a little white cottage gleaming from the midst of trees, with a vast and seemingly never-ending series of ascents, rising above it to the height of more than three thousand feet. That little cottage was Wordsworth's from the time of his marriage, and earlier—in fact, from the beginning of the century to the year 1808. Afterwards, for many a year, it was mine. Catching one hasty glimpse of this loveliest of landscapes, I retreated like a guilty thing, for fear I might be surprised by Wordsworth, and then returned faint-heartedly to Coniston, and so to Oxford, *re infectâ*. This was in 1806. And thus far, from mere excess of nervous distrust in my own powers for sustaining a conversation with Wordsworth, I had, for nearly five years, shrunk from a meeting for which, beyond all things under heaven, I longed. These, the reader will say, were foolish feelings. Why, yes; perhaps they were; but they had a laudable foundation; for I carried my modesty to a laughable excess undoubtedly; but yet it *was* modesty which co-operated with other feelings to produce my foolish panic. I had lived in profounder solitude than can have fallen to the lot of many people, which arose from the unusual defect of sympathy I found in all around me; and this solitude gave a preternatural depth to my master feelings, which originally were deep enough; and, to speak phrenologically, the organ of veneration must have received an inordinate development in my case. However, say what one can for it, no doubt my conduct was very absurd; and I began to think so myself. I fancied continually a plain, honest, old relative saying to me—“Let the man be a god even, he will shew himself very little of a good one if he is not satisfied with a devotion such as yours. You offer him almost a blamable adoration. What more can he require? And if more he *does* require, hang me if I wouldn't think myself too good for any man's scorn; and, after one trial of it, I would wish him good morning for ever.” Still I witnessed

* See the divine passage in “The Excursion,” beginning—

“Ah! what a lesson for a thoughtless man,
If any gladsome field of earth,” &c.

a case where a kind of idol had, after all, rejected an idolator that did not offer a splendid triumph to his pride; and with the additional cruelty of slighting this worshipper in behalf of one more brilliant, who seemed in great doubt whether he should admire or not. And, although I thought better of Mr Wordsworth's moral nature than to suppose it possible for him to err in this extent, or even with this kind of insolence, yet I could not reconcile myself to the place of an humble admirer, valued, perhaps, for the right direction of his feelings, but practically neglected in behalf of some more gifted companion, who might have the power (which much I feared that I should never have) of talking to him on something like equal terms, as respected the laws and principles of poetry. I could bear well enough to be under-valued, or even openly scorned; for, said I to myself, it is the lot of every man in this world to be scorned by somebody; and also, to balance that misfortune, every man has a chance of one worshipper. "I," says Sir Andrew Aguecheek—"I was adored once." Yes, even Aguecheek had his one adorer; and there is not that immeasurable fool in this world, but that (according to La Fontaine's consolatory doctrine) he has a fair chance for finding "un plus grand sot que lui-même." But, with all this equanimity in my expectation and demands, philosophically as I could have reconciled myself to contempt, there was a limit. People there were in this world whose respect I could not dispense with: people also there *have been* in this world (alas! alas!) whose love was to me no less indispensable. Have it I must, or life would have had no value in my eyes. Was I then so deficient in conversational power that I could not hope to acquit myself respectably? In that respect, it is a singularity in which (if I may presume, even for a defect, to compare myself with so great a man) I resembled Wordsworth—namely, that in early youth I laboured under a peculiar embarrassment and penury of words, when I sought to convey my thoughts adequately upon interesting subjects: neither was it words only that I wanted; but I could not unravel, I could not even make perfectly conscious to myself, or properly arrange the subsidiary thoughts into which one leading thought often radiates; or, at least, I could not do this with anything like the rapidity requisite for conversation. I laboured like a Sibyl instinct with the burden of prophetic wo, as often as I found myself dealing with any topic in which the understanding combined with deep feelings to suggest mixed and tangled thoughts: and thus partly—partly also from my invincible habit of reverie—at that era of my life, I had a most distinguished talent "pour le silence." Wordsworth, from something of the same causes, suffered (by his own report to myself) at the same age from pretty much the same infirmity. And yet, in more advanced years—probably about twenty-eight or thirty—both of us acquired a remarkable fluency in the art of unfolding our thoughts colloquially. However, at that period my deficiencies were what I

have described. And after all, though I had no absolute cause for anticipating contempt, I was so far right in my fears, that since that time I have had occasion to perceive a worldly tone of sentiment in Wordsworth, not less than in Mrs Hannah More and other literary people, by which they were led to set a higher value upon a limited respect from a person high in the world's esteem, than upon the most lavish spirit of devotion from an obscure quarter. Now, in that point, my feelings are far otherwise; and, though it is praising myself to say so, yet say it I must, because it is mere truth—that, if a fool were so far to honour me as to profess, in Sir Andrew Aguecheek's phrase, even to "adore" me—yes, though it were Sir Andrew himself—I should say, "My poor fool! thy adoration will do me but little good in this world; yet, to know that thy whole heart's wealth is given up to me, that forces me to value thy homage more than I would that of Solomon in all his glory." Meantime, the world went on; events kept moving; and, amongst them, in the course of 1807, occurred the event of Mr Coleridge's return to England from his official station in the Governor's family at Malta; my introduction to his acquaintance at Bridgewater, where he was then (summer of 1807) visiting, together with his family, amongst old Somersetshire friends; his subsequent journey to Bristol, near which (at the Hotwells) I was then staying with a female relation; and, finally, upon discovering that he was anxious to put his wife and children under some friendly escort, on their return homewards to Keswick, (he himself being summoned to execute an engagement to lecture at the Royal Institution during the coming winter,) I offered to unite with Mrs Coleridge in a post-chaise to the north. My offer was readily accepted, and, at the latter end of October, we set forwards—Mrs Coleridge, viz., with her two surviving sons—Hartley, aged nine, the oldest; Derwent, about seven—her beautiful little daughter, about five; and, finally, myself. Going by the direct route through Gloucester, Bridgewater, &c., on the third day we reached Liverpool, where I took up my quarters at a hotel, whilst Mrs Coleridge paid a visit of a few days to a very interesting family, friends of Southey. These were the Misses Koster, daughters of an English gold merchant of celebrity, who had recently quitted Portugal on the approach of the French army under Junot. Mr Koster did me the honour to call at my quarters, and invite me to his house; an invitation which I very readily accepted, and had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a family the most accomplished I had ever known. At dinner, there appeared only the family party, several daughters, and one son, a fine young man of twenty, but who was *consciously* dying of asthma. Mr Koster, the head of the family, was distinguished for his good sense and practical information; but, in Liverpool, still more so by his eccentric and obstinate denial of certain notorious events; in particular, he denied that any such battle as Talavera had ever been fought,

and had a large wager depending upon the result. His house was the resort of distinguished foreigners ; and, on the first evening of my dining there, as well as afterwards, I there met, for the first time and for the last, that marvel of women, Madame Catalani. I had heard her repeatedly ; but never before been near enough to see her smile and converse—even to be honoured with a smile myself. She and Lady Hamilton were the most effectively brilliant women I ever saw. However, on this occasion, the Miss Kesters outshone even la Catalani ; to her they talked in the most fluent Italian ; to some foreign men, in Portuguese ; to one, in French ; and to most of the party in English ; and each, by turns, seemed to be their native tongue. Nor did they shrink, even in the presence of the mighty enchantress and syren, from exhibiting their musical skill.

From Liverpool, after about a week's delay, we pursued our journey northwards. We had slept on the first day at Lancaster. Consequently, at the rate of motion which then prevailed throughout England—which, however, was rarely equalled on that road, where all things were in arrear by comparison with the eastern and southern roads of the kingdom—we naturally enough found ourselves, about three o'clock in the afternoon, at Ambleside, fourteen miles to the north of Kendal, and thirty-six from our sleeping quarters. There, for the last time, we stopped to change horses, a ceremony which then took half an hour ; and, about four o'clock, we found ourselves on the summit of the White Moss, a hill which rises between the second and third mile-stones on the stage from Ambleside to Keswick, and which then retarded the traveller's advance by a full fifteen minutes, but is now evaded by a lower line of road. In ascending this hill, from weariness of moving so slowly, I, with the two Coleridges, had alighted ; and, as we all chose to stretch our legs by running down the hill, we had left the chaise behind us, and had even lost the sound of the wheels at times, when, all at once, we came at an abrupt turn of the road, in sight of a white cottage, with two solemn yew-trees breaking the glare of its white walls. A sudden shock seized me on recognising this cottage, of which, in the previous year, I had gained a momentary glimpse from Hammerscar, on the opposite side of the lake. I paused, and felt my old panic returning upon me ; but just then, as if to take away all doubt upon the subject, I saw Hartley Coleridge, who had gained upon me considerably during my pause of hesitation, suddenly turn in at a garden gate ; and, just then, the chaise, which had been rattling furiously down the descent, according to the invariable practice of Westmoreland drivers, (for in Westmoreland they never lock down the steepest descents, and therefore rightly keep up their horses at a flying gallop,) suddenly turned a corner of the road and came into sight ; at the same moment Mrs Coleridge waved her hand from one of the front windows ; and the direction of this motion to the right, at once confirmed me in my belief

that here at last we had reached our port ; that this little cottage was tenanted by that man whom, of all the men from the beginning of time, I most fervently desired to see ; that, in less than a minute, I should meet Wordsworth face to face. Coleridge was of opinion that, if a man were really and *consciously* to see an apparition—supposing, I mean, the case to be a physical possibility that a spiritual essence should be liable to the action of material organs—in such circumstances death would be the inevitable result ; and, if so, the wish which we hear so commonly expressed for such experience is as thoughtless as that of Semele in the Grecian Mythology, so natural in a female, that her lover should visit her *en grand costume*, and “with his tail on”—presumptuous ambition, that unexpectedly wrought its own ruinous chastisement ! Judged by Coleridge's test, my situation could not have been so terrific as *his* who anticipates a ghost—for, certainly, I survived this meeting ; but, at that instant, it seemed pretty much the same to my own feelings. Never before or since can I reproach myself with having trembled at the approaching presence of any creature that is born of woman, excepting only, for once or twice in my life, woman herself ; now, however, I *did* tremble ; and I forgot, what in no other circumstances I could have forgotten, to stop for the coming up of the chaise, that I might be ready to hand Mrs Coleridge out. Had Charlemagne and all his Peerage been behind me, or Cæsar and his equipage, or Death on his pale horse, I should have forgotten them at that moment of intense expectation, and of eyes fascinated to what lay before me, or what might in a moment appear. Through the little gate I pressed forward ; ten steps beyond it lay the principal door of the house. To this, no longer clearly conscious of my own feelings, I passed on rapidly ; I heard a step, a voice, and, like a flash of lightning, I saw the figure emerge of a tallish man, who held out his hand, and saluted me with the most cordial manner, and the warmest expression of friendly welcome that it is possible to imagine. The chaise, however, drawing up to the gate at that moment, he (and there needed no Roman nomenclator to tell me that this *he*, the owner of this noble countenance, was Wordsworth) felt himself summoned, as master of the hospitalities on the occasion, to advance and receive Mrs Coleridge. I, therefore, stunned almost with the actual accomplishment of a catastrophe so long anticipated and so long postponed, mechanically went forward into the house. A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad ; very prettily wainscotted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes, enobled, at almost every season of the year, with roses ; and, in the summer and autumn, with

a profusion of jessamine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainecotting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air. However, I saw sufficiently to be aware of two ladies just entering the room, from a doorway opening upon a little staircase. The foremost, a tall young woman, with the most winning expression of benignity upon her features that I had ever beheld, made a slight curtsey, and advanced to me, presenting her hand with so frank an air that all embarrassment must have fled in a moment before the native goodness of her manner. This was Mrs Wordsworth, cousin of the poet; and, for the last five years or more, his wife. She was now mother of two children, a son and a daughter; and she furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman, neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigour of criticism—nay, generally pronounced very plain—to exercise all the practical power and fascination of beauty, through the mere compensatory charms of sweetness all but angelic, of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect, and purity of heart speaking through all her looks, acts, and movements. Words, I was going to have added; but her words were few. In reality, she talked so little that Mr Slave-Trade Clarkson used to say of her that she could only say “*God bless you!*” Certainly her intellect was not of an active order; but, in a quiescent, reposing, meditative way, she appeared always to have a genial enjoyment from her own thoughts; and it would have been strange indeed if she, who enjoyed such eminent advantages of training, from the daily society of her husband and his sister, not only hearing the best parts of English literature daily read, or quoted by short fragments, but also hearing them very often critically discussed in a style of great originality and truth, and by the light of strong poetic feeling—strange it would have been had any person, though dull as the weeds of Lethe in the native constitution of his mind, failed to acquire some power of judging for himself, and putting forth some functions of activity. But undoubtedly that was not her element: to feel and to enjoy in a luxurious repose of mind—there was her *forte* and her peculiar privilege; and how much better this was adapted to her husband’s taste, how much more adapted to uphold the comfort of his daily life, than a blue-stocking loquacity, or even a legitimate talent for discussion and analytic skill, may be inferred from his celebrated verses, beginning—

“She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam’d upon my sight;”

and ending with this matchless winding-up of an intellectual homage, involving a description of an almost ideal wife—

“A perfect woman, nobly plann’d
To warn, to comfort, to command;
And yet!”

going back to a previous thought, and resuming a leading impression of the whole character—

“And yet a spirit too, and bright
With something of an angel light.”

From these verses, I say, it may be inferred what were the qualities which won Wordsworth’s admiration in a wife; for these verses were written upon Mary Hutchinson, his own cousin, and his wife; and not written, as Coleridge’s movable verses upon “*Sara*,” for some forgotten original Sara, and subsequently transferred to every other Sara who came across his path. Once for all, these exquisite lines were dedicated to Mrs Wordsworth; were understood to describe her—to have been prompted by the feminine graces of her character; hers they are, and will remain for ever. To these, therefore, I may refer the reader for an idea, by infinite degrees more powerful and vivid than I could give him, of what was most important in the partner and second self of the poet. And I shall add to this abstract of her *moral* portrait these few concluding traits of her appearance in a physical sense. She was tall—that I have already said; her figure was good—except that, for my taste, it was rather too slender, and so it always continued. In complexion she was fair; and there was something peculiarly pleasing even in this accident of the skin, for it was accompanied by an animated expression of health, a blessing which, in fact, she possessed uninterruptedly, very pleasing in itself, and also a powerful auxiliary of that smiling benignity which constituted the greatest attraction of her person. “Her eyes”—the reader may already know—“her eyes—

“Like stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dark brown hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.”

But strange it is to tell that, in these eyes of vespertine gentleness, there was a considerable obliquity of vision; and much beyond that slight obliquity which is often supposed to be an attractive foible of the countenance: and yet, though it *ought* to have been displeasing or repulsive, in fact it was not. Indeed all faults, had they been ten times more and greater, would have been swallowed up or neutralized by that supreme expression of her features, to the intense unity of which every lineament in the fixed parts, and every undulation in the moving parts, or play of her countenance, concurred—viz., a sunny benignity—a radiant gracefulness—such as in this world I never saw equalled or approached.

Here, then, the reader has a sketch of Mrs Wordsworth. Immediately behind her, moved a lady, much shorter, much slighter, and perhaps, in all other respects, as different from her in personal characteristics as could have been wished, for the most effective contrast. “Her face was of Egyptian brown;” rarely, in a woman of English birth, had I seen a more determinate gipsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs Wordsworth’s, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm and even ardent; her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned in-

telleet apparently burned within her, which, being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, (for she had rejected all offers of marriage, out of pure sisterly regard to her brother and his children,) gave to her whole demeanour and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment and even of self-conflict, that was sometimes distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often, or rather generally, suffered in point of clearness and steadiness, from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility, and, perhaps, from some morbid irritability of the nerves. At times, the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings, caused her even to stammer, and so determinately to stammer that a stranger who should have seen her and quitted her in that state of feeling, would have certainly set her down for one plagued with that infirmity of speech, as distressingly as Charles Lamb himself. This was Miss Wordsworth, the only sister of the poet—his “Dorothy;” who naturally owed so much to the life-long intercourse with her great brother, in his most solitary and sequestered years; but, on the other hand, to whom he has acknowledged obligations of the profoundest nature; and, in particular, this mighty one, through which we also, the admirers and the worshippers through every age of this great poet, are become equally her debtors—that whereas the intellect of Wordsworth was, by its original tendencies, too stern—too austere—too much enamoured of an ascetic harsh-sublimity, she it was—the lady who paced by his side continually through sylvan and mountain tracks, in Highland glens, and in the dim recesses of German charcoal-burners—that first *couched* his eye to the sense of beauty—humanized him by the gentler charities, and engrafted, with her delicate female touch, those graces upon the ruder growths of his nature, which have since clothed the forest of his genius with a foliage corresponding in loveliness and beauty to the strength of its boughs and the massiness of its trunks. The greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth’s attractions, and from the exceeding interest which surrounded her in right of her character, her history, and the relation which she fulfilled towards her brother, was the glancing quickness of her motions, and other circumstances in her deportment, (such as her stooping attitude when walking,) which gave an ungraceful, and even an unsexual character to her appearance when out of doors. She did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But, on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually; and, in addition to the other great services which she rendered to her brother, this I may mention, as greater than all the rest, and it was one which equally operated to the benefit of every casual companion in a walk—viz., the exceeding sympathy, always ready and always profound, by which she made all that one could tell her, all that one could describe, all that one

could quote from a foreign author, reverberate as it were, *d plusieurs reprises*, to one’s own feelings, by the manifest impression it made upon her. The pulses of light are not more quick or more inevitable in their flow and undulation, than were the answering and echoing movements of her sympathizing attention. Her knowledge of literature was irregular, and not systematically built up. She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered, lay where it could not be disturbed—in the temple of her own most fervid heart. In whatever I say or shall say of Miss Wordsworth, the reader may understand me to have the entire sanction and concurrence of Professor Wilson. We both knew Miss Wordsworth well; and we heartily agreed in admiring her.

Such were the two ladies, who, with himself and two children, and at that time one servant, composed the poet’s household. They were both somewhere about twenty-eight years old; and, if the reader inquires about the single point which I have left untouched in their portraiture—viz., the style of their manners—I may say that it was in *some* points, naturally of a plain household simplicity, but every way pleasing, unaffected, and (as respects Mrs Wordsworth) even dignified. Few persons had seen so little as this lady of the world. She had seen nothing of high life, for she had seen none at all. Consequently, she was unacquainted with the conventional modes of behaviour, prescribed in particular situations by high breeding. But, as these modes are little more than the product of dispassionate good sense, applied to the circumstances of the case, it is surprising how few deficiencies are perceptible, even to the most vigilant eye—or, at least, essential deficiencies—in the general demeanour of any unaffected young woman, acting habitually under a sense of sexual dignity, courtesy, pure tastes, and elegant enjoyments, assisted by the daily counsel and revision of a masculine intellect, in the person of a brother or a husband. Miss Wordsworth had seen most of life, and even of good company; for she had lived, when quite a girl, under the protection of a near relation at Windsor, who was a personal favourite of the royal family, and especially of George III. Consequently she ought to have been the more polished of the two; and yet, from greater natural aptitudes for refinement of manner in her sister-in-law, and partly, perhaps, from her more quiet and subdued manner, Mrs Wordsworth would have been pronounced the more lady-like person.

From the interest which attaches to every person so nearly connected as these two ladies with a great poet, I have allowed myself a larger latitude than else might have been justifiable in describing them. I now go on with my narrative:—

I was ushered up a little flight of stairs, fourteen in all, to a little dining-room, or whatever the reader chooses to call it. Wordsworth himself has described the fire-place of this as his

“Half-kitchen and half-parlour fire.”

It was not fully seven feet six inches high, and, in other respects, pretty nearly of the same dimensions as the rustic hall below. There was, however, in a small recess, a library of perhaps 300 volumes, which seemed to consecrate the room as the poet's study and composing room; and so occasionally it was. But far oftener he both studied, as I found, and composed on the high road. I had not been two minutes at the fireside, when in came Wordsworth, returning from his friendly attentions to the travellers below, who, it seemed, had been over-persuaded by hospitable solicitations to stay for this night in Grasmere, and to make out the remaining thirteen miles of their road to Keswick on the following day. Wordsworth entered. And "*what-likes*"—to use a Westmoreland, as well as a Scottish expression—"what-likes" was Wordsworth? A reviewer in *Tait's Magazine*,* in noticing some recent collection of literary portraits, gives it as his opinion that Charles Lamb's head was the finest amongst them. This remark may have been justified by the engraved portraits; but, certainly, the critic would have cancelled it had he seen the original heads—at least, had he seen them in youth or in maturity; for Charles Lamb bore age with less disadvantage to the intellectual expression of his appearance than Wordsworth, in whom a sanguine, or rather coarse complexion, (or rather not complexion, properly speaking, so much as texture of flesh,) has, of late years, usurped upon the original bronzed tint and finer skin; and this change of hue and change in the quality of skin, has been made fearfold more conspicuous, and more unfavourable in its general effect, by the harsh contrast of grizzled hair which has displaced the original brown. No change in personal appearance ever can have been so unfortunate; for, generally speaking, whatever other disadvantages old age may bring along with it, one effect, at least, in male subjects, has a compensating tendency—that it removes any tone of vigour too harsh, and mitigates the expression of power too unsubdued. But, in Wordsworth, the effect of the change has been to substitute an air of animal vigour, or, at least, hardness, as if derived from constant exposure to the wind and weather, for the fine, sombre complexion which he once had, resembling that of a Venetian senator or a Spanish monk. Here, however, in describing the personal appearance of Wordsworth, I go back, of course, to the point of time at which I am speaking. To begin with his figure:—Wordsworth was, upon the whole, not a well-made man. His legs were pointedly condemned by all the female connoisseurs in legs that ever I heard lecture upon that topic; not that they were bad in any way which *would* force itself upon your notice—there was no absolute deformity about them; and undoubtedly they had been serviceable legs beyond the average standard of human requisition; for I calculate, upon good data, that with these identical legs Wordsworth must have traversed a distance of 175 to 180,000 English

miles—a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of wine, spirits, and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits; to which he has been indebted for a life of unclouded happiness, and we for much of what is most excellent in his writings. But, useful as they have proved themselves, the Wordsworthian legs were certainly not ornamental; and it was really a pity, as I agreed with a lady in thinking, that he had not another pair for evening dress parties—when no boots lend their friendly aid to masque our imperfections from the eyes of female rigourists—the *elegantes formarum spectatrices*. A sculptor would certainly have disapproved of their contour. But the worst part of Wordsworth's person was the bust: there was a narrowness and a droop about the shoulders which became striking, and had an effect of meanness when brought into close juxtaposition with a figure of a most statuesque order. Once on a summer morning, walking in the vale of Langdale with Wordsworth, his sister, and Mr J——, a native Westmoreland clergyman, I remember that Miss Wordsworth was positively mortified by the peculiar illustration which settled upon this defective conformation. Mr J——, a fine towering figure, six feet high, massy and columnar in his proportions, happened to be walking, a little in advance, with Wordsworth; Miss Wordsworth and myself being in the rear; and from the nature of the conversation which then prevailed in our front rank, something or other about money, devises, buying and selling, we of the rear-guard thought it requisite to preserve this arrangement for a space of three miles or more; during which time, at intervals, Miss W—— would exclaim, in a tone of vexation, "Is it possible?—can that be William? How very mean he looks!" and could not conceal a mortification that seemed really painful, until I, for my part, could not forbear laughing outright at the serious interest which she carried into this trifle. She was, however, right as regarded the mere visual judgment. Wordsworth's figure, with all its defects, was brought into powerful relief by one which had been cast in a more square and massy mould; and in such a case it impressed a spectator with a sense of absolute meanness, more especially when viewed from behind, and not counteracted by his countenance; and yet Wordsworth was of a good height, just five feet ten, and not a slender man; on the contrary, by the side of Southey his limbs looked thick, almost in a disproportionate degree. But the total effect of Wordsworth's person was always worst in a state of motion; for, according to the remark I have heard from many country people, "he walked like a cade"—a cade being some sort of insect which advances by an oblique motion. This was not always perceptible, and in part depended (I believe) upon the position of his arms; when either of these happened (as was very customary) to be inserted into the unbuttoned waistcoat, his walk had a wry or twisted appearance; and not appearance only—for I have known it, by slow degrees, gradually

* Vol. IV., page 793, (Dec. 1837.)

to edge off his companion from the middle to the side of the highroad.* Meantime, his face—that was one which would have made amends for greater defects of figure; it was certainly the noblest for intellectual effects that, in actual life, I have seen, or at least have consciously been led to notice. Many such, or even finer, I have seen amongst the portraits of Titian, and, in a later period, amongst those of Vandyke, from the great era of Charles I., as also from the court of Elizabeth and of Charles II.; but none which has so much impressed me in my own time. Haydon, the eminent painter, in his great picture of *Christ's Entry into Jerusalem*, has introduced Wordsworth in the character of a disciple attending his Divine Master. This fact is well known; and, as the picture itself is tolerably well known to the public eye, there are multitudes now living who will have seen a very impressive likeness of Wordsworth—some consciously, some not suspecting it. There will, however, always be many who have *not* seen any portrait at all of Wordsworth; and therefore I will describe its general outline and effect. It was a face of the long order, often falsely classed as oval; but a greater mistake is made by many people in supposing the long face, which prevailed so remarkably in the Elizabethan and Carolinian periods, to have become extinct in our days. Miss Ferrier, in one of her brilliant novels, (*"Marriage,"* I think,) makes a Highland girl protest that "no Englishman *with his round face*" shall ever wean her heart from her own country; but England is not the land of round faces—and those have observed little indeed who think so: France it is that grows the round face, and in so large a majority of her provinces that it has become one of the national characteristics. And the remarkable impression which an Englishman receives from the prevalence of the eternal orb of the human countenance, proves of itself, without any *conscious* testimony, how the fact stands; in the blind sense of a monotony, in this respect not usual elsewhere, lies involved an argument that cannot be gainsaid. Besides receiving this evidence from positive experience, even upon an *à priori* argument, how is it possible that the long face so prevalent in England, by all confession, in certain splendid eras of our history, should have had time, in some five or six generations, to grow extinct? Again, the character of face varies essentially in different provinces. Wales has no connexion in this respect with Devonshire, nor Kent with Yorkshire, nor either with Westmoreland. England, it is true, tends beyond all known examples to a general amalgamation of differences by means of its unrivalled freedom of intercourse. Yet even in England, law and necessity have opposed as yet such and so many obstacles to the free diffusion of labour, that

every generation occupies by at least five-sixths of its numbers the ground of its ancestors. The movable part of a population is chiefly the higher part; and it is the lower classes that, in every nation, compose the *fundus*, in which lies latent the national face as well as the national character. Each exists here in racy purity and integrity, not disturbed in the one by alien intermarriages, nor in the other by novelties of opinion or other casual effects derived from education and reading. Now, look into this *fundus*, and you will find, in many districts, no such prevalence of the round orbicular face as some people erroneously suppose: and in Westmoreland especially, the ancient long face of the Elizabethan period, powerfully resembling in all its lineaments the ancient Roman face, and often (though not so uniformly) the face of northern Italy in modern times. The face of Sir Walter Scott, as Irving, the pulpit orator, once remarked to me, was the indigenous face of the Border: the mouth, which was bad, and the entire lower part of the face, are seen repeated in thousands of working men's; or, as Irving chose to illustrate his position, "in thousands of Border horse-jockeys." In like manner, Wordsworth's face was, if not absolutely the indigenous face of the Lake district, at any rate a variety of that face, a modification of that original type. The head was well filled out; and there, to begin with, was a great advantage over the head of Charles Lamb, which was absolutely truncated in the posterior region—sawn off, as it were, by no timid sawyer. The forehead was not remarkably lofty—and, by the way, some artists, in their ardour for realizing their phrenological preconceptions, not suffering nature to surrender quietly and by slow degrees, her own alphabet of signs, and characters, and hieroglyphical expressions, but forcing her language prematurely into a conformity with their own crude speculations, have given to Sir Walter Scott a pile of forehead which is displeasing and cataphysical, in fact a caricature of anything that is ever seen in nature, and would (if real) be esteemed a deformity; in one instance, that which was introduced in some annual or other, the forehead makes about two thirds of the entire face. Wordsworth's forehead is also liable to caricature misrepresentations, in these days of phrenology; but, whatever it may appear to be in any man's fanciful portrait, the real living forehead, as I have been in the habit of seeing it for more than five-and-twenty years, is not remarkable for its height; but it is perhaps remarkable for its breadth and expansive development. Neither are the eyes of Wordsworth "large," as I have been erroneously stated somewhere in "Peter's Letters;" on the contrary, they are (I think) rather small; but *that* does not interfere with their effect, which at times is fine and suitable to his intellectual character. At times, I say, for the depth and subtlety of eyes varies exceedingly with the state of the stomach; and, if young ladies were aware of the magical transformations which can be wrought in the depth

* In our Westmoreland highroads, which are so fortunate as to have little breadth beyond that of lanes, there is no side-path, not even on approaching towns; consequently everybody walks at large upon the carriage track.

and sweetness of the eye by a few weeks' walking exercise, I fancy we should see their habits in this point altered greatly for the better. I have seen Wordsworth's eyes oftentimes affected powerfully in this respect; his eyes are not, under any circumstances, bright, lustrous, or piercing; but, after a long day's toil in walking, I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that it is possible for the human eye to wear. The light which resides in them is at no time a superficial light; but, under favourable accidents, it is a light which seems to come from depths below all depths; in fact, it is more truly entitled to be held "The light that never was on land or sea," a light radiating from some far spiritual world, than any the most idealizing light that ever yet a painter's hand created. The nose, a little arched, and large, which, by the way, (according to a natural phrenology, existing centuries ago amongst some of the lowest amongst the human species,) has always been accounted an unequivocal expression of animal appetites organically strong. And that was in fact the basis of Wordsworth's intellectual power: his intellectual passions were fervent and strong; because they rested upon a basis of animal sensibility superior to that of most men, diffused through *all* the animal passions (or appetites); and something of that will be found to hold of all poets who have been great by original force and power, not (as Virgil) by means of fine management and exquisite artifice of composition applied to their conceptions. The mouth, and the region of the mouth, the whole circumjacenties of the mouth, were about the strongest feature in Wordsworth's face; there was nothing specially to be noticed that I know of, in the mere outline of the lips; but the swell and protrusion of the parts above and around the mouth, are both noticeable in themselves, and also because they remind me of a very interesting fact which I discovered about three years after this my first visit to Wordsworth. Being a great collector of everything relating to Milton, I had naturally possessed myself, whilst yet very young, of Richardson the painter's thick octavo volume of notes on the "Paradise Lost." It happened, however, that my copy, in consequence of that mania for portrait collecting which has stripped so many English classics of their engraved portraits, had no picture of Milton. Subsequently I ascertained that it ought to have had a very good likeness of the great poet; and I never rested until I procured a copy of the book, which had not suffered in this respect by the fatal admiration of the amateur. The particular copy offered to me was one which had been priced unusually high, on account of the unusually fine specimen which it contained of the engraved portrait. This, for a particular reason, I was exceedingly anxious to see; and the reason was—that, according to an anecdote reported by Richardson himself, this portrait, of all that was shewn to her, was the only one acknowledged, by Milton's last surviving daughter, to be

a strong likeness of her father. And her involuntary gestures concurred with her deliberate words:—for, on seeing all the rest, she was silent and inanimate; but the very instant she beheld this from a crayons drawing which embellishes the work of Richardson, she burst out into a rapture of passionate recognition; exclaiming—"This is my father! this is my dear father!" Naturally, therefore, after such a testimony, so much stronger than any other person in the world could offer to the authentic value of this portrait, I was eager to see it.

Judge of my astonishment when, in this portrait of Milton, I saw a likeness nearly perfect of Wordsworth, better by much than any which I have since seen, of those expressly painted for himself. The likeness is tolerably preserved in that by Carruthers, in which one of the little Rydal waterfalls, &c., composes a back-ground; yet this is much inferior, as a mere portrait of Wordsworth, to the Richardson head of Milton; and this, I believe, is the last which represents Wordsworth in the vigour of his power. The rest, which I have not seen, may be better as works of art, (for anything I know to the contrary,) but they must labour under the great disadvantage of presenting the features when "defeatured," in the degree and the way I have described, by the idiosyncrasies of old age, as it affects this family; for it is noticed of the Wordsworths, by those who are familiar with their peculiarities, that, in their very blood and constitutional differences, lie hidden causes, able, in some mysterious way—

"Those shocks of passion to prepare
That kill the bloom before its time,
And blanch, without the owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair."

Some people, it is notorious, live faster than others; the oil is burned out sooner in one constitution than another—and the cause of this may be various; but, in the Wordsworths' one part of the cause is, no doubt, the secret fire of a temperament too fervid; the self-consuming energies of the brain, that gnaw at the heart and life-strings for ever. In that account which "The Excursion", presents to us of an imaginary Scotsman, who, to still the tumult of his heart, when visiting the "forces" (*i. e.*, cataracts) of a mountainous region, obliges himself to study the laws of light and colour, as they affect the rainbow of the stormy waters; vainly attempting to mitigate the fever which consumed him, by entangling his mind in profound speculations; raising a cross-fire of artillery from the subtilizing intellect, under the vain conceit that, in this way, he could silence the mighty battery of his impassioned brain—there we read a picture of Wordsworth and his own youth. In Miss Wordsworth, every thoughtful observer might read the same self-consuming style of thought. And the effect upon each was so powerful for the promotion of a premature old age, and of a premature expression of old age, that strangers invariably supposed them fifteen to twenty years older than they were. And I remember Wordsworth once laughingly reporting

to me, on returning from a short journey in 1809, a little personal anecdote, which sufficiently shewed what was the spontaneous impression upon that subject of casual strangers, whose feelings were not confused by previous knowledge of the truth. He was travelling by a stage coach, and seated outside, amongst a good half-dozen of fellow-passengers. One of these, an elderly man, who confessed to having passed the grand climacterical year (9 multiplied into 7) of 63, though he did not say precisely by how many years, said to Wordsworth, upon some anticipations which they had been mutually discussing of changes likely to result from enclosures, &c., then going on or projecting—"Ay, ay, another dozen of years will shew us strange sights; but you and I can hardly expect to see them." "How so?" said W. "Why, my friend, how old do you take me to be?" "Oh, I beg pardon," said the other; "I meant no offence—but what?" looking at W. more attentively—"you'll never see threescore, I'm of opinion." And, to shew that he was not singular in so thinking, he appealed to all the other passengers; and the motion passed, *nem. con.* that Wordsworth was rather over than under sixty. Upon this he told them the literal truth—that he had not yet accomplished his thirty-ninth year. "God bless me!" said the climacterical man; "so then, after all, you'll have a chance to see your childer get up like, and get settled! God bless me, to think of that!" And so closed the conversation, leaving to W. a pointed expression of his own premature age, as revealing itself by looks, in this unaffected astonishment, amongst a whole party of plain men, that he should really belong to a generation of the forward-looking, who live by hope; and might reasonably expect to see a child of seven years old matured into a man.

Returning to the question of portraits, I would observe, that this Richardson engraving of Milton has the advantage of presenting, not only by far the best likeness of Wordsworth, but of Wordsworth in the prime of his powers—a point so essential in the case of one so liable to premature decay. It may be supposed that I took an early opportunity of carrying the book down to Grasmere, and calling for the opinions of Wordsworth's family upon this most remarkable coincidence: Not one member of that family but was as much impressed as myself with the accuracy of the likeness. All the peculiarities even were retained—a drooping appearance of the eyelids, that remarkable swell which I have noticed about the mouth, the way in which the hair lay upon the forehead. In two points only there was a deviation from the rigorous truth of Wordsworth's features—the face was a little too short and too broad, and the eyes were too large. There was also a wreath of laurel about the head, which (as Wordsworth remarked) disturbed the natural expression of the whole picture; else, and with these few allowances, he also admitted that the resemblance was, *for that period of his life*, (but let not that restriction be forgotten,) perfect, or as nearly so as art could accomplish.

I have gone into so large and circumstantial a review of my recollections in a matter that would have been trifling and tedious in excess, had their recollection related to a less important man; but, with a certain knowledge that the least of them will possess a lasting and a growing interest in connexion with William Wordsworth—a man who is not simply destined to be had in everlasting remembrance by every generation of men, but (which is a modification of the kind worth any multiplication of the degree) to be had in that *sort* of remembrance which has for its shrine the heart of man—that world of fear and grief, of love and trembling hope, which constitutes the essential man; in *that* sort of remembrance, and not in such a remembrance as we grant to the ideas of a great philosopher, a great mathematician, or a great reformer. How different, how peculiar, is the interest which attends the great poets who have made themselves necessary to the human heart; who have first brought into consciousness, and next have clothed in words, those grand catholic feelings that belong to the grand catholic situations of life, through all its stages; who have clothed them in such words that human wit despairs of bettering them! How remote is that burning interest which settles upon men's living memories in our daily thoughts, from that which follows, in a disjointed and limping way, the mere nominal memories of those who have given a direction and movement to the currents of human thought, and who, by some leading impulse, have even quickened into life speculations appointed to terminate in positive revolutions of human power over physical agents! Mighty were the powers, solemn and serene is the memory, of Archimedes; and Apollonius shines like "the starry Galileo," in the firmament of human genius; yet how frosty is the feeling associated with these names by comparison with that which, upon every sunny bae, by the side of every ancient forest, even in the farthest depths of Canada, many a young innocent girl, perhaps, at this very moment—looking now with fear to the dark recesses of the infinite forest, and now with love to the pages of the infinite poet, until the fear is absorbed and forgotten in the love—cherishes in her heart for the name and person of Shakspeare! The one is abstraction, and a shadow recurring only by distinct efforts of recollection, and even thus to none but the enlightened and the learned; the other is a household image, rising amongst household remembrances, never separated from the spirit of delight, and hallowed by a human love! Such a place in the affections of the young and the ingenuous, no less than of the old and philosophic, who happen to have any depth of feeling, will Wordsworth occupy in every clime and in every land; for the language in which he writes, thanks be to Providence, which has beneficently opened the widest channels for the purest and most elevating literature, is now ineradicably planted in all quarters of the earth; the echoes under every latitude of every longitude now reverberate English words; and all things seem tending to

this result—that the English and the Spanish languages will finally share the earth between them. Wordsworth is peculiarly the poet for the solitary and the meditative; and, throughout the countless myriads of future America and future Australia, no less than Polynesia and Southern Africa, there will be situations without end fitted by their loneliness to favour his influence for centuries to come, by the end of which period it may be anticipated that education (of a more enlightened quality and more systematic than yet prevails) may have wrought such changes on the human species, as will uphold the growth of all philosophy, and, therefore, of all poetry which has its foundations laid in the heart of man. Commensurate with the interest in the poetry will be a secondary interest in the poet—in his personal appearance, and his habits of life, *so far as they can be supposed at all dependent upon his intellectual characteristics*; for, with respect to differences that are purely casual, and which illustrate no principle of higher origin than accidents of education or chance position, it is a gossiping taste only that could seek for such information, and a gossiping taste that would choose to consult it. Meantime, it is under no such gossiping taste that volumes have been written upon the mere portraits and upon the possible portraits of Shakspeare; and how invaluable should we all feel any record to be, which should raise the curtain upon Shakspeare's daily life—his habits, personal and social, his intellectual tastes, and his opinions on contemporary men, books, events, or national prospects! I cannot, therefore, think it necessary to apologize for the most circumstantial notices past or to come of Wordsworth's person and habits of life. But one thing it is highly necessary that I should explain, and the more so because a grand confession which I shall make at this point, as in some measure necessary to protect myself from the appearance of a needless mystery and reserve, would, if unaccompanied by such an explanation, expose me to the suspicion of having, at times, yielded to a private prejudice, so far as to colour my account of Wordsworth with a spirit of pique or illiberality. I shall acknowledge then, on my own part—and I feel that I might even make the same acknowledgment on the part of Professor Wilson, (though I have no authority for doing so)—that to neither of us, though, at all periods of our lives, treating him with the deep respect which is his due, and, in our earlier years, with a more than filial devotion—nay, with a blind loyalty of homage, which had in it, at that time, something of the spirit of martyrdom, which, for his sake, courted even reproach and contumely; yet to neither of us has Wordsworth made those returns of friendship and kindness which most firmly I maintain that we were entitled to have challenged. More by far in sorrow than in anger—sorrow that points to recollections too deep and too personal for a transient notice—I acknowledge myself to have been long alienated from Wordsworth; sometimes even I feel a rising emotion of hostility—nay, something, I fear, too nearly akin to vin-

dictive hatred. Strange revolution of the human heart! strange example of the changes in human feeling that may be wrought by time and chance! to find myself carried by the great tide of affairs, and by error, more or less, on one side or the other, either on Wordsworth's in doing too little, or on mine in expecting too much—carried so far away from that early position which, for so long a course of years, I held in respect to him—that now, for that fountain of love towards Mr Wordsworth and all his household—fountain profound—fountain inexhaustible—

“Whose only business was to flow—
And flow it did, not taking heed,
Of its own bounty or their need”—

now, I find myself standing aloof, gloomily granting (because I cannot refuse) my intellectual homage, but no longer rendering my tribute as a willing service of the heart, or rejoicing in the prosperity of my idol! Could I have believed, twenty-five years ago, had a voice from Heaven revealed it, that, even then, with a view to what time should bring about, I might adopt the spirit of the old verses, and, apostrophizing Wordsworth, might say—Great Poet! when that day, so fervently desired, shall come, that men shall undo their wrongs, and when every tongue shall chant thy praises, and every heart

“Devote a wreath to thee—
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.”

But no; not so. Lament I never did; nor suffered even “the hectic of a moment” to sully or to trouble that purity of perfect pleasure with which I welcomed this great revolution in the public feeling. Let me render justice to Professor Wilson; as well as to myself: not for a moment, not by a solitary movement of reluctance or demur, did either of us hang back in giving that public acclamation which we, by so many years, had anticipated; yes, we singly—we with no sympathy to support us from any quarter. The public press remains, with its inexorable records, to vouch for us, that we paid an oriental homage, homage as to one who could have pleaded antique privilege, and the consecration of centuries, at a time when the finger of scorn was pointed at Mr Wordsworth from every journal in the land; and that we persisted in this homage at a period long enough removed to have revolutionized the public mind, and also long enough to have undermined the personal relations between us of confidential friendship. Did it ask no courage to come forward, in the first character, as solitary friends, holding up our protesting hands amidst a wilderness of chattering buffoons? Did it ask no magnanimity to stand firmly to the post we had assumed, not passively acquiescing in the new state of public opinion, but exulting in it and aiding it, long after we had found reason to think ourselves injuriously treated? Times are changed; it needs no courage, in the year of our Lord 1839, to discover and proclaim a great poet in William Wordsworth; it needed none in the year 1815,

to discover a frail power in the French empire, or an idol of clay and brass in the French Emperor. But, to make the first discovery in the years 1801–2, the other in 1808, those things were worthy of honour; and the first was worthy of gratitude from all the parties interested in the event. Let me not, however, be misunderstood—Mr Wordsworth is a man of unimpeached, unimpeachable integrity: he neither has done, nor could have done, consciously, any act in violation of his conscience. On the contrary, I am satisfied, Professor Wilson is satisfied, that injuries of a kind to involve an admitted violation of principle, cannot have occurred in Mr Wordsworth's intercourse with any man. But there are cases of wrong for which the conscience is not the competent tribunal. Sensibility to the just claims of another, power to appreciate these claims, power also to perceive the true mode of conveying and expressing the appreciation—in a case, suppose, where the claims to consideration are at once real, and even tangible, as to their ground, yet subtle and aerial as to the shape they have assumed—claims, for instance, founded on a personal devotion to the interests of the other party, when the rest of the world slighted them—this mode of appreciating skill may be utterly wanting, or may be crossed and thwarted by many a conflicting bias, where the conscience is quite incapable of going astray. I imagine a case such as this which follows:—The case of a man who, for many years, has connected himself closely with the domestic griefs and joys of another, over and above his primary service of giving to him the strength and the encouragement of a profound literary sympathy, at a time of universal scowling from the world; suppose this man to fall into a situation in which, from want of natural connexions and from his state of insulation in life, it might be most important to his feelings that some support

should be lent to him by a family having a known place and acceptance, and what may be called a root in the country, by means of connexions, descent, and long settlement. To look for this, might be a most humble demand on the part of one who had testified his devotion in the way supposed. To miss it might—But enough. I murmur not; complaint is weak at all times; and the hour is passed irrevocably, and by many a year, in which an act of friendship so natural, and costing so little, (in both senses so priceless,) could have been availing. The ear is deaf that should have been solaced by the sound of welcome. Call, but you will not be heard; shout aloud, but your “ave!” and “all hail!” will now tell only as an echo of departed days, proclaiming the hollowness of human hopes. I, for my part, have long learned the lesson of suffering in silence; and also I have learned to know that, wheresoever female prejudices are concerned, *there* it will be a trial more than Herculean, of a man's wisdom, if he can walk with an even step, and swerve neither to the right nor the left.

I shall now proceed to sketch the daily life and habits of those who are familiarly known to the public as the *Lake poets*; but, first of all, as a proper introduction to this sketch, I shall trace, in a brief outline, the chief incidents in the life of William Wordsworth, which are interesting not only in virtue of their illustrious subject, but also as exhibiting a most remarkable (almost a providential) arrangement of circumstances, all tending to one result—that of insulating from worldly cares, and carrying onward from childhood to the grave, in a state of serene happiness, one who was unfitted for daily toil, and, at all events, who could not, under such demands upon his time and anxieties, have prosecuted those genial labours in which all mankind have an interest.

BRENNUS.

“Brennus disoit aux bons Gaulois.”—BRANGER.

’Twas Brennus that spoke to the gallants of Gaul—
Now make ye a triumph, the crowning of all;
My darling has won a rich guerdon from Rome—
For a slip of the vine, boys, I bring with me home.
Hurrah for the vine! which in Gaul shall combine
Wit, valour, and love, boys—hurrah for the vine!

Long, long did we pine for the glorious draught;
We fought and we conquered; we conquered and quaffed.
The delicate tendrils, by dale and by down
Upspringing, shall furnish our victory's crown.
Hurrah, &c.

Our country, of these ruby clusters possessed,
Shall be envied of nations—north, south, east, and west;
Their juice, with the fire of the sunbeam all rife,
To poetry, painting, and music give life.
Hurrah, &c.

And ships, from the ports of this high-favoured shore,
In thousands shall wander the wide ocean o'er;
And, laden with wine and encircled with flowers,
Shall teach climes far distant the raptures of ours.
Hurrah, &c.

Ye fair ones! who rule with such absolute sway,
As ye polish our armour, bedimmed in the fray,
Your white hands the heavenly nectar shall pour,
And our wounds and our labours find one solace more.
Hurrah, &c.

So live we, united in heart and in mind;
And, in dark days of danger, our foemen shall find
That to rout them no deadlier weapons we want
Than the slender supports of this exquisite plant.
Hurrah, &c.

Great king of the grape! thee, to brighten her days,
A nation, frank, hearty, and generous, prays;
Make the exile, condemned from his country to roam,
Forget at our feasts, for a moment, his home.
Hurrah, &c.

Then Brennus called blessings on far and on near;
He hollowed the earth at his feet with his spear;
He planted the vine; and the Gauls, in a trance,
Looked forward, through time, to the glories of France.
Hurrah for the vine! which in Gaul shall combine
Wit, valour, and love, boys—hurrah for the vine!
W. a

HOW DO POOR MEN LIVE?

THE solution of the grave problem which forms the heading of this paper, will, we fear, be found more difficult than many that are submitted, by their College tutors, to the ingenious youth training for legislators. How the poor of our fellow-creatures live, is an inquiry pressing on all men pretending to be Christians and philanthropists; but it is the special duty of legislators and rulers not only to know how the great mass of the People live, but to see that they subsist in a condition that may prevent any reasonable cause of discontent. The comfort of the People, and the tranquillity of the State, are blessings intimately bound together, and which ought to be inseparable.

The steady growth, and the late manifestations, of popular discontent, are creating alarm among the wealthy, and not without some reason, when the causes of the general discontent are examined; for where one individual is dissatisfied from being refused the electoral franchise, there are, we fear, ten men and women, including, among the number, many of those who demand the suffrage, that are clamorous from the mere pressure of physical distress. It may not be to the credit of the intelligence of the lower orders; but we apprehend that, if our rulers, whether Whig or Tory, could contrive to raise the labouring poor to anything approaching a condition of physical comfort, they might be assured for a long term against any alarming consequences from political discontent. The seasons are beyond their control; but to remove the greedy, cruel, and insulting taxes and prohibitions on food*—imposed for the temporary benefit of the landowners, to the manifest injury of every other class, and the incalculable suffering of the largest, the least protected, and the most important class of all—is in their power; as well as to lighten the unequal pressure of our enormous taxation upon the lower class.

Some perilous crisis, if not anarchical revolution, can only be averted by the timely adoption of real reforms—by such financial arrangements as may tend to equalize the pressure of taxation, which in any event will always press heavily upon the basis classes—and by sweeping away the unwise, unholy, and most irritating imposts on food, with the restrictions on its supply. A pause, a breathing-time, might then be gained, to be employed in the political and moral regeneration of the People; and never until the labouring poor are rendered more comfortable in their circumstances, by enjoying a larger share of the fruits of their industry, can this breathing-time,

this season for sending the nation to school, be obtained. They must be able to live before they are able to learn. Education is not the work of a year, nor yet of a generation. We admire the arrangement of a charity-school in the Catholic town of Galway, described by Mr Inglis. The first thing given to the scholars, and before any lessons begin, is a hearty breakfast of stirabout. Nations must be educated on the same principle. As matters now stand, it may be said that the promise of God has failed in the British isles, and that men are no longer able, by the sweat of their brow, to earn their bread; that it is a necessary law of society, that the rewards of industry should diminish, in proportion as its capabilities and exertions are increased.

One alarming symptom of the present popular discontents, is, that the mass of the poor have no accredited leaders in whose wisdom and integrity they may with safety confide. They despise the Whigs, and they abhor the Tories; that is, where they indulge political feelings at all: for, while they clamour after such men as Mr Oastler, it does not appear that any leader has much wholesome influence among them, or any that is likely to be either beneficial or permanent. But such considerations lead to a wider range of speculation than we propose to take. We do not mean to enter into political discussion; but to adhere to the mystery involved in the narrow text, "*How do poor men live.*"

We apprehend this mystery was as clearly solved as the case admits, by the poor woman, who, when the question was put to her, probably by a poor-law assistant-commissioner, replied—"Lord bless you! we do not live, we only bide!" Many of the poor of England cannot, indeed, be said to live—they merely exist. "The children of the poor," says Charles Lamb, "are not brought up, but dragged up." It fares little better with their maturity. At best, they only make shift to live—always lacking, or sorely pinched in those things necessary to the comfortable subsistence of civilized men; and this chiefly—and now they know it—because a large proportion of their earnings is seized and divided between the government and the landed aristocracy.—But the Government must have revenue. True: but whence should it be principally derived? Is property not to pay the full rate of its own insurance?—And the landlords must have their rents. Yes: but how much more than their fair rent is wrung from the sweat of the poor by the Bread-meat-butter-and-cheese Tax?*

* The Corn-Laws is a misnomer for what is generally signified by them—namely, the *Taxes on Food*. It should be familiarly known to every man, and woman, and child, who earns a shilling by the sweat of the brow, and in laying it out in food, gives at least 3d. to the landowners, who are the law-makers, that it is not bread, not corn alone, that is directly taxed for the landowners' benefit, but all sorts of food. For example, fine new Dutch butter is now selling in the city in which we write at 10d. a-pound; but the import duty upon this butter is 25 per cent., which, were it an article of free trade, as it is one of universal consumption, might be bought for 7½d. a-pound. Foreign cheese is so heavily taxed that cheese for which the working-man pays 6d. a pound could be bought for 4d. The present duty on ham is, we believe, 28s. per hundred-weight. But there is also strict prohibition on the importation

While the Whigs were in the flush of popularity, and striving to be popular at small expense, a number of little books came forth under the patronage of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, labouring to prove the physical condition of the labouring poor of England one of superior comfort to that of any other people in Europe—a fact every day contradicted by the experience, and nearly the concurrent testimony, of travellers and statista. The other great object of these publications, was to shew that, whatever suffering and privation the labouring class is liable to, was the consequence of their own idleness, intemperance, and want of providence; or of their imprudent marriages, and bad domestic management. These little books contained also much sensible and good advice; but such as can be followed only by those who, deriving something like an adequate income from the wages of labour, have the power to manage economically, and to make savings. The chief lesson which the operatives require, is not how to accumulate, but how they are to gain such an amount of wages as, without starvation, admits of saving. And how small a minority is this of the whole labouring population! The advice to the great majority should have been, in the first place, how to save, by securing the fruits of their labour, and not by pinching back and belly, to save out of that part of their earnings which the tax-gatherer and the landowner leave them. To this class, the great majority of all labourers, economical advice was not much needed, poverty being a severe teacher. How to make the shilling left do its own work and also that of the one taken by the tax-gatherer and the landowner—how to procure two loaves, or two pounds of meat, (if poor men are to be allowed meat,) or two bushels of coals, when the labourer from his wages can only command the price of one—is the question.

It was neither Cobbett, nor Owen, nor any Radical visionary or incendiary whatsoever, but a zealous friend of all our institutions and of the established order of things, but, at the same time, a humane and well-intentioned man, who, speculating on the mystery of How poor men live, deprecating the vitiated old Poor-laws, and scheming how to better the condition of the labourer, gravely said—

“It is a melancholy truth—and the concealment of it will prevent the correction of the evil—that the poor of England are not properly fed.” But has the condition of the poor improved either in food or in clothing since this was asserted by Sir Thomas Bernard? Few will deny that it has deteriorated within that period—now about forty years—the condition of the manufacturing poor immensely, and that of the agricultural population in a considerable degree. By means of even the limited and imperfect diffusion of education—through Lancasterian, National, and Sunday Schools, Dissenting preachers, popular lecturers, newspapers, and cheap publications—knowledge has increased, especially in the more populous localities; and it has borne its natural fruits in improved habits of living among the poor, and, we would fain hope, in amelioration of morals. But the poor of England are neither better fed, nor clothed, nor sheltered, than when Sir Thomas Bernard wrote what we have cited; and until, by the fruits of their industry, they can be “properly fed,” they never will be, they never ought to be, a contented people:—an educated, a moral, and consequently a happy people, they never can be. Pinching poverty is as much opposed to the growth of virtue and civilization in societies as in families and individuals. But for none of the irritating and painful symptoms of poverty do rulers ever seem to care, save for open discontent. If the producers will only keep their poverty and rags within their cottages and cellars, all goes well; and they are most liberally allowed *post obit* bills on heaven for whatever has been unjustly wrested from them here. The strong ass, so long as he patiently coucheth between his two burthens, is declared the best-conditioned brute imaginable, and well-deserving his way-side thistle, —if he will seek it out for himself, and economize when he has found it.

It is a favourite topic of declamation with Alarmists and Conservatives, that education and discontent have spread together. This was foreseen by those old Tories who judiciously opposed education in all shapes, and every mode of instruction save the weekly sermon of the Established clergyman, as hostile to those principles of Government, of which the prop is popular ignorance and unquestioning submission.

of all kinds of fresh meat, beef, pork, mutton, &c., and a duty on eggs and fresh fruits. From Belgium and Holland, and the opposite coasts of France, the daily and hourly supply of untaxed provisions to our great towns, by means of steamers and railways, would have an instant effect in reducing prices which we need not describe. The Corn-Laws, then, popularly mean the *Mouth-Tax*, the *Trencher-and-pot* tax, the *Food-impost*. They comprehend the butter, the cheese, the ham, the hung-beef, the egg-and-poultry imposts, fastened upon the industry of the country, for the immediate benefit of the landowners, and for their ultimate injury. These laws mean as well the *candle* and *soap* laws, as the import duty which enhances the price of meat raises that of tallow; so that soap and candles are first taxed in the raw material, and then excised when manufactured. Let us, then, give the Corn-Laws their true designation—the *MOUTH-TAX*, the *FOOD-IMPOST*. Men live not by bread alone, nor yet, in this country, by any one necessary which escapes the landowners. Along with engravings and models of the different sizes of the loaf which is of equal price in despotic Russia, revolutionary France, and in free and happy England, where the poor man's house is his castle, however slenderly it may be provisioned, there should be, side by side, engravings and models of *hams*, *cheeses*, and *tubs of butter*, all so “beautifully *lean*,” for equivalent sums of Englishmen's money.

It is worse than idle to waste one more word upon British landowners. On this subject, they are given over to the curse of judicial blindness. In laboriously undermining the manufactures and trade of their country, while they half-starve their countrymen, they must be left to kill the goose that laid them golden eggs in their own way. Their sin will find them out: or the sins of the fathers must be visited upon the children, if the iniquity last so long.

It were futile to deny that discontent has increased, and will increase, with the spread of knowledge and education. It is the certain result; and this state of things must go on, until discontent is vanquished by the redress of every detected grievance, and, above all, by the removal of the evil of extreme poverty in the midst of the plenty produced, and capable of being much farther produced, by the industry, skill, and enterprise, of the whole members of a community, pursuing, each member in his own sphere of action, a common interest. The mass of the people of this country have, at this moment, the conviction riveted into their minds, that the interests of the higher, and, what is more to be lamented, of the middle orders, is diametrically opposed to their interests; that they must be ground to dust, in order that the capitalists and farmers may become wealthy, that the rich may live in luxury, and the great maintain their magnificence. With so plain a case as the Tax on Food, independently of every other inequality of privilege, glaring upon them, how is it possible for working-men not to feel, in the bitterness of their hearts, that the world, if not made for Cæsar, is by Cæsar usurped and plundered? While the labouring class knew no better than that they were born to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, they might be patient. Now content is no longer possible:—but, if full justice will scarcely satisfy their demands, how shall injustice and oppression? If the political axiom hold, that states are secure in proportion as the great mass of the people are contented with their situation, and, consequently, attached to the institutions of the country, what shall be said of the present condition of Great Britain and Ireland? In many of the despotic states of Europe, there is certainly far more contentment and security; because the physical condition of the people of the continental nations is always relatively, and often actually better. They may have less wages; but with toil less incessant, they possess a greater command over the necessities, and many of the comforts of life, as these are estimated in the society in which they live; and it must be borne in mind, that their elevation has kept steady pace with that of the middle class, while, in England, the middle class has advanced much more rapidly, in proportion, than the labouring class.

The basis of all effectual reform we hold to be the amelioration of the physical condition of the great body of the population; and the question, which is only one of time, is, Whether they are to look for this great step towards justice and improvement from their rulers, or to force it for themselves, by obtaining a real, not a mock control over their own affairs. It is worse than idle—it is insulting as unwise—to talk of the necessity of improving their own habits, and training their children aright, to ill-fed, over-worked, and harassed men and women, driven, by a sense of misery or actual inanition, to snatch whatever indulgence offers itself, indifferent to consequences, and callous at length to the strongest as to the tenderest affections of their

nature. It is to accomplish this reform, which they know must originate with themselves, and which they believe never will be yielded by their task-masters, that the more intelligent of the working class now sink every consideration in the demand for direct control over their affairs through Extended or Universal Suffrage. They waive, unwisely we think, even the question of the immediate abolition of the Food-Tax, at a time when the seasons and the elements second the righteous demand, that they may obtain the instrument of all the reforms necessary to their well-being. They justly deem those political changes unsubstantial and useless which do not promote the comfort of their firesides: but for this they are contented to wait; and one may guess the extent of the sacrifice, and the importance which they attach to the Suffrage, when we see what they are ready to endure in the meanwhile to obtain that great instrument of salvation, free and direct representation. Like greater politicians, they seek, in the language of Burke, for “a power—what workmen call a *purchase*—to enable them to gain their end.”

In the meanwhile, How poor men live—how they keep soul and body together—is the standing miracle which few regard. From the late reports of statisticians—though they are always more or less inaccurate, and, moreover, generally disposed to err on the flattering side—the average wages of artisans in towns may be rated, at the very highest, at £1 per week; and we believe that, if times of dull trade and want of employment were taken into account, 15s. would be much nearer the truth. We say this confidently, as there are many callings—such, for examples, as that of printers—where, although 30s. or £2 may be gained by hard work and night-work when work is plentiful, a settled yearly wage of 18s. or 20s. would be preferred by a prudent compositor. And the same must hold of trades in which the wages are lower—such as those of carpenters or shoemakers. It holds, almost invariably, that in those callings where wages are very high, employment is fluctuating, so as to reduce all ordinary artisans to a nearer level of income than is at first apparent. And in how many trades do the workmen, for a few years, increase their wages by spending their capital—namely, their health, vigour, and skill—untimely worn out? If a working man must spend his whole wages as he goes along in the necessary maintenance of his family—and, alas! how seldom does that little all suffice for its comfortable subsistence!—if he make no accumulation against the evil day, he is assuredly living upon and exhausting his capital; that which ought to be stored against the season, not merely of fluctuation in trade, and sickness, but of diminished strength and ability of labour, and finally against decrepitude, old age, and the workhouse. A provision for his widow or his children is not to be thought of. But all this expended capital goes to swell the nominal amount of his wages in the days of his youth and his prime. Thus

the average of 20s. a-week * in towns, is far too high a rate to take; but we shall, nevertheless, assume it. The average for the agricultural population may, at the utmost, be 10s. This seems to be the amount, or rather more, fixed by the Poor-Law Reports and other documents, and it also is too high. When the numbers of a family are assumed as data in economical calculation, five appears the golden mean—a man, his wife, and not five, nor seven, nor nine—very common numbers in a poor man's family—but three children. The average of the wages of agricultural labour in Ireland is not half that of England; 5s. upon the whole year would drive the Irish peasant mad with whisky and prosperity, and 12s. is an equally high average of wages for mechanics and handicraftsmen in that country. Yet how the peasantry of Ireland live, is, when the different habits of the people are considered, less wonderful to us than the mystery of existence among the very poor, but still the decent householders of both the countries; those who wear shoes, and stockings, and hats, all the year round, who use knives and forks, towels, brushes, and even bed and table linen; who sometimes see a cheap periodical or a newspaper, subscribe to a library, and pay for a pew in a church; perhaps give the pastor, the schoolmaster, or the priest, his dues; and contribute their mite to some purpose of benevolence.

The little books, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, give us no help in making household estimates. They point out how surplus may be applied in Savings' banks, &c. and how much the weekly saving of a shilling, or any number of shillings, bearing compound interest, will amount to in a given number of years. We have, therefore, no guide save knowledge and experience. The only estimate we can find in these books, is one borrowed from the economical work of Mr James Luckcock of Birmingham,—and it can be of little use to working men, as it applies to an income of £400 expended in providing for a family of six persons, two of them being maid-servants.

We have to deal with an income about the eighth part of that sum, but which must maintain five persons. A work on domestic economy, published some years ago by Colburn, contains numerous household estimates—and the lowest income estimated, is exactly one shilling more than our sum, or 21s. a-week. We are content to throw that shilling into the total, which thus makes net 3s. 6d. a-day for every working-day in the year, and now give the particulars of the weekly bill:—

Bread and flour for five persons, 24lb,			
at 1½d.	£0	3	6
Butter, cheese, and milk,	0	1	9
Sugar and treacle,	0	0	9
Rice, oatmeal, and salt, &c.,	0	0	6
Butchers' meat or fish, say meat, 6lb,			
at 4½d.	0	2	3
Vegetables, including a ¼ cwt. of potatoes, 4lbs a-day,	0	1	2
Table-beer,	0	1	6
Coals—1¼ bushel, on an average, at 1s. 4d., 1s. 8d., and wood, 1d.	0	1	9
Candles—average, ½lb at 7d.	0	0	3½
Soap, starch, blue, for washing,	0	0	3½
Sundries, for cleaning, scouring, &c.	0	0	1
Total for household expences,	£0	13	6
Rent,	0	2	6
Clothes and haberdashery,	0	3	6

Total expense, . . . £0 19 3

Weekly saving on an income of £1 : 1, 1s. 9d.

The framer of this estimate states, that he knows it to be *low*; but then there are many families in the country, whose incomes are even less than is here premised, to whom his statement must apply. He is quite right. It is not too much to say that the incomes of two-thirds of the aggregate families of the producers of Great Britain and Ireland are lower, probably to the extent of one-half. If Ireland be included, certainly fully one-half. It is framed on data given by a mechanic of Bristol, who, as coals are cheap there, consumes more, and yet saves on that article what affords him, now and then, "a dobbin

* There are various statements from which we could form a tolerably accurate estimate of the rate of wages of mechanics. We take those subjoined from the Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, founded on facts collected by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce in 1832, when wages were rather higher than at present, and provisions much cheaper. Ironfounders, from 28s. to 30s.; Dyers and Dressers, 15s. to 20s.; Tailors, 18s.; Shoemakers, 15s. to 16s.; Whitesmiths, 22s. to 24s.; Stone-masons, 18s. to 22s.; Bricklayers, 17s. to 20s.; Painters, 18s.; Plasterers, 19s. to 21s.; Sawyers, 24s. to 28s.; Machine-makers, 24s. to 26s. The wages of manufacturers are much lower—generally 13s. to 14s. Spinners, 20s.; and in one high department, Stretchers, 25s. to 26s. The average wages of the Miners of Salop appear, by the Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to have been for the last twenty years—Holers, 2s. 3½d.; Tinsmen, 2s. 9½d. per day. At these iron-works, Blacksmiths gain 3s. 6d. a-day; Engineers, 3s. 6d.; Joiners and Carpenters, 3s.; Pattern-Makers, 4s. 6d. The state of the Colliers, in the same county, is dismal. Their wages are not high; they are often out of employment, and unfit for any other kind of labour. They begin hard-work (men's work) at eighteen; and, about forty-five, fall off. Their habits are bad and improvident; and it must be owned that the nature and accidents of their calling tend to make them so. Nearly all trades are liable to some peculiar disease, which often affects the constitution very early. Rheumatism and asthma, and pulmonary affections, are the diseases of the Collier and Miner, arising from damp, bad air, and dust; and so liable are they to accidents, that this return states, out of one hundred, seventy-five would, in thirty years meet with slight accidents, fifteen would be wholly disabled, and ten killed. Out of twenty deaths of male persons, in the seven years before the Report was made, sixteen were from accidents. At sixty, the agricultural labourer will be as able to follow his employment as the miner at forty or forty-five—from forty to fifty they are generally labouring under asthma, with all the appearances of premature old age. But in many occupations besides the miner, nothing can be more fallacious than the prosperity indicated by the apparent high rate of wages, when the precarious and deleterious nature of the employment is examined. The evidence before the Select Committee on the Poor-laws shews a much lower rate of wages. A common rate is 8s., and able-bodied labourers are at present thankful to work for 7s.

of ale for himself;" and a brewer's servant in Norwich, who has three young children, and yet saves something out of 21s. a-week, "because he is determined to save." Granting that the allowance of bread, flour, and meat, here given is sufficient, which we think it is, we must notice that the price is too low—2½d. or 3d. for bread and flour is much nearer the mark.* Again, butter, cheese, and milk, in a family where there are three children, much of whose daily food should be milk, is far too low for healthful nurture. A quart per day is the smallest quantity that should be allowed for such a family, and this alone in London would cost 1s. 9d., and from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 5½d. in the country. It is to be observed, that in this estimate there is neither tea, coffee, nor any sort of groceries or condiments. Coals are estimated too low, in quantity, for comfort and domestic use, though in some localities the sum of 1s. 9d. is more than sufficient. One of the greatest blessings of the working-man's family, is being located in a coal district. There was a time in "merry England" when wood might have been had for the gathering; but such a thing is now hardly known. No woman or child can now enter a wood to pick up sticks but on trespass, if they do not commit a misdemeanour.

Let us look closer to the state of our poor family, though it will be time enough to enumerate the many items of expenditure that are required in such a household, which are omitted in the above estimate. The husband and father may have been a prudent youth, who, while a bachelor, has, from his wages, saved what would be sufficient to purchase good household furniture, and to defray the expenses of his marriage. Perhaps he may even have a few pounds hoarded against the evil day. His wife, likely a poor man's child, has, in all probability, been a servant in some respectable and economical family of the middle rank, which is taking the best view of her training and circumstances. She must, at first, have plenty of clothes if she has been careful, though, unfortunately, modern fabrics for female wear are not of very enduring texture. She is not likely to have made any considerable saving, unless well advanced in life. Personal vanity, duty, and kindly feeling—for she is sprung of an humble, and, most probably, of a poor and struggling family—will have absorbed the whole of her "sair-won penny fee" as fast as it was earned; and she can add little or nothing to the income of the family after marriage, unless her children and her domestic business are neglected, and herself made a much worse drudge than in the hardest of her early service as a maid-of-all-work. She is still a servant of all-work, but with scanty or no wages. The condition of a young woman, who passes from domestic service into that of the mistress of a working man's household, is, so far as regards her food, clothing, and lodging, almost always for the worse; while her

work is often more exhausting, and her cares are increased tenfold. Affection, duty, the feeling of independence, and maternal love remain, to sweeten her toils, and atone for her many privations; and wo to her if hope, the cordial of life, should cease to sustain her under her exertions and anxieties!—In the meanwhile, after the first year or two of her married life, she will have sufficient business in nursing and tending her children, cooking, washing, making and mending for five; and, above all, in making her husband's wages furnish all that is required from them, with her early habits, not of comfort and indulgence, but of neatness and cleanliness, and her taste for the decent appearances of the humblest domestic life. How hard would her daily tasks now have seemed to her in her master's house! We once heard a lady say—"I always have my revenge on my bad servants after they marry."—But we wish to have nothing to do with either a bad servant or a bad wife. Our humble matron is one who brings health, knowledge of her business, frugality, activity, and good will, to the discharge of her domestic duties as a working-man's helpmate.

Let us suppose her looking over the above estimate. No tea or coffee! But even what is reckoned a scanty weekly allowance of these articles to each female servant is two ounces of tea, say, at 5s. a-pound, 7½d., and a half pound of sugar, say 3½d., and this has likely been hers while in service, or its value in money. Again, 3s. 6d. a-week for the clothing of the whole family of five is not much more than her own wages and perquisites while a maid-servant, if so much. It is £9 : 2s. a-year. How with this is she to get shoes for the family, flannels for all of them, clothes for the husband, finery—so dear to the mother's heart!—for the baby? But this sum also includes thread for making and mending, worsted thread, which is so very dear, for darning; tapes, needles and pins, which are always losing; buttons, hooks-and-eyes, and an infinity of small wares, for which 6d. a-week would be very little. This leaves but 3s. a-week; and, to us, shoes and stockings alone for five, would seem to swallow it up, though no other article of clothing were required. The dress of a gentleman in good circumstances generally costs less than that of his well-dressed lady, who requires such an endless diversity of things for all times and seasons, hours of the day, and months of the year; but the reverse holds in humble life, mainly, we fear, because one must want, and the wife is the voluntary victim. The respectability of the family depends upon the appearance of the husband; and where the wife is good for anything, her pride and her happiness depend upon the comfort and neatness of both husband and children. But a suit of new "Sunday's best" to a workman, even once in two or three years, would make a sad inroad on the 3s. a-week. A suit of Sunday clothes for a decent artisan, with hat, shoes, gloves, &c., cannot cost less than £6 or £7. They may last some years, but he must have linen, flannels, shoes, working clothes, &c. for daily wear; and

* Exactly as this paper passes through the press, November 6th, I find, on inquiry, that good flour, such as is used in my own family for pies, dumplings, &c., is 3d. a-pound.

in many trades clothes wear out fast. We leave the mystery of 3s. 6d. new-clothing and furnishing shoes, linen, and haberdashery to five of a family—for loath are we to think of a respectable artisan being driven to equip himself piecemeal at Rag Fair—and pass to other items. Candles, half-a-pound. This cannot be. Whatever is wanted, there must be more light. It is often after her nursing is put to bed, and when she should sleep, that the poor mother must do her washing, ironing, and needlework; altering the clothes of one child to suit another, or working for her husband; and we are assured by ladies, competent judges, that making is a joke to the labour of mending in a small family, and to keeping children's things in good repair. Nor is it easy to tolerate the idea of an industrious mother, in her hours of quiet, and when she might (where he is not too much exhausted by his daily toils) enjoy the conversation of her husband, or where both might gain mutual instruction and entertainment from hearing him read some good volume, being compelled either to sit in dreary chillness and darkness, or, laying aside her necessary needle-work, go to bed to save candle. A household without fire or light in the cold dark season of our climate—a household such as Cobbett has powerfully depicted, and such as may be found in many of the southern and midland counties of England—is the fit harbour for Swing; nor need the rich wonder that he of whom

“The world is not the friend,
Nor the world's law,

should sometimes sally forth from that dark den of despair which shelters his loved ones, and glut his vengeful eyes with one good blaze.

The industrious wife of an artisan will have more candles whatever she lacks. Light and warmth are as indispensable to her own industry—a mother's work being proverbially “never at an end”—as to her husband's comfort and good domestic habits. If the family apartment is a chill dungeon, he must go to the ale-house, and there would be no economy in sending him there. The allowance for soap and other things necessary to cleanliness is also too low. Whatever the neat respectable wife of a working man should want, she must have more soap, and also soda, sand, whiting, blacking, oil for her furniture, &c. These things she may, perhaps, gain off the beer allowance, which, however, as she has no tea, and very little milk, can ill be dispensed with. Even Hannah More allows the husband a pint, and the wife a half-pint of beer *per diem*; and in the work-house, under the old poor-laws, a great deal more was allowed. The sum of 2s. 3d. a-week, or £5: 17s. a-year for rent, will not pay for a palace of two rooms and a cellar; but we suppose it must do. In the country, even less will procure a neat, if cold, cottage; and in towns, a room or two in bad situations. But, as the children grow up, health and decency absolutely demand wider space and more separate apartments; for we have no doubt

that much of the coarseness and indelicacy, if not the vice of the lower orders, may be traced to the pell-mell manner in which they are compelled to pig together for want of proper lodging-rooms. Taxes upon houses, local taxes, and parish rates of all kinds, which, by some means or other, affect the very poorest houses and householders however humble, are omitted altogether in the above estimate, with other items of necessary expense, which we have to specify, and which, as they are not constant, may be taken by the year. What does our estimate-maker allow for tea?—for there must be some of that luxury consumed in the course of the year: say then:—

Tea, three lbs., or less than an ounce a-week, at 4s.	£0	12	0
Education for one child only, at 3d. a-week, for 48 weeks,	0	12	0
Reading-books for the child, and stationery for the family, at 1d. a-week,	0	4	4
Carriage and postage, by the year,	0	2	0
Taxes, water-rent, and parish rates,	0	10	0
One seat in a church for the family,	0	5	0
Subscription to a book-club, or a Mechanics' Institution, with which a lending library and reading-room are connected, 1s. 6d. a-quarter,*	0	6	0
To a Medical Club, those new institutions so warmly recommended and patronized by the Poor-Law Board, the sum paid in different localities is,	0	10	0
Insurance of household furniture and clothes, &c. valued at £50,	0	2	6
Expenses attending the wife's confinement—the half only to fall on the year,	1	1	0
Christening fees and registering births,	0	2	6
Fruit and toys for the children, $\frac{1}{4}$ d. a-week,	0	2	2
Holiday excursions with the children and friends twice a-year, with omnibus and steam-boat hire, &c.,	0	6	0
Tear and wear of furniture,	0	6	0
Replacing broken glass and crockery, blankets, household linen, towels, sponges, brushes, combs, brooms, mats, &c. &c.,	1	0	0
Sweeping chimney, and painting and whitewashing,	0	2	6
Charity,			
Carry over,	£6	4	0

* This is too low, and so is the education of the child, unless we are to subject our artisan, in the prime of his life, to the humiliation of accepting the aid of charity in educating even his first child. The cost of the education of each child at the National or British and Foreign Society's Schools, with books, &c. is estimated at about, £1; of which the parent pays about one-third. Our school-fees are rated too low; and so is the subscription to the Mechanics' Institutions, which is, in the different towns we have examined, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. a-quarter; in London, 6s. But how few mechanics belong to, or can afford to belong to them? This is sometimes made a complaint; but how is the ordinary mechanic, if married, to command money and time to improve himself?

Brought forward, £6 4

Wine, (save at the wife's confinement,) spirits, porter, ale, tobacco and snuff, Theatres, soirées, and cheap concerts, Flowers, birds, rabbits, &c., for the children,

Casualties—such as breaking panes, the grate coming loose, a key lost, removing to a new house, &c. &c., must be considered—and we shall say,

0 5 0

Total, £6 9 0

Sickness and death, neither of them infrequent guests in the poor man's home, we leave out of account. If the father is laid aside by illness, or if a funeral occur, then is often taken the first downward step to irretrievable ruin, to "debt and danger," to the pawnbroker, if not yet to the workhouse. But we wish to look only to the bright side of the picture—in the working man's best years, when his strength is unimpaired, his constitution sound, and his family less expensive than it must soon become—if it be maintained, however frugally, in ordinary decency—and while his helpmate is still in full health and activity.

But, against the necessary items that we have enumerated, there is to be set £4 : 11 saving upon the weekly income of £1 : 1s., leaving a deficit of only £1 : 18 a-year. Where is this to come from, small as the sum seems?—and upon what article of the above expenditure can any saving be made? Our humble family are nearly tea-totalers, and have very little tea. The husband spends not one penny on his own pleasures, and he never loses an hour's work. Their allowance of solid food is not more than sufficient, and is, in meat and cheese, and even bread, not above the pinched allowance of paupers under the wholesome, temperate dietary of the new Poor-Law, and far under the rate of most parishes under the jolly old lawgivers, who considered that those who created all ought to have a good share, and only erred because they mistook or confounded idle, lazy paupers, with industrious labourers and artisans in misfortune. There is one blessing under the new Poor-Law: children under nine years have wholesome food *ad libitum*; children above that age, the same allowance as a woman. Now, every labouring man cannot be so liberal in his family, though a woman's allowance in the workhouse is by no means excessive. The paupers are allowed more cheese and butter than our artisan's family; as much bread and flour, and, as their meat is to be reckoned cooked, not much less meat. The paupers are allowed no beer. They have gruel for breakfast, or, if upwards of sixty years of age, the indulgence of the choice of one ounce of tea, seven ounces of sugar, and five of butter, to breakfast upon, for the seven days in the week. This certainly is not faring sumptuously any day; and yet we fear many of the labouring poor in our great towns, and very many of the manufacturing poor, fare even worse. Three shillings a week to shoe, and clothe, and furnish all sorts

of small wares for a family of five, must be under pauper cost; although the modern work-house recognises no "Sunday best," nor neat holiday gown, shawl, or ribbon. As we look closer to the case, the mystery of how poor men live darkens upon us. The estimate of Mr Colburn's book is, we think, not to be challenged, save that in several things, as candles and soap, it is too low; and as to the omissions which we have endeavoured to supply, we cannot imagine any man objecting to even one of those items, who values the health, morals, and happiness of the operative class. We have allowed of no indulgence or luxury whatever, save two family holidays; scantily provided for many necessities; and left nothing for savings against old age, sickness, or misfortune; and yet there is a deficit of £1 : 18—and this is in a high income, as wages run throughout the country.

How then do poor men live? We fear Sir Thomas Bernard was in the right. The poor of England, and the workmen of England are not properly fed; they are not properly clothed; they are not sufficiently lodged and warmed; they are not able to pay for the proper education of their children, nor for the things necessary to their own improvement and domestic comfort, that there may be bread barely sufficient, and a decent, if meagre exterior maintained, as long as possible. But ultimately, our handicraftsman first gives up his savings; then his book-club—his wife probably thinks that an unnecessary expense; next his medical-club; then the child is taken from school, while two should be there—if all that is said of the uses of infant schools be true—for he cannot afford to pay for one. We cannot endure to trace this humble and virtuous pair through the gradations of misery and vice, into which so many of their compeers sink:—we turn from the melancholy perspective of the huxter or small dealer, to whom the workman's family become enthralled by pernicious credit, and who is often an extortioner, if he be not a cheat; from the miserable necessity of the pawnbroker's shop, the lying-in hospital for the wife, and some other charity for the husband in his sickness; from the winter doles of soup and fuel—the beer-shop—the gin-shop—and, finally, the Union Workhouse and the pauper's grave. The good principles and independent spirit of our poor couple will bear them out to extremity, and happily, by working and wanting, or economizing—i.e., half-starving—they will sometimes weather through, no one can say how. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and they are shorn indeed, and that to the quick." But can that be a safe or wholesome state of society, in which even the virtuous and industrious of the labouring class are subjected to the manifold evils and temptations of such a condition? And ought they to be contented? It is also the workmen who are the immediate victims in the race which machinery is running against labour, ultimately to bless mankind; and this, while the subjects of a most unequal and an enormous taxation, and, above all, the thralls of the lords of the soil, through the Food-Tax—

"The Starvation Laws"—"The Devil's Laws"—as effectually as were their Saxon ancestors, with the collar and brand of their Norman masters on their necks.

Let us imagine the man who works so hard and constantly to earn his £1: 1s., talking with his wife after the candle has been extinguished to save it, and the more expensive fire raked out though the night may be chill, about the amount of wages which is actually taken from them and their children by the bread-bacon-butter-and-cheese tax; by the prohibition of the importation of all kinds of fresh meat; by the heavy taxes upon the few excisable commodities they consume—their half pound of sugar, which, but for duty, might be a whole one or more; their half pound of candles and soap; their beer; and the three pounds of tea by the year, which we have insisted for, and which might also be about doubled in quantity for the same money (12s.,) save for the duty. The working man may not be able to comprehend how taxation encounters him unseen at every turn, in the bricks, timber, and glass of his house; the dye of his coat, the leather of his shoes, the paper of his child's book, the nails in its coffin:—that defies the most skilful financier; but he understands the broad, glaring outlines of a system which grinds him from the cradle to the grave.

He may not be a politician, and, at all events, he is not a gin-shop or tap-room one; but Taxation and the Corn-Laws are standing topics of his household talk—matters coming home strongly to his bosom and his hearth. He strives to calculate how much more he could do with his wages, and how much he could save, if he had not to pay his disproportionate share of the interest of the debt occasioned by the glorious war, and if bread and meat were coming to his family as freely as they do to that of the French or the Belgian workman, without tax and without restriction. He tries to calculate the reduced price of those articles which his family consumes; and he finds that, while affording his wife tea every day, and the children many comforts and little indulgences in food and clothing, he would still be a far richer man. Perhaps he might even indulge the hope of bettering his condition—dream of becoming a master in his trade! Large farms have now tied down the agricultural labourers of Great Britain into serfs as effectually as *caste* does the labourers of the East; and poverty is doing the same with journeymen craftsmen. A labourer can have no hope of ever being a farmer; a journeyman little indeed of setting-up for himself.

Our artisan knows, however, that Government must have revenue to pay the interest of the debt, and for the necessary expenditure of the State; he is just and reasonable; but he thinks that the rich ought to contribute at least an equal share with himself, and that those who have large property should pay for its protection. Life he considers sufficiently protected in civilized society by the tacit mutual insurance of the whole community for a common object; and, to make the laws be respected and executed,

need cost little. The necessity of frugality and economy has been seared into his soul by the rigid self-denial of his personal habits, and by that provident and thoughtful disposition which those of his superiors inculcate who pay any attention to him; and he naturally and properly extends his notions of *thrift* to the State. He may err in his calculations; but in this far he is right—that a searching financial reform, which should first lessen and then equalize the pressure of taxation, would place him in a much better situation than that which he holds; while the abolition of the Corn-Laws would remove the worst oppression he feels—that which corrodes and inflames his spirit with hatred against the aristocracy, because it half-starves his wife and children. He has been taught, by his reading and his observation, to know, that neither the Government nor the Parliament will give him and his fellow-workmen redress of this master-grievance, nor of any other that in the least degree affects their own interests and privileges, unless rulers are made uneasy. He is convinced that there is, for his Order, no protection save by obtaining a direct influence in the legislature through extended suffrage. And who is entitled to the first right of a free citizen, if he is not? He and his class—the intelligent working-men of Great Britain—will, therefore, never rest in entire quiet until they have obtained the elective franchise, with whatever is needful to protect its independent exercise; and they would be traitors to themselves if they did. The experiment of £10 voters has, they find, completely failed, so far as their interests were concerned, and indeed those of any other class, save that which Lord John Russell says it was contrived to strengthen—the landed interest.

It may be alleged that our picture of the condition of a working-man is extravagant and over-coloured, though it will not be so easy to say in what feature. The net annual income we have assumed—£54: 12s.—is very considerably above the average wages of British manufacturers and artisans, and of miners, colliers, glass-blowers, and those many callings in which health and life wear out so fast, and which are subject to so many casualties. The number in family which we have assumed is also low. Four children is nearer the mark; and we cannot imagine that any one will object to a single item of the necessary expenditure we have given. There is rather want of many of those things considered necessary to comfort in the humblest family in our state of society; and there is not ease-giving, hearty, cheerful plenty in any one article. A sup of milk, and a slice of bread and butter could not be freely afforded to a neighbour's child off our allowance. There is not, in our frugal English household, even the potato-basket, *sometimes* heaped, to which the Irish peasant can give the neighbour or the beggar welcome. And yet, we presume, no one considers a married artisan, with a guinea a-week of wages, an object of commiseration. Nor ought he to be

sa, had he fair-play. We are not going to dispute that his condition is an improving one in spite of every drawback and obstacle; though the labouring classes have risen less and more slowly than the middle classes, and though we consider many of the indications of the artisan's prosperity, held out by those who studiously conceal one main cause of his hardships, extremely fallacious. We altogether disclaim that miserable, if it be not also false, ground of contentment or consolation, that, if his condition is one of hardship, that of the labourers of other countries is yet worse. The testimony of all modern travellers is directly against the fact assumed and so eloquently expatiated upon by those who tell our people that they are much better off than any other people, save, indeed, the Americans, (but then their case is an accident, an anomaly,) or that, if they be not well off, the fault is their own. Certainly it is their own fault, and they should instantly set about amending it, not by pinching back and belly, but by manfully securing to themselves what they hardly earn.

Among the popular fallacies employed to propagate the belief of the increasing prosperity of the labouring classes, are the Savings' Banks. But we will venture to say, that labourers who are householders, rearing families, are rarely indeed contributors to these useful establishments; unless they have some extraneous source of income. We have demonstrated the utter impossibility of a married workman, in the ordinary trades, saving anything, unless he starve his family. If the depositors in savings-banks be analysed, it will be found that they consist of a different description of persons. A very large proportion of them are female servants and children, who are directed by their mistresses and friends to this means of placing their small savings. Instead of the wanted gown or cap, a present from a sensible mistress to a faithful servant is now frequently a deposit receipt for a pound or two—the nest-egg of the future hoard. In examining the classes and descriptions of depositors in a savings-bank, in an English county, we find the greatest number to be female servants, who also hold the greatest amount of funds. There are also children, apprentices, schoolmasters and school-mistresses, seamen, clergymen, half-pay officers, revenue officers and pensioners, small farmers, and females engaged in trade—probably single women—guards, and drivers of coaches, and male domestic servants; but a small proportion of artificers, mechanics, and handicraftsmen, or of the labourers of husbandmen. And that small number, it is fair to conjecture, are single men, saving, in order that they may prudently marry, if ever a working man can prudently marry. We have seen his lot at the best. As his ill-educated children grow fit for labour, he is not in a condition to select suitable employment for them. His only care is how soonest to get them off his hand—one mouth off the scantily-filled dish before another comes upon it. It should be noticed, that the depositors in savings-banks are, in general,

persons who either get their wages or pay in a lump, or who, like guards and drivers, have large though fluctuating incomes.

Another common fallacy, in looking to the condition of the labouring population, is the reduced price of all manufactured goods, and especially of clothing. The flimsy texture of the spurious wares which have deeply injured the character of British goods in every market of the world, and driven them from some, is never considered. A labourer's wife may now have four or five pretty-patterned cotton gowns for 4s. or 5s. each, where her grandmother's would have cost 20s.; but then it would have worn and washed out six of the gay and flimsy modern dresses; which, moreover, must cost four times lining and furnishing; and either the housewife's time, if she have the necessary skill, or else her husband's money to the mantua-maker. The same spurious economy holds of all articles of female, and many of male dress, used by the labouring class. How true is it that what is low-priced is not often cheap! But admitting that the pretty cotton gown and shawl, and the Sunday stockings of women and girls, are greatly cheaper, though worthless and flimsy, how does it stand with the more essential articles of clothing in our climate? We shall take the women's flannel and stuff-petticoats and gowns; their warm, long-wearing shawls and cloaks, stout shoes, and worsted stockings. These, if good and of lasting texture, are no cheaper—cannot be cheaper than those which labourers' wives formerly manufactured for themselves in their cottages, and now often go without, because they cannot afford to wear them, unless the lady of the manor deal out garments at Christmas. Articles of prime necessity to the comfortable condition of working men's families, are meat, beer, substantial woollen fabrics, and good shoes; and these never have been cheap in wealthy, manufacturing England; and never can be, even in the best times, easily accessible to the labouring class in anything like reasonable plenty under the present system.

The people would then require their whole earnings to keep them comfortably, nor find them too much. Pay the taxes who may, they will no longer, our improved machinery and cheap manufactures notwithstanding, spare the half or the fourth of their wages to the State and the landlord, than the untaxed American mechanic with his high wages.

After all, the difference of wages between the countries is not so great; and the English artisan would have very sufficient wages, could he call them his own.

He has, as he is often reminded, along with some other advantages, much nicer stone-ware and cutlery, and other such gear, than his simple ancestors; and, if not so substantially and warmly clothed every day, he is more showily dressed on Sundays. He is, however, prone to conclude that all that is good and true in these changes, he owes to his fellow-labourers and their employers; to the thinking heads, the

enterprising minds, and working hands; all that is evil in his condition, to the improvident or rapacious rulers and nobles of his country. Besides, although the Staffordshire plate is much cleaner and neater than the wooden or pewter platter, it concerns him mightily that there should be at least as much beef, bacon, and dumpling served on the new utensil as replenished the old one; and this to him, is a very doubtful point. But how are these evils to be remedied? This must form the subject of another paper; in which we shall endeavour to shew, nicely and accurately, how much of our poor man's weekly guinea goes to the State, to the national creditor, and into the pocket of the landlord; and how much more would be subtracted if he indulged more freely in excisable commodities. If the sum taken were but a fourth part of his weekly income—as it is greatly more—how far would that rescued 5s. 3d. go in elevating his physical and moral condition! He could then educate his children by the fireside as well as in the school; he could live better; he could save and accumulate; he could hope to rise in the world, and he could look with cheerfulness to that gloomy future, the contemplation of which leads many a poor man to seek pernicious indulgences, until he becomes callous to every good feeling. There is a kind of misery per-

vading the depths of British society, which brutalizes the temper, indurates the heart, and endangers the public safety, upon which we have not yet touched. "Among savages," says a Tory writer, but a philanthropic man, "those tribes have ever been found the most unfeeling who possess the fewest comforts, and have the most difficulty in obtaining food; for when self-preservation becomes the prime concern, the natural charities are starved, a brutish selfishness occupies the whole heart, and man, having no instincts to supply the absence of his human affections, becomes worse than the beasts. Mournful as this is, it is far more mournful to contemplate the evils of extreme poverty in the midst of a civilized and flourishing society.

"There was a Methodist dabbler in art who, in the days of our childhood, used to edify the public with allegorical prints from the great manufactory of Carrington Bowles. One of these curious compositions represented a human figure, of which the right side was dressed in the full fashion of the day, while the left was undressed to the very bones, and displayed a skeleton. The contrast in this worse than Mezentian imagination is not more frightful than that between Wealth and squalid Pauperism, who are every day jostling in our streets."

MY COURT-DRESS.

"L'habit de cour,
Ne repondes plus de personne."—BENJAMIN.

Now, ne'er again trust mortal men—I join the courtly band;

Here, Moses, fly! I want to buy a court-dress second-hand. I've caught the eye of Royalty, to levee I must press; To the palace-gate must hasten straight, equipped in a court-dress—

Like the old courtiers of his Grace—his Grace's old courtiers.

Ambition, near my willing ear, already calls me slow; My robes so rich the fashion teach of bowing very low. Politeness here, politeness there, what throngs around me press!

As on I go, to make my bow, equipped in my court-dress.

With the old courtiers of his Grace—his Grace's old courtiers.

Not having yet a carriage fit, on foot I take my way; When, in the street, some friends I meet cry—"Join our breakfast, pray?"

"I can't refuse—but no time lose!" I answer their address;

"For I must go to make my bow—respect, sire, my court-dress!

I'm a new courtier of his Grace—his Grace's new courtier."

The breakfast done, away I run; but, by an ancient friend,

Again imprest, a joyous guest, his wedding must attend. The bowl is crowned, the song goes round, in mirth and happiness,

Till I must go, to make my bow, equipped in my court-dress—

Like the old courtiers of his Grace—his Grace's old courtiers.

At length, despite the champagne bright, I yield to honour's call;

With tottering feet, along the street, I gain my patron's hall.

But Rosa's there, with form so fair, amid the crowds which press—

More dear to me than Royalty, Rose wants not a court-dress,

Nor the old courtiers of his Grace—his Grace's old courtiers.

So, from the pile where coquettes smile on minister and peer,

I seek once more the humble door, in bygone days so dear.

By Rose's side, my robes of pride are awkward, I confess;

His Grace forgot, upon the spot I strip off my court-dress—

No more a courtier of his Grace—his Grace's new courtier.

Now, vain I deem ambition's dream, and courtly pomp deride;

My cap and bells are better spells the tavern-hearth beside.

My pipe I smoke, and crack my joke, afraid of no distress—

And who would pass to see his Grace may take my cast court-dress,

And be a courtier of his Grace—his Grace's new courtier.

W.*

DIALOGUE OF THE UNBORN.

SCENE.—The air over Japan, half-a-mile above the earth. Myrto and Erpias in their respective balloons.

Myrto. Good morning, Erpias! What a delightful surprise it is to meet you here! It was but yesterday I heard you were hunting eagles among the Ural mountains.

Erpias. That was quite true. I have travelled here overnight, having satisfied myself with the sport. I came here merely because there is to be dry weather in this quarter for several weeks; and, having a slight sore throat, I am desirous to avoid damp until I am quite well again. Had I thought of meeting you here, it would have proved an additional inducement. May I ask what cause has brought you here?

Myrto. I had no intention of being here; but my wife, Paulina, has a friend, a Japanese lady, and, being very desirous of seeing her, she prevailed on me to accompany her. I left her with her friend only five minutes ago, and they are not ten miles off. I am merely sailing about here, enjoying the delicious air and sunshine, and amusing myself with my wife's pet pair of tame condors. There they are, over the top of that hill towards the north.

Erpias. Are you accompanied by any of your family?

Myrto. One little boy. The rest are all either at home or otherwise occupied; and, on leaving, we did not propose making any long stay. At first, I thought my great-great-grandfather would have accompanied us; but he is beginning to get a little staid, and preferred remaining at home cultivating his flowers. Indeed, I do not wonder he likes quiet; for he is upwards of 150 years old.

Erpias. Oh, that is a trifle! One of my ancestors is 180 years old, and is to be married a second time, in a month, to a very nice person of 150. I think you must have met him at my table. His name is Pylas.

Myrto. What! old Pylas! I remember him perfectly. His sprightly conversation amused us all very much at a picnic party, conducted by your lovely Paulina, on the banks of one of the thousand branches of the Amazon. His contribution to the feast consisted of a splendid roasted rhinoceros, and a huge fragment of an iceberg for cooling the wine. But there was need for abundance; for I think the party consisted of 3000 at least. That was only three years ago; and I think Pylas had then a wife alive, and a fresh and fair wife, too.

Erpias. His wife died soon afterwards, at the age of 140. It was surmised that she had shortened her life by excessive indulgence in stimulating gasses. In fact, she was always helping herself to a gulp of exhilarating gas, or cephalic gas, or melancholic gas, or imaginative gas, or tranquillizing gas, or some such article. She made two gasmakers' fortunes, and never

travelled without an assortment of gasses, in the most condensed form. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a maxim we must not forget.

Myrto. You may forget it when you will for me; it seems to inculcate that charity should be most displayed where it can be of least use. I would say, *de mortuis nil nisi verum*. But, pray, tell me how you mean to spend your time in this region? I presume that, being in rather delicate health, you will not pass your nights, nor even the whole of your days, in the air. Your apparatus, too, seems scarcely calculated for that.

Erpias. Oh, this is a mere hunting apparatus, of small size, and wants, as you see, the self-acting plummet-works for keeping its place in the air during all changes of wind. But I have frequently passed the night in this little bark; and, in the present steady weather, I can easily adjust it before going to sleep, so as to find myself within ten miles at farthest when I awake. It is a London-made article, and acts admirably.

Myrto. The London ones are still the best; those made in Central Asia are cheaper; but, if you happen to get into the middle of a thunder storm with one of them, it is very apt to give out a bad smell.

Erpias. As to passing the night in the air, I have not thought of that one way or other. I am fond of the air, and am well provided with the means of securing a uniform temperature.

Myrto. Let me urge you, my dear friend, on no account to sleep in the air. Damp or electrical clouds, passing across, frequently produce mischief, independently altogether of change of temperature. Had you consulted our friend Dr Abercrombie on the point, I feel assured he would have agreed with me.

Erpias. To him then let us leave it. It so happens that this is just the hour when he is to be consulted at his own house at Edinburgh. Let us adjourn to the next electrical telegraph, and we shall have his answer in two minutes.

Myrto. I am delighted to have the opportunity of getting the Doctor's opinion. There is the telegraph, not two miles off, and we shall be there as soon as you can frame your question. Now, then, get ready; for I see the telegraph keeper at the door of his bureau.

Erpias.—(Addressing the officer of the telegraph.)—Will you have the goodness to despatch this message, and say when I may expect an answer?—(giving him a scrap of writing.)

Officer. The time required will consist of that occupied in sending the message from the telegraph-bureau in Edinburgh to the house of your friend; and in receiving his answer, and carrying it back at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with the addition of half a minute for the operation of the telegraph. I now despatch it.

Myrto. Can you tell us what changes are now in contemplation on the telegraphs?

Officer. I do not hear of much. It is said that

the Telegraphic Council have now under consideration the best means of extending one to the North Pole, for the use of the population there, which is now pretty numerous, as in summer many people go there who dislike night; and, in winter, astronomers resort there, that they may be constantly making observations; besides numerous young men, for the purpose of fishing and hunting. It is also a great resort for pleasure parties at all times of the year. But numerous complaints have been made of the defective state of the communications. The nearest telegraph is at Spitzbergen, which is several hours distant.

Myrto. I have myself experienced the inconvenience, having a year ago made one of a pleasure party to the North Pole. Nothing could be more strange, amounting almost to pain, than the consciousness that you were cut off from the great mass of humanity by so dreary an interval. An ingenious attempt was made to communicate by the aurora borealis, but without success.

Officer. Here is your answer:—"Dr Abercrombie advises Erpias not to sleep in the air; at all events, not unless he has got the protective nictitating nightcap."

Erpias. As I have not got the nightcap, I shall, *Myrto*, follow your and the Doctor's advice.

Myrto. You do well; and I can ensure you a comfortable sleeping-place. But we have still time, if you are so inclined, to enjoy the beautiful twilight, by making a run across the island.

Erpias. With all my heart. (*They proceed together in their balloons.*) And now, *Myrto*, tell me what you of the Great Council of Europe are about?

Myrto. That is a wide question; and it is almost needless to go into detail at present, as the whole will be stated in our report to the Annual Universal Meeting, which will take place within three weeks.

Erpias. At least, tell me, was your last calendar of offences a heavy one?

Myrto. I lament to say it was. The state of Ireland has given the Council considerable anxiety. Offences, under the head of culpable ignorance, still prevail to an extent unknown in any other part of the globe. In one case, in particular, a schoolmaster in the south of Ireland was convicted of having his pupils in such a state that boys of eight years committed several errors in the differential calculus; while, in the higher branches, particularly in the doctrine of encyclopedic ratios, a gross degree of ignorance and misconception prevailed. This aggravated case was certified by the European council to the next Universal Meeting; and it is thought the teacher will be sentenced to suffer three consecutive sarcasms from the president.

Erpias. A dreadful sentence! to be sneered at before the whole world!

Myrto. Then we had much about the usual number of cases of selfishness from Scotland, insincerity from France, and so on. One Russian

magnate was convicted of omitting the proper mark of respect to a peasant's wife.

Erpias. Has the Council as yet done anything regarding the great educational question of teaching ancient history to the children?

Myrto. Nothing has been done, farther than much copious discussion. The idea, however, seems to gain ground, that ancient history should either be wholly excluded, or, at least, restricted to the more advanced classes. There is, in fact, a large party who seem as much ashamed of being descended of our ancestors of the nineteenth and preceding centuries, as it is related these ancestors themselves were scandalized with a theory, propounded at that time, that mankind were merely improved orang outangs, and had originally tails. It has actually been proposed, that the whole records of ancient history, from the end of the nineteenth century backwards, should be utterly destroyed, with the exception of the sacred writings; and excepting also a complete library in each of the four quarters of the globe, under the control of the respective General Councils.

Erpias. The facts of history are, unquestionably, of a sort not to be readily introduced into the youthful mind. The existence, nay, the universal prevalence of so dreadful a practice as war, the shedding of human blood, the every-day perpetration of fraud and violence in a thousand shapes—tyranny, slavery, democratical violence, vulgarity, and brutality: all these things having now been so completely banished from the face of the globe, it is not necessary that the youth of the world should be too early familiarized with the ideas of them; and I incline to the opinion that, by prematurely accustoming them to such objects of contemplation, there may be danger of rousing the dormant mischief within their bosoms; for human nature is still essentially the same as it was three hundred years ago.

Myrto. I go along with you to a considerable extent; but I doubt the policy of excluding from the education of youth anything with which it is necessary or proper they should be acquainted in mature age; and I cannot but differ from those who would banish, as much as possible, the records of history from the contemplation of mankind. If these records shew, in fearful perspective, ages of blood, and tears, and toil; yet by these sufferings were laid the solid basis on which the present beautiful fabric of human society is built.

Erpias. It would, undoubtedly, argue a weakness of mind, to avert one's eyes from any part of human history. We must embrace the whole subject from the acorn to the oak, before it can be truly useful or even interesting. How can we fully relish the calm, unless we know the evils of the storm?

Myrto. We owe an infinite debt of gratitude to our predecessors, for struggling through the evils of life in a world which offered them little but discomfort, and which we can compare only to a house without doors or windows, and totally unfurnished. Only conceive the greater portion

of the human race spending one-half of every year, shivering from a too low temperature, and groping about in comparative darkness, while, to the opulent few, uncomfortable means of light and warmth were supplied, by the dreary and dangerous toil of multitudes in subterraneous mines, and on oceans whose dangers they knew not how to overcome. It is by such considerations only, that we can appreciate those discoveries now so familiar to us, by which we can extract light and heat directly from the elements themselves, by merely evolving and calling into activity that which is at all times and everywhere present.

Erpias. Perhaps the earth, at that time, more resembled what was called a haunted house, two-thirds of its best apartments being locked up and rendered useless, on account of some goblin which the inmates had not skill to exorcise. Those glorious countries upon the equator, which now supply the world with food, and luxuries, and products of every kind, were then haunted by yellow fevers, agues, plagues, or other mischiefs, worse than the wild beasts, snakes, or mosquitoes; and thus our impotent ancestors fell the victims of that exuberant nature which is to us so tractable and invaluable a handmaid. They even knew no easy mode of purifying the air intended for respiration. From their miserable means of locomotion, the labourers' hours of recreation and repose were passed in the less salubrious atmosphere which brooded over the scene of his toil; instead of his being lightly wafted twenty, fifty, or a hundred miles, to a smiling cottage, on some sunny hill-side, where the purest breath of heaven might expand his lungs, and fill his heart with cheerfulness.

Myrto. Much also of that, as of many other evils, arose from the necessity of the population being so stationary. It was not enough, as now, that the people should be in those regions during the seasons of cultivation and of harvest; they were necessarily kept there during all the year round, to brave the trying vicissitudes of the rainy season, and of the scorching summer sun. Indeed, there is scarcely any region of the earth where it is salutary to remain the whole year round, even for the strongest constitution; to say nothing of the unpleasantness of a long, cold, cheerless winter, such as that of Russia, or even of Scotland.

Erpias. How wretched to be imprisoned in a country during the whole of a winter, a rainy season, or a hot season, instead of following the gracious sun into those climates where, for the time, his happiest influence dispenses beauty and salubrity, as all who are so inclined can now do. Indeed the human race could not then be said to possess the world so much as to subsist upon it. Each individual was nailed to a little locality, like a limpet to his native rock, and to roam was to incur danger and distress.

Myrto. It was ever the belief of our species, that the world was made for their use; yet the greater part of its resources remained, for thousands of years, unproductive. Until the nine-

teenth century, little had been done towards establishing rapid communication on land; and, at the same era, the use of steam first, in reality, conferred a partial command of the sea. These imperfect contrivances have since been superseded by agents infinitely more powerful and manageable. Nor was it until a still later period that man asserted his supremacy over that most delightful and congenial of all the elements—the atmosphere—which now bears our burdens and our bodies, from clime to clime, with such perfect safety, and with all the speed which our tremendous moving powers can bestow.

Erpias. To my mind, the tracing of these changes, and the revolutions consequent upon them, are the most interesting parts of human history. What vast changes, moral, political, and social, have, within the last two hundred years, metamorphosed the whole aspect of the world and its inhabitants!—and how contracted would be the policy that would limit our acquaintance with the elements of so mighty a revolution! How auspicious for the human race was the circumstance that from Britain—the land of liberty—emanated those inventions which, had they been disclosed in some of the many despotic states which then existed, especially in such a diabolically rapacious state as Russia, might have crushed a subjugated world, and banished liberty for ages. Even as it was, you may remember the struggles, vain and weak, of despotism aided by hireling ingenuity, against the might of science, liberty, and humanity.

Myrto. It is indeed a spirit-stirring tale how, by the spread of the electric telegraph, and of railroads and steam-navigation, and the consequently increased communication of ideas, the despots of the earth began to be troubled and dismayed, and to double the chains of their thralldom. Other inventions followed. The navigation of the balloon was accomplished, and the crisis was precipitated. Then came that ever-memorable time, when, in one night, by a single flight of free war-balloons, the power of the Autocrat of Russia was paralyzed over all his vast domains—his Siberian captives freed—Poland, Circassia, and Persia, delivered from his galling chain—and the boon, then scarcely desired or understood by the degraded people, of personal and political liberty, conferred on the thralls and serfs of his realm—and all without the shedding of blood. It was speedily seen that all personal thralldom, and all those commercial restrictions, necessary under a different order of things, must be abandoned. The world speedily resolved itself into a vast community—the laws of justice and humanity were everywhere enforced—and thus has commenced the system which has ripened into our present state, so much transcending the golden age fabled by the poets of ancient times.

Erpias.—How it charms me to hear you speak with such enthusiasm! It has sometimes struck me that our present times are rather too unexciting—that there is too little left of that no-

velty and adventure which gave interest to the olden time. We have now no fond lovers or affectionate relations in ignorance of the fate of some long absent object of their attachment—the telegraph has destroyed all that source of interest, since our antipodes can now communicate with us with the rapidity of speech. All the wonderful tales of miscreants fleeing from justice are now matters of mere history, since the arm of justice encompasses the globe.

Myrto. The interest of all these things lies in their history. They are most picturesque when viewed from a distance; but, could the story of our age have been told to our predecessors, what a marvel—what a miracle would it have appeared to them! The world all united in one community; harmony universally prevalent; and disputes decided not by the blind and ruthless arbiter War, but by a wise and just Council, whose authority extends over the whole world; the rights of all men respected; every human life valued and cared for; the glories and comforts of the earth, in all its regions, thrown open, as free as the light and air, to all the race of Adam; a universal language known and used by all, not in virtue of any despotic decree, but from a universal desire for it, produced by the most powerful motives—universal convenience; and directed towards its end by the greatest wisdom and talent; the means of health and longevity understood and provided for all men; and human happiness incalculably increased.

Erpias. Yes, these, although familiar to us, are indeed wonders, compared to which those of the ancients, such as the voyage of Jason in quest of the golden fleece, or of Columbus in search of what was called the New World, sink into child's play. Had such things been predicted to that conceited generation, the men of the nineteenth century, they would have treated the prophet as a silly dreamer. They, indeed, were so much occupied with the pursuits of money-making, or of personal enjoyment, that they would, on no account, engage in any scheme, however excellent, unless, as the phrase was, it would pay. That age saw a large portion of the population of England degraded into the slaves of manufacturing capitalists, under a system infinitely more debasing than the avowed slavery of feudalism, or of Russian barbarism. In those days, many of the nobles of the earth expended vast sums in the course of a year, on objects of mere personal enjoyment or splendour, when one tithe devoted to the development of science, would have vastly accelerated the approach of such happy days as those we now possess, and been to themselves a source of intense gratification.

Myrto. Had the gentlemen of England devoted to scientific invention one-hundredth part of the money annually expended on the single article of fox-hunting, it would have told on the destinies of humanity. Yet we know there were some splendid exceptions, although too few for any general effect. Another cause of the tardiness of improvement, was the timorousness of scientific men. They feared to peril their repu-

tation by joining in or encouraging any great scheme. And here let me make an honourable exception of a chemical professor of Edinburgh, Dr Hope, a man of high reputation, who, at a dinner given in his honour by the most eminent citizens of Edinburgh, publicly avowed his belief that, in the course of time, the electrical telegraph would be established and adopted. I believe it was from this species of cowardice that the absurd idea of the impossibility of navigating the balloon through the atmosphere was so long allowed to prevail, and inventive ingenuity diverted from the attempt. But I fear it is time to turn, as Paulina and her friend will be expecting me soon—and you will accompany me.

Erpias. With infinite pleasure; yet, as we return, I trust you will continue the interesting conversation in which we have been engaged.

Myrto. Willingly. I may mention that the subject of the arrangements of the Universal Council itself will become matter of discussion at its next meeting. Last year it took place in the great plain at Texas, and was attended by four hundred millions of persons; but, although the arrangements were such as completely to prevent all confusion, it was found difficult for a single speaker, even with all our inventions for increasing the volume of sound, to make himself heard by so great a number. A proposal is to be submitted for remedying this evil.

Erpias. Look, my friend, is not that Paulina whom I see in the air, about twenty or thirty miles off?

Myrto. Lend me your glass. It is so; she is giving our little boy a practical lesson in the geography of Japan, by way of recreation; for at present he has the holidays. Poor little fellow! he takes to his studies with right good will. He and his sister, accompanied by their tutor, have already been four times over the globe, while engaged in successive courses of modern history, geology, botany, and geography. How delightful it is that instruction is now combined with exercise, fresh air, and happiness!—how much manly energy was formerly lost by the exclusively bookish system of education!

Erpias. I shall be truly happy to meet with my excellent friend Paulina. Where are you living at present?

Myrto. In the ancient city of Queatay. You may now see its towers and domes gilded by the setting sun. How different (excuse me for so often reverting to these historical discussions) from the same city, indeed from all cities, three hundred years ago, when every house poured into the polluted atmosphere its compliment of smoke, destroying its healthfulness and defiling its architecture—when filth, fetid odours, narrow streets, and a low and vicious class of population, dishonoured and degraded every city, driving many refined minds into constant residence in the country! These evils our ancestors considered inseparable from large cities. The physical ones, however, have been remedied by science; and it has now been found, that, if vice and discord have a tendency

to concentrate in cities, so also have their antagonist forces, wisdom and virtue ; that the latter influences, if fairly and vigorously brought into the field, are ever an overmatch for the former ; and that, by the adoption of sound principles and systems, the just and virtuous regulation of a city is rendered easier than that of a rural district. The social appetency of human nature

is good, and tends to good ; negligence and ignorance alone have led to its producing evil. But I see Paulina has recognised you, and is hastening towards us. I shall leave you with her for a few minutes, until I have a short telegraphic communication with a mercantile friend at Capé Horn, regarding some commodities which he is desirous of purchasing.—*Au revoir.*

A COURT.

AND what is a Court that the lip of the bold
Should be pale, and the heart of the brave should be cold
At its frown ; and the brow of the dastard be high,
And the traitorous craven flash pride from his eye,
And the laugh that is loud when the web of guile
Hath entrapped the free, break forth at its smile ?
Oh, it is a place of enchantment I ween,
The magical bower of a fairy queen ;
Where such wondrous vagaries of nature are wrought
That the wonders of Araby shrivel to naught.
Old Circe could charm the brave Greek to a pig,
And change to rough bristles the hairs of his wig ;
But ne'er like a Court could she charm to an owl
The grey phiz of a sage, or transform to the howl
Of a treacherous wolf and the face of a ram,
The beat and the face of an innocent Lamb.
Oh, merry and blythe is the courtly dance,
Bright with the sunshine of royalty's glance !

There Comus the statesman, all perfumed and sheen,
Gaily bedecked, in his glory is seen ;
No office is foreign his genius to shew
Of sweetly grimacing and jumping Jim Crow.
The hypocrite's there with his hollow smile ;
And the harridan's there with her painted wile ;
And there, like a tithe-pig, fat and sleek,
Is the heavenly bishop, when he's " to seek."

Oh, breathe not the word—for a word hath power
To unspell the charm, in its strongest hour ;
From the lip of Comus to dash the cup
Wreathed with the lily and mantling up ;
To wake the Sloth from its slumbers deep,
And wither the heart of the mighty Sheep ;
Make the lawn-robed vermin shudder and stare—
The word is Honesty !—breathe it not there.

CYRUS.

SONG OF THE RHINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHENKENDORF.

THERE is a tone that deeply thrills
Each native German heart along ;
With it his verse the poet fills
Whene'er he wakes a German song :
Tis of an ancient, high-born king,
Whose worth each German heart will sing ;
His name repeated is so dear,
No German it too oft can hear.

It is the name of holy RHINE !
Throughout a kingdom rich he rolls ;
His name, as precious as his wine,
Each true-born German heart controls ;
In every breast his sway is still
For fatherland, its good, its ill—
Of all we think, whene'er begun
A song of Rhine—proud, rock-born son !

But, ah ! the foe-man's hand had now*
Robbed him of all his glory's pride,
And stripped from off his kingly brow
The verdant vine-wreath round it tied ;
Then fetter'd lay the hero's form ;
His proud lament, his anger's storm,
We oft have heard at midnight deep,
As spirits o'er him seemed to sweep.

How sang the conquer'd hero then,
With voice of mingled scorn and wo ?—
" O worthless world, and worthless men,
For whom no more may freedom grow !
Your honour gone, your trust all o'er—
Oh, can they then return no more ?
Tis mine to grieve my children's flight,
To mourn each broken German right.

" Alas ! my ancient, glorious time,
To me a spring-like golden day !
Still as once in my grandeur's prime,
My realm before me seems to lay ;

When by my banks, on either side,
Walked noble forms, with mein of pride,
Heroes who far and wide could roam,
With Soul and Sword to win their homes

" A race of worth once placed them here,
When giant-forms possess'd the land ;
Their lion-hearts ne'er felt a fear—
Yet gentle they as maiden's hand ;
In song their names men still retain,
How they by Hagen vile were slain,
And that dark deed inciting gold
My rocky bed still safe doth hold.

" So rage, ye tyrants, stain'd with crime !
Your guilty cup soon fill'd shall be !
That Niebelungen Hoard, in time
Shall rise and arm my sons for ye !
Your hearts shall sink with fear and dread,
When I my terrors round ye spread—
I well and true beneath my wave,
Have kept the store old Wisdom gave."

Lo ! now fulfilled is every word !
Our monarch old has broke his chain,
The Niebelungen's mighty Hoard
Hath risen to the light again—
Oh ! may it be our German pride,
To guard it well on every side !
Be ever justice, might, and fame
Link'd with our holy German name !
Grace, then, our Ancient Lord, to thee !
Again we drink thy welcome wine !
Our guiding star thy freedom be,
And for our signal word—" The Rhine !"
Anew to him our oath we swear,
As we must him, he us shall hear—
" Free from the rock his stream doth flow,
And to God's ocean free shall go."

Devonport.

L. F.

* The occupation of Germany by the French in 1813.

MRS POSTANS' CUTCH ; OR, RANDOM SKETCHES OF WESTERN INDIA.*

THE Province of Cutch is likely to rise in commercial importance, from the successful introduction of steam navigation into India ; and people already begin to inquire into its capabilities, in the event of the Indus being traversed by steamers. Whether this work shall minister greatly to utilitarian purposes or not, is doubtful ; but the book is a right pleasant and lively book, and one that will prove engaging to the curious reader, whatever be the particular object for which he turns over its pages. The authoress has had good opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the province ; she possesses lively talents, some power of reflection, and is wholly without pretension, and the worse affectation of being especially diffident and humble. Her work is the result of a series of notes taken during a residence of some years in Cutch ; and its embellishments, which are all characteristic, are coloured engravings, taken from her original drawings. But, as our space is very limited, we must make the most of it, in introducing that entertaining work to our readers. Mrs Postans, who is probably the wife of an officer, or some gentleman in the Company's military service, left Bombay for Cutch in a native vessel—the discomforts of which even surpass those of the boats which wont to ascend the Ganges, before the blessings of steam were known on the sacred river. Like all young authors, and too many female authors of every age, she is rather diffuse and excursive at the outset. Seeing so much that is new, such authors seem to imagine that it is absolutely necessary to describe all they see.

In a country where every one, at every age, is in a state of perpetual mental activity, or of incessant toil—where the labours of the senate, the desk, the loom, and the forge, do not admit of a moment's relaxation, from the rising of the sun until the extinction of the gas lamps—we are not sure but that the following picture of Asiatic indolence and dreamy repose may be looked upon with a certain degree of complacence. The toil-spent denizens of our counting-houses, mines, manufactories, and workshops, where men become spirit-worn and old before their time, and may be rather said to endure life than to enjoy it, can hardly at first sight avoid envying the luxurious idleness of the natives of tropical climates, or “ the long night of revelry and ease” of the northern tribes. Mrs Postans writes—

The crews of these boats are usually half Hindu and half Mahomedan. They are a satisfied and slothful race, who lie scattered about the poop, or on the rafters of the bows, during the noontide heat, with the exception of the helmsman, alternately sleeping and smoking until sunset, when they assemble round a large platter of rice, curry,

and coarse grain cakes, which, after the prefatory measure of pouring a little water over their hands, they rapidly despatch—sitting round in a circle, and gathering up the rice between their fingers, each dipping into the same dish. I have never, on any occasion, observed the crew use water for the purposes of ablution ; neither have I seen any attempt made to cleanse a boat, or to put it into any sort of order. The whole scene is one of filth and confusion ; fowl-coops, cocoa-nuts, cooking-vessels, coir ropes, and passengers, mingled together, and surrounded by every ill savour that bilge-water and native cookery can produce. A boat's crew can imagine no state of existence half so desirable as one of rest ; they consequently display a total apathy as to their amount of daily progress. If a foul wind set in, they immediately anchor ; and if at night a fair breeze should spring up, they never set sail again, but remain very quietly until the following morning ; thus they can have no sympathy with their unhappy passenger, whose every sense furnishes him with fresh avenues for disgust and suffering. Remonstrance is vain ; but daily does he groan in spirit, as the approach of evening sees him little advanced on his weary way ; and the crew again prepare, even under a fair wind and a refreshing breeze, to drop anchor, and wait the morning tide. To enlarge on the miseries of such a locale is needless ; many of my readers may have experienced them, and memory will readily complete the sketch.

The European voyager, and, above all, the English one, must be extremely miserable ; but yet, on board the Cutch boats, “ the greatest happiness of the greatest number” is ensured. Mandavie is the principal port and harbour of the little province. The inhabitants are a busy, cheerful, and industrious race, slothful though the navigators be ; and the bright and varied costume of the inhabitants gives a look of gaiety to the town not often seen in the smaller towns of India. Here is a *bit* of good word-painting—

The population is principally composed of Banyans, Brahmins, and cultivators, many of whom may be seen on the outside of the town, either engaged in their several callings, loitering lazily along, or grouped together in little knots, gossiping, with vehement gesticulation, on any trifling subject of profit or pleasure. Here and there a retainer of the Rao comes swaggering along, displaying the superior height, aquiline nose, and long moustache of the Rajpoot tribe ; his arms are a sword, shield, and matchlock, and his dress and bearing are marked by an air of mingled haughtiness, foppery, and independence. Then are seen swarthy but fine-limbed children, rolling on the soft sand in childish glee, and shouting with joy, as a horseman passes them, circling and passing with consummate skill his gaily decorated steed. Near these, a water-carrier urges on his bullock, which, laden with the water-bags, slowly saunters forward, whilst his master smokes his hookah, and indulges in a passing chat with the women, who, gracefully bearing their earthen water-vessels on their heads, are returning to the well to which he journeys. Lastly, are groups of women, employed in sifting grain from light baskets, in which they display the most graceful attitudes ; the passing breeze winnows the corn, as it falls into large heaps, and numerous asses wait leisurely around, to carry it in sacks to the merchants' granaries.

Mandavie enjoys a considerable trade with the ports of the Red Sea ; and the Cutch mariners will sometimes even venture to Ceylon, and so far as the China seas, and the eastern coasts of Africa. The Cutch pilots are intelligent, and even skilled in navigation. All the inhabitants

* Cutch ; or, Random Sketches, taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India, interspersed with Legends and Traditions. By Mrs Postans. 1 vol. 8vo. London : Smith, Elder, & Co.

have a remarkable faculty for imitation, the first step towards invention. The exports of Mandavie are cotton cloths; the returns are dates, coffee, dried grapes, drugs, and coloured mats from the Red Sea. From Africa is brought elephants' teeth, and rhinoceros' horn.

The Arab sailors, who, coming from Mocha and other parts of the Red Sea, are frequently seen here, are a wild and singularly picturesque-looking race, and although wearing the flowing robe and graceful turban common to the East, seem strikingly dissimilar to the men of other tribes. Their dress is usually of a darker hue, and their pale blue and red turban less studiously arranged; their complexions are of a deeper hue than even those of the low-caste Hindus; their eyes sparkle with a darker, yet more restless brilliancy, and their general bearing is that of men used to peril, but accustomed to defy it. Such is a characteristic view of the sea-port of Mandavie, as it first appears to the stranger's eye.

The people of Mandavie are considered a peculiarly handsome race, which Mrs Postans attributes to the soft and cool climate, and the tempering sea-breezes. The dress of the women is peculiar, tasteful, and highly picturesque:—

It consists of a satin petticoat, with broad horizontal stripes of red, blue, and yellow, and a bodice tightly covering the bust, and embroidered with various-coloured silks; over the head and shoulders flows the usual "Saree," which, as it gracefully flutters on the breeze, affords a charming effect of grace and softness to the outlines of their elastic figures; whilst the becoming variety of colour selected for their dress, and the brightness of their numerous ornaments, adds gaiety and animation of no common order to the passing scene. On certain holy-days, all the women of the city walk together to the seaside in their richest dresses, to render there a votive offering of rice and cocoa-nuts; and on these occasions the grace and beauty of their persons, the richness and variety of their costume, and the barbaric splendour of their jewels, are shewn to the greatest advantage.

In the small town of Kaira, which boasts of having the prettiest women in Cutch, the damsels, among many other adornments, ornament the beams of their garments with little silver bells, and stitch bits of looking-glass into the embroidery of their bodices. Mrs Postans' destination appears to have been the British camp at Bhooj, which city may be considered the capital of the province. It contains about 30,000 inhabitants; and here is the palace of the Rao, or ruling prince. He is still a very young man, and is said to be of good dispositions and amiable manners. When his father was, for his crimes, set aside, by the King-making Company, this youth was, while an infant, taken under the protection of the British authorities, and his early education was superintended by an Edinburgh gentleman;* but the disorganized condition of the province made it necessary that the young Rao should become a ruling prince, long before his education was finished. Mrs Postans gives an agreeable description of this Prince, the effect of which is somewhat marred, by the coloured full-length likeness which fronts it, of a squab, square-featured, good-natured, middle-aged personage, in a costume more unique than elegant.

In person the Rao is remarkably stout, with peculi-

arly fine eyes, and a benevolent and agreeable expression of countenance, although, unfortunately, disfigured by the ravages of small-pox. His dress is usually rich, well-arranged, and strikingly picturesque. On state occasions, it consists of a most magnificent Kinkab turban, of the usual stupendous size worn by the Rajpoots, ornamented with strings of pearl, and jewels of great value, with immense ear-rings of gold wire set with precious stones. Over the muslin Ankriha, worn by all natives of respectability, his Highness has a sort of body armour of thickly wadded purple velvet embroidered with gold; a pair of rich satin trousers, also embroidered or rather embossed with gold; and crimson velvet slippers, curved upwards at the front, and decorated with pearls and coloured silks.

His Highness's jewels are of great price, and very numerous; consisting principally of armlets, bracelets, tawees, and a succession of rings and necklaces of which it would be hopeless to attempt a description. The gems most in use are pearls, rubies, and diamonds, but uncut, and set in the rudest style of workmanship. His Highness has some knowledge of the English language; and it is the custom for the European officers stationed in Cutch, to make him visits of ceremony, with which he seems gratified, and has in several cases evinced a warm friendship and interest for some.

We fear his Royal Highness is not in any respect superior, either in intellect or knowledge, to other native princes. His casual guests usually find him seated in his private reception chamber—

A small room, the walls of which are hung with swords, shields, matchlocks, and a curious variety of other weapons, of which his Highness seems most to value a beautifully inlaid gun, presented to him by Sir John Malcolm, on his visit to Cutch in 1830. During his hours of relaxation from the cares of business, the Rao is frequently attended by a negro giant, a sort of royal jester, who throws himself into all sorts of contortions, and displays an agility in the performance of his antics, which excites the risible faculties of his Highness to their greatest extent, keeping him in a convulsion of laughter at the monster's efforts.

Mrs Postans details all the magnificence of the palace and of the establishment, about which we see nothing very attractive, save the horses and the harem. Five hundred horses form the Rao's stud. His favourite dun riding horses are splendidly and richly caparisoned. On occasions of state, his Highness is attended by 500 horsemen, with elephants, banners, and other insignia of Oriental royalty, making no contemptible show; though, probably, one which fully justifies the mistake made by the natives in another place, who, on beholding a review of British troops, took the band, in their picturesque and rich, or, at least, showy dresses, for the great men. The Indian is nearly as fond of his horse as the Arab. With it he not only shares his meal, but his ball of opium. The horse in the East is a gentleman; his master's companion in peace, and his friend in war. To the ass, the bullock, and the camel, are left drudgery and heavy burdens. The horse is reserved for the nobler occasions of war and ceremony.

The government of Cutch, like that of so many semi-barbarous countries, is essentially feudal. The reigning Rao is but the highest chief among a set of inferior chiefs, called *Jharrejahs*, who are of the Rajpoot, *i. e.* Norman tribe, and hold their lands as feudal tenures, doing military service to the Raos when required. The

* The tutor of the Prince of Cutch was the late Rev. James Gray of this city, then chaplain at Bhooj, whom death took from a task to which he had anxiously devoted himself.—E. T. M.

system is complete in all its parts; the lesser chiefs, in like manner, owing allegiance, not to the Rao, but to their respective feudal lords. Those lesser Cutchee barons or retainers are called Grasiyas, and hold the government of the villages. This Norman class are a remarkable tribe. They are, says our author, a singularly fine race of men—

Naturally robust, and peculiarly warlike in dress and bearing; but in their habits dissipated, proud, and cruel. Some years have now passed since Cutch has been a scene of contention for federal rights; and during this interval, the Jharrejahs have sunk into a state of apathy and sensual indulgence. Addicted to the use of opium and spirituous liquors, those amongst them who are much advanced in life betray, in their haggard countenances, the common effects of these habits of intemperance and excess.

The Rajpoot women, who marry these men for the sake of their estates, are handsome, high-spirited, and very superior to the other castes of women. I speak, however, only from representation; as the Jharrejahs seclude their women, and I have not had any opportunity of being introduced to these Calyptos of the land. But it is said, that "the sacred harem's silent tower" is too often the scene of desperate intrigue; and that, "as fair as the first who fell of woman-kind," the dark-eyed Rajpootni frequently becomes the victim of her wayward and evil passions. Beautiful and high-born, these women feel little sympathy or affection for their debauched lords, and are accused of diverting the tedium of their lives by intrigues and associations of a most degrading nature.

The Rajpoot Jharrejahs derive their name from Jharrah, a Mahomedan of rank, who, coming to Cutch, which was at that time inhabited by pastoral tribes, became enslaved by the loveliness of a fair Hindu, whom he married. After his death, his young widow was expelled from his family at the instance of his Mahomedan wives; and, like another Hagar, she departed, with her infant son, to seek refuge from the more merciful. Her son grew; he took unto himself wives of the daughters of the land; and his descendants established themselves in independence, taking the title of Jharrejahs. In time, the chief of this tribe assumed the title of Jam, and held it for many years, until expelled from Cutch into Kattiwar, by the fiat of the celebrated Emperor Akbar. It is, therefore, difficult to decide, whether the Jharrejahs should be classed as Hindus or Moslems; more particularly as the Rao, who is the head of the Bhyaud, pays reverence to both modes of worship; and the "Order of the Fish" was bestowed on the early princes of Cutch by the Emperor of Delhi, on their pledging themselves to defray the expenses of all pilgrims travelling to Mecca. The Hindus also form family connexions with the Moslems. A sister of Rao Bharmuljee's, a princess distinguished by her wisdom and masculine understanding, married a Jam of the Noanugger family, in Kattiwar, but died shortly after her marriage; and it was suspected that she had been destroyed, by poison introduced into her slippers. The jealous passions of the harem's inmates could ill brook the sway of this highly gifted and most unfortunate woman. With a spirit uncontaminated by the presence of evil, Kesser Bhye had passed her life in a court degraded by crime, and all her energies and affections had been exerted to save the victims of her brother's dark and guilty passions. Often had his blood-stained hand been stayed from the commission of deeper crime, by the entreaties of his gentle sister; and though herself the victim of dark and private treachery, the name of Kesser Bhye is still hallowed throughout the province. It would appear, then, that the Cutch Jharrejah shares the proportions of his divided faith, according to the origin of his ancestry. He believes in the Koran, worships saints, swears by Allah, and lives in Mahomedan style: the worship of Vishnu is, however, skilfully mingled with all this, and the whole forms a curious *melange* of religious faith. Another caste of warriors, called Meyannahs, were originally shepherds, but, ex-

changing the crook for the spear, have become a fierce and warlike people, celebrated as plunderers, and as being ready to take any military service, if well paid and suffered to pillage without restraint. The hand of the Meyannah mercenary is equally ready for the warrior's spear or the assassin's dagger; and he never fails his employer, or hesitates to perform the most atrocious deed, if proportionately recompensed. In the reign of the Rao Bharmuljee, during a civil war, when the British power was required to quell the contentions of the feudal chiefs, the Meyannahs came to Anjar, and poisoned the wells, by which many men and cattle died. These men are Mahomedans, and may be mustered to the amount of three thousand warriors.

The Soodahs, although not a provincial tribe, may be mentioned here, as being intimately connected with Cutch, both by their predatory excursions and the intermarriages of their beautiful daughters with the Rajpoot Jharrejahs. This tribe reside in Wandhs, or grass huts, on the great desert of the Thurr, in a state of peculiar wretchedness and privation. Ignorant and barbarous, they pass their lives as shepherds, frequently assembling in hordes, and making forays across the northern Ruin, into the neighbouring provinces, and driving back the cattle of the villagers to their Wandhs, where they for a time subsist in peace, on milk, and the few vegetables of the jungle.

The Soodahs find their principal source of riches in the beauty of their daughters, for one of whom rich Mahomedans will frequently pay ten thousand rupees. Rajahs and wealthy chieftains despatch their emissaries, as Abraham sent his servant, to seek a wife for Isaac of the daughters of Nahor; and, like Bethuel, the Soodah father offers no objections to a wealthy suitor, but, on the contrary, robs his son-in-law, before his camels and servants depart. Beside the wells, and in the hovels of the Thurr, full many a flower of female loveliness would blush unseen, but for the fame of their surpassing beauty, which claims and maintains its ascendancy, and transplants the blossom of the desert to bloom amidst the gorgeous pomp of a royal harem. It is said, that the Soodah women are artful and cunning; and that by these qualities they gain a powerful influence over the minds of their liege lords, to whom they bear little affection. The Soodah wife of a Rajpoot cares only for her son; and, report avers, hesitates little to dispose of the father, to invest his heir with the estate.

The Soodahs themselves never intermarry, but form alliances with the people of the neighbouring provinces. From this circumstance, it is reasonable to infer that the daughters inherit their fairness from their paternal ancestry; as otherwise, it would be less uncommon. In Cutch the crime of infanticide prevents our judging of what charms may descend to the female offspring of the Soodah women; but I should imagine they would be many, as the Rajpoot Jharrejahs are naturally a very handsome race, although enervated by intemperate habits. Too proud to be virtuous, these haughty chiefs are cruel and debauched in times of peace, and terrible in the days of strife. No deed of blood, no act of treachery, is then too dark for their evil passions to plan and execute.

The Jharrejah families have Jewish features; and they speak the Sindh language, and pure Hindostanee, which is the language of the court. The boors have a rude dialect peculiar to themselves. It is considered loss of character for a Jharrejah's daughter to marry any man, none being considered her equal; and, as in India, celibacy is considered as synonymous with shame or guilt, infanticide of daughters is the only alternative. The aristocratic principle is everywhere incompatible with female happiness. In Catholic countries, the victim daughter of the noble could be sent to a nunnery; in Protestant communities, she may pine and wither on the virgin thorn. In India the deep guilt of the parent prevents the future misery of the child.

So thoroughly are women the slaves of custom, that the Rajpoot mothers (Soodah women) are more tenacious of its observance than their husbands. The infant is poisoned by opium applied to the breast of the mother. Of these Cutchee aristocrats, Mrs Postans remarks—

Depiciable as these wretches are, from the constant exercise of every vice, they imagine themselves superior to all other castes: and although their sensual passions lead them to seek wives from a tribe of plunderers, they consider that no caste is worthy to receive their daughters or to be honoured with their alliance. Not only the Jharrejaha, but all Mahomedans in Cutch, who pride themselves on being descended from the same original head, commit, daily, these deliberate murders. Great and various have been the efforts made by the British Government to prevent this dreadful practice; and the Jharrejahas have entered into a treaty with us, agreeing to forbid the destruction of their female infants, on condition that we respect the prejudices of the Hindus, and their religious reverence for the ox and cow. This agreement has been held sacred on our part, and the slaughter of these animals is forbidden throughout the province; but it is feared, that our forbearance has done little to suppress the amount of crime. It is wholly impossible to institute strict inquiries into the domestic affairs of a Jharrejaha's family; their women are secluded, and the harem's privacy is inviolable. According to the terms of the treaty, the Jharrejahas are bound to return a yearly census of their tribe; but we have no means of ascertaining its truth, and the male population so far exceeds the female, that no doubt can exist but that these murders are still common. It has been calculated that there was annually in this province, a destruction of one thousand lives, and that amongst eight thousand Jharrejahas, the number of their women did not exceed thirty. This very small number were preserved, some by accident, and some by the Jharrejaha believers in Vishnu.

The Rao has promised that if a daughter be born to him, he will preserve and nurture her, to prove his desire to correct this horrible custom; but, until the original feeling, the disgrace of a mendicancy and the shame of celibacy, be removed, the Rajpoots will prevent the imagined degradation of their daughters and their families, whatever example is set them. There is, meanwhile, good hope that the Rao will soon have an opportunity of setting a good example. He has already, at twenty-four, five wives; and he is about to take two more, the daughters of powerful chiefs, who naturally esteem it a high honour to gain admission for their offspring into the royal harem. French or English nobility esteem it a high honour to be nominated to some menial office in the household of the sovereign, even when there is little or no salary attached to the dignity of Gold Stick or Lady of the Bedchamber. Mrs Postans was so fortunate as to obtain admittance into the Rao's harem.

The avenue immediately leading to the women's apartments is guarded at its entrance by a pair of most hideous monkeys, who sit cross-legged, in a sort of basket chair placed on each side of the portal. These sooty guardians of female virtue are armed to the teeth, and in addition to that, have a large blunderbuss lying by each seat. Having passed these retainers of marital tyranny, we enter the large court, filled on the occasion of my visit to the ladies, by about three hundred women of the city, of various castes and degrees, who had come to gratify two of the strongest desires of the female mind, curiosity and gossip. After passing up an avenue formed by a double line of these dark beauties—

"Maidens, in whose orient eyes
More than summer sunshine lies"—

and being greeted by whisperings, gigglings, and other demonstrations of amusement, at what they thought remarkable in my dress and manner, I entered the sitting apartment of the Ranees, which was a stone verandah, level with and open to the court, having sleeping-rooms, and other private apartments, leading from doors to the back.

The Rao's mother, who resides with her husband, the ex-Rao, in a separate palace, came to her son's harem on the occasion of my visit, and received me with great ease, partaking of the graces of European etiquette. Taking my hand, she expressed her pleasure at seeing me, and then placing me in a chair next her own, conversed agreeably on a variety of subjects, in excellent Hindustanee. She is a very lovely woman, and does not appear older than about five and thirty; she has a very fair complexion, fine figure, and lustrous black eyes; not possessing the languid sleepy softness which generally characterises the native eye, but large, bright, and expressive. She is the daughter of a chief of Soodahs, a tribe who inhabit the great desert of the Thurr, and are remarkable for the surpassing beauty of their women. The fathers of these belles calculate their amount of property according to their "heads of daughters," being happy to dispose of them as brides to the highest bidder.* And to judge of all, by this specimen in the person of the lovely queen-mother, "if lusty love would go in quest of beauty," few of the daughters of the land could, I think, compete with the passing fairness of the Soodah maidens.

The Ranees,

"Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,"

was superbly attired according to the fashions of Mandavie, which have been before described; but the materials of her dress were unusually costly and well-chosen. Her petticoat was of a rich Tyrian purple satin, embossed with a border, and scattered bunches of flowers; each flower being formed of various gems, and the leaves and stems richly embroidered in gold and coloured silks. Her bodice was of the same material as the petticoat, having the form of the bosom marked by circular rows of seed pearl; her slippers were of embroidered gold, open at the heels, and curved up towards the instep in front; from her graceful head flowed a Kinkab scarf, woven from gold thread of the finest texture and most dazzling brightness. Her soft glossy hair, parted in the Greek style, was confined by a golden fillet, and a profusion of pearl ornaments; and on her brow, imbedded in the delicate flesh, and apparently unsecured by any other means, rested a beautiful star of diamonds and pearls.

The lovely Ranees was absolutely laden with jewels: A description of her nose-ring, ear-rings, toe-rings, finger-rings, armlets, bracelets, anklets, and necklaces, would alone occupy a volume.

The young Ranees, the present Rao's wives, were seated together on a mat in a remote corner of the verandah, decked in all their finery; but the poor girls, abashed and timid, sat huddled together, afraid to be seen, yet every moment whispering to each other, with a half-suppressed giggle; now and then stealing a glance at me through their long eye-lashes, but turning their eyes away the instant the gesture was observed, and hiding their pretty faces in the laps of their companions. By degrees, however, they gained courage; gave me their trinkets to admire; asked me a variety of trifling questions; insisted on handling all the ornaments I wore, and would, I believe, have fairly undressed me, had I not avoided any farther familiarity, by re-commencing a conversation with the fascinating queen-mother.

The jewels of the young Ranees were similar to those already described; but one of the fair dames seemed peculiarly enchanted with the beauty of a ring she wore on her first finger. It was indeed of huge dimensions; in the centre was a mirror about the size of a half-crown piece, and this was encircled with rubies, pearls, and diamonds. The fair wearers of all this barbaric wealth must have been sorely wearied ere the day was done, had

* The Jharrejaha or Rajpoot chiefs usually intermarry with the Soodah women, as they can do so without offence to their pride of caste.

not female vanity aided them to support its burthen; their ear-rings alone were of solid gold, and not less than eight inches each in diameter,* and embossed with gems of a large size.

The Ranees have no family; they are all very young, and seem perfectly happy together, and contented with their lot.

After spending some time with the Ranees, who expressed great anxiety to hear of other English ladies who had visited them at various times, I made a movement for taking leave; when two slave girls entered, bearing trays, on which were little baskets formed of leaves, and containing betel-nuts, pān supairee, cinnamon, and other spices, with rose-water, attar, and sandal-wood oil in minute opal vases. The Rao's mother then presented me with betel-nut, which in Eastern etiquette is understood to convey a permission to depart; and having (as a mark of friendship) sprinkled me, by means of a little golden ladle, with the various unguents, accompanied by a profuse shower of rose-water, scattered through the rose of a richly-gemmed Golaubdani, the Ranees all politely and kindly entreated me to repeat my visit. Afterwards, each took my hand and raised it smilingly and gracefully to her forehead. I then left them, and was ushered back through the wondering crowd to the outer gate of the palace. The situation of the Ranees interested me deeply. I was pleased with their amiability; but felt sincere commiseration for their degraded, useless, and demoralizing condition.

Mrs Postans makes a very sensible discourse upon the condition, and the emancipation, of Eastern women, without entertaining much hope of her benevolent wishes being effective, save through British power.

She describes the degraded social condition and daily drudgery of the Cutchee women. They are unusually slight in figure, and have interesting rather than beautiful faces, save the females of Mandavie, many of whom are strikingly handsome. When Mrs Postans laments the hard fate of the Cutchee matrons, and their daily drudgery, is she aware, that not much better is that of the women, in a similar condition, in England and Ireland, if, as we fully believe, their menial toils do not greatly exceed those of their simple-mannered sisters of the East?

Separated as these women are from such advantages of civilized opinion, the taste of the observer is pained to see so much artless grace enslaved by ignorance, and so much real beauty condemned to the most filthy and disgusting labour. Notwithstanding the delicacy of her appearance, a Cutchee woman is capable of great exertion, and she pursues the fatiguing routine of daily duty without a murmur of discontent. At early dawn she grinds the corn for family consumption, collects the materials for firing, cleans the cooking utensils, and sweeps out the dwelling. Then, with probably a tier of three water-vessels on her head, an infant seated on one hip, which she supports with her arm passed round its body, and an elder child clinging to her skirts, she walks to the nearest well, or tank, returns with the water, cooks the family meal, and sits down to her spinning-wheel. After this, she again goes to the tank to wash herself and her clothes. This, indeed, constitutes her sole amusement. Divested of her upper clothing, she sits in the water, laughing and chatting to her neighbours, or trolling some simple ditty, as, with garments neatly tucked around her, she beats her linen against a stone, or holds aloft her gaily coloured sarree, to dry and warm in the sunny breeze.

Now an English mother has nearly similar du-

* These enormous pendants are supported by small gold hooks, which fasten into the hair above the ear. We wish English ladies would adopt this custom, as we sometimes tremble for slit ears befalling them from their present pendants.—E. T. M.,

ties to perform, and often in addition to hire out her labours to the farmer, or the factory, or her wealthier neighbours. It was but the other day, that a philanthropic gentleman of Bath was informing the world that poor widows were perfectly able to work for the support of two or three children, besides taking care of them. Women in Bath made a great deal, he alleged, by *charring*, and often maintained their husbands; so, when left with children, a widow can have no just claim from the poor-laws, and is no object of charity.

The author describes a recent suttee at Cutch, which she appears to have witnessed. The Rao is considered blamable by Mrs Postans, as his command would probably have prevented the immolation; and it is feared he secretly approved the Brahmins' proceedings. The whole of his people were present at the sacrifice, from his prime minister to the lowest wrestler. A suttee must be an exciting spectacle. What is a boxing-match or a bull-fight to it! About the same time, the beautiful queen-mother died of a violent fever, and an old female water-carrier, one of her attendants, buried herself alive, in order to attend her mistress in another state. A trait of this poor wretch displays the subtlety of one of the strongest instincts of human nature—the love of life.

Before her grave was closed, while yet the breath of heaven fanned her face, and the glad scenes of life floated before her eyes, she made a request so singular that I can find no one to account for it. She desired an inverted chattee to be placed over her head; which done, the earth was thrown over it, and in a few seconds trampled down with shouts of exultation. The unexhausted air in the chattee, must have preserved life for a short time after the grave had been filled in, and probably, while her pulse yet beat, the fiendish shouts of her murderers rang in her ears, and mingled with the agonizing death of this infatuated woman.

Both the widow and the attendant had the highest inducements to the sacrifice of life, founded on the promises and denouncements of the sacred writings of the Hindoos; and probably regarded lightly that which to us seems so dreadful. The widow was, in this case, a woman of high caste, and the only wife of an intimate and confidential friend of the Rao. She resolved to mount the funeral pyre in front of her husband's tomb.

News of the widow's intentions having spread, a great concourse of people of both sexes, the women clad in their gala costumes, assembled round the pyre. In a short time after their arrival, the fated victim appeared, accompanied by the Brahmins, her relatives, and the body of the deceased. The spectators showered chaplets of mogree on her head, and greeted her appearance with laudatory exclamations at her constancy and virtue. The women especially pressed forward to touch her garments; an act which is considered meritorious, and highly desirable for absolution, and protection from the Evil eye.

The widow was a remarkably handsome woman, apparently about thirty, and most superbly attired. Her manner was marked by great apathy to all around her, and by a complete indifference to the preparations which for the first time met her eye: from this circumstance an impression was given that she might be under the influence of opium; and in conformity with the declared intention of the European officers, present to interfere should any coercive measures be adopted by the Brahmins or relatives, two medical officers were requested to give

their opinion on the subject. They both agreed that she was quite free from any influence calculated to induce torpor or intoxication.

Captain Burnes* then addressed the woman, desiring to know whether the act she was about to perform were voluntary or enforced; and assuring her that, should she entertain the slightest reluctance to the fulfilment of her vow, he, on the part of the British government, would guarantee the protection of her life and property. Her answer was calm, heroic, and constant to her purpose: "I die of my own free will; give me back my husband, and I will consent to live; if I die not with him, the souls of seven husbands will condemn me."†

Ere the renewal of the horrid ceremonies of death were permitted, again the voice of mercy, of expostulation, and even of entreaty, was heard; but the trial was vain, and the cool and collected manner with which the woman still declared her determination unalterable, chilled and startled the most courageous. Physical pangs evidently excited no fears in her: her singular creed, the customs of her country, and her sense of conjugal duty, excluded from her mind the natural emotions of personal dread; and never did martyr to a true cause go to the stake with more constancy and firmness, than did this delicate and gentle woman prepare to become the victim of a deliberate sacrifice to the demoniacal tenets of her heathen creed. Accompanied by the officiating Brahmin, the widow walked seven times round the pyre, repeating the usual mantras, or prayers, strewing rice and coorries on the ground, and sprinkling water from her hand over the bystanders, who believe this to be efficacious in preventing disease and in expiating committed sins. She then removed her jewels, and presented them to her relations, saying a few words to each, with a calm soft smile of encouragement and hope. The Brahmins then presented her with a lighted torch, bearing which,

"Fresh as a flower just blown,
And warm with life, her youthful pulses playing,"

she stepped through the fatal door, and sat within the pile. The body of her husband, wrapped in rich kinkab, was then carried seven times round the pile, and finally laid across her knees. Thorns and grass were piled over the door; and again it was insisted, that free space should be left, as it was hoped the poor victim might yet relent, and rush from her fiery prison to the protection so freely offered. The command was readily obeyed, the strength of a child would have sufficed to burst the frail barrier which confined her, and a breathless pause succeeded; but the woman's constancy was faithful to the last; not a sigh broke the death-like silence of the crowd, until a slight smoke, curling from the summit of the pyre, and then a tongue of flame darting with bright and lightning-like rapidity into the clear blue sky, told us that the sacrifice was completed. Fearlessly had this courageous woman fired the pile, and not a groan had betrayed to us the moment when her spirit fled. At sight of the flame, a fiendish shout of exaltation rent the air; the tom-toms sounded, the people clapped their hands with delight, as the evidence of their murderous work burst on their view; whilst the English spectators of this sad scene withdrew, bearing deep compassion in their hearts, to philosophize as best they might, on a custom so fraught with horror, so incompatible with reason, and so revolting to human sympathy. The pile continued to burn for three hours; but, from its form, it is supposed that almost immediate suffocation must have terminated the sufferings of the unhappy victim.

The Hindoos believe that the victim endures no physical pain, but that her soul springs to the

paradise of Indra the moment she fires the pile. Mrs Postans lays the blame of these cruelties upon the cunning and fraudulent Brahmins, who never forget that their duties, as priests, are to delude the people and profit by the delusion. This, we fear, holds, whether the priests be of Jove, Juggernaut, or Mahomet. Earthquakes have, at different times, been fatal in the province of Cutch; and, from one tremendous shock, the town of Bhooj was nearly a heap of ruins in two minutes:—

The Hindoos purified themselves, and made offerings to appease the wrath of the terrible Siva. The Mahomedan Moolahs stated the cause of the earthquake to be the horse Dooldool, pawing for his food. Thus, in the midst of terror and consternation, human selfishness prevailed: the Brahmins exhorted the people to make liberal donations to their temples, as a means of evading the destroyer's arm; and the Moolahs enjoined their disciples to send grain to satisfy the good steed, Dooldool, whose supplies were appropriated to the private use of the pious priests of the prophet. All sorts and varieties of ludicrous stories were framed for the explanation of this great phenomenon; and the more absurd, the more readily were they believed. After death, the greatest proof a rich native can give of his grief, is to feed and make presents to the Brahmins. Immediately after the decease of the Rao's mother, thousands of Brahmins came into Bhooj from every part of Cutch; and between their feasting for the ten appointed days of mourning, and donations made to the temple at D'waka, it is supposed that the Rao expended more than a lac of coorries.

The Hindoos have an ingenious theory of earthquakes. They fancy the world sustained by an enormous many-headed snake; one head only bearing the weight at a time. When that head becomes fatigued with the load, the snake shifts the burden to another, and an earthquake is the consequence. By a not unnatural superstition, they imagine the earth becomes heavier in proportion to the sins of its inhabitants. Mrs Postans gives a lively account of the general features of the scenery of Cutch, and of its animals and natural productions. The beautiful wild ass, with other wild animals, is found in great numbers on the *Runn*, an immense, desert, salt plain, which, from May to October, is flooded with salt water, and at all other seasons exhibits the wonders and enchantments of the mirage. In the islands or oases of this desert marsh, the Cutchee shepherds feed their flocks, in a primitive and patriarchal style. Here the wolf and the boar haunt; and the whole province, as well as the *Runn*, abounds in game of various kinds. The country is prolific in life, and the natives are sparing of all life save the human. Mrs Postans gives a minute account of the several religious sects of the province, and their superstitions, superstitious legends, and modes of worship. More attractive than these details of the two great sects of Brahma and Mahomet, and their numerous off-sets, is her description of the workmen of Cutch. They fabricate beautifully ornamented armour, and warlike and defensive weapons. The embroiderers are skilful, and, from the description given, they appear to have adopted the little implement for tambour-work, said, to be invented, above half a century ago by a Frenchman and long since in

* The traveller—and now the assistant resident in Cutch.

† This woman declared that she had already passed seven times through the fire; having been Sadhwes for seven husbands; and should she now withdraw, they would rise and condemn her, according to the doctrine of the Shastrus, which says—"As long as a woman shall decline burning herself, like a faithful wife, on the same fire as her deceased lord, so long shall she not be exempted from springing to life, in the body of some female animal."

general use throughout Europe for a common species of embroidery. At least we suppose that the original invention is not Cutchee, of the tambour hooked needle and the mode of operation described. The only difference is, that the Cutchee workers have no pattern on the cloth embroidered, but, trusting to the eye, imitate one placed before them; while the European tambour-embroiderers have the pattern stamped on the fabric, which both favours exactness and rapidity of manipulation. It would be odd, after all, if the French claimed a petty invention really stolen from the Cutchees; for our authoress seems to have no doubt of this mode of embroidery being peculiar to the province. She says—

The goldsmiths' work of Cutch has been long and justly celebrated. The artisans succeed admirably in imitating European patterns; but the rich purity of the Venetian ore, which they alone use, is seen in greater perfection in the native designs, which are massive and rich in "barbaric splendour."

The favourite native ornament is the *Tulsi*, a necklace formed of small plates of richly chased gold, strung on a small wire, or gold thread; ear-rings, also, fastened by a hook which passes through the bore of the ear, and secures them without a clasp; together with a great variety of bangles, or bracelets, usually made of an enormous weight, and adorned with curiously embossed figures of elephants, tigers, snakes, and monkeys. In common with the armourers, the goldsmiths work gold ornaments on a pure dead silver ground, with great taste and delicacy of design. This description of work is principally in favour for sherbet bowls, and golaubdanias, or rose-water sprinklers; the elegant forms for which are copied from those made in opal and china, which are brought from Turkey, as articles of merchandise with Persia.

The goldsmiths design remarkably well, and both draw and colour their designs with great correctness. In total ignorance of Hogarth's line of beauty, their acquaintance with the peculiar curve which constitutes grace in all delineations of the fine arts, is everywhere developed; and few models of ancient art can display forms more elegant than the Hindus choose for their common water-vessels, the designs for their embroidery, the garlands and wreaths which everywhere adorn their temples, tombs, and palaces.

The workmen have few tools, and those they have are of the most primitive description. Thus in embossing a cup, or snuff-box, which when finished displays a graceful garlanding of the most delicate flowers, with minute leaves, tendrils, and stems connecting them, the workman forms a large lump of lac round a wooden handle in the form desired, and, having moulded the silver on it, punches it out, in the pattern he requires it to be, by means of a little rough awl, apparently more calculated to mar, than to perfect, the tasteful elegance of the artist's design. The execution of work under these disadvantages is necessarily tedious; but its exactness and beauty must proportionally raise our admiration of the manual dexterity of the native artisan.

All these arts being, as it were, hereditary in families, produces, in the course of generations, a remarkable degree of expertness and high finish, however unfavourable the custom may be to invention.

The followers of the Prophet scattered over the countries of Sindh, Kandahar, and Cabool, pass through Cutch to embark at Mandavie, when they go to pay their vows at Mecca; and the Rao, by an old treaty, is bound to afford those pilgrims free convoy. The most interesting group of pilgrims which fell under Mrs Postans'

notice, were Usbeck Tartars from Yarcund. Bent on their holy errand, they are contented to subsist on the alms of the faithful, or to receive those of charitable Hindoos or Europeans. Their dress and equipments are of the humblest kind—a hookah, a staff, and a small compass, named the *Kebla Nimah*, or "Director to the House of God."

This little instrument is enclosed in a silver case, about the size of a sparrow's egg: the dial of the compass is not divided, or marked, like our own; but the hand is in the form of a flying dove, whose beak, true to its duty, points always towards Mecca. This, the travellers ascribe to the influence of the Prophet, and follow its guidance over desert plains with as much implicit confidence as the mariner, secure in the power of science, tracks his way over pathless and unknown seas.

The authoress gives a view of the poetry and music in the province where she had her residence:—painting cannot be said to exist. Few natives study music as an art, the usual performers being hired or wandering minstrels; for women of character never practise any branch of the fine arts, as it is considered incompatible with morality and good breeding. An interesting chapter is devoted to the bards—i.e., the story-tellers—and to the bardic literature of Cutch. It is interspersed with many fanciful legends and romantic tales. The provincial bards repeat to the Jharrejah chiefs the warlike deeds of their ancestors, exactly as the Norman or the Irish and Highland bards, minstrels, and seanachies may have done, and with the same bardic license and extravagant use of hyperbole. These minstrels attend at marriage-feasts and other festivals. Specimens of their recitations are given. The same low caste, the *Kalatnee*, which furnishes hired or itinerant minstrels, also affords magicians, tumblers, jugglers, and snake-charmers. Of the arts of the latter calling, we have, for the first time, this rational account.

The Sampuris, or snake charmers, are a caste well known, in India; and though perhaps not entirely deserving the title of impostors, they are undoubtedly a shrewd, cunning, and abundantly fraudulent race, who almost equal the Brahmins in the art of imposing on the credulity of the people. That the beautiful description of snake, known as the *Cobra Capella*, may be attracted by a peculiar sound is possible, and undoubtedly they are at times so seduced from their hiding-places, and captured by the Sampuri. Generally, however, a succession of tricks are amusingly displayed by the artist, who ingeniously contrives to introduce one of his own snakes already trained for his purpose. A sampuri always makes an agreement with his employer that the snake shall not be killed; and thus one cunningly brought in his cumberbund, first dropped, and then at a fitting opportunity again caught near a suspected place, is quite sufficient to excite the wonder and awe of the spectator, and procure for the artist, the rupee, or half a rupee, promised to his success.

A short time since, a Sampuri made his salaam to us, intending to display his skill, and from him I learned the secrets of his calling. The man was shrewd, good-humoured, and active: he wore a red turban decorated with two bunches of pink feathers; under one arm he carried a small bundle, and from the other was suspended the instrument whose sound is supposed capable of charming the most venomous snakes. In form it resembled a double flageolet passed through the centre of a small gourd; but its sound far exceeded in harshness anything I have ever heard, except perhaps the bagpipe, whose drone it was somewhat like.

On the Sampuri's uncovering a small basket, a large and beautiful cobra raised itself perpendicularly, with the undulating motion peculiar to its species; and, spreading its hood, the apparently enraged reptile commenced a series of attacks upon its keeper, who, seizing it by the throat, affected to coax and play with it caressingly. Hereafterwards stated that it would readily take milk, or any description of appropriate sustenance; but, when the milk was brought, the Sampuri seemed to regret having given it such a character for docility as a messmate, and was constrained to administer the liquid by means of an ivory funnel, which, with an iron stile, he forced into the reptile's mouth.

The venom had been removed, but the fangs still remained. . . . In a remarkably small canvass bag, the Sampuri carried a second snake: it was large, and of a bright orange colour, relieved by black spots. This sort of snake is common in Cutch, and is called by the natives, the Lohar, or worker of iron. The Sampuri, I have no doubt, intended that this snake should remain perdue; and, had we consented to a display of his art, he would cunningly have watched his opportunity, and then, after a little piping on his calabash, he would have excitedly captured this poor reptile, and accused it of being the depredator of our fowl-house.

This snake, the Sampuri assured us, had been caught only a few days before; and he set it at liberty in the garden, and recaptured it for our amusement. The method of actually catching the snake, in the first instance, is curious, and requires great coolness and dexterity. The snake-catcher is provided with two long bamboos: the first he at once fixes on the reptile's tail, and rapidly slipping the other horizontally along his body, he seizes him by the throat, and, holding him tightly with one hand, despite all his writhing and wriggling, extracts the venom with a small hook. This done, the captive soon discovers its defenceless state, and is readily tamed.

The natives regard the whole as the result of magic; and, as magicians, fear, respect, and support the Sampuris who practise those arts. Of course, the Sampuris exercise all the tricks of their profession to sustain an opinion which thus conveniently ministers so much to their advantage.

From the above extracts, our readers may have a tolerably fair idea of this agreeable volume, which, whatever their opinion of its merits may be, we have perused with great satisfaction.

GIFT-BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

ILLUSTRATED and embellished works are this season so plentiful, that three months pass before they are all fairly out. To our former list we have now to add, first,

GEMS OF BEAUTY.

This work is edited by Lady Blessington, who seems to undertake for this species of literature, and probably takes fully more in hand than one lady can rightly accomplish. The "Gems" of 1839 are all SPANISH BEAUTIES, or at least are meant to be such; and they lack none of the appropriate insignia of comb, fan, mantilla, and guitar, though English beauty sometimes appears as if masquerading in Spanish costume; and we have but slight glimpses of either the high-browed *dona*, or of the olive-tinted maiden, with her delicious and piquant mixture of voluptuous languor and sprightly coquetry. The first plate, designed by Bostock, is the real portrait, as we have no doubt, of a beautiful Englishwoman, here named *The Dejected*, though we see no peculiar mark of melancholy in her composed and intelligent features. *The Masquerade* gives us a group of *volant* beauties, sporting on "light fantastic toe," and attired in operatic Spanish costume—the high, ornamented comb, the deeply-fringed *basquina*, and all the other *et ceteras*. In *The Prado* Miss F. Corboux is more true to national costume; and, if not to Spanish physiognomy, yet to expression. Her promenading ladies make a very pretty group. In *The Siesta*, Meadows has once more repeated his voluptuous beauty, against whom the critics in art will require to swear the peace before they get rid of her. There are a variety of other subjects. The last design is the gem of the "Gems." It is by Cattermole, and named *The Duenna*, though the Duenna's exquisitely lovely young charge is the prominent object. In this plate, besides the refined loveliness and animation of the lady, the air, attitude, and costume are faultless, and,

if not Spanish, something better. The illustrative verse is all from the pen of Lady Blessington. Some of the ideas are felicitous, and touched in a light, sprightly vein; but they demand no particular attention.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NOBILITY.

Last year we were delighted with the first volume of this series. It scarcely keeps up to the high promise it gave, but is, nevertheless, a very attractive work, appealing to the purest tastes and tenderest sentiments of the human bosom; and certain, we should imagine, not to appeal in vain. Some of the children are represented with all the simplicity and infantile grace which *once* belonged to the infantine national character. Others are not children, but little mannikin lords and *missykin* ladies—fine, fussy, furbelowed, and mannered. The frontispiece, the *Princess Mary of Cambridge*, painted by Zeigler, is in good taste. The sensible-looking and rather plain little girl, appears as an English child should do, and with no marked lineaments of a princely race, save those for which she is indebted to her courtly bard, Dr William Beattie. Two children of the Earl of Durham, painted by a Russian artist, are also devoid of the tawdry ornaments for which we trust the other poor children are rather indebted to their nurse-maids than to the artists. Lady Blessington tells the little Viscount Lambton to tread in the footsteps of his sire, and "to serve his country for its weal, with patriotic love and zeal." She sees something in his face which assures her he will follow the path of his father. There would be no great harm though he went a generation back, and followed those of his grandfather, plain John Lambton. Of three daughters of Lady Jersey, two are very sweet and pretty girls; but a little daughter of Lady Charlotte Berkley is something more. The details of this picture are good, and, moreover, some of the best verses in the volume are de-

voted by Barry Cornwall, to the small Miss and her kitten. A group of three boys, with faces somewhat too beautiful, is sure to be quite "a mother's darling." The elder boy is dreamily watching the floating on of his mimic yacht in a pool; an operation which does not appear in the least to interest his younger brothers.

The Lady Margaret Coke, a daughter of Mr Coke of Norfolk, (now Earl of Leicester,) makes a charming picture of childhood, though the details and costume, while in keeping with the Lilliputian lady's rank, are rather inimical to simplicity. The expression of candour, goodness, and understanding in the truly English countenance of this child, is quite captivating. Then we have a small seraph boy, in contrast with a very long-backed, rough, and shaggy deer-hound; and in a daughter of the Marquis of Northampton, seated in a bower, with a lapful of flowers, a revival of the shepherdess of our grandsires. Landseer, to avoid the tame, the commonplace, and the *mannered*, has for once mistaken the reverse of wrong for right, and painted a little daughter of Lord Francis Egerton, as a mature Esquimaux beauty and belle. The original would appear to be one of those human *stools*—things of blood and substance, out of which often spring the finest women; but, meanwhile, the poor girl, though a striking picture, is certainly an extraordinary figure; indeed a perfect squat and dusky Esquimaux, finely contrasted with the gorgeous cockatoo perched behind her squab form.

The "Portraits of the Children of the Nobility," are edited, as before, by Mrs Fairlie. The literary contents are all that the occasion requires; light, elegant, and, of course, highly complimentary. As a favourable specimen, we will give a stanza from Barry Cornwall's address to the bright-eyed, yet thoughtful child, and her kitten:—

"I remember (many a day
Since that merry time hath fled)
When the skies were ever gay—
Ever azure over-head;
When my heart ran o'er in showers
At the beauty of the flowers!
Even now I try to rhyme
Of that faded flowery time;
Loving more that morning gay
Than the later years serene—
Happier, though 't be lost for aye,
Than if it had never been!"

"Gentle child, may time's soft hand
Lead thee at last to the happy land!
Meantime, gather, whilst thou may,
Every sweet of every day;
And when dull November cometh,
With its melancholy sun,
And the bee no longer hummeth,
Tell thou too, as I have done,
Of those times of stainless pleasures,
Which the heart so wisely treasures;
When thy thoughts were fresh and light,
And the hour was always bright,
And the world was without end,
And the kitten was thy friend!"

Landor's verses on the portrait of the Earl of Leicester's little *English* maiden, are in fine and pure taste. Happy the daughter of an English

nobleman, who may truly appropriate his compliments, and happier still her sire.

"Many are prompt, my little maid,
To praise thy blooming face;
And many vainly have displayed
The lustre of thy race.

"Be thou as ready, and more wise,
In asking what they mean;
Then turn aside these lively eyes,
And view thy native scene.

"Where honest labour shalt thou see,
And labour's rich reward;
Nor want, to praise thy sire and thee,
Courtier, or Wit, or Bard."

HEATH'S PICTURESQUE ANNUAL.

Versailles has this year been selected for the subject of the Picturesque Annual. It is one abundantly fertile, and embracing great variety. Louis Philippe has been at considerable pains and cost in re-edifying the palace which was the principal residence of his ancestors in the most palmy days of the French monarchy.

The denizens of the palace, during the reigns of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., the queens, princes, ministers, mistresses, wits, confessors, and courtiers of all descriptions, are the chief topic; the scene of action being less important than the actors and the drama which they performed for upwards of a hundred years. The "Picturesque Annual" is thus an anecdotal history of the French court in its most splendid and its most depraved era. Mr L. Ritchie has, upon this occasion, given way to a French writer, and figures rather as the translator than the author; though the descriptive parts of the work are all from his pen. The French author has given an immense mass of court scandal and anecdote; not put together in the artistical style, yet sufficiently piquant, though not scrupulous as to accuracy. An English author might, with the copious memoirs and letters which illustrate the private and personal history of the French court in the three reigns, have produced a better book, but not one that would so well have hit the French taste; and the "Picturesque Annual" will probably circulate as widely in France and Belgium as in England. The book is inscribed to Louis Philippe. If it chronicle the vices and crimes of his royal predecessors, it also records their power and magnificence. Monarchy had attained its consummation of external splendour, in the brilliant middle period of the reign of Louis XIV., in whose eyes "monarchy was a religion, of which he was at once the god and the priest; and, full of the idolatry, the most common of his actions appeared to him something solemn and sacred." On the other hand, the slavish and besotted people fell down and worshipped the idol they had made. Mr Ritchie describes the ceremonial of the chase instituted by Louis XIV. To him hunting was not a pleasure, but the necessary business or duty of a French king; regulated to the most minute details, and only to be shared, like the Order of the Garter or the Bath, by a privileged few. The King fixed, beforehand, not only where the stag should be run, but where he should be killed by his own royal

rapier. For this purpose he arrived in his carriage near the spot, mounted his horse, and, all being previously prepared, performed the royal act of butchery, in the time and order pre-ordained. We should not have been at the pains to notice this burlesque, save to introduce the following anecdote. Among the other superannuated etiquettes against which the youth and high spirits of Maria Antoinette, and the simple and natural character of Louis XVI. had revolted, when Napoleon, wished to revive monarchical despotism under a new name, the royal chase was instituted afresh, along with all the other usages of the old Court.

One day, in the last years of the empire, on the occasion of a hunt in the Bois de Boulogne, a crowd assembled at the Porte Maillot, to which the huntsmen were seen to gallop. Here the stag, faint and bleeding, got out of the shrubbery, and sank down dead under a tree. He had been wounded in turning him out of the wood to put him in the Emperor's way; for the rule of the royal chase was, that the creature should fall by the hand of the Sovereign. But even death could not altogether baffle the green-wood laws of Louis XIV. The crowd were ranged by the valets in two parallel lines; Napoleon advanced gravely; and, with that hand which had traced the plan of so many battles, and signed so many glorious treaties, fired into the bowels of a dead beast! Among the spectators, there was a young man, then an obscure clerk in an office, but who afterwards became a great poet, and one of the loftiest of the political spirits of our era. This young man's name was BERANGER. He saw Napoleon there for the first time; and it was rather a singular occasion to make the acquaintance of the hero of Aboukir and Marengo.

It would be a curious speculation to contrast the manner in which the above incident would have affected the imagination of Walter Scott and Beranger, especially if the dealer of the finishing-stroke to the hunted and dead stag had been a legitimate sovereign, a Louis XVIII., or a Charles X. As a specimen of this work, we shall present our readers with a picture of the Court of France in one of its least depraved periods; for the profligate gallantries of the age of Louis XIV. were purity itself compared with the brutal sensuality, and unredeemed gross vice of the era of the *parc aux cerfs*. After stating very plainly that the King had an incestuous intercourse with his sister-in-law, Henrietta of England—a scandal renewed in a subsequent reign, affecting the unfortunate Maria Antoinette and her brother the Count d'Artois, and, in all probability, alike false in both cases—the French author commences the history of the King's first distinguished mistress, La Valliere—that French Magdalen, always sinning always repenting—

"A very woman in her carnal part;

But still a sad, good Christian at her heart!"—

that La Valliere, upon whom French and Frenchified English writers dwell with such tender fondness, and whose character and example—though we are far indeed from sinking her to a comparison with a De Montespan or Castlemain—has been probably more seductive. The career of La Valliere is dwelt upon at full, if not tiresome length. She was succeeded by Madame de Montespan. Henrietta of England, after being the instrument of the King in obtaining from her

brother, Charles II., a secret treaty, disgraceful to the sovereign, and injurious to the interests of England, died in a few days after her return to France, of a very violent illness. She was, indeed, believed to have been poisoned, and there is no doubt that she thought so herself. These facts are not noticed here. Bossuet was then the court preacher; and the French author tells us grandly—"On Sunday the 29th of June, 1670, was heard echoing in the palace of St Cloud, that cry which Bossuet will transmit to future ages—"Madame is dying! Madame is dead!" The writer continues—

Even this event did not interrupt the gallantries of the court, which had become licentious in the extreme. Gallantry had taken the place of love, and, in like manner, diplomacy had succeeded a generous war. [The war was renewed; and, in 1679, the treaty of Nimuegen was signed, which left the King entirely free to pursue his pleasures.] In the seven years of the war, Louis led a very unquiet life. He went back and forward continually between the army and his palace, and always found in his court a fire as fierce as that which ravaged the frontiers of his kingdom. The King's example gave authority to the disorders of the time; for even the art and beauty of De Montespan, although she never actually lost the rank of favourite, were unable to preserve the fidelity of her royal lover. [The anecdotes of this period are hardly fit for *Tai's* pages.] There was a certain Madame de Lude whom the King looked at and talked to so often, both in going to and returning from mass, as to give not a little uneasiness to Madame de Montespan; who, to be short, one day flew upon her like a tigress, and nearly strangled her, and afterwards compelled her to retire to a convent, to do penance for her ambition. Madame de Montespan now fell sick, and the Countess de Guiche was ambitious of taking her place; but the latter, if not too innocent, was too inexperienced. She did not manage matters well; and, on the recovery of the chief favourite, she was put aside again without ceremony. The courtiers had laid bets upon the question; and the backers of Madame de Guiche complained justly of her imprudence. Madame de Montespan gained little by having excluded Madame du Lude from the Court, for Louis found the charms of Madame de Soubise just as poignant. The favourite, as usual, got into a passion, and the King condescended to dissemble; and one night Louis was missing, and all Versailles was in an uproar. In the morning, when the important subject came on the *tapis*, Madame de Soubise mentioned broadly a certain lady as the cause of the temporary eclipse of royalty; and this lady finding the scandal bitter because unfounded, complained so broadly, that the King himself was obliged to explain the nocturnal mystery. Madame de Soubise, and no other, was the culprit. Louis, in his confessions, went a little into details, which threw some light upon the manners of this voluptuous court. Madame de Soubise, it appears, as a sign that she consented to grant a rendezvous, wore emerald ear-rings; and Louis, to demand a tête-à-tête, put a diamond ring on his little finger. This lady was a good dissembler; and was more ambitious of the reality than the ensigns of power. She acquired a great empire over the King, and exercised it accordingly. The next favourite was Mademoiselle de Fontanges, who made a deeper if not more durable impression upon Louis. She was presented by Madame de Montespan herself, who talked incessantly of a certain beautiful statue she had seen with Madame [the successor of Henrietta.] Mademoiselle de Fontanges was in fact beautiful to perfection, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot; but she was utterly destitute both of mind and feeling. Yet the King adored this marble figure. She became the declared mistress, delivered herself up entirely to the pride of her new fortunes, swept past the Queen without saluting her, returned to Madame de Montespan even greater insults than she received, spent 100 crowns

a-month, and was astonished when that was called extravagance. She was encouraged by royal profusion, and her least caprice became the rule of the court. One day, in a hunting party, the wind having disturbed her head-dress, she tied it with a ribbon, the bows of which fell over her brow. The King, admiring the effect, requested that she would make no alteration the whole day; and next day all the ladies of the court wore *fontanges*. The most splendid fetes, of which she was the goddess, succeeded each other rapidly; and the imagination of Quinault seemed too poor in enchantments and machinery to please her. But her career was as brief as it was brilliant. An unfortunate accouchement destroyed all her charms, which the love of the King did not survive for a moment; and a convent in the Rue de St Jacques speedily received the queen of a moment."

Madame de Montespan was the sister-spirit of the harpy Castlemain; but Louis was not always so easily cowed as the indolent Charles. When Louis, too old to sinner it, began to saint it, Madame de Maintenon received all the praise of the King's recovery from "unbridled licentiousness" to "a severe devotion;" though Time ought to divide the praise with Scarron's widow—the most odious of all the royal favourites, inasmuch as hypocrisy, an intense and selfish ambition, and the most profound dissimulation, were added to other vices. We resume our specimen of court morals, and of the style of the Picturesque Annual.

Already she [Scarron's widow] had acquired a great empire over the mind of the King; and, at the time at which we have now arrived, towards 1680, when Louis abandoned himself to Mademoiselle de Fontanges, through weakness, and returned to Madame de Montespan, through habit, he was drawn to the side of Madame de Maintenon through taste. Madame de Montespan was speedily relieved of one rival by death; but the other was too many for her. All the brilliance of her spirit was nothing before the solid reason and profound dissimulation of Scarron's widow. Queen Maria Theresa, in the meantime, looked on these debaucheries of her lord for twenty years, without complaining, and without being pitied. She rarely stirred out of her apartments but to mix coldly in some cold ceremony. When told that Louis had taken a new mistress, she replied—"That was the old one's affair," and thought no more of the matter. She spoke little herself, and people spoke little of her. Once only she caused some excitement at court. It was when she lay in of a little girl, as black as a Moor, who was brought up in a convent, from which she never stirred in her life. This odd circumstance was explained by the presence of a young negro in the Queen's suite, who had one day frightened his mistress. At Paris there was a place where all the gallantries of Louis were criticised with freedom and ridicule—the drawing-room of Ninon de l'Enclos—where the most profound mysteries of Versailles found an echo. The greatest ladies, and those of the best reputation, came to inform Ninon of the new intrigues of the day, and Ninon did not allow one to pass. She was biting and audacious in her satire, tearing away every veil, and sparing nobody. Her witticisms were collected, repeated, and hawked about everywhere. They amused the very court which had occasioned them, arriving even at the ears of Louis himself, who often asked what Ninon had said last. This was truly a singular epoch. The court was full of prelates, who witnessed all these improprieties without uttering a word. Bossuet himself was silent; and the task of censuring the manners of the court was left in the hands of a courtesan.

How closely allied are elements of character in the voluptuary or debauchee, and the bigoted devotee—characters, in certain circumstances, divided only by twenty or thirty years—and how the blackness of the sinner enhances the brightness

of the saint. It was upon knowledge of this fact, which is never so fully developed as among the devotees of the Romish Church, that Scarron's widow founded her empire. "She felt that Louis, arrived at the last stage of debauchery, wanted repose rather than excitement, and, pondering on this theory, she soon began to please and satisfy that withered heart which could no longer be inflamed. She found, besides, in preaching moderation, that there still lingered at the bottom of his soul some traits of the devotee, which she, at length, developed with consummate skill." This part of the history of the court, and the character and long reign of the favourite, who had stepped in when satiety and the terrors and compunctions of superstition became her allies, is instructive. To expiate the sins, past and to come, of the King, the ceremonial observances of the Church were not sufficient; and, from the filth of debauchery, he plunged into the fury of religious persecution. The wrath of heaven was propitiated by fouler crimes than those by which its laws had been outraged. The revocation of the edict of Nantes was signed—the most cruel outrages were committed upon his unoffending Protestant subjects, who were murdered and tortured; and not even allowed to escape from the demoniacal fury of the royal saint, who shortly afterwards braved the pride of the French monarchy, and fully propitiated the wrath of heaven for his early debaucheries, by secretly becoming the husband of Madame de Maintenon.

The traditional history of the intrigues of this cold-blooded female Machiavel, to be declared Queen of France, are amusing, but are very probably exaggerated. The church and the state both interfered here. The loyal French people, and the nobility, who would have forgiven their King a whole seraglio, with constant additions, and liked him all the better for his gallantries, would not have endured a Queen of France that was not of the blood-royal. From the extreme of licentiousness to that of equally extreme devotion—ceremonial devotion—for we will not degrade religion by giving even its name to the bigotry and ritual formality of Louis, or the hypocrisy of Madame de Maintenon—the King had passed by the most rapid transition. The voluptuary grew at once into the ascetic, and the court followed the example of the King. Gallantry had been the fashion when he was young, and amorous hypocrisy became the rule when he was old and devout.

It will be seen that the *Picturesque* is of much more permanent and higher interest in the literary department than the ordinary annuals. It contains the essence of history; and both facts and lessons. The plates, the landscapes, or architectural views, are all good, and well finished. The likenesses of some of the royal favourites are less deserving of commendation. They cannot be from authentic portraits. They look, indeed, like wax figures in court costumes, or those personages at which children wont to peep through a glass at a penny-show, where they were as-

sured that they had a view of the King and Court either of France or England, walking in Kew Gardens or the Tuileries.

James' Book of the Passions.

This elegantly printed volume is embellished or illustrated in the style of the *Annals*. It consists of six tales, each descriptive of a passion—or, at least, more descriptive than dramatic. Remorse, Revenge, Love, Jealousy, Despair,

and Hatred, are each assumed as the subject-matter of a single story. Mr James may not have conquered a difficulty which Joanna Baillie scarcely surmounted; but he has produced a book that will while away an hour pleasantly enough, to those who seek amusement in pictures of life which are about as true to nature as the engravings with which they are connected.

WHAT NEED WE SEEK THE BALLOT, SIRS?*

WHAT need we seek the Ballot, sirs?

Why should we vote by stealth?

We fear not kings nor ministers—

Why insolence or wealth?

Would LANDLORDS wield us?—Who are they?

Whence spring they? Let us see:

They once, perhaps, led in the fray—

WHO COMBATED?—Why, WE!

No longer useful, like the drones,

Still ranked as "men at arms!"†

They were allowed—the mighty ones!—

To quit their place on terms.‡

Their dull successors, monted men,

Mere dealers in vile pelf,

Have now no other care or pain

But caring for their self.

They sell the use of land, we buy—

Both subject to the state:

Whence then their claims of dignity,

Or right to rule our fate?

They gone, all still would be as now,

Our profits only—more;

But, wanting us, no blade would grow

Where girdles now run o'er.

The thews and sinews of the State,

Of use where'er we go,

Is it for us to dodge and wait,

Who might command? Not so!

Each husbandman should have his *lease*,

And thence the *means* to live;

And use his every right in peace,

O'erawed by none that live.

"May one not use what is their own?"

Some fool exclaims—Amen!

But nothing has been made our own

To give the power to pain.

The earth on which the empire stands,

Is ITS, not *any* MAN'S;

It is in the nation's hands,

And its abuse in none's.

Let husbandmen make common cause

To scout the wretch that grinds,

And soon the maker of the laws

Were harmless as his hinds.

Who next insults? The wealthy cit.

His *tradesmen* must succumb;

He, great by wealth, and not by wit,

Would make the world sing dumb!

Proclaim him! Let no tradesman serve

This dollar-chief—this clay!

One flip—and you for life unnerve

This tyrant twopenny!

Yes! should the very menial but

Take up the Freeman's cause,

The very humblest household slut

Could vindicate the laws.

Untaught themselves to serve, the great

Must buy, at any price

Of wealth or yielding, those who wait—

And that too in a trice.

Behold the greatest potentate

Reduced to roast and stew!

The greatest dandy in the State

Could scarcely clean a shoe!

We blame the Irish helot for,

Though starving, he'll not serve

The man he hates: but the wherefor

Might all our ire unnerve.

If 'tis the man who tramples on

His heart, his only wealth,

He's right; and we such rights should own,

And aid, and not by stealth.

Who shall resist the working man,

The sinews of the State?

By whom it stands, as it began,

Its founder and its fate!

And why should we the Ballot seek?

Why should we vote by stealth?

WE—if we will it, poor and weak;

In fact, the commonwealth!

And Whigs or Tories should we trust?

No!—both alike are fools!

And shameless—yes!—is this unjust?—

Let us inspect the tools:—

Stands not *great* LAMBTON, (that is, great

As public men now go,

The least and meanest in the State,)

Stands he not thus, or so?

An empty jobber, and so gross

Even PELL upbraids with truth;

Whilst we who furnish all the dross

Must vote by stealth, forsooth!

Down, down, then, with the Ballot, sirs!—

He's shamed that votes by stealth,

Or quails to Kings or Ministers,

Or insolence or wealth!

PHILO-BERANGER.

* We insert this poem, not that we agree in the leading dogma expressed, but to shew what we know to be now the predominant feeling among a great majority of the unfranchised—and those the most energetic. Ballot, like every other right too long withheld, has lost half its original value, and all its grace. The masses have become indifferent to Ballot; and, unless coupled with a large extension of the Suffrage, if not with Universal Suffrage, would consider it—whether justly or not is a different question—as a positive injury to them. Lord John Russell may, therefore, spare his contumacious refusal of the Ballot this session; the ten-pound voters in towns do need and wish it; the *peasants* will now, in a vast majority of cases, vote with their lords, whether protected or not; the working-men despise what, if they conceded, would have been esteemed a boon, and have proved one.

† Queen's Pensioners—Yeomen of the Guard.

‡ Henry II. first allowed the Barons, Earls, or Aldermen, to sell their *places* as Landreeves; a thing entirely incompetent, but found to be convenient. They had become nuisances.

BLANCHE DELAMERE.

CHAPTER I.

BLANCHE, COUNTESS OF DELAMERE, was "the accident of an accident;" and one exceedingly mortifying and provoking to the noble lady whose pure Norman stock she came into the world as if on purpose to taint with the admixture of her plebeian blood. The father of Blanche Georgiana Yates Delamere had been the only surviving representative, almost the only living relative, and the sole heir to the long accumulating honours of a very ancient and still wealthy family, now represented by the Countess Marguerite Delamere, a Peeress in her own right.

In very early youth, when just entered at Oxford, a high-spirited and ingenuous, though a proud and wayward boy, George Delamere had become passionately enamoured of a very lovely, ingratiating, and well-educated girl, who, by the ill favour of her stars, had been promoted to the perilous office of reader and amanuensis to the Countess; and who, until the low and degrading attachment was surmised, had, from her meekness of submission and sweetness of manners, been rather a favourite with her haughty patroness. The origin of the beautiful Margaret Yates was no loftier than being the fondly cherished and only child of the curate of Stoke Delamere, himself the descendant of an old stanch race of respectable north-country yeomen, some of whom were becoming opulent, from having early engaged in the cotton manufacture.

When the guilt of the youthful culprits had been fully detected, and it was ascertained that the heraldic readings for which the Honourable George all at once took so violent a fancy, had been followed by stolen interviews in the gardens, and way-layings in the glades and dingles of the park, through which Margaret passed on her daily visit to her father, the Countess summoned the youth to her presence. She received him in the library in baronial state, and with the grandeur, dignity, and severity of the times when aristocratic parents were the stately tyrants of their children—the children hating or dissembling slaves. The guilt and audacity of him—a boy, a child—meditating insult or injury to a young person under the protection of her roof, one of her household! immediately about her person! was duly expiated upon by the Countess.

"Insult, injury to Margaret!" exclaimed the arraigned youth, indignantly.

"Presumptuous boy!—this tone to me!" returned the Countess—the blood of the Delameres rushing to her knitting and throbbing brows—"Is the seduction and shame of a virtuous girl, however low be her rank, no injury to her, no degradation to you?"

The eyes of the youth flashed wildfire.

"What wretch has abused your ear, madam? The love of her guardian angel is not more pure

towards Margaret than is mine. That I love her is most true—that I hope to deserve—to win her love—most true—but that!"

"The boy is mad!" cried the Countess, sternly. "Do you, young sir, remember who you are, and in whose presence you stand? If you forget, I cannot. *Her love!*—win *her love!*—away, sir; your tutors have been negligent. This boyish folly must be whipped out of you." (This taunt to the proud heir of the Delameres—a *man* of eighteen, a lover of three months!) "It shall be my task to command the girl her duty."

The lofty dame rung the large silver bell which stood on the table before her easy chair, or rather throne of judgment, and Margaret was ordered up in thoughtless, passionate haste. The Countess was not a woman of conciliation or management. She could not be made to understand how a Delamere, a peeress in her own right, a race ennobled as long as the De Roosens and the De Cliffords, should not carry all points with a high hand, or by her sovereign pleasure. The pale and trembling girl, conscience-struck, and inexpressibly alarmed, glided slowly into the room, like a doomed thing. Tears were her only answer to the abrupt and contumelious questionings of the Countess; and the sobbing, reiterated words—"Forgive me, my Lady—forgive me; suffer me to return to my poor father!" were all she could utter.

"Margaret, why forgiveness?" said the rebel lover, walking up to the girl's side—"Is it then a crime to love me? But you do not love me—you contemn me, shun me, perhaps hate me—while I!"—The sentence was interrupted by the girl's imploring glance, as, for one moment, she raised her eyes to her impetuous lover, full of tender reproach, and of inextinguishable love. That look's electricity was instantly felt by one who, if she had ever known, must have long outlived the remembrance of the passion whose excess it spoke.

"Are we to have a love-scene rehearsed in my very presence?" cried the Countess, starting from her chair. "Begone, audacious boy!—on your duty, I command you! The bold companion of your folly shall be fitly cared for. Gracious heavens! for what sin of mine or of my fathers is this stroke sent upon my house in my old age!"

CHAPTER II.

"Blood of the Mirabels!" said the jocular, witty, and impudent new-come London footman to the three giggling house-maids and the two young laundresses, as they sat over their double ale in the servants'-hall, about two hours after this scene—"what a kippage my lady was in! and what a rumpus up stairs! Mr George off like the whirlwind, as if the deuce were after him, while it is only the Chaplain to fetch him back; and Miss Yates, poor thing, crying and packing

her handbox. Can't say why the lad should put out his eyes to a pretty girl, or sing dumb because the old 'un is as proud as Lucifer's bride."

"It's very 'dacious, though, of a poor Methodist's daughter to go for to think of being a 'my lady,'" said the elder housemaid.

"But they say she won't or would not have him; and I'm sure she always runs out of his way as if the red bull were after her, when she sees him in the chestnut avenue—for I see'd that myself," added the younger girl.

"Poh! all make believe of you skittish ladies, Miss Molly," replied the footman, archly: "run, that you may be pursued behind the bush."

"Well, if I were a young gentleman, or a young lord," said the youngest and prettiest of the housemaids, "I would follow my own fancy, and marry ever a pretty girl I liked, whatever my grandmother said, though with never a shift"—she corrected herself hastily—"chemise to her back."

"Oh fie, Miss Betty," interrupted the footman, smiling wickedly and archly; and the young and really pure-minded girl blushed at a supposed breach of delicacy; while Miss Molly, affectedly pushing Harry, cried, "Go, you naughty fellow!"

"I mean I would rather marry for love than money, any day," added the young girl.

"Bravo!" cried Harry, in honour of this generous sentiment from a very pretty girl. "And make pretty Miss Yates 'my lady,' rather than ever a one of that skinny, dun Lady Honoria my Lady wishes to tie my Lord George to; and she is an old puss too." There was here a side glance at Miss Molly, head-broom of the chambers in Val Crucis Abbey; and Harry laughed, and Betty giggled.

"Had she but a few drops of good blood in her, our George might do worse," continued the and free and easy gentleman's gentleman.

"Blood here, blood there," said the provincial under-cook, "the blood without the suet won't make the dumplin'. And Mr Jervis Yates, her uncle, is as rich as Cruises; and a coining o' more, by them factories of his'n."

"And neither chick nor child but herself among the Yatees; and were she once a 'my lady,' never a poor soul of his kin would handle a stiver of the fortune the nigger is grinding out o' the faces o' the poor," said the elder laundress, who had great local knowledge of the district in which Mr Yates was flourishing.

"Ay, ay," added the north-country under-cook, "ilka one lards the fat pig's tail. But I reckon if Lord George got Jervis Yates' fortin, they might keep a decenter table for poor servants, and no ha' the housekeeper's long nose for ever a-poking in the dripping can; so I says—Amen!"

"Suppose, ladies, we drink to the good luck of the match," cried the gallant Harry.

"But, gracious, not in more of that nasty, heavy, fat ale," said Betty.

"A pitcher of stingo is drink for a squire," cried the under-cook and brewer of the Abbey.

"Faugh!" rejoined the refined Harry, produ-

cing a bottle of old and choice claret; and the happy marriage of our George and Miss Yates, was toasted by "the ladies" in the best vintage of the Countess's cellar. Before this revel was concluded below stairs, the Countess had conferred with her chaplain above. Afterwards, she consulted with her woman, and finally her pillow; and the result was, that Margaret should, as a measure of prudence and safety, remain at the Abbey, while her lover was to be sent to London till his college term.

The Countess repented the explanation into which her temper (she said her feelings) had hurried her. But George was a boy, whom the first glimpse of the world, of good society, and of well-born women, and even elegant women of pleasure, would shew his folly and bad taste; and the audacious hussy must be taught her duty. "What is Mr George but a child?" said the lady's maid. "Heaven bless him! a mere child. A woman of seventeen is more than a match for a boy of nineteen at any time, let alone having the arts of our sly Miss Margaret."

The hopes of the Countess—if it were possible to believe that she calculated upon the pleasures and seductions of the capital leading her grandson to forget his plebeian but virtue-strengthening attachment—were fully accomplished. George Delamere, surrounded by temptations, plunged into the vicious excesses of other young men of his rank; and, among her other sufferings and mortifications, Margaret had soon the misery of hearing the chaplain and his patroness discuss the gay follies of the high-spirited youth, who vindicated the blood of the Delameres on the turf, at the gaming-table, and in every fashionable haunt. His letters to Margaret, which it had cost her such agony of apprehension to receive, became shorter and more rare; and alarm for the detection of the correspondence was lost in a feeling tenfold more bitter, when few letters came. Those few were ever kind—or she tried to think so—ever delicate; and Margaret felt that all hope was not lost, that his heart could not be wholly changed, while he spared her those details of the fashionable scenes in which he was engaged, which he dutifully related to his grandmother, especially when he wanted a remittance. The agony of the Indian tied to the stake could not be more exquisite than the torture of the poor girl, compelled to control her feelings, and read and re-read these epistles to her conscious tormentor.

If, as we have said, the object of the Countess of Delamere had been to wean her heir from his ignoble attachment by plunging him into scenes of dissipation, it was amply fulfilled. Before he was of age, the Honourable George had been three times "ruined," and twice had his debts paid. If the incensed lady ventured to remonstrate against his profligacy and extravagance, the ready and careless apology was, that, in refusing to consent to his union with Margaret Yates, she had sacrificed the happiness of his life to her heartless pride, and he cared not what came next. Such observations rendered the Countess doubly indignant;

and for some months she had broken off all intercourse with her heir. Poor Margaret was now to experience another stage of misery, when six weeks passed, and no tidings of any sort came; and when the former "cruel letters" would have been comparative bliss to the torturing anxiety—the yearning suspense of her present condition. No one in the Abbey knew much of the prodigal heir of Delamere, save, perhaps, the lower servants. He had been on the Continent; he was said to have gone to the Greek Isles. The newspapers, gently ministering to the tuft-hunting propensities of John Bull, who takes such a devouring interest in the movements of the fashionable world, represented the Honourable George Delamere as now in London, now at Melton Mowbray, now here, now there; and Harry, the oracle of the servants' hall, avouched "that the chap had some spunk in him after all—shewed blood." The second table discussed the affair more respectfully and gravely; and the chaplain and Countess Marguerite held daily senates and councils on the gloomy prospects of the House of Delamere. "A dashing affair," announced to the housemaids by Master Harry, about this time, deeply incensed the Countess, and also created an immense sensation in the fashionable world. The Honourable George had, one night, by mistake, carried off a brilliant foreign singer in the first blaze of her fame, who was claimed as wife by some other foreigner, who, at least, appreciated her salary in the character of husband. In the first heat of anger, the old lady paused upon the propriety of yielding to the wishes of the headstrong youth, before he had utterly ruined the health and principles of the representative of the Delameres, painful and deplorable as the sacrifice was. What was her unfeigned astonishment, her glowing indignation, to hear the humble curate, summoned to her august presence, emphatically declare, that, although he never would force his daughter's inclinations, yet so far as legitimate paternal influence might go, it should be the duty of his life to warn Margaret against the misery and degradation of an alliance with George Delamere, until he was a changed man. He added, "that he trusted to her own good principles and strength of mind enabling her soon to eradicate every trace of her misplaced and unhappy attachment." The silent and bitter tears of Margaret gave faint confirmation to these hopes of her father. This night, he carried her home with him—the mortified and angry Countess felt, as if in triumph.

"That insolent, beggarly, puritanical parson," said she to her chaplain, "has pride enough for a cardinal; will not even my coronet content his ambition for his offspring?" And the name of father and daughter were forbidden ever to be mentioned again within the walls of the Abbey. Whatever might have been the effect of this dreadful visitation on the health of the curate, it is certain he did not long survive it. He died of a fever caught in visiting a poor parishioner; and his orphan daughter was transferred to the care of her wealthy uncle, Mr Jervis Yates.

Meanwhile, the rebellious heir was once more forgiven and taken into favour; and all his debts, whether of honour or dishonour, were once again discharged. As his opposition to every matrimonial overture was as resolute as ever, and his name, at this time, too much up, to make him, without going through some intermediate state of penance and purification, an acceptable match in the great but poor aristocratic family, to one of whose five marriageable daughters his grandmother wished him to throw the handkerchief, it was settled that he should, for a time, sojourn in the East, as an *attaché* of an old family friend, lately appointed ambassador to the Porte.

Chance led him, immediately before his departure, to attend the county races, where again chance introduced him to his old acquaintance, Mr Jervis Yates—a coarse and unpolished link in the electric chain of his fondest associations. "Could she love me still, all unworthy as I am?" was his painful yet tender thought; and he felt that Margaret could. The accidental invitation of Mr Jervis Yates, was gladly accepted; and where much love was, there came full forgiveness. How willing was Margaret to listen to those half apologies, and half and very slight explanations; and to believe that seductive example, and the snares of the wicked and deceitful world, had, for a transitory moment, only for a moment, led him astray, who protested, and truly protested, that, in his wildest aberrations, he had never ceased to love her!—and how blest the gradation of her softening feelings, from the proud, silent indignation with which the insulted girl met him, through the silent, weeping regrets that such things had been—into full reconciliation and renewal of love and confidence—into a dream almost as ecstatic as that of the few untroubled moments of their early passion!

There was now no high-principled, wise father to oppose the warnings of wisdom and duty to the wishes of the lovers. In the East, Mr Delamere felt that he should be spared the sound of the fashionable world's dread and withering laugh, still so appalling to him; and Margaret saw how she might for years escape the more dread presence of that awful lady who had been as the Nightmare of her young existence. The only individual wholly delighted with the hurried marriage, was, perhaps, Mr Jervis Yates, whose ambition was gratified at his niece becoming a Countess in prospect, upon any terms. It was in his carriage the fugitives repaired to Scotland; it was he doubled the allowance to Mrs George Delamere, of the paltry £1500 a-year, withdrawn by the Countess in the first impulse of impotent fury; and it was still Mr Jervis Yates against whom the fond and meekly enduring wife could feel rather than perceive, that the stomach of her aristocratic partner rose, even while he accepted the low-born man's benefits.

CHAPTER III.

The exiles had been for nearly two years in Syria—for Delamere had speedily disengaged

himself from his diplomatic appointment—when Mr Yates wrote, that the serious illness of the Countess opened a near prospect to the brilliant succession. The tidings came too late. Delamere, an altered and a sadder man, was, ere they reached him, daily watching, by an infant's cradle, or by a solitary grave under the Cedars of Lebanon—a grave whither devoted affection for himself had hurried the gentle and endearing creature, who, in teaching him to love, had first taught him all the charm, and now all the misery and nothingness of life. Mrs Delamere, in attending on her husband under an attack of the plague, when friends, attendants, and even physicians had abandoned them, subsequently sank under the frightful malady, from which her husband recovered, having, as he felt, paid her life for his. Their infant had been received into the family of the nearest European Consul, and Delamere abandoned himself to solitude and sorrow. Yet was not this time misspent. It was during this melancholy period, that, in perusing the journals of his wife—so full, from earliest girlhood, of himself—and the letters and private papers of her father, that the high-born Delamere obtained the first perception of a virtue which transcended all his previous ideas. The high-minded integrity, and simple, self-sustaining dignity of the humble pastor; the gentle forbearance, the unflinching tenderness—pure emanations of the unbounded love of her he had not learned fully to appreciate until she was for ever gone—came to him now like heavenly revelations. How unworthy had he been of so noble a creature!—yet how wretched to have lost her! How low seemed now the standard of the false world's virtue, its honours, and its ambitions, compared with that placed before him in the writings of his humble, Christian father-in-law! He began to suspect that his dislike or antipathy to Mr Jervis Yates might be the effect of aristocratic prejudice; for was not he the brother of this meek-minded and high-hearted man?—and, in the sudden recoil of his feelings, he appointed Mr Yates of Bellevue Park, and his own friend the Consul, the guardians of the rights and person of his infant heiress.

The birth of the infant Blanche had been duly and dutifully intimated to the Countess, her august great-grandmother, who deigned no reply. Her only congratulation had been an angry remark to her chaplain upon the “impudence and presumption of bestowing the favourite female name of the Delameres upon Miss Yates' base-born brat,” while she threw him the letter. That prudent and excellent person knew better than that the child was base-born; but he had no desire to cause his patroness another of those ambiguous fainting-fits, which might have proved fatal to his hopes of the good living for which, through a dozen years, he had sorely laboured.

It was from the newspapers, soon afterwards, that the Countess first learned that “the bane of her life and of her house,” as she termed Margaret, was no more:—“Dead or alive, I should never have acknowledged that intriguing

and ungrateful minion as his wife; nor the offspring of a clandestine Scottish marriage as the heiress of Delamere,” was her lament.

Her hopes of the glory of “her house” revived with the death of Margaret. Delamere was not yet twenty-three—and widowers of twenty-three, in all ranks, and however afflicted, are generally consolable. Yet strange reports came home about his habits; nor were those who knew him best surprised to hear that the wayward and eccentric heir of the Delameres—a man of violent passions and enthusiastic feelings—had, upon the death of his wife, and his own narrow escape from death, become devout, if not a gloomy ascetic, buried for life in one of the monasteries of Sinai. It was in vain that his grandmother repeatedly wrote, urging his return; in vain employed the influence of the ambassador, and, finally, of the Sublime Porte, to drive the rebel to England, and to “his duty to his religion and his house.”

Mr Jervis Yates indirectly co-operated in urging the same measure; for, though the old lady, surrounded by chaplain, surgeon, steward, “own maid,” housekeeper, and cook, all alike deeply interested in her preservation, seemed to bear a charmed life, it was medically if not morally certain, that she must pass off suddenly at last, and perhaps speedily; and wise in her heir to be near the spot. Bellevue park was quite at the command of Mr Delamere. The Countess despatched one letter, which she did not shew even to her chaplain. It excited the deepest indignation in her grandson, though it contained the magnificent offer—the rich bribe—of instantly surrendering all the honours and emoluments of her station to her heir, upon terms specified. “The heartless woman—the cold-blooded aristocrat!” was the exclamation of the gloomy Delamere, to the wife of the Consul. “And she would actually strip herself of all those baubles and distinctions she prizes so highly, to gain her unworthy end! Her hatred and prejudice have depraved her natural feelings, as well as perverted her moral sense. Would she have me dishonour the memory of my wife, and bastardize my child, and bribe me, by free license in vice, to the line of conduct which her idiot pride exacts?”

He replied to the offer of the Countess rashly and resentfully, though sorrowfully; and, in answer to one insinuation, stated, “that all the honours of English nobility could not wean him from a lonely grave in Syria; nor all the powers of Hell keep him from England, if the honour of his wife's memory, and the rights of birth of her child, made his appearance needful there.” The rage of the Countess, on the receipt of this letter, was unbounded. The measure of her hatred of her contumacious heir at last fairly exceeded that which she had entertained towards his submissive wife.

Failing the infant Blanche, the honours of the lofty and far-descended Delameres reverted to a little boy still at school in a remote town in Ireland, whither his mother, the widow of “a Captain Delamere,” had retired from motives of eco-

nomy. The degree of kindred was so distant, that only a herald or genealogical lawyer could have reckoned it. With the mother of the boy a communication was instantly opened.

But the grave in Syria was not long solitary ; and indurated as the feelings of the Countess seemed, in the first revulsion and anguish of her heart for the loss of the last of her family—him who had been once the idol of her hopes—sentiments of tenderness sprang up, and the claims of the infant Blanche might have been favourably considered, save for the impertinent interference of the child's guardian and low-born relative, Jervis Yates, Esq., of Bellevue Park.

"Do I not remember this paltry weaver, when a lout of a boy, deeming it an honour to run through the muddy lanes to open the gates for the lowest of my menials," said the haughty dame; "while the boor, his sire, held the plough on his own fields, in better ordered times than these—times when every churl at least knew his own place."

The question of legitimacy or illegitimacy—heiress or not heiress—now assumed a very grave shape ; and soon Lancashire, the West Riding, and the County Palatine, were fairly divided into two bitter factions—of legitimists and illegitimists, aristocrats and democrats, *Blancheites* and *Marguerites*. Strange it was, that some of the plebeians declared loudly against Mr Jervis Yates ; while a few of the patricians pronounced the always eccentric Countess now fairly mad. But these persons were of the order whom she contemptuously denominated "*Pitt's Peers*," or "*Peg Nicolson's Knights*," only one degree better in birth than "Jerry Yates" himself.

Several years had been spent in the contest, and immense sums of money lost on both sides ; but the suit still proceeded briskly and hopefully. The litigants were admirably pitted—the pride of purse, and much real respectability of character and good sense, however alloyed by pitiful ambition on the one hand, and extreme obstinacy, ignorance, and aristocratic hauteur on the other.

The innocent object of this legal battle still lived in happy ignorance in Syria, in the charge of the lady of the Consul, to whom her dying father had committed her, and who had cherished her orphan childhood with maternal tenderness. It was not until the seventh year of the great suit, that, by the judgment of the Chancellor, the little girl in Syria was declared the legitimate child of George Delamere, and consequently presumptive heiress to the Countess, his grandmother. The Countess appealed to her peers—she wrote to Queen Charlotte with her own hand. She tried to stir and warm the blood of the Howards, the Cavendishes, and Stanleys, and of whatever, as she said, was still worthy of the name of *noble* in England, to sympathize with her wrongs—and in vain. "Little cared I for the decision of that pettifogging, pitiful fellow, sprung from the dregs of the people, who carries the Great Seal of England," cried the frantic lady ; "but I did hope there was still enough of manhood and chivalry left among the Peers of England, to have

protected a helpless and insulted woman, one of themselves :—but no ! there is neither faith nor honour among them. I shake them off. The person of Marguerite Delamere shall never more darken the doors of St. James' Palace. From a Hanoverian Court, I or mine had little to expect. And to this insult to a lonely, childless woman, the last of a brave and noble race, the few real, though degenerate Peers of England have consented !—what had I to look for from the descendants of Castlemaine and Nelly Gwynn ?" In her blind anger, the Countess vowed never again to stir beyond her park walls. England she excommunicated, with its degenerate Peers. A happy diversion of feelings which tended to madness, was contrived by the chaplain, who suggested that, since the law had declared Blanche her heiress, she was entitled to claim the care and education of the child—even as her nearest relative ; and she soon became as much excited in thwarting Mr Jervis Yates as in vituperating the degenerate Peerage.

Scarcely had the mansion and numerous mills of that gentleman ceased to blaze in honour of his victory, when he was compelled to surrender the Countess Blanche, as his domestics had been instructed to call her, to the care of her grandmother, as the Court of Chancery had directed. Blanche had not been many months in England, when, in a carriage on which the arms of the Delameres and Yateses were learnedly quartered, and, with a *cortège* that might have sufficed for a princess, the rich manufacturer, attended by his law-agent and counsel, conducted the bewildered child to her ancestral home in Val Crucis Abbey. The party was received in form by the Countess, in the grand saloon or hall. She was attended by her whole household, from the chaplain downwards—all the men-servants being duly marshalled, with a few mutes and supernumeraries from the stables and gardens. The ceremony of surrender and reception was gone through with great decorum and solemnity, to the especial wonderment of Hassan, the Arab attendant of the fair child.

It was to the hand of this wild, swarthy, picturesque-looking person, her father's attendant in the Desert, and her guide across the seas, that the little Blanche clung the more closely when desired to approach the lady named her grandmamma. It was round the neck of the kneeling Arab that she wrapped her arms in uncontrollable sorrow, imploring him "to take her home—back to her own home." Though no one, save Mr Jervis Yates, knew one word of that plaintive, wailing speech, the spectators were affected by the deep grief of the child. Mr Yates, whose sense of propriety, and of the lofty presence in which he stood, began to be scandalized at this scene of violent sorrow between persons so dissimilar in condition as a future Countess of Delamere and an Arab servant, interfered, somewhat abruptly, to end that prolonged weeping-farewell, at which the old lady stared, haughty and vacant. The child, unaccustomed to contradiction or control, looked angry and defy-

ingly towards her plebeian uncle, and resolutely maintained her place by Hassan's side. The chaplain whispered to his lady. Her features relaxed; she looked more graciously to the indignant little girl, fancying she perceived a small rearing of the swan-like neck, an indescribable proud turn of the aristocratic head, as Blanche looked postingly and scornfully towards Mr Jervis Yates. "The blood of the Delameres" was mounting in this small and degenerate specimen of the race, and her Ladyship hailed the sign. The chaplain and the lady whispered again; and then the reverend personage, stepping forward, in a very bland voice and courteous manner, informed the child that her kind grandmamma, the Countess of Delamere, would receive Hassan into the household until she should become more familiarized with her new home. It was in the speaking eye of the Arab, that Blanche read the meaning of this speech, even before he interpreted it to her in French, and as rapidly and eagerly uttered his own thanks. The delighted child, instantly comprehending what she had gained, and from whom, sprung as of impulse towards her noble relative, gracefully kissed her hands, and pressed them to her forehead and kissed them again. The stately lady was taken by surprise. She was almost affected.

"What a lovely graceful creature, and how very like!" was the whisper of the housekeeper.

The Countess, recollecting herself, drew up, saying, coldly, "Enough, child;" and she bowed Mr Yates and his counsel off, and gave orders that "Lady Blanche Delamere" should be conducted to the nursery apartments prepared for her. The words, the title, (albeit one of mere courtesy,) spoken in the hearing of his lawyers, half appeased the resentment of Mr Jervis Yates, who shook hands with his grandniece, and, bowing profoundly, backed out of the presence, and for years saw no more of his intended heiress.

The little Blanche, on the insinuation of the chaplain, who, as usual, dined tête-à-tête with the Countess, was sent for after the dessert had been placed on the table. Her costume was singular, and her ways even more "odd" than her eastern dress. Her imperfect English, and wild glances of shyness, of proud defiance, or of keen scrutiny, were pronounced boldness or sulkenness. His Reverence judged better and more kindly; and good-naturedly ventured to impute her shyness to her strange position; and advised that she should be let alone; while his noble patroness maunderingly bewailed her own hard fate in being plagued with such a charge, and the desolate condition of the house of Delamere.

A plate of dates served in the dessert, attracted the regard of the child. She fixed her eyes passionately upon them, burst into tears, and threw herself upon the carpet in an agony of sorrow. The chaplain hastened to present her with some of the fruit, and she pressed it fondly to her lips and bosom. She was, by his caresses and signs, induced to eat; and she soon smiled to him, and forgot her grief. The Countess

stared at the child in an amusing state of perplexity. There was the creature she had wrested from the hands of Mr Jervis Yates, her grandson's child, decked out like a stage-player, unable to sit upon a chair, like a Christian child, or to speak a word of English—yet, alas! the heiress of her house! There was a singular mixture of refined awkwardness and free natural grace in the looks, and motions, and attitudes of the child of the Desert; yet, it must be owned, Blanche was much more like a young gipsy than a well-born English girl. The chaplain found amusement in watching her proceedings; while she, in turn, seemed to drink in with her lustrous eyes the conversation which was maintained about herself and her parents. Before lights had been ordered, the windows of the small dining-room used by the Countess when alone, were thrown open, at her desire, to admit the perfume of the tuberose and other plants arranged in the terrace which ran along this front of the Abbey, the Delameres being, as she always observed when repeating the same order, "epicures in flower-scents."

"And this little lady displays the hereditary taste," the chaplain ventured to remark, as Blanche, recognising the flowers of her Syrian home, darted out upon the terrace, kissed their petals, addressed them, fondly flitted about among them, like a butterfly, enjoying their beauty and odour, and finally sung to them, a wild and low, but beautiful strain, in some tongue unknown at Cambridge. The stately lady was somewhat mollified. She had baffled Mr Yates. Good digestion had waited on appetite; and a few glasses of old Madeira, medically ordered, and strictly administered by the chaplain, had attended on both. He again, in the regular course of his duty, as physician in ordinary, as body-curer and soul-preserver, filled her glass.

"I am almost sure I have had my proper quantity already, doctor." The chaplain protested, and solicited her attention to Blanche:—

"Well, really, it is a not ungraceful, foreign-looking, little creature—but all English children have now got a sad foreign air—and if those Yateses can be kept aloof—which must be"—

"Shall be!" reiterated the emphatic chaplain.

"If she is properly trained, and never hear nor surmise one word of what is low in her descent—for which I shall issue immediate orders—who knows, my excellent friend, but that the Providence who has ever graciously watched over my illustrious race, may even from this insignificant girl rear up anew the desolate house of Delamere? The throne of Great Britain will, in all human probability, one day be filled by a girl, goodly as was the family of noble sons which my queen and my friend, Charlotte of Strelitz, bore to England. Shall I repine, when the royal house is thus left desolate, while mine may again be raised from the dust? But, alas that it should be by such means! The child shall never know anything of her origin, not even of the unhappy person who gave her birth; yet what, my dear friend, can cure that fatal

taint? You guess, my excellent friend, that a double-Delamere must have faith in blood."

"And that the pure and noble will overcome the mean," replied the chaplain, who really suffered daily martyrdom from the twaddle of his patroness; though, with a steady eye to the expected Rectory, he bore all with exemplary philosophy. "Your Ladyship's usual acuteness perceived how the little lady bore herself when that person, that Mister Jervis Yates, interfered with her; one spark shews the flint as well as a thousand. But what is the child about?" He hastened to the window. The crescent moon had risen in her brightness, and was shedding silvery radiance on the ancestral towers and woods of the little heiress. This was another dear friend met in a strange land; and, turning from the flowers, Blanche was gracefully kissing her hand, and bending in adoration to the Queen of Heaven.

"It is worship," said the chaplain, smilingly.

"My Heavens! is the child an idolater also?" cried the lady, falling back, quite shocked, in her pile of cushions. The clergyman was not half so much alarmed; and when the girl clapped her hands, and the Arab sprung to her side from the gardens, and both together talked, gesticulated, and pointed with rapture to the sight; and when the child drew the chaplain to the window, and, in broken English and with joyous looks, shewed him the blessed planet, and attempted to say, "She shines in Syria too," he could not help thinking her very like her beautiful mother—that poor Margaret whose sufferings from their patroness he had so often pitied, and whom he could almost have married himself, provided he had first got the Rectory. He signed to Hassan to be gone, shut the windows, and led the child to her grandmother, and, with a little pious fraud, or perhaps two frauds, pretended to interpret to the old lady the flattering and kind things which Blanche said in Arabic, (a language of which he knew not a word,) of her "dear, grand, princess grandmamma," and of her own love and gratitude. The humour of the Countess became so gracious that he ventured to sound her upon keeping up some sort of prudent connexion between her heiress and the enormously rich manufacturer. But on this topic he soon sang dumb, marvelling withal, well as he understood her, at the incredible folly of the woman, who said, vehemently and bitterly, "His money perish with him, sordid dog! The very air of the north of England is polluted with these filthy factories. Some one," she continued, glancing rather suspiciously and scornfully at her chaplain, "has had the impertinence to inform my woman, Martin, that this very fellow derives more profit from his dirty cotton concerns than the whole revenues of the Delamere estates. It is a lie!—a base lie! But, if it were true, who shall presume to weigh filthy lucre against the honour of an ancient race—against the rich blood of princes?" The child was staring, with her searching, soul-beaming eyes, upon the excited lady. "Take her away—out of my sight!

She is like her mother!" And the chaplain himself hurried Blanche away. Another affray arose. The child would not sleep with her newly-appointed nurse only, in her chamber. She demanded Hassan. She wept, and stormed, and stamped, like a little fury; and the Arab, who had scarcely been parted from her for one day of her short life, seemed equally resolute to maintain his post in her apartment. There was a compromise; and he slept as usually at her chamber door.

These early difficulties were gradually surmounted. Both Hassan and his charge became favourites with the household, and were tolerated by the Countess. The peace-making chaplain was the steady friend of both; and there were suspicions that he was even the secret correspondent of Mr Jervis Yates, who had now livings in his gift as well as money in his purse. Blanche, in a few months, made considerable progress in the English language, though very little in the Church Catechism; and when she either kissed hands to the moon, crossed herself, or called on Allah, her spiritual instructor was charitable, and had no more doubts of the ultimate Christianity of an English Countess than of her aristocratic feelings springing in due time. Her grandmother, on perceiving her readiness to cultivate the friendship of all sorts of people, and especially of the children admitted to weed in the gardens of the Abbey, hinted to the chaplain that the little wretch had, she feared, naturally the same democratic taint with which old Yates had, at one time, nearly vitiated the mind of her unhappy grandson, by unaccountable and most abominable interpretations of Scripture, to which the Church gave, she was sure, no sanction—such as, that to honour the king meant to honour the law, and other such like seditious and Radical trash. The chaplain always, however, "through the grace of God and the noble example of his patroness," hoped the best for the child, whom he probably loved, and to whom he was uniformly indulgent and attentive. It was a trial to Blanche, as well as to the Countess, when, after a very severe winter, the long-expected living became vacant, and he departed. At first, he spoke of remaining and appointing a curate; but then came his strong sense of spiritual duty in these awful times. He was, in truth, heartily tired of the weary work of attending upon and studying the caprices of a weak and violent woman; but, though he wished to recover his freedom, he wanted to retain his influence.

The piety of the Countess, it is to be feared, languished after his departure, and the education of Blanche stood wholly still. He was always looking out for a chaplain and tutor, but none proper to the high and double office could be found; so he still paid his patroness frequent and long visits, for the advantage of her soul, and of the mind of her heiress. The arrival of Dr Hayley, or "Madam Grandmamma's Religion," as Blanche named him, was ever welcome to the Countess, as an event in the dreary monotony

of her elevated and dull existence; for she was now becoming as indolent in body as enfeebled in mind; and there was ever something to be discussed relating to the dignity of the Delameres, which no one could understand or appreciate so well as "the good Doctor."

Blanche alone, of that grand, cheerless, monotonous, and heartless, aristocratic household, was happier than she knew. Many loved or seemed to love her, and all flattered and bent to her will. The imperative orders of "Madam my grand-mamma," (as the child termed the Countess,) under pain of dire displeasure, and the penalty of instant dismissal, had prohibited the slightest mention of the story of ignoble birth; yet, by some means, Blanche divined much of the truth; and nature had already constituted her the warm champion of her plebeian mother. The interdict of the Countess could not extend to the Arab, who freely indulged the little girl's tender curiosity about her parents, and kept alive in her mind that beloved Syrian home, to which she skimmed back, flying through the air, in those rapturous dreams which she recounted to Hassan, and sometimes to the chaplain; her beaming eyes and lively gestures telling more than half the story. So excited did she become in relating her dreams, that the nurse-maids sometimes half fancied the little idolater and her wild attendant held intercourse, by means of broomsticks, with the pagan lands they decried.

Want of the society of children was the most severe of the present privations of Blanche. The little, shoeless, merry urchins, in their smock-frocks, who weeded, or scared away the birds, had been formally *tabooed* to the heiress, for reasons she could not be made to understand. The meaning of such English words as *low*, *raiser*, *plebeian*, were as incomprehensible as "Madam Grandma's" lectures on gules and argent, griffins and wiverns; nor could she understand why she must not go beyond the park walls, and run about the village green at play with the other children, on whom she looked so wistfully as often as a distant glimpse of them could be obtained. "Take me to the village—tell me of my *own* mamma," were the only wishes that could not be complied with; though the personal attendants of the Lady Blanche, if not judiciously kind, were attentive and indulgent; and all were studious to gratify the wishes of the only young creature who had for twenty years gladdened the dreary residence with the music of childhood's speech and joyous laughter, and with the sweetness of childhood's smiles—of her, moreover, who was the future lady of all, and whose young and warm heart it was their interest to impress and attach. Through the glades and wood-paths of the wide domain, she might gallop her pony at will, Hassan running by her side; but then came those impassable gates, guarded within by cross, old lodge-keepers, and assailed without by terrific giants and ogres, under the appalling names of *Swing* and the *Weaver*. On the other point, Blanche was more successful. If the Emperor of Austria could not prevent his

grandson, the young Napoleon, from hearing the wondrous and interdicted tale of *his* father, it was not to be expected that the Countess of Delamere could prevent her heiress from learning something of her beautiful and gentle low-born mother.

Notwithstanding the edict which cut off the child from all congenial society, and her still imperfect knowledge of the language, it was wonderful how much *eye* knowledge she had acquired and stored for future rumination during her first year in England.

A scanty acquaintance with the language—more apparent, however, than real—sometimes betrayed her into ludicrous blunders and mistakes. She seemed to attach to particular words the meaning of deaf and dumb persons, who very often apply the *true* instead of the proper or rather the conventional word. Where another child would, even at her age, have softened the word *ugly* into *plain*—or a *lie* into a falsehood, or a *fib*—Blanche unconsciously spoke the true word, and called "a spade a spade." Many of her ideas were as odd and savage, or as anti-civilized as her words. Instead of prizing the society of the little gentle-folks who were occasionally permitted to come from some of the neighbouring seats to visit and play with her, she still sought the tabooed hoers and weeders. They were more *living*, she said, and more *funny*, and ran and jumped better, and she loved them more. This native innate vulgarity was studiously concealed from the Countess, who, in the frequent passionate caprices and headstrong fits of the mismanaged child, pleased herself to see the blood of the Delameres "assert itself."

CHAPTER IV.

The Countess, who had never recovered the insulting decision of the Peers, was now often confined to her winter suite of apartments; while the Lady Blanche, almost nine years old, reigned, with Hassan as her vizier, supreme from the stables to the attics of the Abbey—from the laundry to the conservatory. Her ignorance of language fortunately rendered the *patois* of nearly all the under domestics an unknown tongue.

One day, when Blanche had been nearly a year in the Abbey, she flew to the apartment of the Countess, exclaiming—

"Madam Grandma, your Religion is coming; I saw his carriage in the avenue. I am so happy! I shall dine with you to-day; and pray do order the *poacher* for dinner. Your Religion likes game—I have often heard him say so—and I wish to eat a bit of a poacher myself; in Syria we never had any."

"My Religion, child," interrupted the old lady, "coming up the avenue in a carriage! What do you mean? And to order a poacher for dinner!—you mean a *pheasant*, I presume. But you never will learn your mother tongue—I mean pure English," caught up the lady, who had made a slip in using the word *mother*. "I

fancy you mean that Dr Hayley is coming—my former chaplain—who, though a worthy minister of religion, is not *my Religion*."

Blanche was not convinced. "What, then, is it?—this?" She touched the large gilt prayer-book, which now formed a part of the customary garniture of the dressing-room.

The Countess frowned.

"Or this?" And Blanche touched reverently the sacred, crimson-velvet hassock.

"My heavens! such deplorable ignorance!" exclaimed the petrified Countess—"something must be done with this heathen child."

"Oh, then, these are only what you *do* religion with—not your religion its ownself—I understand. I knew a lady at *home*, in Syria, who had so beautiful a Religion! a string of beads as long as so, and a Jesus of gold. But do, good madam, my grandma, order the *poacher* for dinner—the poacher the keepers shot last night."

"My heavens, child! the fellow is surely not shot dead! Good God! to what the guilt and audacity of the lower orders are driving persons of condition, in defending their property! But where is Martin—where your maid, young lady?—and why, with so little ceremony, do you intrude on my privacy uncalled?"

The nurse-maid tapped, entered, curtsied, and looked very demure.

"You are come just in time for a very naughty child, Mrs Martin," continued the old lady, as the nurse-maid stood curtsying on, and frightened as to the consequences of her pursuit of her fugitive charge. "Pray, is that wretched man—one of the Watertons of Millhurst, is he not?—is he seriously hurt?"

"Smartly winged, my Lady, and richly deserving it, the desperate villain! to go to clamber into the preserves, in spite of your Ladyship's strict orders about the game, every feather of it; though your Ladyship's housekeeper, in distributing the flannels last Christmas, gave his wife as fine a petticoat—three full widths—as any of your Ladyship's servants need wish for their own wear. Well, he won't clamber over my Lady's park pales in haste again, ungrateful vagabond;—so please come away, Lady Blanche; but tell her Ladyship first how you ran off in spite of me."

"I did," said Blanche, gravely, and without once looking at her nurse, who stood dangling her bonnet. "Then, madam, a poacher is a man. I shall remember to tell Hassan that—not a bird—not a beast."

"Surely, child; a worthless, lawless wretch, who breaks into my preserves to kill and destroy the game—*my hares* and *my pheasants*!"

"And you hire the keepers to shoot poachers when they shoot birds?"

"Surely, child," said the instructive grandmother—"but not quite that. I, and persons of my rank and condition, have gamekeepers to protect our game, not merely to shoot *poachers*." It was a distinction too nice for Blanche.

"And *weavers* too, grandma?—the keepers

shoot weavers. Did I ever see one, Martin? Is it a bird or a beast?"

"The child is an absolute fool," exclaimed the vexed lady, fearful that even the rich blood of the Delameres had not quickened the plebeian puddle of the Yateses. "A weaver is a sort of a man, certainly—a low kind of man—one of the lower orders, and wild enough probably."

Blanche was wrapt in musing. There were other "*chimeras dire*," of which she had heard in the nursery, besides *poachers* and *weavers*, and of which there were no pictures in her little books of natural history.

"And *Swing*?" she said at length. "But I fancy he is a fiery-dragon, or perhaps a giant."

"To fly away with naughty little ladies," said the simpering nurse, who had probably used the dreaded name, to subdue her charge to the wholesome terrors of the nursery.

"My heavens! what shocking ignorance and perverted knowledge!" cried the alarmed noble grandmother. "Where can the child have heard of all those disagreeable and horrid things? This must be looked into. She is almost nine years, and can read, and has been carefully taught her prayers and catechism."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly; "and I have a soul:—have the lower orders souls, grandma? Your Religion takes care of your Ladyship's soul, Martin says. Does any one take care of the poachers' souls?"

"Truly, child, you get too deep for me, and not a little impertinent," said the Countess, haughtily, while her secret thought was, Here is the blood of the puritan fellow. The command was given—"Take the Lady Blanche to her nursery, Mrs Martin."

"If madam my grandma don't tell me, I don't care," cried the angry and excited child. "Plenty of people will tell me. Aint I a girl of quality and fortune, Martin?"

"To be sure you are, Lady Blanche," replied the nurse, in a caressing tone; yet as if afraid that stair-walls might have ears. "Though a very young lady, you will be mistress of all, and a generous one too: but my Lady, though a dead old lady, may hold out a long while yet. But here is the Doctor: now, do behave handsome, Lady Blanche, and credit your nurse." Blanche, always glad to meet her grandmother's smiling, bland, and comely Religion, and doubly so now to learn that his pocket contained something to be exhibited at dessert, forgot *Swing* and *weavers*, and all sorts of fearful and nondescript English animals; and, with unusual patience, suffered herself to be equipped for her daily walk in the park, attended by Martin and her own footman, Master Harry. The gates, the impassable gates, were at all times the point of attraction for the walkers; and this evening, "my Lady" being secured at table for at least two hours, the gate next the village was the favourite rendezvous, for there news might be obtained of the desperate skirmish of the former night, between the poachers and the game-keepers. Several men were believed to be wounded

and severe wounds had been inflicted on the keepers; but only one delinquent had been left in the hands of the enemy—the unfortunate Waterton. The pale face of this man's wife, who sat on a curb stone without the gate, a child in her arms and two at her knees, was the first object that met the walking party who slowly approached. She sprang up and forward—a gleam of sad pleasure shooting, for an instant, across her meagre features.

"Oh, Mrs Martin, how happy am I to have met with you! The cruel gate-keeper will not admit me, though I hoped, if I could see you, you would speak to the house-keeper, to plead with my Lady for my poor Tom."

"Soh! indeed, admit you, Mrs Waterton! It is more than his place is worth, or mine either, to admit any such, or yet to speak of so ungrateful a law-breaker, to the best and kindest of ladies, who does so much for the poor every Christmas. Hares and pheasants, forsooth! Why, it is not often we have anything better than partridges, or barn-door fowls, at the second table. Good bread and cheese, or bacon and suet dumpling, were likelier food for your family, good woman." And the ignorant and "pampered menial," though not an ill-natured woman, tossed her head in scorn.

"Had I that same, or far worse for them?" returned the mournful woman. "Alas, alas! it is little the likes of you know of us, or what we have, or what we want. Yet, would that he who is lying in Stoke-Delamere jail, a maimed and bleeding object, had left us to beg or starve, rather than have brought this ruin and misery on himself and us!" The poor mother struggled with her tears, and the children wept aloud.

"To offend my Lady, who is so kind, and so particular about the game!" continued the nurse, severely.

"And break the laws," said the footman.

"And destroy the park wall," growled the gate-keeper.

"Alack, alack! what know I of your laws, but that they press hard on poor folks?" sighed the woman; "but if you, dear Mrs Martin, who have so much to say with my Lady and the housekeeper, would but speak a good word for that poor fellow. 'Tis his very first offence, and we were starving; and he is come of the good old stock of the Watertons, who have for two hundred years, they tell me, been under her Ladyship; and, were he only to get out, we would go to the Potteries or Factories, or anywhere, and never more trouble my Lady's game, or any living thing it was her pleasure to favour, were it but a stoat or a weasel."

"Mine daddy! mine daddy!" sobbed a child, like a chorus, to his mother's petition.

"Don't weep, little boy," cried the Lady Blanche, thrusting her caressing hands through the bars of the gate—"I had a father once, too, but he died. When I am a big lady, I will not allow the keepers to shoot your father; for I know now a poacher is not like a partridge or a pheasant. A poacher is a *man*, and has a soul."

Don't cry, ma'am, pray. Tell me what to say to Madam the great Countess. I am the little Countess myself, and yonder is Hassan, my Arab friend." She clapped her hands, and her family iar was by her side. She addressed him in their native speech, with lively emotion, frequently pointing to the woman and the children. His eyes flashed fire, and his gestures, as he threw his clasped hands over his head, were passionate and violent. "I have told Hassan, my friend, that poachers are men," said the animated little lady, "whom the Christian keepers shoot in England if they take a bird to the tent for the children's supper. He says Allah will be very angry with them; for they are wicked men, and Madam my grandmamma a bad old woman, for making her people shoot your baby's father for taking a few flying birds."

"Fie, fie, my Lady!—how you do talk!" said the nurse-maid, dragging away the child.

"I *will* talk," replied Blanche, resisting firmly. "Tell me what to pray for you, ma'am, and Hassan will do it too; and I shall make grandmamma's Religion do it for the children."

"Her Religion! Dear child! dear, kind-hearted, lovely child!" returned the poor woman; "for, lady-born though ye be, you have your mother's heart in your bosom. Say to my Lady, that a whole poor family—five miserable creatures, though still her fellow-creatures—cry for mercy to him who has offended her only from too tender love for us.—Oh, Mrs Martin, you can better tell my sad story to this dear, good child."

"A pretty story indeed!—Arn't you ashamed of yourself, to keep up such a confab with low villagers, Lady Blanche, and saying such things of my Lady, your own grandmamma, and dragging Mister Harry and myself after you to the gates, which is more than our places are worth?"

"Woman, that's a lie!" returned the imperious little Countess, whose sincerity and frank-dealing were much more unimpeachable than her choice of words; "but I won't tell—I am cunning—Hassan says I must be cunning among you Christian dogs." The footman and house-maid exchanged meaning looks. "Is not money good for something to you Christians?" continued Blanche, addressing her maid.

"Surely, my Lady," returned the nursemaid, forcing a smile, "good for everything in the whole world."

"And I have a great deal of money, ma'am," rejoined Blanche, addressing the poacher's wife—"a great *mint* of money, which my plebeian cousin, Mr Jerry Yates, will give me when I marry. I heard so yesterday from Betty Thompson, in the laundry; and I will be sure to give you and the children plenty; but, if you know where my vulgar cousin lives, you may go to him, and say it will be best to give you some now. Please tell him the Lady Blanche, the Little Countess, orders him to give you some of the money he has to give her when she marries."

The whole group smiled at the mimic dignity with which the Little Countess issued her commands, interpreting them, at the same time, to

Hassan. The Arab better knew the Christian world ; and the scene closed by the nurse being ordered to surrender to the poacher's wife the one bright sovereign which she kept for the Lady Blanche, to give to the church collection on some approaching holiday. The attempt to kiss the baby, at parting, through the bars of the gate, fairly upset the nurse, following so soon on the compulsory levy.

"Marry, come up! kiss and fondle such like chits! I should not wonder if they gave her the itch! Fellow-creatures, indeed! to the Countess of Delamere, a Peeress in her own right! In good sooth, there is something in gentle blood, and in churl's blood, too, Master Harry; and it tells in an instance that shall be nameless"—and her eyes dropped on Blanche.

"You mean me!" cried the quick child, her eyes flashing. "You mean *my* mother's blood. I have heard the Great Countess talk of that ere now to her Religion, when she fancied I did not understand; but I did. I am cunning since I was a Christian. I said not a word; but from you I won't bear it. Hassan says *my own* mother was never a great Countess, and *my own* friends in Syria that she is an angel in heaven; though, when I went to Madam my grandmamma's, I must not speak of her. I think of her though, and say my prayers to her. I am not a fool, and I hate all the cruel Christians. I love only Hassan, my father's friend."

"Goodness gracious! Lady Blanche! my Lady!" screamed the alarmed nurse. "Did I mean? could I mean?—Mr Harry, *could* I mean anything so disrespectful as my Lady Blanche fancies?"

"Do not lie to me more," said the indignant child, taking the hand of her Arab friend, and walking on.

"Here is a kettle of fish! Was ever such a little vixen? But I don't know whether to tell the housekeeper or not. Yes, I daresay it will be wisest to sing dumb—a close mouth catches no flies."

Mr Harry's judgment sanctioned the prudent resolution:—"Better keep all from the ears of the old un."

It was with lively joy that the Lady Blanche embraced "grandmamma's Religion," when admitted to the dessert. He had heard of her diverting mistake about the poacher, and began to joke with her; but Blanche became very grave, and spoke low and earnestly—"Hassan says, 'tis wicked to shoot men so—Allah will be angry with Madam my grandmamma, when the poor woman weeps, and the little babes cry to Him, because their father was put in the prison for seeking their food."

"Hush, my dear!" whispered the peace-making Doctor; and he diverted the discourse; and Blanche had a hundred questions to ask him, all treasured up against the time he should arrive—doubts of her own and Hassan's, and mostly turning on the lower orders, to which class her mother had belonged, and on people of *mean* blood, and the poor. Blanche owned that she was per-

suaded they had souls; for, only yesterday, she had heard the groom, who was breaking the colt, say to the old deaf man, who brought sand to the maids in his donkey-cart, "Damn your old soul! get out of the way!" and give him a sharp cut with his whip. Dr Hayley smiled at the soundness of her logic.

"Is that groom a Christian?" inquired Blanche.

"That act and speech did not shew him to be such at all events," was the reply,

"Is the Bible *all* true?" was the next grave query. Luckily the old Countess was nodding in her easy chair.

"All true and all good," was the solemn reply.

"Then, I fancy, the Christians do not believe it, nor care for it; and are like the great Countess, my grandmamma, and my vulgar cousin, Mr Jerry Yates."

"Hush, hush! Well, but how do you think so?"

"Oh, I have been reading the Bible so much since you were here, and making the old laundress read it for me; and I don't think it will ever make me a Christian like grandmamma. It is so much the other way."

"The other way," was a peculiar and significant phrase with Lady Blanche, in her still limited vocabulary; but Dr Hayley had an understanding of what she meant; and, as the Countess shewed symptoms of wakening, he produced the pretty little volumes of coloured plates of animals, which he had brought for her. The Lady Blanche did not now weep over dates, and kiss the flowers which resembled those of Syria; yet it was with lively joy she recognised the gazelle and the dromedary. At the camel, she paused some seconds, and then addressed the learned Doctor.

"Madam my grandmamma is rich—is she not, sir?"

"Certainly, my dear—who properly can be called rich, as well as illustrious and honourable, if not my noble patroness the Countess of Delamere?"

"Grandmamma, you have no camels in your park—there are plenty of them at *home* in Syria:—and they are so large—so huge—bigger than two bullocks."

"I have seen camels, child," said the Countess, peevishly.

"Then, madam, do you know how hard it will be for you to get to Heaven?"

"Doctor, is this child merely impertinent, or a fool?" The question was difficult to answer.

"The Bible says—I can shew it you, myself—'It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' But Hassan don't think the Christians believe one word about that Heaven of theirs. But, were I you, and so old a lady, I should give away all my money, grandmamma, that I might get to that happy place, where my *own* mother is an angel, for she was *poor* and good."

"Good God! How that strange child talks!"

exclaimed the excited lady. "One might fancy the puritan, her grandfather, spoke through her lips; my nerves—my harassed spirits—cannot stand such shocks—take her away instantly." A worse shock awaited the noble lady. The alarm bell of the abbey suddenly broke on the stern silence which ever brooded over the domain. The report of fire-arms was heard.

"'Tis the Radicals, my Lady!" exclaimed "my Lady's woman," entering, and becoming hysterical.

"'Tis the poachers!" cried the housekeeper, who followed in haste.

"'Tis Swing himself!" announced the butler. "What, Doctor, shall be done? The left wing is on fire—we must save the papers, the paintings, and plate: I have sent for a party of dragoons."

The house-keeper fainted—the waiting-maid screamed—the Arab rushed in, and snatched away the Lady Blanche.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Remarks on the Evils affecting the Highlands and Islands. By Allan Fullarton and Charles Baird, Members of the Statistical Society of Glasgow.

THIS pamphlet is not only creditable to the general intelligence and talents for business details of the authors, but to their patriotism and philanthropy. We are the more disposed to call attention to it, as there is nothing in these statements, concerning the Highlands and the Hebrides, with their comparatively few inhabitants, which does not apply exactly to more than one-half of the Irish people. The Irish have a better soil and milder climate; but in almost every other respect their condition is the same. Language, character and manners, dwellings, food, occupations, and tenure of holding land, are quite alike. The chief difference is, that the Highlanders are rather more decently, if not more comfortably, clothed; and are, though suffering equal hardships, less turbulent. But then they have no tithes to pay, nor direct taxes of any kind, from all which their extreme poverty exempts them. The authors, after a general view of the condition of the people, make a number of special remarks on particular districts and parishes, both of the islands and mainland. These remarks contain much minute statistical information. It is a remarkable fact that where emigration was earliest introduced, and has been most continuous, population has run a race with and beat it. The population of Uist, Barra, Lewis, and Harris has been doubled within the last forty years, notwithstanding the constant drain of emigration and of the late war.

A singular circumstance regarding population is noticed. In a place on the west coast, of which the name is not given, there were, in 1790, 1900 inhabitants. Of these 500 emigrated; yet ten years afterwards the numbers were 1967, although no stranger had settled in the place, and 600 men had in the interval been supplied to the army and navy.

Every parish has a clergyman; and for the excellent reason, that in every one there are funds for the comfortable maintenance of one. These clergymen are often extensive farmers and graziers, lease-holders of course from the *absentee* lairds; and education, even with all the appliances of the Lowland Society, and the funds contributed, is in a wretched state. To hear of an island clergyman having a stipend of £200 or £300, together with his manse and glebe, and being also an extensive farmer, while there is neither school nor schoolmaster equal to the wants of a fourth of his parish, is disgusting. In Lewis and Harris there are seven parish clergymen, a population of about 21,000, and 1350 scholars in all attending schools, supported in all probability by contri-

butions from the south. The island of Barra, where there is of course a parish minister comfortably supported, contains 2200 inhabitants, of whom only 200 can read and there is not one effective school on the island. If the General Assembly have not influence to establish a more Christian order of things in these outskirts of its dominions, and, if need be, to take something from the Church to maintain the School, it should strive to obtain the necessary power. The minister of one of the Uists grazes seventy milk cows with their followers, until, becoming three-year olds, they can be turned to good account at Doune Fair or Falkirk Tryst. Now, we should have no objection to such clerical farmers following the bent of their genius, in rearing cattle instead of Christians; but we would insist that they paid for having their duty being performed to the children of their parish, by more efficient and congenially-minded individuals. Parson Trulliber was nothing in the scale of his pig-fattening to these Hebridian clergy.

The population of Skye is about 24,500. There are eight resident clergymen, and 1296 children at school; nearly one half of the population cannot read at all; and we should imagine two-thirds of the other half very imperfectly. In some of the smaller islands, it is yet worse. Out of 1000 persons in Eigg above six years of age, 600 could not read. Yet the natives of the Hebrides are remarkable for their anxiety to be taught, and their docility. They are aware of the immense advantage of the slenderest education when they emigrate, or go south in search of employment—which many of both sexes annually do—as house-servants and labourers, post-boys, waiters, and the other vocations generally filled by Highlanders.

Among the evils affecting the Highlands and islands, (in common with Ireland,) are—absenteeism; over-population, in relation to the present means of subsistence; the want of education; the want of poor-laws; the want of capital; and, above all, the want of employment. How these evils are fostered and aggravated by the law of primogeniture, by entails, and their sure consequences—ruinous extravagance, and estates mortgaged and under trust—we leave to the readers of this intelligent pamphlet. The evils clearly stated naturally suggest the remedies.

A number of statistical tables are appended to the Remarks. Among these are the funds for the poor, which, in several parishes, do not exist, and, in others, are next to nothing. In Harris, the funds are £3, for a population of 4000; and every Highland population is very poor. In South Uist, for a population of 7200, there seems *nothing*. Nothing in Canna, Eigg, Muck, and Rum. Tyree, with a population of 3200, *nothing*. Applecross, with 3090 of a

population, *nothing*. The paupers of Gairloch and Polewe, get 2s. 6d. each a year, and the other parishes are much in the same condition. From what is said in this pamphlet, we are led to imagine, that the general poor-law of Scotland does not extend to the Highlands and Islands. Legally, it must; actually, it does not. Of the 200 schools, scattered over those wastes and wilds, a large proportion are maintained by the funds raised by the General Assembly, and by voluntary societies and charitable persons, having no local or personal connexion with the Highlands. It is said, with entire justice, that, were the assistance drawn from foreign sources to cease, there is nothing more probable, than that the population would relapse into the utter barbarism by which they were formerly characterised; as, from their extreme poverty, they are unable to help themselves—and what can their poor landlords do for them, save squeeze through their factors as much rent out of them as possible, and in years of dearth leave them to the charity of the Lowlands?

We would earnestly recommend this pamphlet to every humane individual who, in giving his mite to the relief of the Highlanders, ought to turn his thoughts to that permanent improvement of their condition which the pittance wrung from compassion, however needful its bestowal, will not effect. Such persons may be encouraged in their investigation, by the assurance, that the very same remedies which are applicable to the Highlands, are equally applicable to Ireland.

Travels in Town. By the author of "Random Recollections," &c. &c.

Though there is a good deal of what, to provincials, will be curious information in these volumes, we would offer the author the friendly counsel of now lying fallow for a year or two, before he attempt to raise another crop of London notabilities. The present two volumes might have been in one, which would amply have held all that they contain which is not sheer make-bulk. The best chapters of the work are "The Post Office," "Magazine Day," "The Newsmen," and an account of the various religious sects of London; which last is, however, far too diffuse. It is stated that not one Scotchman in twenty-four, of those settled in London, attends any church; but what is more surprising, with all the Irish in London, there are only 26,000 Roman Catholics attending in all the chapels—not a very alarming number of active Papists, one would think, in the great Metropolis; yet the author is in great alarm at the spread of Popery. The number of Quakers is exceedingly small—eleven chapels, with congregations of about 150 each; nor are the Unitarians numerous. Six or seven hundred attend Mr Fox's Lectures. The aggregate number in all the chapels is estimated at 2,500, though of the body there may be 3,000. There is one new society, in which either the preacher (a Scotchman, named Aitkens) or his doctrines, are at present so popular, that his large chapel is constantly crowded; and, while 2,500 get in, double that number are excluded. Mr Aitkens appears to be a highly-stimulating preacher. One evening that the author attended, the following scene took place:—

For some time, his remarks appeared judicious enough; but, when he got to the middle of his sermon, he used expressions which might well make one shudder to think of. He said that, if the unconverted persons who were present did not come to Christ and be saved that very night—he having made so full and free an offer of the Saviour to them—he thought "that they deserved to be damned!" Shortly afterwards, he remarked that, if the unconverted sinners who were present did not come and

be saved that night, then he would "bid them farewell: he did not wish ever to see their faces in that chapel any more; he did not wish ever to see them again, until he met them at the judgment-seat." Continuing the same strain of address, he added—"If you refuse to come and be saved this night, then I could almost wish that you were damned now." Here the preacher paused for some seconds, hurried his face in his handkerchief, and appeared as if weeping. Then, as if his breast were labouring under the most violent emotion, he remarked—"Perhaps some of you think I do not know what I am saying when making use of such expressions. I do know what I am saying; for, if you refuse to be saved to-night, you will only so awfully add to your guilt that it were better you perished now."

Towards the conclusion of his sermon, he implored, seemingly as if weeping, every person present who felt that he was not in a saved state to go into the vestry and pray for mercy—addressing them as if their eternal ruin would be the inevitable consequence of not complying with his invitations. Eventually, he sat down, completely exhausted by the excessive—indeed, almost superhuman exertions he had made, both by voice and gesture; and, on resuming his seat, he continued, for a few seconds, to address the audience in a sitting posture. About a minute or so after he had fairly concluded, he rose up again, with great quickness, and said—"I see many persons, in the gallery, leaving the chapel altogether, instead of going into the vestry, although, but a few minutes before, their eyes were wet with tears, under the sermon. It is," he added, with great emphasis, and looking to the parties—"it is a sure proof you'll be damned!" He then stood, for a few moments, without saying anything; when, all of a sudden, he pointed to a particular seat under the gallery, and said, with much emphasis of manner, to a female standing in the passage—"Sister Mayhew, I know there are two persons in that pew who are not saved—look after them." By this time, the passages were full of persons going to the vestry, but who were obstructed by the crowds that stood at the vestry door. Observing this, Mr Aitkens said to the obstructing parties—"Clear the way there, and allow the penitents to pass!" He then descended from the pulpit, and went about from pew to pew, imploring those whose curiosity prompted them to remain after the service to go into the vestry and "be saved." The great body of the people had by this time left the chapel: perhaps the number of persons who went into the vestry was from 150 to 200. [They were chiefly females.] And what shall I say of the scene which was there exhibited? It was a shocking sight. Scores of persons were to be seen on their knees in different parts of the vestry. Some calling out "Mercy! mercy!" only; some offering up longer prayers; others making use of language which was altogether unintelligible; but all, except the elders and teachers, either praying, in many instances, screaming as loud as they could, or heaving such deep groans as that they might have been heard a great distance. Then there was the excited state of their manner and appearance. The violence of some was so great that one could have fancied they were in hysterics. The scene of confusion, whether as regards the physical motions of the parties or the discordancy of the words, and phrases, and sounds they uttered, was such as I could not—and I am sure no one else could—have ever had any idea of before. And what struck me as remarkable was the matter-of-course like way in which the individuals who took upon themselves the task of comforting the parties, viewed the whole thing. They seemed to think nothing of it; but, with the greatest coolness and composure, went about giving counsel to the various "penitents;" for that is the term by which Mr Aitkens always calls them. I was much surprised to witness the singular suddenness of the transition which took place, in many cases, from a state of the most awful seeming alarm about the condition of the parties' souls, to the most perfect quiet and composure. One minute you saw a particular person displaying the most frightful gesticulations, and literally shrieking while praying for mercy; in another minute, the party rose from his or her knees and sat down on a

form, or, it might be, walked through the vestry room, as tranquil, and seemingly as much at ease, as if nothing had happened. In several instances, while dozens were on their knees, all praying aloud at the same time, I saw others talking to one another—their countenances occasionally exhibiting a smile, and their whole appearance and manner shewing that they were accustomed to such scenes, and looked upon them as a necessary conclusion to the services of the evening. I was struck with the almost careless tone in which some of the office-bearers spoke to one another about particular penitents.

We can give no more of it. Mrs Trollope has nothing to surpass this, in the worst of her American camp-meetings. Let us sweeten the reader's imagination with a very different exhibition.

MAGAZINE DAY.

The most remarkable feature in modern book-selling, is the trade in periodical literature. "Magazine Day" is a sort of monthly era in the history of a London bookseller. The orders for the forthcoming numbers of the various periodicals which he is in the habit of receiving for some days previously, keep it constantly in his mind's eye; and when it does arrive, the great contest among the trade is, who shall be able to supply their customers earliest. Magazine Day can only be said fairly to commence about half-past nine o'clock, and before twelve you will see the various periodicals in the windows of every retail bookseller throughout the length and breadth of the metropolis. Perhaps in no other instance, that of newspapers alone excepted, is an article so rapidly circulated over town, as is periodical literature on that day. The point from which the Magazines and other periodicals all start, when their distribution is about to take place, is, as in the case of larger works, Paternoster Row; which, with that fondness for brevity of expression, so characteristic of the people of London, is invariably called "the Row."

The actual publishers of periodicals have, properly speaking, nothing to do with the sale of their respective works on Magazine Day, and they seldom have even any idea of the actual number sold of their own publications on that day.

The quantity of business which some of the larger houses go through on Magazine Day, is immense. I know one house which draws, on an average, from £1200 to £1500. Only fancy the number of periodicals, varying from twopenny to three shillings and sixpence, which must be turned over from the shelves of this establishment to the hands of the purchasers, before such a sum of money could be taken!

The constant bustle kept up from morning till night, in these wholesale houses, exceeds anything of which a person who has not witnessed it, could form any conception. The premises are full of young men and boys, all struggling for a priority of "supply." I have often seen as many as fifty or sixty, wedged into a shop of the ordinary size.

To a person unacquainted with such matters, who chanced to spend a few minutes in a large house in the Row on Magazine Day, all that he heard would be quite unintelligible. The individuals ordering periodicals scarcely ever call the periodicals they wish to procure by their proper names. The love of brevity, to which I have already referred, is observable in every word they utter. The "Gentleman's Magazine" never gets any other name than the "Gent." "Tait's Magazine" is simply "Tait." The "New Monthly Magazine" is the "New Month." The "Metropolitan Magazine" is abbreviated to the first three letters, with the addition of an s. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" is the "Ency. Brit." The "Court Magazine" is the "Courts." The "Lady's Magazine and Museum" is reduced to the disyllable of "Ladies;" so that it is quite common to hear one personing out in one breath, "two Gents," "six Tait's," "four Blackwoods."

I have said that Magazine Day is a sort of era in the history of the bibliopolic trade; so it is also in that of another class of persons: I mean authors of books and contributors to periodicals. Every Magazine Day,

by ten o'clock, authors are attracted to the Row from all parts of the metropolis, to see what is said of their productions in the literary notices; while contributors, or rather would-be contributors, are drawn to the same locality, to see whether their articles are inserted, or whether they can read their fate in the notices to correspondents. Neither authors who expect their books to be reviewed, nor candidates for admission into magazines, have resolution to wait till the periodicals are regularly published. Their anxiety to ascertain their doom is, in such cases, so intense, that they will rather walk from the most distant parts of London to the Row—the magazines being there first seen—than wait for two or three hours till brought to them. When the result is agreeable, they do not regret their early rising, or the distance they have walked; when it is otherwise, they reproach themselves with their folly, in having tormented themselves before the time.

Magazine Day is not confined to the metropolitan circulation of periodical literature. On that day, works of this class are collected for all parts of the country, and sent off in packages by the earliest conveyance. Since the late establishment of steam communication between London and almost every part of any importance in the kingdom, the periodicals which first see the light in the Row, on Magazine Day, are in the hands of readers, in the remotest parts of the country, in less than a week. The quantity of literature thus sent off, in monthly parcels, to the country is immense, and has been vastly increased since the introduction of cheap publications into the bibliopolic market.

Ancient Scottish Melodies; from a M.S. of the Reign of James VI.; with an Introductory Inquiry, Illustrative of the History of the Music of Scotland, by William Dauney, Esq. 4to. Edinburgh.

For this very interesting work, we are indebted to the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs; two literary societies, whose prime object has been the publishing of works relating to the history and antiquities of Scotland, the limited demand for which would throw them beyond the pale of bookselling speculation. In this instance, as in many others, the patronage of these Clubs has been most laudably bestowed.

The most valuable portion of the volume, although not constituting a tenth of its bulk, and that to which all the other portions are subsidiary, is the collection of Scottish tunes, from the Skene M.S., as it is called. From external evidence, Mr Dauney is satisfied that this M.S. collection of music was made by Mr John Skene, of the family of Skene of Hallyards, somewhere between the years 1600 and 1620. The airs are adapted for the Mandolin, a species of lute; and are written on a stave of four lines, in an antique notation, perfectly different from that now in use; certain letters of the alphabet indicating the position of the note or half note, on the string; the particular string being distinguished by the *space*, (Mr Dauney says the *line*, inaccurately, we think, judging from the facsimile he has given of the M.S.;) and the duration of the note being marked by a common musical character above the stave. Eighty-five tunes are given, with their names, from the M.S. Several of these are favourite old Scottish airs; not previously known, however, to be so old as they are now proved to be, by a hundred years. Among these are—"John Anderson my Jo;" "Good Night and Joy [the M.S. has *God*] be with you;" "Sa mirrie as we [twa] hae been;" "The last time I cam owre the Muir" (M.S., "Alace! that I came over the Moor, and left," &c.); "Bonny Dundee" (M.S., "Adew, Dundee!") Several well-known tunes appear under different names from

those by which they are now known : as, "Jo Janet" (Long or onie old man;) "Wae's my Heart that we should sunder" ("Alee! this Night, that we said sinder;") "Banks of Devon" ("Let never Crueltiedishenour Bewtie," in the major key, possibly an error of the M.S. or of the interpreter;) "Johnny Faa" ("Ladie Cassilles Lift; "Bab at the Bowster" ("Who learned yow to Dance and a Towdle?") "Steer her up and hand her Gain" (Scandastis;) "We be Three Poor Mariners," an English glee ("Brangill of Poictu.") Also several airs that are evidently the prototypes of known tunes—as "Peggie is over the Sie wi' the Souldier" (the original of "Hey, Jenny, come down to Jock;") "I Love my Love for Love again" ("Jenny Nettles;") "John Anderson my Jo" (original of the modern tune, and of "When she cam ben she bobbit;") "Prettie well began, Man" ("The Lee Rig," *real set*;) "Jennet drinks no Water" (the tune of that name, and "I'll mak you be fain;") "My Mistres Blush is bonie" ("The Braes o' Killiecrankie;") "Bonie Jean maks meikill of me" ("Somebody," *old set*;) "I serve a worthie Ladie" ("Dumbarton's Drums;") "Marie Me, Marie Me, quoth the Bonie Lass!" ("Saw ye nae my Faither?") "Shepherd, saw ye not?" ("Buy Brume Besoms;") "The Fourth Mesur of the Buffins, a fragment," ("Will ye go to Sherrie Muir?") To these we may add, "The Flowres of the Forest;" for the air given in the Skene M.S. under that title, although evidently the original of the common air of the same name, differs from it as much as the old tunes we have just mentioned do from those of which we have stated them to be the prototypes.

Besides these airs, and a considerable number of trashy pieces, which have none of the characteristics of the ancient Scottish music, this publication contains a number of tunes which carry the Scottish stamp broadly impressed on their front, and possess merit sufficient to give them a chance of popularity after their long slumber of two centuries. Among these are—"To Dance about the Bailieys Dubb;" "Kilt thy Coat, Maggie;" "My Love she winns not her away;" "I mett her in the Medowe;" "Alee, I lie my slon; I'm lik to die awld;" "Doun in yon banke;" "Omnia Vincit Amor;" and "Scullione." To these from the Skene M.S. may be added, "Honest Luckie," and "Jocky Drucken Babbie," given by Mr Dauneay from a M.S., of date 1692, belonging to Mr Blaikie of Paisley. Both of these tunes are strikingly Scottish in every feature; and so excellent in their way, that it seems strange that they should have been preserved only by the accident of their being found in an obscure old M.S., which not half a dozen musical people in the three kingdoms could decipher.

The contents of the Skene M.S. being such as we have described, its publication must be welcomed as a most precious revelation of what formed the delight of our ancestors.

In his preliminary Essay, Mr Dauneay has, with great industry, collected all the scattered allusions to Scottish songs which are to be found in the works of our ancient poets and historians; but beyond the mere names of a number of tunes, or rather of the songs to which they were united, nothing is known of the popular music of Scotland farther back than the date of the Skene M.S. The subject of the musical instruments used in Scotland, in ancient times, has been amply discussed by Mr Dauneay, and he has brought much learning to bear on it. Mr Phalay Durn, an accomplished musical professor of Edin-

burgh, has contributed an able Analysis of the Scottish music. He has noted its peculiarities with accuracy and clearness; but we can neither admit his theory of the connection between the Scottish tunes and the ancient canto fermo, or music of the church; nor accept his explanation of the difference between the style of Scottish music and that of modern composition. He ascribes to the Scottish music what he calls the ancient tonality; as if there were some mode other than the major and minor, and the Scottish music belonged to that ancient and now discontinued mode. There are few of the phrases of our national tunes that have not occasionally been used by musical composers; and those that have not been so used, might have been, had composers not chosen to abridge their natural liberty by rules which they ought to have known admitted an occasional exception which would produce an effect grateful to the ear. But a rigid observance of rule has long been on the decline. Musical liberty is in the ascendant, as well as civil and religious.

Great care has evidently been bestowed upon the translation of the tunes from the antiquated notation in the Skene M.S. into the modern. Many errors in the M.S. have been corrected. We observe a few which escaped Mr Dauneay; and, if we are not greatly mistaken, he has not always rightly interpreted the note forming the seventh of the scale. One of the most common peculiarities of Scottish music is the frequent use of the flat seventh, as a tonic, or fundamental note in the harmony. In the major key, these flat sevenths require an accidental *natural* or *flat*, not indicated by the stave. The sevenths, in several tunes, we believe, should have been so marked, where Mr Dauneay has omitted to do so; for instance, Nos. 10, 58, and 71. But the volume, on the whole, is highly creditable to the Editor, and deserves a place in the library of every person to whom the ancient music of the ancient history of Scotland presents a subject of interest.

Mr Dauneay has the natural prejudice of an editor and an antiquary, in favour of the ancient versions of the Scottish tunes, and even the ancient names. To us, "Bonny Dundee" is as acceptable a title as "Adew, Dundee;" and our national airs we maintain to have been purified and enriched, rather than corrupted, by the liberties taken with them by the generations whose solace they have been. Differing, however, from many of Mr Dauneay's musical criticisms, we admire the learning, taste, and sagacity displayed in his elaborate Preliminary Dissertation.—T.

The Poor Gentleman; or How to Live in London on a Hundred a-Year, &c.

A shrewd, sensible, *knowing*, and thoroughly selfish, though most respectable fellow, is the poor gentleman, who here favours his brethren with the lessons of his twenty years' experience in London. It is said that there is a large class of persons in Paris—poor gentlemen, poor men of pleasure—who make that capital their residence solely because they can there command the greatest quantity and variety of sensual enjoyments for their money, with the cheap addition of what are named pleasures—such as theatres, picture galleries, public promenades, gardens, and *sights* of all kinds. But, for *solid* enjoyments no enjoyment is considered by true-born Englishmen

* The airs from the Skene M.S. are declared to be copyright (page 216.) But they can be copyright no farther than they are original; i. e., varied from the M.S. So far as they are faithfully given, they cannot be copyright, until a copyright act be made to go back for 280 years, and the legal representatives of the authors of the tunes appear and claim a property in them.

London, properly known, infinitely surpasses Paris, even with a very small income. In what restaurant could a dinner (so an Englishman) be procured for a livre and a half, like that which the poor gentleman obtains here for 1s. 3d.?

The poor gentleman has a clear £100 a-year, and prefers living on his income to being employed in trade or business of any kind, save peddling a little in the penny-a-line way, to gain a few additional guineas for his pleasures. He is a bachelor, a lodger, and a breakfaster and diner at the coffee-shops and eating-houses. He never lends, he never borrows; he never gets into debt; he pays ready money; he makes good bargains; he has no friend, no confidant, no home, no hope; and, were he to fall into the river, or be Burked in going to his lodgings, no one would miss him, save his landlady, to whom he pays 8s. a-week for her rooms. His place at the coffee-shop and eating-house would speedily be filled up by some other customer. The loungers in the Parks, the bazaars, auctions, British Museum, National Gallery, &c., where he found his *gratis* amusements, would never miss his presence; and his seat in the various churches and chapels, where he finds an open door every morning and evening of the week, would be occupied by some other poor gentleman, or gentlewoman, who thinks the Gospel should be freely given.

But, if any small annuitant should make up his mind to the idle, "loveless, joyless, unendearing" life of the poor gentleman, and fix upon London as his headquarters, very good counsel and directions are given him, by an "old-used hand," how to get the most for his money. Lodgings are the first consideration; and these the poor gentleman may have as comfortable as at the West End, and much cheaper, by keeping to such localities as the Edgeware Road, City Road, Clapham, Brixton, &c.; and, as he has no particular business, a walk of a few miles will do him good, and kill an hour or two of those of which he has plenty to spare.

The necessity of going abroad to breakfast, soul day or fair day, seems severe to family-men; but then, for frugency, the poor gentleman may have a buttered roll and a cup of coffee, and plenty of newspapers, *up stairs*; or for threepence-halfpenny below; and one penny to the female waiter gives her full contentment with the gentleman customer. It will, however, be best to give part of his tables, which contain so important an error in arithmetic that many will doubt of the soundness of his economical knowledge, which, however, seems unimpeachable. His one dress-coat a-year, lasts the year out, and costs four guineas—last year's coat serves him for ordinary occasions; two pairs of trousers, three guineas; and one waistcoat, fifteen shillings; making, in all, £8 : 2s.; and, as £12 are to clothe the poor gentleman, £3 : 18s. remain for hats, boots, shoes, and gloves, and keeping up his dozen cotton shirts with "Irish fronts." His lodgings cost 8s., and two more to the maid-servant and for cleaning shoes, or £26 per annum. His dinners, averaging at 1s. 3d. a-day, afford a plate of the best meat, roast or boiled; pudding or tart, bread and vegetables, with 2d. for porter, and 1d. to the waiter. If he will have wine, he may want the porter and pudding, and have only a 5d. plate of meat, which will allow him occasionally a half-pint of wine. If he long for fish, he must go to the Billingsgate Tavern, and have the best fish-dinner for 1s.; if for soup, he may have it at 6d. a dish, "at the Cock, or any of the chop-shops near the Royal Exchange." The general account stands—

365 breakfasts, at 6d. each,	9	2	6
365 dinners, at 1s. 3d. each,	22	16	8
365 teas, at 6d.	9	2	6
Wearing apparel,	12	0	0
Lodging, boots, and servant,	26	0	0

£79 1 8

There is still a surplus of £20 : 18 : 9 of the £100, applicable to the uses and pleasures of the poor gentleman—which, by an enormous blunder, he states as 15d. a-week—for coals, in the winter, washing, library, an occasional treat, and all the necessities and contingencies not specified in his table; while, in fact, it is but 8s., which makes an important difference. Although we cannot think the self-centred, cautious poor gentleman a model for any man, he gives excellent advice to those who choose to remain as poor, single gentlemen, instead of becoming hard-working, energetic men, and useful members of society; nor are his maxims or his small philosophy to be despised by those for whom he writes. The poor gentleman is directed—

Keep your circumstances to yourself. Never ask an important favour. Always pay ready money. Never claim acquaintance in the street with richer people: let them pass, do not see them, if they do not see you first.

Accept not every invitation, even from your best friends; it is making yourself too cheap.

Spend as little as possible in cabs or omnibusses.

Waste no money in purchasing trifles you do not want, always bearing in mind that £6 per year is only a groat a day.

Close your pockets against pastry-cooks' cakes and soups.

Never accept invitations from other young men to dine at hotels; for, if you do, courtesy requires that you invite in return, which is very expensive.

Never borrow of your rich friends. Pay cash to your tailor, for which he will give a liberal discount, which will bring the first-rate tradesman to a level with the bootmaker.

Never buy clothes of advertising puffing tailors, who always make up inferior materials.

Frequent not taverns and hotels, for they are very expensive; the waiters frequently expect half as much as will pay for a comfortable meal at an eating or coffee-house.

Let us, looking to wealth, take any one gentleman whom you so much envy, for instance, in his cab, or taking a canter at five or so in the Park. Where, in the twenty-four hours, shall we begin? He has, possibly £3000 a-year. The poverty of *fashionable* families, with a carriage, on £3000, is pitiable. Does this make him *pass his time* one bit more *delightfully* from its own weight? Not a jot, I suspect? He is tired of his cab, and heartily annoyed on seeing Booby Botherem with a more splendid turn-out than his; his reins were wrong, and his tiger was not so smart! He got home at seven to dress, tedious again; dines at home; they sit down very formally with some humble *invite*, as it is not one of their *intimate* days; how wearisome this formal politeness. He wishes the fellow (his wife's cousin, or some scribbling critic) at the devil: they fly for refuge to the opera; too late for Pasta, Grisi, Malibran, Tamburini; Taglioni still pleases for a moment, spite of the tedium of repetition. The charm has lost its spring from being over-stretched: he yawns; nods across, and is bored by *lookers-in*, in some way or other: or he goes round himself to say "How d'ye do?" to people he sees every hour! But suppose he passes a pleasing hour in a *sly flirtation* with a friend's young wife, or some girl, whose eagerness for admiration does not care for his being married, as she hates his wife—perhaps an old flirt: this ends, he put her in her carriage, and drops in at C——'s, St James's Street, where he loses a hundred, and goes home perhaps very philosophically, or swearing all the way; gets up next day at one or two, the weather heavenly; ay, but he knows nothing of the fresh mornings; all is now dusty, noise and bustle—the very thing for a town life. His wife persuades him to go and make a call or two with her; they see some pleasant people, and talk of music possibly, and get into a hot argument on Church Reform. Away he comes, and gives his wife the slip at Howell & James's, for a lounge at the Alfred

or U. S. club; takes up the papers; sees himself quizzed, perhaps abused; goes home in a rage, resolves not to notice it; dresses for a large dinner-party without curiosity, interest, or appetite. And thus his days drag on. How are they better than *yours*? His *wealth* has done *nothing whatever* for him. Yes; it has made him thinner and paler; there is nothing new for him.

Certainly the rich poor gentleman is not to be envied.

We have said the poor gentleman is thoroughly selfish, or at best he is like the philosophic jolly miller, who—

“lived on the river Dee,
Who cared for nobody, no not one;
So nobody cared for *he*.”

Only the jolly miller *worked and sang* all day, and was blithe as a lark.

The poor gentleman exhorts the idle hundred-pounders to be content. Although their incomes were doubled, they could command little more real enjoyment; and even on £300 a-year, they could cut no more figure than on £100. If the possession of £400 tempted them to a horse and groom, they would grow poorer still. And hereupon follows the very essence of the discreet, cautious, selfish, and respectable poor gentleman's philosophy:—

Do you long for two hundred pounds a-year? the pleasure of asking a few friends to a coffee-house dinner now and then; or a better room where you could ask them? and more cash in your pocket for cakes, jellies, and ices? All this would not increase your enjoyments one tittle; nor would I advise you to alter your rigid economy as to “food, fire, and clothes,” if you have two hundred. On *three hundred* you can make no *appearance* more than on one. On four hundred, if you kept a horse and groom, you would be still the poorer; and so on. Always, in short, say to yourself, this and that is, after all, a great plague to those who sport them; a servant's a plague, housekeeping's a plague; a carriage is a great plague, and looking after horses; a wife is (I'm afraid) often a plague; children another; many friends often a plague; parties (the greater number) plagues; and the jealous, shifts, envy, of those just above (on another thousand more!) and all the longing and heart-burnings for *show* in the fashionable world, the *ne plus ultra* of plagues in this life! compared with which, if you are still not content, wish yourself a Welsh curate on forty pounds a-year!—if this fails of making you comfortable, set yourself down as INCURABLE.”

Rules are given for living comfortably on £50 a-year in London, for prudent, cautious fellows, who dread the plagues of wife, children, and intimate friends, like the Enemy; care for nothing but their own dear selves; and yet are to be esteemed infinitely beyond those who have no enlightened care for anything, and, least of all, for paying their debts.

Price's History of Protestant Nonconformity.

The second volume of Dr Price's important work has appeared at so long an interval after the publication of the first, that we fear it comes forward under disadvantages. These, however, a little time will remove, though the History is cast upon so broad a scale that we regret to find Dr Price is not likely to bring his valuable labours to a conclusion until another long period shall have elapsed. The present volume is, however, complete in itself, as the history of Nonconformity in a most important time. It commences with the accession of Charles I. and ends with the death of Cromwell. The reverend author, like every other foreseeing, impartial historian, anticipates blame on all sides. By the zealots among the Dissenters, he expects to be suspected of lukewarmness and false candour; and from the zealots among Churchmen, or rather from all Churchmen, he may look for the condemnation which this one declaration renders unavoidable. It is, That the farther he has looked into history, the deeper has become his conviction that the alliance at present existing between Church and State is part of the grand apostasy—an un-

natural and most pernicious association—which must be terminated before the ultimate triumphs of the Christian faith are achieved. “The essential spirit of Popery,” he says, “has been retained under a Protestant name; and the consequence has been distraction to the State, and formality and worldly-mindedness to the Church. To expect political men to administer ecclesiastical affairs with any other view than the advancement of their secular interests, is to look for grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles.” The author does not wish to be regarded as neutral on this cardinal point. His opinions have been maturely formed. As a specimen of the style of the work, we select the characters of Hampden and Pym:—

JOHN HAMPDEN was a private gentleman, of ancient family, and of large estate, in Buckinghamshire; a man of unblemished virtue; whose reputation speedily became the property of his country, as his spirited defence of its liberties constituted the redeeming feature of the period. He had hitherto been little known beyond his own county, where he was universally respected and beloved; but his fearless and high-minded patriotism now prompted him to oppose the illegal exactions of the crown, by requiring the payment of twenty shillings, in which amount he was assessed for an estate in the parish of Stoke Mandeville. The sum was insignificant, but the principle involved was all-important. A man of less decision and moral courage, would have shrunk from awakening the wrath of a court which knew no mercy; but Hampden united to great equanimity of temper and an entire self-command, a resolution which no threatenings or dangers could appal. . . . The patriotic object of Hampden was completely achieved. He succeeded in arousing his countrymen to a sense of their danger. Having broken up this false security, he well knew what must follow. . . . The death of Hampden was occasioned by a wound received on Chalgrove Field, June 18, (1643). He lingered a few days in extreme suffering, expressing an entire satisfaction in the course he had pursued, and commending his country to the protection of God. “O Lord,” said this dying patriot—“save my bleeding country! Have those realms in thy especial keeping! Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative! Let the King see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs! Lord Jesus, receive my soul!” Again recurring to his native land, he prayed—“O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to”—Here his speech failed him, and, falling back on his bed, he expired. The royalists exulted in his death, as a great deliverance to the nation, while the Parliament were filled with dismay.

Little need be said respecting the character of John Hampden. It is sufficiently apparent throughout his history, and has uniformly commanded the respect and admiration of impartial men. His fearless resistance of the tyranny of Charles, when that tyranny was both powerful and merciless; the calm and dignified tone in which he ruled the early deliberations of the Long Parliament; and the energy and decision with which he sought to bring the struggle to an issue when an appeal to arms was inevitable—all prove him to have been as consummate a statesman as he was an inflexibly upright man. Even Clarendon, while endeavouring to injure his reputation, is compelled to do homage to his transcendent abilities and surpassing prudence of address. “He was indeed,” remarks the party historian, “a very wise man, and of great parts; and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people, I ever knew.” To a remarkably equable temper, he united a self-control and clearness of perception, which rendered him an eminently successful parliamentary speaker; while his unspotted integrity, and firm adherence to principle, constituted him the most formidable opponent of the Court. With the eye of a skillful tactician he surveyed the forces arrayed against him; allowed them to expend their strength, to pour forth the vials of their wrath, or to justify themselves behind the precedents of a former age; and then, when their victory was supposed to be won, and tokens of exultation were displayed, the matchless power of Hampden's eloquence was felt. “He had so subtle a way of interrogating, and, under the notion of doubts, insinuating his objections, that he infused his own opinions into those from whom he pre-

tended to learn and receive them. And even with them who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions, and discerned these opinions to be fixed in him with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person." To his profound sagacity as a statesman, and his skill as a Parliamentary leader, he added an enlightened patriotism, and the sterling virtues of Christianity. On the whole, it may be pronounced with safety, that English history records no purer or brighter example of public virtue and of private excellence, than was exhibited in the character of John Hampden. Consistent from the first, that career was happily terminated before its lustre had been dimmed or its beauty impaired by the mists of human passion; and he now shines forth the idol and the pattern of all succeeding worthies.

PYM.

JOHN PYM, who died in the same year, was cast in a different mould from Hampden. He was more moderate in his ecclesiastical views, and would probably have preferred a reduced episcopacy, such as Usher advocated, to any other form of church government. But the efforts of the Bishops to widen the misunderstanding between the King and his Parliament, and their zeal in aiding the aims of the former, induced him to concur in the abolition of their functions, "which I conceive," he said, "may as well be done as the dissolution of the monasteries, monks, and friars, was in King Henry VIII.'s time." His intimate acquaintance with the forms of parliamentary procedure, combined with unwearied diligence, extensive research, matchless skill in the arrangement of public business, and an unspotted integrity, secured him great influence in the House. His style of oratory was masculine and nervous, and effected its purpose by a straight-forwardness and honesty, rather than by any brilliancy of conception, or loftiness of intellectual range. "He had a very comely and grave way of expressing himself," says Clarendon, "with great volubility of words, natural and proper; and understood the temper and affections of the kingdom as well as any man; and had observed the errors and mistakes in government, and knew well how to make them appear greater than they were."

Extracts might have been found which exhibit the original powers of the author to more advantage; but we select what is best adapted to the popular taste.

Sketches and Essays by Hazlitt.

Mr Hazlitt's son has collected, in a small volume, those essays of his eminent father, scattered through the various periodicals to which he contributed, and which have not before been published in a collected form. The essays are generally short or not long. If they are less brilliant and ambitious than many of Hazlitt's popular works, they bear the stamp of his mind, in all its vigour, sharpness, and elegance, and with less of either his harsh or fantastic peculiarities than is apparent in many of his more elaborated performances. There is one very beautiful paper on Taste, containing the germ of Hazlitt's more matured theory of the Beautiful in arts and literature, and the facility by which it is perceived and enjoyed. There is an acute paper on "Prejudice," teeming with practical wisdom; and another of the same character "On Knowledge of the World;" there is also a delightful sketch, entitled "Merry England;" and some lighter papers. From an admirable essay "On Cant and Hypocrisy," we feel pleasure in copying out a single paragraph.

Though I think there is very little downright hypocrisy in the world, I do think there is a great deal of cant—"cant religious, cant political, cant literary," as Lord Byron said. Though few people have the face to set up for the very thing they in their hearts despise, we almost all want to be thought better than we are, and affect a greater admiration or lesser of things than we really feel. Indeed, some degree of affectation is as necessary to the mind as dress is to the body; we must overact our parts, in some measure, in order to produce any effect at all. There was formerly the two hours' sermon, the long-windedness, the nasal drawl, the uplifted hands and eyes; all which, though accompanied with some corresponding emotion, expressed more than was really felt, and were,

in fact, intended to make up for the conscious deficiency. As our interest in anything wears out with time and habit, we exaggerate the outward symptoms of zeal as mechanical helps to devotion; dwell the longer on our words as they are less felt—and hence the origin of the word *cant*. The cant of sentimentality* has succeeded that of religion. There is a cant of humanity, of patriotism, and loyalty—not that people do not feel these emotions, but they make too great a fuss about them, and draw out the expression of them till they tire themselves and others. There is a cant about Shakspeare—there is a cant about *Political Economy* just now. In short, there is and must be a cant about everything that excites a considerable deal of affection and interest; and that people would be thought to know and care rather more about than they actually do. Cant is the voluntary overcharging or prolongation of a real sentiment. Hypocrisy is the setting up a pretension to a feeling you never had, and have no wish for. There are people who are made up of *cant*—that is, mawkish affectation and sensibility—but who have not sincerity enough to be *hypocrites*; that is, have not hearty dislike or contempt enough for anything to give the lie to their puling professions, and admiration and esteem for it.

Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Present State of the Law of Lunacy, &c. By a Barrister of the Inner Temple.

Any one who reads the newspapers, though his knowledge extended no further, must be aware of the necessity of the revision of the law of lunacy; nay, any one who *has* read the newspapers in former years, must be aware of the real—whether the *intentional* or the accidental—injustice and cruelty perpetrated under the existing law. The Barrister does not represent the evil in half its enormity; for he does not advert to the many motives which exist to excite interested and weak-principled, as well as unprincipled relatives, to take advantage of the law of lunacy for selfish ends. Neither does he notice the ignorance or the liability to bias of professional men. There are a set of mad-doctors and medical judges in lunatic cases, whom we should regard as little better than crimps for private lunatic asylums. The Barrister states his object to be simply this:—

My present object is simply this—to draw your Lordship's attention to the fact, that by the law as it now stands, an idiot—a monomaniac—the mere lonely and quiet sufferer from morbid feeling and imagination, is placed in a worse condition, and a more perilous situation with regard to his personal liberty, than the criminal, who by his delinquencies has rendered himself liable to punishment. The *property* of an actual or supposed lunatic is infinitely better guarded than his person—indeed, property receives all the protection which can be bestowed; but, let the individual himself be never so inoffensive, and sane upon every subject but one, his personal liberty can at all times be placed in jeopardy by the written *order of a friend*, when backed by the warrant of two physicians, surgeons, or apothecaries. This is indeed a startling anomaly in the jurisprudence of England. How little is it in accordance with our notions of that freedom which we pride ourselves upon!—how great is its opposition to the very principles of that constitution which we live under and are wont to admire!—Nevertheless, the case as stated is correct, and can be supported, not only by the evidence of facts, but by reference to the several Acts of Parliament which have been passed on the subject.

"It was the doctrine of our *ancient law*," says Blackstone, "that persons deprived of their reason might be confined, until they recovered their senses, without waiting for the forms of a commission or other authority from the crown." Is the law less barbarous in practice at the present day than it was at the time which the learned commentator referred to?—a question very easy of solution by reference to the statute books; and by *their* au-

* There has been another revolution in *cant* since Mr Hazlitt wrote this.

thority it would appear that such a question can only be answered in the negative.

The Barrister examines the nature and provisions of the statute. The frequent cases of eccentricities, waywardness, singularity, and *oddity* which occur in society are noticed as described by an intelligent physician, Dr Prichard; cases which, if the persons possessed property to tempt the avarice of relatives, might lead two-thirds of society to consign the remaining third to mad-houses. 'But,' says the Barrister, in commenting on these cases—Does it accord with any principles of reason, of law or equity, that such individuals as are alluded to by the learned writer—and who compose by far the greater number of insane persons—should be treated in the same manner as the raving madman—that they should be torn from their associates and their homes, to be made the inmates of a licensed gaol! there to be goaded by all the horrors of their dreadful situation; and if reason has not quite deserted her citadel, there to be distracted by surrounding objects, and harassed into wretchedness, until the intellect is altogether dislodged from its seat.

The recent and startling case of Mr Paternoster, lately reported in the London newspapers, is noticed.

This gentleman was said to be insane, he was in fact *certificated* as such, and would, probably, have been incarcerated in a mad-house, without the public attention having been called to the fact; but for his appearance at the Marlborough Street Police Office, for the purpose of lodging a complaint against two men, who, armed with the certificate, had violently attempted to gain possession of his person. If the newspaper report of the proceedings was correct—and it is reasonable to suppose that it was so, from the fact of its never having been contradicted—sanity itself could not have suggested a more touching or rational appeal than was made on that occasion by Mr Paternoster to the Magistrates; but in the Police Office he found no security for his liberty, no protection for his person; the boon which every Englishman has a right to expect could not be granted to him; and why? because the *order* had been regularly signed, the *certificate* had been regularly filled up; and he was at last dragged away, almost frantic, by the minions of a mad-house. Let such a case speak for itself—it requires no comment.

This is horrible. But, were Mr Paternoster, and a lady, whose case has since been reported, as mad as they are made to appear by the doctors' certificates, is this enough to entitle their relatives wholly to disregard their feelings, and obliterate their free-will—to crush and torture? Is there no medium for the unhappy monomaniacs, whose disease is often inflamed by the treatment they receive, between entire freedom of purse and person and the common mad-house, with its cells, manacles, and obdurate keepers? The Barrister suggests some remedies; but he does not go far enough. Lunatic certificates are, we fear, too often the *Lettres de Cachet* of England. The mode in which they are given demands instant revision.

Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics.

By the Rev. Orville Dewey.

This gentleman, if we mistake not, is the author of a book of travels in England and upon the Continent which was published a few years ago. He is an American, and a man of enlarged and sound views. His opinions are stated in a series of Lectures or Moral Discourses, actually preached in a pulpit, and upon Sunday evenings. We can safely recommend the Discourses, which are as religious in tone as many of Blair's Sermons, (that on Order for example,) and leave our readers to judge for themselves of an innovation which Mr Dewey vindicates very plausibly. If the popular work "Mammon" had been delivered from the pulpit, no one would have taken offence.

We shall give a brief specimen of Mr Dewey's Discourses, and ask if his opinions accord with the European reader's observation and experience. He is speaking of the revolution towards which not Britain, not France alone, but the whole civilized world, is steadily and grandly moving; and remarks:—

In former days, when power has been wrested from its despotic possessor, it has been done only by a violent and bloody hand. But now an influence, silent and irresistible, is rising up from the mass of the people, and is stealing, from thrones, and princedom, and hierarchies their unjust prerogatives; and, at the same time, as if by some wonder-working magic, is making their incumbents helpless to resist, and even willing to obey. Potentates are learning a new lesson, and so are the people too. Before, revolutions have been violent and bloody, from the very weakness of those who have carried them on, from the very uncertainty whether they should succeed. Now the People are reposing in calm security upon their undoubted strength. Assurance has made them moderate. Let no one mistake their moderation for apathy, or their quietness for defeat; for they are calm only as they are determined and sure. Such is undoubtedly the character of the present era, however we may regard the good or the evil involved in it. To me, I confess, it is by far the most momentous and sublime era in the history of the world. The introduction of Christianity and the discovery of printing—the two greatest events on record—are, in fact, now producing, for the first time, on the broad theatre of national fortunes, the very results which we are witnessing. They have given birth, if not to the free principles of modern times, at least to their free action. Like the sun and the moon in heaven, they have penetrated, by their influence, the great deep of society. The effect produced may well awaken that solemn and even religious emotion in the mind of which a late distinguished writer has spoken. What is now presented to the attention of the world is not, as formerly, kingdoms convulsed, or navies wrecked upon the shore, but that "tide in the affairs of men," that slow rising and gradual swelling of the whole ocean of society, which is to bear everything upon its bosom.

Mr Dewey, in a note connected with this passage, remarks:—

Nothing surprised me more, four years ago in England, than what appeared at first sight, this apathy, this moderate tone of the most Radical Reformers; but how much more was I struck to find, on closer observation, this deeper determination, this repose of conscious strength—the purpose to succeed not weakened, but only stronger in its calmness!

An Impartial Examination of all the Authors on Australia.

This is a small and cheap compilation, in which the author gives a decided preference to New South Wales over all the other colonies, Van Dieman's Land included. Of Van Dieman's Land, the older settlement seems, indeed, peculiarly jealous. Those who intend to emigrate should read everything, look to all sides, examine, compare, and by no means be hasty in coming to a judgment. This compilation gives a very bad account of South Australia, and one not much more flattering of the Swan River Settlement, or Western Australia. The New Zealand colony is also run down, though we believe no one is thinking much about it; and that the million acres which Lord Durham purchased from the natives for £40 or £50 will, after all, be a dear bargain before quiet possession is obtained. We should say to intending emigrants, Read this pamphlet; but remember that the writer is the advocate of New South Wales, though not an unfair one. He draws largely upon Dr Leng, and the other writers who laud that colony.

Letters to and from the Government of Madras, relative to the Disturbances in Canara in April 1837, &c., &c. By F. C. Brown, Esq.

In April 1837, there were alarming rumours of insurrection in the province of Canara. The British authorities, the servants of the Government, civil and military, were seized with panic, and fled as fast as possible from Mangalore; and when the rebels or invaders did appear, they were found not formidable, and were easily defeated, and the tumult put down. Martial law was proclaimed, and a commission subsequently appointed to try prisoners, traitors, and rebels; and, in all probability, in that country, and under these circumstances, harshness, and perhaps cruelty, was shewn to the natives in some or in numerous instances; and the forms of justice might not have been more strictly maintained than in any country in a state of disturbance and excitement, in which the few keep down the many. Mr Brown, the writer of the letters, who appears to have a considerable amount of landed and other property in the province, has been deeply injured in his fortune by these events. His estates will not sell, and he cannot realize his property. He is an earnest reformer of the wrongs inflicted on natives of India, and, in particular the sufferers in consequence of the late insurrection in Canara. He appealed to the Government of Madras, and obtained no redress; he has come to England, and appealed to the Board of Directors, and has not obtained even a hearing. He has therefore printed, to "shame the rogues;" and, perhaps, he has done well; though his personal case is so mixed up with that of "justice to Canara," that the latter, and the wrongs of native India in its breadth and length, may not, as they are represented, directly or indirectly, in these letters, obtain half the attention they deserve, and might more readily have obtained, had not Mr Brown been himself the principal personage of the piece.

Knight's Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare.

Mr Charles Knight is at the head of his profession, in producing illustrated and annotated editions of popular works. This work will be very cheap, considering its plan, though far from a low-priced edition; and it promises to contain numerous excellencies. Among these are—careful collation of the original text; a digest of whatever is found valuable in the numerous critics and commentators on Shakspeare; an amusing melange of antiquarian notes; and a prodigality of clever, and really illustrative wood-engravings. Each part contains one play, and is thus complete in itself. Those already published are—1st, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; 2d, *King John*. The editor assigns reasons for the adoption of this order, which we do not consider important. The choice has given facility for great variety in the embellishments, from the scene lying in two different kingdoms, widely dissimilar in costume and all those accessories of daily life which may be made the subject of picture. The work has started well, and with the promise of fair progress, which we shall have further opportunities of noting.

Exposition of the Peculiar Doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church.

The Rev. S. Noble, the pastor of the New Jerusalem Church, in Cross Street, London, and a devoted and enthusiastic follower of Swedenborg, has published an enlarged second edition of an appeal to the Christian World in behalf of the views which are held by his sect, or the Swedenborgians. Among other things, his bulky and weighty treatise displays much curious theological and

controverted learning. He claims Wealey as, at one time, the half-convert of Swedenborg; and also other Dissenters of name. Mr Noble naturally displays a strong bias; but he has stripped away a great deal of the rubbish with which ignorance and prejudice have loaded the name of Swedenborg, which, probably, has enough to answer for without the imputation of gratuitous absurdities. This work appeared originally as an answer to the Rev. Mr Beaumont of Norwich, who wrote the "Anti-Swedenborg." The enlarged work is intended to stop the mouths of all gainsayers of the Baron's doctrine. It contains collections of instances of Swedenborg's alleged intercourse with the Spiritual World, which are very curious, and, at least, as well authenticated as many things of the same kind. From this book it would seem that Kant was at one time a believer in Swedenborg's supernatural faculties; thus furnishing another chapter to a work which ought to be written on the Credulity of Sceptics.

Life's Lessons.

A sensible, well-written tale, after the spirit and manner of Miss Edgeworth's "Moral Tales," forms the first of "Life's Lessons." It is the fictitious autobiography of a young lady, the daughter of a rich merchant, who grows up indulged and selfish, but not quite heartless; and upon whom adversity, time, example, and reflection work a saving change. These influences transform her into a useful, respectable, and happy young woman; although not one lover appears, and although no rich relation bequeaths her a large fortune or an estate. We see indeed no brighter prospect before her, than leaving her situation as a governess, and sinking gracefully into the condition of an old maid, the instructor of her little nieces and nephews, and the inmate of the family of her affectionate brother, and his kind and amiable wife.

Part IV. of Dr Ure's Dictionary

Contains elaborate articles on Distillation, Fermentation, Evaporation, and Dyeing, with many lesser, yet valuable articles, and a few that will be found curious even to general readers. Among these last, are *Cutlery*, and the new invention for embroidering. The machine is invented by a German, and enables one female to embroider any pattern with 80 or 140 needles, as accurately and expeditiously as she formerly did with one. Many of these machines are already introduced into the Manchester factories, where Dr Ure has seen them worked, and "doing beautiful work." Are these machines to supersede all the hand-workers of the beautiful Ayrshire and Moravian work throughout the three kingdoms? We trust not hastily. One of the machines, of 130 needles, costs £200; but it does as much work as fifteen hand-embroiderers, and requires only the care of one person and two children to assist. We must refer to the original work for the description of this ingenious machine.

Geraldine and other Poems.

It was either Sir Morgan O'Dogherty or some one of that order of knighthood, who, about a dozen or fifteen years since, vowed to complete Coleridge's "Christabel," Sir James Mackintosh's History, and a few other great literary undertakings, then in the dead-thrums. The gallant knight never redeemed his vow; and it has been left to Mr Tupper, the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," to compose, in a few days, the sequel to Coleridge's "wild, beautiful, and original poem," which the author never ventured to complete. How the ambitious task is accomplished, we leave to fame, oblivion, and the admiring

critics. The remainder of the volume is occupied with a number of little domestic and other poems, all very kindly and amiable in spirit; and a few copies of verses displaying considerable vigour of thought. Those we mean are entitled "Contrasted Sonnets."

Motives to the Study of Biblical Literature.

By William Goodhugh.

The author of these Lectures is the writer of the "Critical Examination of Bellamy's Translation of the Bible," which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*. Hence his spirit and his bias may be surmised. He wishes to stir up a desire for the cultivation of Protestant biblical learning. The work is adapted chiefly to theologians and critical scholars; but it may also be read with advantage by such as have no intention of carrying their studies beyond its pages, as it contains a vast quantity of varied biblical knowledge.

Pearls of Great Price; or, Maxims, Reflections, Characters, and Thoughts, &c. &c.

Some skillful redacteur, or rather Literary Digester, has given the world the pith and essence of the works of Jeremy Collier, in one small volume. Collier, though rather a voluminous general writer, is best known by his "Short View of the Immorality of the English Stage;" a work which, in spite of some faults of spirit and of style, has been productive of incalculable good. In stringing his *pearls*, the Digester has followed an alphabetical arrangement; and in his hands the wit and wisdom of Jeremy Collier make a rather respectable addition to the number of this kind of books, though we must demur to placing this work, as he bids us, on a level with those of Montaigne and La Bruyere.

The Young Naturalist's Book of Birds.

The anecdotes and descriptions of the feathered race in this little volume are compiled by Mr Percy B. St. John; and the work is illustrated by dashing designs of birds of prey, by Landseer. Every work on birds must have some engaging features, and this one is no exception. The anecdotes are more recondite than those we are accustomed to see in such collections.

The London Flora. By Alexander Irvine.

The work so named comprehends the plants of all the home counties, extending to the Channel, and as far west as Southampton, and east as the Essex coast. It displays pains and industry; and the specified localities will give it value to metropolitan botanizers. The compiler seems to have had valuable assistance in the environs of London. Many localities are noticed far beyond his prescribed boundaries.

Schoolhouses.

This is the reprint of a Report made to the American Board of Education, by their Secretary, upon the form and arrangement of Schoolhouses best adapted to the comfort and improvement of children. It is a sensible little treatise, and deserves attention from those about to build schoolhouses, whether individuals or societies, and may be studied in connection with the Prussian and Dutch models.

An Examination of Phrenology. By Dr Thomas Sewall, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, &c. &c.

This Examination is the substance of two lectures delivered to the students of the Columbian College, Columbia, and published, it is said, *by request*. In the first place, like the Treatise of Dr Roget, it gives an account of phrenology and of the older systems by which *faculties* have been located on the head; and then proceeds to

refute the new doctrines, or that new arrangement of organs, which the Doctor does not consider one whit more tenable than those of the middle ages, which have been long forgotten. The "new science" is very fairly laid down, assuming the works of Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe as the received code of phrenological principles. There are some newer expounders of the science, such as Mr Sidney Smith, who differ from Spurzheim and Combe; but we presume they are not recognised by the great body of believers, though they may turn round on Dr Sewall, and say "This is not true phrenology. This is merely Dr Spurzheim or Mr Combe's version of a science, in which Gall only led the way in discovery." However, as all agree in the great principle, the existence of the organs, and on their position in the head, these objections are not material. The subject-matter of Dr Sewall's second Lecture is to shew how far the science is reconcilable with the anatomical structure and organization of the brain, the cranium, and other parts concerned. He adopts this course for two reasons—

1st, From a belief that the anatomy of the parts concerned, is the proper and only standard by which to ascertain its truth.

2d, That the metaphysical arguments on the subject, while they have been urged with great power, have too often been evaded, and the public mind has not been enlightened, as to the real merit of Phrenology, by the usual methods of investigation. Even the lash of ridicule, under which it has generally been left to wither, has done but little in arresting its progress, or exposing its errors.

The ground which Phrenologists assume the right to occupy is so extensive, and the outlets for retreat are so numerous, that it is difficult to present an objection to the science, which cannot, upon the common principles of reasoning, be plausibly evaded. A few examples will illustrate the idea which I wish to convey.

If an individual has a large head, and his mental manifestations are unusually powerful, the case is brought forward as a proof of the truth of Phrenology; but if the manifestations are feeble, it is said that the great size of the head is the result of disease, or that the brain is not well organized, or that other circumstances have exerted an influence in diminishing its power. If a small head is connected with a powerful intellect, it only proves that the brain, though small, is well organized, and acts with uncommon energy. If an individual has a particular propensity strongly marked in his character, and there is no corresponding development of the brain, it is said that the organ has not been thrown out by indulging its desires; but if there is a large development of an organ, and no corresponding propensity, then it is contended that the germ of the propensity is there, but that it has been repressed by education, or other circumstances; or it is found that some counteracting organ is fully developed which neutralizes the first. For example, if the organ of Covetousness is large, and the person has no uncommon love of gain, and the organ of Benevolence is also large, it is urged that the action of the one neutralizes that of the other.

I have already mentioned that the temperament also is supposed to perform an important part in modifying the action of the different organs, and for which all due allowance is to be made.

When all these fail in furnishing a satisfactory explanation, another method still more amusing is sometimes resorted to, in relieving Phrenology from embarrassment. It may be illustrated by the following facts:—

There is a celebrated divine now living, in Scotland, equally distinguished for his amiable disposition, his gigantic powers of mind, and the great moral influence which he exerts upon the Christian world. This individual, it is said, has the organ of Destructiveness very largely developed, and not having any counteracting organ very large, it is contended by those who are acquainted with the fact, that he manifests his inherent disposition to murder, by his mighty efforts to destroy vice and break down systems of error. In this way, he gratifies his propensity to shed blood.

By a recent examination of the skull of the celebrated infidel Voltaire, it is found that he had the organ of veneration developed to a very extraordinary degree. For him it is urged, that his veneration for the Deity was so great, his

sensibility upon the subject of devotion so exquisite, that he became shocked and disgusted with the irreverence of even the most devout Christians, and that, out of pure respect and veneration for the Deity, he attempted to exterminate the Christian religion from the earth.

Thus, it is said the organ of Destructiveness, when ill-directed, makes maid-servants smash glass and china with little remorse, or positive pleasure; but if well disciplined, takes pleasure in eradicating dirt from tables, floors, &c., with the besom of Destruction.

It is laid down by all phrenologists that size of brain is the measure of intellectual power. "This inquiry," says Dr Sewall, "involves one of the fundamental principles of phrenology." He cites Mr Combe as to Size; and Mr Sidney Smith, the latest phrenological writer, though he differs from Mr Combe on many points, recognises the empire of "the big-headed men" to the fullest extent:—

"If," says Mr Combe, "we take two heads, in sound health, of similar age, in each of which several organs are similar in their proportions, but the one of which is large, and the other small, and if the preponderance of power of manifestation is not in favour of the first, then phrenology must be abandoned as destitute of foundation."

And here it is proper to inquire, whether in speaking of the volume of the brain, its absolute or relative size is to be understood. If the former, then men of small stature must rank as inferior in intellectual power, to men of large size; and phrenology has also to contend with the fact, that the whale, the elephant, and several other animals of the lower order, have a larger brain than man, while their intellect is inferior.

If the relative size of the brain be intended, then it is necessary to know with what it is to be compared; whether with the dimensions of the face, the size and length of the neck, with the size of the spinal marrow, the cerebral nerves, or with the volume of the whole body. Upon this point, phrenologists have not been explicit.

The difficulty of instituting an accurate comparison of the brain with the first four of them, seems likely to prevent either from becoming the standard; and the great variations to which the body is liable from different causes, being, as it sometimes does, nearly half its volume, while the brain remains the same, renders this not a more certain criterion. Some facts, however, seem to have afforded the inference, that the power of the intellect is in proportion to the volume of the brain, compared to that of the body; and that just as we descend in the scale of intellectual existence, from man through the various tribes of animals, the brain will be found to be diminished in size. But the investigations of Haller, Wrisberg, Soemmering, Blumenbach, Cuvier, and other anatomists, shew this conclusion to be erroneous, and prove by actual experiment, that it has no foundation in nature. A summary of the result of Cuvier's investigations upon this subject, is presented in the following table.

He considers the brain in man, in proportion to his body, as one to thirty; and though it might with more propriety have been calculated as one to forty or fifty, the relative proportion between man and the lower animals is no less certainly ascertained.

We cannot give the tabular statement, but quote the result:—

This table shews that four species of the monkey, the dolphin, and three kinds of birds, (the canary bird, sparrow, and cock,) exceed man in the proportion of the brain to the body, and that various other animals are nearly on a level with him.

Nor does the argument in favour of a regular gradation of intellect, according to the size of the brain, hold good in a comparison of the lower animals with each other, their intellectual capacities not being in proportion of the brain to the body. This fact is shewn by the table of Cuvier.

The doctrine, therefore, that man owes his intellectual superiority to an excess of brain, derives no support from his comparison with the lower animals; nor does it appear, from observation, that this is the source of the diversity of intellectual capacity which distinguishes individuals of the human species from each other.

Professor Warren of Boston, who has probably enjoyed as great opportunities for dissecting the brains of literary and intellectual men of high grade, and of comparing these with the brains of men in the lower walks of life, as any anatomist of our country, if not of the age, says,

as the result of his experience on this subject, that, in some instances, it appeared that a large brain had been connected with superior mental powers, and that the reverse of this was true in about an equal number. One individual, who was most distinguished for the variety and extent of his native talent, says Dr Warren, had, it was ascertained after death, an uncommonly small brain. I might accumulate testimony of this description to an almost unlimited extent; but I will not detain you.

In the same summary way, must we deal with the demonstrations on the thickness of the skull, which are illustrated by plates. Of two of these plates, representing each a horizontal section of the skull, it is said:—

Plate II. represents, by a horizontal section, the skull of a sturdy, athletic waterman, who was drowned in the Potomac. It is scarcely the eighth of an inch in thickness, though it is firm, compact, and in every respect healthy, in its structure.

Plate III. represents, by a horizontal section, the skull of a young and once beautiful female, who came to this city from a neighbouring State, fell into bad company, abandoned the paths of virtue, and died in abject poverty. It is nearly twice the thickness of the former, and is well organized and healthy in its appearance.

Here we have two skulls from healthy individuals in the vigour of life, the one a male and the other a female; and, to render the contrast more striking, the skull of the female is twice the thickness of that of the male. Where is the phrenologist, however experienced, who, by the delicacy of his touch, the keenness of his eye, and those aided by his craniometer, could have pronounced, that the sturdy waterman had a skull scarcely the eighth, while that of the female was at least one-fourth of an inch in thickness, and been able to make due allowance, and to ascertain the relative volume of the brain in each.

The result of these and other experiments, entitles the lecturer to say:—

I hold it then to be clearly established, that no phrenologist, however experienced, can, by any inspection of the living head, ascertain whether an individual has a skull of one inch, or one-eighth of an inch in thickness, nor whether he has 56.22 ounces of brain in volume, or only 25.33 ounces.

With the result of these experiments before you, gentlemen, I leave you to estimate the value of phrenology as a practical science, in determining the powers of the human intellect. But we will pass on to inquire, &c.

This inquiry is about the *frontal sinuses*, that stumbling-block which Phrenologists usually clear by a bound, either forward or to one side. After describing these cavities, the lecturer proceeds:—

Plate VIII. represents, by a horizontal section, the skull of an individual whom I well knew. He was an athletic, labouring man, who became intemperate, and died at the age of thirty. During his life, I frequently remarked, that he had what would be called by Phrenologists, a fine head for the perceptive faculties. His eye was deeply ensconced under a full projecting brow, and the organs of Form, Size, Weight, Colour, Order, Number, Individuality, and Comparison, were uncommonly well developed. His Locality was enormous. We should, upon the principles of phrenology, have pronounced him a Rubens in painting, a Humboldt in arrangement, and in Form, Size, and Weight, a Wren, a Douglas, or a Simpson. The development of his Comparison and Individuality would have placed him by the side of Dean Swift and the Earl of Chatham; and his Locality represented him as quite equal to Columbus, Newton, Volney, and Sir Walter Scott.

But what do we find upon an examination after death? We discover the frontal sinuses to extend over the organs of Individuality, Form, Size, Weight, Colour, Locality, Order, Time, and Comparison; the two tables of bone, separated in some points at the distance of an inch, and the intervening cavities so capacious as to measure one and a half fluid ounces.

Plate VIII. shews the form, size, and situation of the frontal sinuses, by a horizontal section of the skull.

So far, then, from the great apparent development of these organs, being occasioned by a forward protrusion of the anterior lobes of the brain, the projection was caused by the receding of the inner from the outer table of the skull, in the formation of the frontal sinuses, and the brain is discovered to be actually very deficient in its anterior portion.

I need scarcely observe, that no one presumes to distinguish between that projection which is caused by the full development of the anterior lobes of the brain, and the existence of the frontal sinuses.

Here, then, are nine of the organs, of which no correct judgment can be formed, as to the degrees of their development in the living head. From the large frontal sinuses, delineated in this plate, I have skulls in which they are seen of almost every intermediate size, to those which measure only a few grains.

The temporal muscle presents the next difficulty, together with the ridges and grooves exhibited upon the internal surface of the cranium; the result being—

No Phrenologist, therefore, who discovers a protuberance on the skull, can determine whether it is caused by fullness of the brain, at that part, or an increased thickness of the bone.

How is the Phrenologist to know, when measuring the head, whether the skull is thick or thin; whether the frontal sinuses are large or small, and whether the protuberances which he finds on the head, represent corresponding developments of the brain, or are occasioned by an increased thickness of the skull, at the place where they exist?

I do not deny that there is a difference in the natural capacities of men, some individuals being endowed with stronger, quicker, and clearer minds than others; but I am far from admitting that this difference depends on the amount of brain, or that the development of the mind in the progress of life is to be determined by the increased size of the head. If we look round upon the intellectual world, we shall find as many men distinguished for intellectual power, with a head of a small or medium size, and as many with a large head possessing a feeble intellect, as the reverse of these; and had phrenology in its commencement received a different direction, and a small head, in conformity with the preference of Aristotle, been made the standard of perfection, it would, doubtless, have enlisted as many zealous and confident advocates as are now found in its ranks.

But enough of Dr Sewall, who probably entertains the common American and erroneous notion that phrenology is in general acceptance in its headquarters, Edinburgh.

Notes on Naples. By a Traveller.

This is a sprightly clever book, of the kind which may be termed *occasional volumes*, as we say occasional or fugitive poetry. The Traveller's wit, or rather smartness, is apt to diverge into flippancy sometimes; but, to make amends, he has a fine, or, if we may so speak, a rich eye for picture, for colour, and grouping. If his word-pictures do tend to the exuberant, they are, at the same time, vivid and flowing. We shall take but one example, which includes both the modes which especially characterise the Traveller. The scene is a rustic fete at Ischia.

Some time before reaching the inn on our return, we had heard

"The twanging of guitars; and, shortly after,
A most unoriental roar of laughter;"

and, drawing near, we saw, along the arches of its low porch, the curtain, which screens alike from heat and cold, loosened from its usual festoons, and drawn down, and lights glimmering from behind it. We could only enter our apartments by passing through the midst of the revellers; and, as we drew the curtain back with this intent, there stood disclosed to us one of those scenes which, in the general merging of customs and manners in the great commonwealth of modern nations, present, where you do meet with them, those peculiar marks of national physiognomy which, year by year, become rarer all over Europe. Around, upon bench or stool, or squatting on the ground, as chance or a softer power led, was every denizen of the establishment, from the high *padrone* in her festal cap, down to the very *faccina* of the kitchen, dog and cat, and all. Among them, too, we observed, and no insensible partakers in the fun either, the lady, a visiter here, of a grandee of Spain—such conjunctions do happen, and who's the worse?—accompanied by a very sweet-faced girl, her daughter, whose only regret seemed to be, that she was not more prominent still among the performers. Red caps and brown faces were poked through the curtains from time to time, belonging to the people, who had flocked, like bees to a bell, to the music of this bucolic congress; while sundry Indian-looking figures stood

with their gules and asses in the dusk, at the further part of the hall.

"At one end of the open space, in the centre of the groups, sat a hero who had changed our platters at dinner, and with whom we had had some confabulation—not much, to be sure; but, upon the strength of this conference, such as it was, I could venture to predicate of him that not a mortal man in all Christendom, Naples included, could match him at an extemporaneous lie."

There he sat, this Scapin of Scapins, as though nothing had happened, thrumming away at the guitar, cleverly as he played the knave, yet out of tune too, his very music being a sort of untruth. Near this Corypheus of the company, the niece of the house, who was called thirteen, to magnify the miracle of her accomplishments, lolled, with languishing looks, behind a second guitar, doing all her little possible to earn the laudations we had, in the previous part of the day, heard paid to her in advance; while between the two was seated, with kerchiefed head and jewelled ears, an ancient dame they called old Ma, a term by which they contradistinguished, as it appears, the dowager mamma from the reigning mamma (the mother of the Queen, she was not the Queen-mother); there she sat, rubbing and grinding at that instrument of inoperation, the *tambura di Basqua*; and I can venture to say, that not one in all the rustic revel was so fresh, and hale, and buoyant of spirit, as this octogenarian. Well, in the midst of all these auxiliaries, satellites you may call them, were two small she-things, to whose celestial bodies, to pursue the figure, the faces of all around were turned—albeit, never planet that danced round the sun ever found such a centre of gravity. These were two young female Ischiotes, with ornamented heads and bare feet and arms, which, together with their faces, were as brown as working all day in field and orchard could render them, who were here in all the intoxication of tarantella. Neapolitans in general, but Ischiotes in particular, are sufficiently addicted to grimace and fracas. Rage or pleasure manifest themselves and evaporate in a shout or a squall; and a whirl in the air, as though they were beside themselves, seems the natural language of their emotion. The tarantella appears to me to embody and to poetise the spirit of all this.

To say that, as the measure quickened, they cried with a sharp, shrill cry, and then plied their castanets, and squealed, and whirled, and wheeled again, one should hazard the suggesting, except for the accompaniment, something of the clod-pole dance of Scotland, the rude vagaries of which are the mere romping of Esquimaux squads, compared with the national dance of Naples, which, in all its extravagance, is ever graceful and flowery, and harmonious as its own music. Its grace, too, untaught as it is inimitable, is one which seems like the natural birth of pleasure and sweet sounds. One could imagine the blithe young supple figure, overfraught with enjoyment, launched suddenly forth to music, as you would see in motion some cunning instrument, with which movement and sweet sounds were twin-born, and that the cessation of the one were the loss of both. This joyous sunny spirit of the South I remember but in Mercandotte and in Heberic, and in them only. Then another very singular effect in this dance arises from the perfect noiselessness which intermits between the delicious *accres de joie*, the cause being, that the dancers are unshod, so that their bare shoeless feet twinkle over the flat stones without a sound; and in twilight, as I have seen the dance, a busy fancy might half believe the fitting figures among the shadowy vines, moving, as spirits move, all soundlessly, to be some creatures of the elements—Naiads of the mountain stream, or unsphered Oreads of the star-lit hills. The tarantella is certainly the most inspiring dance in the world. It thrills even the spectators—so, at least, it did me. I only regret I cannot convey a better idea of it. But there is a monotony in the ever-recurring cadences of the music, and which, in the very gusto of contrast to the extreme animation of the movement, is no less singular than it is indescribable. And then, ever and anon in this case, the Momus of the party, the Scapin aforesaid, would interpose some odd laughable quatrains or other, while still wound on the measure, on and on, untiringly, enjoyment, frolic, life, and spirit, with a sort of under-current of plaintive feeling sporting through the whole. . . . Their dance seemed to permit a succession of performers, the dropped thread of the dance being taken up by one after another; an instance of which we were witness of, for one of the girls having slipped her foot aside, a substitute leapt into her place—and a substitute which it would be injustice to forget. This was

an odd satyr-like fellow, with a shock ballet-shaped head, and a visage to match, on one side of it, incapable of anything but a laugh. I have seen many like him here. His only habiliments were a shirt, made perhaps before buttons were invented, for wholly buttonless it was, the arms of it rolled up to the shoulder, and the front open down to heaven knows where; and a wondrous strange pair of unutterables, of the same material as the shirt, which might perhaps have been trousers in the olden time; but they had been dooked and dooked until dooking could no farther go, since the number of inches of nutmeg coloured skin they betrayed was already somewhat alarming. As these two items comprised the whole of his wardrobe, the quantum of his orange-tawny person that was to be seen for nothing may be better imagined than described. This supernumerary mime threw a character, an expression upon the scene entirely different, although the movement seemed unchanged. I should give a better idea of this mirthful being by saying, that he was the *Ac-smile* of the Faun in the Florentine gallery, for such he was, and would certainly uphold the idea of Boll, that that celebrated antique antle was drunk, and that Michael Angelo had given a wrong character to it on restoration. This fellow was certainly drunk, and some of his unconscious gesticulations were exact as a toe to the statue. But indeed his attitudes were altogether most remarkable. Nothing ungainly or preposterous offended you; stultified with wine, and in all the luxury of fantastic frolic though he was, there was no superfluous flinging about of limbs; yet there was inconceivable variety too. He seemed in short a classic Bacchanalian, and wanted but thyrsus and vine leaves, and a cluster of black grapes in his clutch, dropping odours, dropping wine, to mark him of the jovial crew of Semel's great son. Behold here the mystery of the fine arts! Such was the feeling that occurred to me as this man leapt into the rustic arena; and such it is still. Where could a life of study do for the student—save in Greece indeed—what he has but to transcribe, so fair is Nature's autograph, to find in this fair time done for him? Take here the peasant from his

vineyard, how him in marble or stamp him on *ocumnes*. Could the peasant of the North serve the artist thus? And not in fauns and satyrs only—for the chiefs and demi-gods that Art robes in heroic mould, would be little shamed in any of the half-naked forms you still may see in Italia's field, following their herds, or idling in the sun. This is *aptitude* for art.

Were the reader to peruse the entire body of *Notes*, he would not have a much better idea of the traveller's peculiar style, or of his mark and likelihood, than the above extract affords.

PAMPHLETS.

Sir William Molesworth has published an abridgement of the "Parliamentary Report of the Select Committee on Transportation." The labours and report of the Committee must, in the course of the next session, lead to some important change in the present system of secondary punishments. Sir William dedicates his pamphlet to his constituents in Leeds. We merely announce it, as it is our purpose fully to discuss the important subject on which it bears. It every day becomes more evident that it is far easier to fabricate a dozen very plausible constitutions, than to frame one really good Poor-Law Bill, or Education Bill, and, above all, a sound legislative scheme of Secondary Punishments.

OLIVER & BOYD have added to their series of useful CATECHISMS one on HEAT. It is written by a well-qualified popular instructor, Mr HUGO REID, Lecturer on Chemistry, teacher of the philosophical department in the High School of Glasgow, and the author of "The Steam-Engine," and several excellent popular scientific manuals.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

ENGLAND.

THE large meetings, by torch light, of the working classes, in the north of England, have at length excited the attention of Government, and a proclamation has been issued, "warning and commanding all persons to desist from such assemblies at their peril." The immediate cause of issuing this proclamation was a meeting, held at Bury, on the 8th December, at which, notwithstanding of a previous notice of its illegality by the magistrates, several thousands assembled, many of them armed and bearing torches, and pistols were discharged in the air. No disorder, however, appears to have occurred. The breaking of thrashing-machines has again become a common practice, and numerous incendiary fires, both of agricultural produce and of manufacturing establishments, have taken place. At the very time the meeting was holding at Bury, an extensive cotton-manufactory, at Ashton-under-Lyne, was set on fire and completely destroyed. Another large cotton-mill at Bulwell, near Nottingham, was destroyed by fire the same week, and several instances of stacks being found on fire have occurred during the month. There is little doubt that these fires have been the work of incendiaries. The high price of food, without any adequate rise of wages, the operation of the New Poor Law, and the inflammatory harangues of Stephens and others, operating upon the starving population, are, no doubt, the causes of the present state of matters. We fear that if the high price of provisions continue, it will be very difficult to preserve the peace during the winter.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS are going on at all our principal ports. A great many ships of war are fitting out; contracts for military and naval stores have been submitted; sailors and marines are enlisting; and all the forts on the coasts have been examined, and placed on the war footing, in so far as the number of troops at the disposal of Government will permit. Surveys have been made for the purpose of erecting additional forts at the mouths of the Humber and Tees, and also at White-

haven; for it is seen that the use of steam-vessels in warfare will render our coasts less secure than they have hitherto been. We hope, however, that peace will be preserved; for war would prove the death-blow of every internal improvement, and would accomplish what the Aristocracy so ardently desire—the finality of Reform.

THE CHURCH.—The proceedings of the English clergy, during the month, have been too remarkable to be passed over. In the Court of Queen's Bench, the Rev. A. M. Gathercole has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for a gross libel on the nunneries at Stockton and Darlington. The Rev. Ebenezer Morris, vicar of Llanelly, in Carmarthenshire, summoned John James, one of his parishioners, before the ecclesiastical court, for non-attendance at Church—he being a Dissenter, and attending his own place of worship. He was admonished by the Bishop for his "irreligion," and ordered to pay the expenses of the suit against him, being £7; but, being unable to comply, he has been sent to Carmarthen jail. The same clergyman has also imprisoned David Jones, another Dissenter, for not attending Church, and for not furnishing the communion elements at his own expense. Jones was a churchwarden, and, at the proper time, he summoned a meeting to obtain a Church-rate. The rate was refused. The expense of the prosecution against Jones came to £40. A clergyman in the Isle of Wight, whose name is Brecks, prosecuted a widow for putting on her late husband's tombstone an inscription calling on the passers by to pray for his soul; but the prosecution was dismissed by Sir Herbert Jenner, in the Court of Arches, and the clergyman ordered to pay the costs. Our own clergy in Edinburgh have been talking about stopping the running of the mail on Sundays. It would be much better to shut the toll at once.

SCOTLAND.

A dinner was given by the Liberal electors of Stirlingshire to their member, Colonel Abercromby, at Stirling, on the 7th December. It was, we believe, the most splendid and numerously attended dinner ever given in

a Scottish provincial town, there being between 600 and 700 gentlemen present. Sir Michael Bruce of Stenhouse filled the chair. The principal speakers were Colonel Abercromby, Admiral Fleming, Lord Dalmeny, Mr Gillon of Wallhouse, and Mr Weir of *The Glasgow Argus*. Admiral Fleming defended the Ministry against the recent attacks on them on account of the navy, and maintained that it was in a most efficient state; and he held in derision the notion that we had anything to fear from an attack by Russia. Lord Dalmeny defended Lord Durham from the attacks of the Tories, and spoke strongly against additional endowments to the Church of Scotland. Mr Weir hoped that the time of Parliament during the ensuing Session would not be entirely devoted to the Canadian Question, for the concerns of millions at home were of far greater importance than of thousands on the other side of the Atlantic.

Sir James Graham has been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, instead of Sir Robert Peel. The Duke of Sussex was set up in opposition to him; but his Grace only obtained 207 votes, while Sir James had 282. We cannot see what good the keeping up this absurd form of an election can possibly effect; while it must distract the attention of the students from their studies. The less political excitement there is within the walls of a university the better.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—INDELIBLE INK.—An ink which would not become paler by age, and which would resist the effect of acids, has long been a desideratum—as all the inks at present in use are very easily removable from the paper, and there is no doubt that numerous frauds have in consequence been committed. In France this fraud is carried to such an extent as seriously to injure the revenue of stamps; the writing being washed out of bill stamps, and other stamped paper, and the paper again used; and there is no doubt that the same stamped paper may in this way be used many different times. In Paris there are numerous persons who make a business of washing the ink out of stamped paper, for a small percentage on the value of the stamps. Several years ago, the French Government appointed a commission of the most able chemists in France, with the view of discovering how this fraud could be prevented; but the commission has failed in the attempt. Some time ago, Dr Traill announced that he had discovered an indelible ink; but, it turns out to be a mere pigment, like Indian ink; and, although it resists acids, it can be washed out by a camel-hair pencil and a little water, or, more easily, with soap and water. Strong alkalis have been proposed; but inks made with them will not resist for a moment the chloride of lime. At a meeting of the Society of Arts, on the 12th of December, a communication from Dr Veitch on the formation of an indelible ink was read, which excited considerable attention. The difficulty of making an indelible ink was shewn by the following facts:—

1st.—That no vegetable colour could be used, because all such colours were destroyed by acid.

2d.—That no soluble substances were applicable, because they could be washed off.

3d.—That no insoluble substances, such as lamp black, were applicable, as they were merely particles of matter adhering to the surface of the paper, through the medium of some mucilaginous body. In this last class, we apprehend we must rank the inks used by the ancients; for, though some of the members of the Society seemed to think the ancient inks of an indelible character, we believe they were not so, and that they (like Dr Traill's) could easily have been washed off when recent, and could, perhaps, even yet be removed. The plan fallen upon was, to obtain a substance alike indestructible by any chemical agent and the effect of time; a substance which is insoluble, and which cannot be removed by any means without making an erasure. For this purpose a mixture was used, containing a small quantity of sulphuric acid, which chars the paper on the application of heat, so that the paper itself furnishes the colouring matter. Dr D. B. Reid and others agreed in thinking, that this was the only plan left; though not free from objections—as, in so far as we decompose the paper,

we necessarily weaken it. A discussion of an interesting nature took place after the communication was read, in which several of the leading members took a part, some of whom thought it would be necessary to attend to the composition of the paper as well as the ink. A committee of the society has been appointed to report on the subject.

THE CLERGY AND THEIR STIPENDS.—CORN LAWS.

—It has often appeared to us to be a remarkable circumstance that, now that the Established Clergy have awakened out of what they themselves admit to have been a lengthened and lethargic slumber, they have not called public attention to the faulty manner in which their stipends are paid—viz., by drawing a certain portion of it from each landed proprietor in the parish—and the troublesome, expensive, and tedious process by which alone they can obtain any augmentation. Nothing irritates and provokes a body of men whom it ought to be their chief aim to conciliate more than these processes of augmentation. In former times, these processes were certainly more frequent than they are now; for the landowners were so annoyed with applications for augmentation of stipend, and by the serious litigations which arose among them in the allocation of the proportion of the augmentation payable by each, that, in 1808, the legislature was forced to interfere, and to declare that, in future, no application of a clergyman should be afterwards received, if he or any of his predecessors in the same cure had obtained an augmentation within twenty years previously. This is, perhaps, the only instance in which the legislature has been compelled to prohibit a body of men from stating their claims in a court of law. By the provisions of this act, the landed interest resorted to a very ingenious device for identifying the interest of the clergy with their own. At that time, much discontent existed in Scotland, occasioned by the yearly-accumulating burdens of the war, and exasperated by the high price of provisions, especially as wages had not risen in proportion. The act converted the money stipends of the ministers into grain; and thus the established clergy have the same interest with the landowners that grain should be dear. For example, in augmenting a minister's stipend, he is not allowed a fixed sum of money, but a certain number of quarters of grain. The actual grain is not delivered to him; but, calculating the value at the market price of the year—for ascertaining which a method has been long practised in Scotland—the clergyman receives that value from the land proprietors of his parish, in proportion to the extent of their estates. The clergy were easily induced to go into this scheme, as, for a great number of years previously, grain had been constantly rising in price. This accounts for the General Assembly having, more than once since the date of the act, petitioned Parliament against the repeal of the Corn-Laws—a circumstance that must be inexplicable to those who are not aware how stipends are paid.

But this mode of payment is attended with the following evils. The slightest augmentation sets all the proprietors of the parish into a series of the most expensive and tedious litigations; for the most difficult points of law often arise in ascertaining in what proportion the augmentation is to be paid by the different heritors. Farther, the stipend has to be collected, in many parishes, from thirty, forty, or even a hundred individuals, some of the payments being only a few pence. The payment from each varies every year; and, especially since the change of measures, the conversion of the old measures in which most of the stipends were modified into new, and the calculation of so many payments, are very troublesome; besides, where there are many small proprietors, a great part of the stipend is never paid at all; and when the minister resorts to compulsory means, he is brought into unseemly collision with the landowners. It, therefore, appears to us, that it would be much better to fix permanently the proportion of stipend payable by each land-proprietor, to collect it along with the land-tax of the county, and to pay it into exchequer, whence the clergy would draw their stipends quarterly, instead of once a-year, as at present. Another strong reason for

change is, that it must have an injurious effect, with such of the parishioners as do not derive their means of subsistence from the soil, to have it believed, truly or falsely, that their pastor has an interest in bad crops, disastrous harvests, and high prices; for by these means alone can he obtain a high money stipend; and that, in this way, his spiritual duties and temporal welfare are at variance.

LOCAL LEGISLATION.—During last Session, 329 Acts were added to the Statute-book, of which only about one-third—120—are public Acts, an equal number being placed under the head “Local and Personal,” (under which is included all Road, Bridge, Canal, and Railway Bills, and others of the like nature;) thirty-five “Private Acts,” printed by the King’s printer; and fifty private Acts not so printed. These last are generally Acts of Naturalization and Divorce. Several of the local, and personal, and private Acts have, unquestionably, occupied more time in their discussion and adjustment than many of the public statutes; and, indeed, under the title of Public, are to be found numerous statutes strictly of a local nature—for example, that for settling the affairs of the City of Edinburgh, passed last Session, c. 55. We, therefore, are certainly far from exaggerating, when we assert, that one-half of the time of Parliament is spent in business which could be much more easily, cheaply, and expeditiously conducted by local legislatures. Even the statutes strictly public, such as those for reforming the law of Scotland, could surely be much better carried through in Edinburgh than in London; for all the information necessary to prepare them must be procured in Scotland, and constant intercourse must be had with persons there, during the progress of the bills through Parliament. The separation of public from personal, and local, and private legislation—using the terms in a still broader sense than is done in the present heads of the Statute-book—would, we are convinced, be attended with incalculable benefit, not only to the country generally, but also to those individuals who have occasion to obtain statutes for the arrangement of their private affairs, or for establishing mercantile or banking companies; and we beg to direct public attention to the mode proposed for its attainment, explained in last Register.

LEGISLATION AFFECTING SCOTLAND IN SESSION 1838.

The first Statute of the 1st and 2d Victoria, affecting Scotland, along, however, with England and Wales, is c. 44, for the purpose of consolidating the laws relative to the manufacture of glass, and for the collection of the duties payable on that manufacture.—The benefit of international copyright is attempted to be secured, under certain conditions, by c. 60.—An Act of the 6th and 7th William IV. increased the powers of heirs of entail, in granting tacks and making excambions—that is, in exchanging parts of their lands for others with greater facility than previously. This Act is extended, by c. 70, to those cases which had been overlooked in framing the former act.—Several statutes were, in this Session, passed, relative to the taking of oaths, some of which seem to apply to England alone; but the following are of general application. By a preceding statute, Quakers and Moravians were entitled to make an affirmation, in a prescribed form, instead of taking an oath; this permission is now extended to persons who *have been* Quakers or Moravians, but who have renounced the peculiar tenets of these sects—c. 77; and, by another statute, (c. 105,) it is declared, that all persons are to be bound by the oath administered in the form they themselves declare binding. This applies to criminal cases as well as to civil, to every court in the kingdom, and to oaths taken on the entering upon offices, or on other occasions. False affirming, or false swearing, though the oath be out of the usual form, is declared punishable with the pain of perjury. The time appears now fast approaching, when all oaths or appeals to a Deity and a future state should be repealed, and a solemn affirmation substituted in their stead.—In consequence of the disturbances which the great concourse of labourers to public works sometimes occasions, a provision has been made for the payment of constables for keeping the peace near railways, canals, and other public works.—As to the revenue, there is enacted (c. 85) a provision allowing stamps, denoting the

duties payable in one part of the United Kingdom, to be used in other parts; and there is also a Customs’ Amendment Act, making a variety of alterations of the existing law on that branch of the Revenue, and containing a new Table of Duties, applicable to twenty or thirty articles of merchandise.—The establishment of additional schools in Scotland, is provided for by c. 86; and the conveyance of the mail on railways, by c. 98.—The law relative to legal proceedings by joint-stock banking companies against their own members, and by members against the company, is amended by c. 96.—In Scottish law exclusively, we have c. 86 relative to advocations and suspensions, by which the judgments of inferior courts may be brought under the review of the Court of Session in a more cheap and speedy manner than at present; chap. 114, by which those diligences, or modes of execution called letters of horning, poiding, arrestment, and caption, are abolished, and the decree itself made the warrant for charging a debtor to pay, and for execution against his debts, movables, and person, in case of failure. The necessity of applying to the Court of Session to enforce the decree of a sheriff, when the debtor’s goods or person are beyond the county, is also removed; the sheriff of the county in which the debtor is resident being authorized to grant his concurrence for the enforcement of the warrant. A power of restricting arrestments, which are often used in a very oppressive manner, is also given to sheriffs; and, instead of being in force for five years, as at present, they are declared to fall in three years, except where the debt is future or contingent. A great alteration is made in the duties of Lords Ordinary and Clerks in the Court of Session, by c. 118. At present, there is a certain rotation, so that it is a matter of uncertainty before which of the Judges a case brought into Court may come to be decided; but now the suitor may choose by which of the Outer-House Judges his case is to be determined. We fear the effect of this regulation will be, to create an immense accumulation of business before one or two judges, and hence great delay; while one or two others will be reduced almost to a state of idleness. Each clerk is to be attached to a particular judge, and will not henceforth be necessitated to run from one to another, as at present. There will also be a considerable saving in fees to the public, as all the officers of Court are henceforth to be paid by salaries. It is to be regretted, however, that the fee-fund has only been reduced, instead of being abolished, and that no provision has been made for diminishing the great, and, in many cases, useless expense of printing incurred at present. What is the use, for instance, of keeping up, as an imperative rule, the printing of all defences, and of almost all summonses, at the very outset of a suit, when, as often occurs, a single copy of them is all that is ever required? What is to prevent the judge perusing the original manuscripts? Neither do we think that there would have been any great difficulty in abolishing the Bill Chamber, which has long been felt to be a nuisance. The Sheriff-Courts have not been overlooked (c. 119,) though we have some doubt of the propriety of the provision relieving the sheriff-deputes of their obligation to reside four months within their counties annually, and substituting for that obligation the holding of eight courts yearly. Under this provision, the Sheriff will be enabled to visit his county twice a-year, remaining there four days each time at the longest. The ground alleged for allowing the sheriffs to be absent from their counties—viz., that they may be enabled to keep up their knowledge of law by attending the Court of Session—is a mere pretext, which we have repeatedly exposed. It ought not to be forgotten, that that Court sits only 114 days in the year; so that there is not the slightest difficulty in combining four months’ residence of the sheriffs in their counties, with constant attendance on the sittings of the Court. The sheriff-substitutes, however, having fewer friends at Court, are to be kept strictly to their duty. They are not to be absent from their counties more than fourteen days at a time, nor more than six weeks in all; and they are not to act as conveyancers, factors, or agents for banks; but, on the other hand, they are no longer removable at the pleasure of the deputies;

and a provision is made for giving them superannuation allowances. It would have been advisable to have increased the salaries of some of them at the same time; its £150 a-year is too little for a judge having so important duties to perform, and so extensive a jurisdiction. There are a variety of other important provisions in the statute, which we can scarcely enumerate—viz., for a summary mode of removing tenants for a less period than a year, whose rents do not exceed £30; allowing sheriffs to recall extracted decrees in absence; to suspend diligence where the sum is under £25; explaining and regulating their maritime jurisdiction; permitting criminal and *de medietate regis* warrants, to be executed beyond the county where they have been issued, without the indorsement of a magistrate of the county in which the criminal is found; a provision for remedying the inconvenience of bringing jurymen from distant parts of the county, and another for cutting down the emoluments of the grossly overpaid, and, in many instances, all but sinecure office of sheriff-clerk. In the next Parliament we hope that Mr Wallace of Kelly, or some of the other law-reforming Members, will turn his attention to the state of the Law of Evidence in Scotland, and bring in a Bill to assimilate it with that of England, so far as to allow the evidence of near relations to be received for each other. The present state of the law is attended with great hardship in numerous cases; and the feeling of the judges is not to exclude evidence; but the rule against the reception of the evidence of near relations in favour of each other, is too firmly fixed to be broken through without legislative authority.

IRELAND.

The accounts of the progress of the Precursor Society are so contradictory that it is impossible to discover whether it is likely to become the formidable association O'Connell expected, or whether it is about to die a natural death. *The Pilot* boasts of the accession of tens of thousands; but, if this be true, the members must be almost entirely of the less influential classes, for a great proportion of the Irish Liberal Members of Parliament has refused to join it. The O'Connell Tribute in Dublin already exceeds the collection of last year. By the 11th December, it had reached £1680, and contributions were daily coming in; while last year £1339 was the total amount collected in Dublin. A proposal has been made to collect £100,000, to purchase an estate for O'Connell, and discontinue the Tribute; but we suspect that such an effort is beyond the means of the Precursors. Mr John Ponsonby, son of Lord Duncannon, having expressed his disapproval of the Precursors, and of the Anti-Tithe agitation, has, in consequence, been severely taken to task by O'Connell, who asserts that "the present Ministry cannot stand without the Precursors; and that, if he gets two millions of Precursors, the Ministry is secure, and justice would be done to Ireland." He says that the Precursors' Society was formed to strengthen the hands of Ministers; and that, if he is to be told that the Precursors are to be thrown overboard, the Ministry must be thrown overboard also.

CANADA.

As had been anticipated, another attempt has been made to establish a Republic in Canada—but without success. The arrangements appear to have been as defective as those of last year; and, indeed, the great military force in the Colony renders all attempts at insurrection hopeless. It appears that since June preparations for a rising have been going on; and a secret oath had been taken by a great number of the *habitans* during the autumn. The movement took place on the night of the 3d November, in the district of Montreal, and neighbourhood; but, though many thousands assembled at first, the great proportion of them dispersed on finding that no arms had been provided for them. The insurgents took the village of Beauharnois, and made Mr Ellice, jun., Member for the Cupar district of burghs, and his lady, prisoners. They were headed by Dr Robert Nelson, who, in the assumed character of "President of the Provisional Government," issued a declaration, enumerating the grievances of the Canadians, and proclaiming a Republic. In the course of a week, the rebels in Lower Canada were completely

dispersed, and the insurrection put down. The jails have been filled with prisoners, and the most savage retaliation has been resorted to by the victors. Over a large extent of country, it is said that "not a single rebel house has been left standing," and the miserable *habitans* have been left to starve by hundreds in the woods. In Upper Canada, the British settlers remained perfectly quiet; but, on the night of the 8th November, several hundreds of armed Americans sailed from Ogdensburg, and made an attack on Prescott, a small town in Upper Canada, fifty miles east from Kingston. They took possession of a windmill and some other buildings, about a mile from Prescott, and maintained their position for three days against all the efforts of the militia. On the 15th, four companies of the 83d regiment, with two eighteen pounders and a howitzer, having come up, and also two gunboats, with two more eighteen pounders, the Sympathizers were unable to stand the fire, and surrendered at discretion—102 in all, of whom sixteen were wounded. The exasperation of feeling on the American and Canadian frontier is represented to be very great; and retaliation, on the part of the Canadians, for the attack made upon them, was feared. It is strongly suspected that the Russian Government has been actively fomenting the discontent in Canada; and that even the American Government is not sincere in its professions of neutrality. It is plain that, henceforth, Canada can only be kept down by a great military force; and whether it is worth the expense of keeping—probably two millions a-year, drawn from the over-taxed people of Britain—may well be doubted.

COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

A considerable rise has of late taken place in many articles, which has been attributed to an increase of the issues of the joint-stock banks. For some time past, there has been a speculative spirit afloat, as evinced by the formation of banking and other joint-stock companies, and by the rise of the price of the stock of many of them. The stock of nearly all the newly projected Scottish banks is at a considerable premium; and many persons have had the good sense to realize the profit, and retire from the companies, being fearful that there are more banks in existence, and in course of formation, than there is business for. An important commercial treaty between England and Turkey has been finally ratified, by which our trade with Turkey will be, in future, free from invidious distinctions and exclusions of particular articles, which have been felt to be so annoying. Our vessels are to be exempted from all taxes and charges in passing the Dardanelles or Bosporus, and our merchants are placed on the same footing as the most favoured subjects of Turkey itself. A commercial treaty has been concluded between Holland and the Prussian Commercial League. The corn and timber of the Baltic are to be admitted into Holland at diminished duties, and the League is to allow the importation of sugar from Holland on equally favourable terms.

AGRICULTURE.

The price of the best wheat has now risen to the war price of 85s. a-quarter; and, the average having reached 73s., the duty on importation is again reduced to 1s. There is every reason, however, to believe that there is no great quantity of foreign wheat to be entered for home consumption; the operation of our Corn-Laws of late years having had the effect, not merely of preventing the importation, but also the growth of foreign corn. The duty on all other kinds of grain, except wheat, still continues prohibitory; so that no relief can be obtained by the consumption of foreign barley or oats. All the accounts appear to shew that the late crop throughout the three kingdoms was greatly below an average. In the higher and later districts, indeed, it was a complete failure, many of the hill farmers not having enough of grain to keep their horses till next crop. In Aberdeenshire, great distress prevails, in consequence of the failure in the crops. In the east of Ireland, the high price of provisions, particularly of oatmeal and potatoes, has excited some alarm; and a meeting of the magistrates of the districts around Dublin has been held for the purpose of devising means to relieve the distress of the poor.

LORD DURHAM AND THE REFORMERS.

THE New Year opens gloomily, whether we regard the political or social aspects of the times, whether the domestic or foreign prospects of the country : our young Sovereign, egregiously misled ; her Ministers universally hated, despised, or distrusted ; the nation split into factions ; and the lower orders either actually starving, or upon the eve of starvation, and in a more inflammatory state than we can remember, even in the worst periods of popular discontent. That we are on the verge of some change, no one doubts, though nothing certain can be predicted, save that the Duke of Wellington may now have the Whig Ministry dirt-cheap—i. e., at salary-price—if he is willing to strike the bargain ; and that the Radicals may gain Lord Durham for a feather to the cap of liberty, if they will only be more prompt in their flattery, and strike while his Lordship's wrath is hot. The moment the Whig Government took courage to slam the doors of the Court and the Cabinet in his face, and to withhold that Plymouth salute—pitifully to withhold it—Lord Durham's course might have been foretold. There is now for him no alternative between sullen silence, and that high part for which his haughty temper, his aristocratic prejudices, and family connexions would render him inept, although he did possess those commanding qualities of intellect, and the various talents necessary to the leader of a great party in times like the present. Heaven knows, however, that the Whig swindling system has brought the cause of Reform, in its practical working, to a condition in which Reformers cannot afford to throw away one atom of strength. If the Earl of Durham be, as his adulators allege, willing to confess his errors, or even to be silent about them—to refrain from injudiciously vindicating his Canadian policy, and from claiming merit and triumph from it—the Reformers, having security for the future, may probably grant him indemnity for the past.

Notwithstanding the zeal and industry of the precarary, Mr Wakefield, and the tact and address of the "re-Durhamizing" journals, the Radical Reformers are anything but alert in hailing as one of their leaders the man who, upon the small capital of three speeches, gained a great reputation for stanch and sterling Liberalism ; and, the moment that his supposed influence at Court gave him the means of performing or of attempting some real service, insolently turned his back upon them, and, by a gratuitous blunder, a piece of inconceivable folly, wrote the memorable epistle to that Mr Bowlby who is now very characteristically employed in getting up addresses of confidence, and "Durham Demonstrations." Those Reformers are worse than besotted who degrade themselves and their cause in this way. Let Lord Durham now Demonstrate. It is his turn. We trusted him, and have been wofully deceived. Let him

express his regret and penitence, and he will be forgiven and restored, and taken back at his real value, which we apprehend the world now sees to be something considerably less than that at which he rates himself. We claim to have equally good, or better opportunities of knowing the state of public feeling than those who, in interested newspapers, and at abortive meetings, would represent the people as in a state of idiotic excitement and enthusiasm, about Lord Durham, the ex-Radical, ex-Ambassador, ex-Dictator. It is a palpable mistake. The people are not such gulls. Russia, Canada, and the Bowlby manifesto, are not so easily forgotten. If Sir William Molesworth, a young and amiable man, but an inexperienced politician, has been influenced to compromise his reputation in one rash letter, the acuteness of Colonel Thompson, of whose truth and earnestness no man doubts, furnishes the antidote. The Reformers will not precipitate themselves into another snare, even before the former Whig swindle is fairly consummated.

What have the few Reformers who have been congregated about Lord Durham by his precursors yet gained ? The noble Earl, most unguarded in the expression of personal resentment, has been studiously cautious not to commit himself to the cause of reform, in his late progress. The pointed insult of refusing the ex-Dictator gunpowder at Plymouth, did produce a faint reverberation of his great Glasgow guns, along with those strains of self-laudation which so well became him, immediately on his landing ; and a clap-trap about "ships, colonies, and commerce," which shewed his high opinion of the understanding of the parties whom he addressed ; or else, incredible ignorance of the feelings of the Reformers on his Canadian policy and conduct.

It is the more needful to warn a handful of heedless Radicals against degrading themselves to gain Lord Durham, that we are assured, by a very competent authority in this case, that his Lordship utterly despises us ; and that, as he cut us dead when we courted him on his hasty return from St Petersburg in 1837, so will he again upon his equally abrupt return from Canada. The *Examiner*, long Lord Durham's vassal, and now the vassal of Lord Melbourne, assures us that he understands his former patron better than the pitiful Radicals can do ; and that what his Lordship told Mr Bowlby then, he is ready to say again. This may be true, and it may not. Lord Durham in his present trim may be obtainable ; but the question becomes, on what terms is he worth having ? Is he not likely to be more a hindrance than a help ? This discussion may, however, be very safely deferred until it is seen what he will do. He is in the use of issuing Bowlby manifestoes and Canadian proclamations : let him issue one now, telling us what he will do for us ; on what

terms he will negotiate ; on what principle—not to be abandoned when it becomes convenient to his Lordship to make his peace with the Court—he is willing to take his stand among our leaders, with or under the Broughams, Humes, O'Connells, Wards, Leaders, Roebucks, Thompsons, Attwoods, Harveys, Wakleys ; and, in brief, every able public man who is willing to forget the past, to make manly and magnanimous sacrifices of small objects, and unite for the energetic promotion of the common cause.

To close this subject : If Lord Durham, without requiring farther cajolery and flattery, choose to come manfully forward, and declare for Household Suffrage, Triennial Parliaments, and the Ballot—his principles avowed at Glasgow—we shall be content, in the meanwhile, with earnest efforts to procure so valuable an instalment, and not press him hard on the question of the Church, Hereditary Legislators, Primogeniture, or even the Corn-Laws. But “the Durham policy” must be *immediate*. For all that his Lordship has ever volunteered, the country is now more than ripe—it is impatient. The toes of the Universal Suffrage multitudes already gall the kibes of the more cautious Reformers. We give his Lordship one more month of grace, and pray him to make good use of it in redeeming himself and serving his country. He has tried the Whigs ; he has tried the Court. If he choose frankly to throw himself upon the rational Reformers with repentance and earnest endeavour, we give him a cordial welcome back ; and promise that all that is past shall be buried in oblivion.

Waiving our doubts and fears, and assuming that Lord Durham is the high-minded patriot which his friends and his *Tail* represent him, he will come promptly forward, in the face of an imminent and inevitable crisis, and, sinking all merely personal resentments and grievances, remembering that it is his own Whig allies and his own political blunders that have injured him, cordially co-operate with the other Reform leaders. Acting in this spirit, we should deem Lord Durham a valuable accession to the national cause—a cause most hopeful, even at this its seemingly lowest ebb, could its true friends be fused into one compact body. The imminent danger of the immediate accession of the Tories, must alarm the Irish Members, who should either at once leave the British Parliament, or, in future sessions, be less exclusively Irish, and more wise and liberal in their policy, viewing the interests of the empire as indivisible.

Before the imbecile and dishonest Whigs shall have finished their four years' swindle, and evacuated on terms—handing over Court and country to the Tories, when no longer able to

keep them for themselves—there is time for the Reform leaders, now divided into twenty jealous carping factions, to throw their pitiful quarrels, and more pitiful personal objects, hostilities, and hobbies, to the winds. It is still quite practicable, that a powerful, because united, phalanx might, on the meeting of Parliament, oppose a front before which the insidious enemy would quail. It is evident that the Tories are by no means easy—the thing is not yet quite ripe. The Registration Courts have not been sufficiently worked, and there is a wild spirit abroad, and an up-heaving under-current, the force of which is not easily calculated. The real reforming party has nothing whatever to lose by the accession of the Tories, and much to gain from the adherence of a great number of the present ministerialists in the cities and boroughs. The Tories will scarcely hazard a dissolution ; they will prefer to experiment with the Whig-Melbourne Parliament, if they must prematurely come forward, lest better men step in. Already the Reform leaders possess every element necessary to carry on the government of the country, save one, *union* ; and, we sadly fear, those magnanimous qualities necessary to insure union :—a pure and elevated patriotism—a proud and generous humility—that hearty good-will which would make each man cheerfully carry a halbert, if there be no truncheon for him. Without union and harmonious action among themselves, how can they obtain either respect or confidence from the nation ? How should the Tories be asked to place faith in men whom their own friends distrust ? Not the vainglorious personage who, like Alexander, if he reign, must reign alone, and suffer no rival near him—not the self-seeker—not the merely ambitious man—not the pragmatist doctrinaire, is the Man for the Time.

In confessing to this want of union and concentration of purpose among our so-called leaders, we make a sweeping abatement from their capacities, either for carrying forward the Government efficiently, or constituting a formidable Opposition. Place and power, once attained, of themselves form, no doubt, a powerfully coherent principle ; but not such a one as it is desirable to see forming the cement of a Reform Ministry ; and the country has a right to see how the new order of men can bear themselves in a properly disciplined Opposition, before they obtain rule. Will they justify the faith which Reformers place in them, by exhibiting, in the coming session, the spectacle of a hearty, generous, and wise co-operation ? If they shall, they may defy the Tories, as they have demolished the Whigs.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

MRS JAMESON'S WINTER STUDIES AND SUMMER RAMBLES IN CANADA.*

POLITICIANS, and those who expect to peruse a history of the discontents and troubles in Canada, from the pen of an intelligent eye-witness, may be disappointed in this work; but to every other class of readers, five minutes will dispel the illusory notion conveyed by the title; and they will find that, if not what they expected, they have stumbled upon a lively, graceful, and picturesque book of random sketches, interspersed with gems of feminine wisdom, coloured by womanly sensibility. The present work proves, as we think, that the authoress has gained a much more wide and commanding range of observation and reflection, than was indicated by any of her former elegant performances. Yet, happily, she is not didactic; she does not preach, nor philosophize, nor tire, nor bore her readers with self-consequence, and solemn consciousness of some vast mission to humanity, committed to the special care of Mrs Jameson. One brief and pregnant paragraph, or a single incidental sentence, will open up a train of thought, on subjects influencing and tainting society to its core; subjects upon which men who can think and feel, will not speak; and from which nearly all women, shutting their eyes in disgust, turn away shuddering and loathing; hastily covering the foul and noisome eating cancer, which they would fain forget, as they have neither hope to effect its cure, nor courage to make the attempt. What a dismal picture does this lady give of the condition of all women in civilized life, and of their sexual relations, whether legitimate or illegitimate! The condition of her Indian squaws seems enviable in the comparison. In one place, she says—"I have not often in my life met with contented and cheerful-minded women; but I never met with so many repining and discontented women as in Canada. I never met with *one* woman recently settled here, who considered herself happy in her new home and country. I *heard* of one, and, doubtless, there are others; but they are exceptions to the general rule." Mrs Jameson herself is, we fear, no exception. She does not pretend

it. She states her grievances frequently and piteously; and really interests the sympathies of her readers, were it but by the frankness of her murmurings. Though she dwells much on her personal sufferings, from the extreme rigour of the climate, and the social and physical discomforts of a new and ill-concocted society, she seldom adverts to personal history. Her husband, it is known, obtained an appointment in Upper Canada; and his accomplished lady, an Irishwoman by birth and by character, appears to have followed him, about the close of 1836. Dates are not given of any year; though the months are noted. She travelled alone, in the very heart of a severe winter, from New York to Toronto, suffering much from the cold, but more from the roads, during six days and three nights; and, in the last days of December, was *flung*, half dead, into a steamer at Queenston, making a last trip to the capital, Toronto.

How long I slept I knew not: they roused me suddenly to tell me we were at Toronto; and, not very well able to stand, I hurried on deck. The wharf was utterly deserted, the arrival of the steam-boat being accidental and unexpected; and as I stepped out of the boat, I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. The day was intensely cold and damp; the sky lowered sulkily, laden with snow, which was just beginning to fall. Half-blinded by the sleet driven into my face and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked about a mile through a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, and to me, as yet, an unknown wilderness; and through dreary, miry ways, never much thronged, and now, by reason of the impending snow-storm, nearly solitary. I heard no voices, no quick footsteps of men or children; I met no familiar face, no look of welcome. I was sad at heart as a woman could be—and these were the impressions, the feelings, with which I entered the house which was to be called my *home*!

These are chilling and melancholy first impressions; and we see nothing save the influences of time which could materially soften them. The excessive cold alone must have been dreadful to a woman of delicate habits. She says, with vivacity which mocks her complaints—

I could almost wish myself a dormouse, or a she-bear, to sleep away the rest of this cold, cold winter, and wake only with the first green leaves, the first warm breath of

* Saunders and Odey. 3 vols.

the summer wind. I shiver through the day and through the night; and, like poor Harry Gill, "my teeth they chatter, chatter still;" and then at intervals I am burned up with a dry hot fever: this is what my maid, a good little Oxfordshire girl, calls the *hager*, (the ague) more properly the lake fever, or cold fever. From the particular situation of Toronto, the disorder is very prevalent here in the spring: being a stranger, and not yet *acclimatée*, it has attacked me thus unseasonably. Bark is the general and unfailing remedy.

The cold is at this time so intense that the ink freezes while I write, and my fingers stiffen round the pen; a glass of water by my bed-side, within a few feet of the hearth, (heaped with logs of oak and maple kept burning all night long,) is a solid mass of ice in the morning. God help the poor emigrants who are yet unprepared against the rigour of the season!—yet this is nothing to the climate of the lower province, where, as we hear, the thermometer has been thirty degrees below zero. I lose all heart to write home.

The Assembly was then sitting, discussing, among lesser matters, one branch of that plague of the whole world in one form or another, the *Church Question*—the appropriation of the clergy reserves, for which, in Canada, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Catholics and Methodists, are scrambling; while the Liberal and rational party would leave the clergy to Voluntary support, as in the United States, and devote the entire produce of the appropriated lands to education. Though all the members of Assembly are not accomplished readers and spellers themselves, they wish, it would appear, to secure a good education to their children—certainly no proof of their ignorance, however slender may be their scholarship.

A great part of this work is filled with reminiscences of Germany, criticism, and speculation on German dramas, and other matters quite foreign to Canada, though perhaps bearing closely on the means of filling three volumes. These matters we lay aside, though they make pleasant literary readings. One of the first excursions made by the authoress was to the Falls of Niagara, and in January. She wished that she had left the cataract to imagination. She was frozen, chilled in fancy, disappointed. The country was a wide snowy waste—the parlour of her little shabby inn heated like an oven—and that New Amadis, "Don Juan," lying open on its face, for the winter entertainment of the inmates of "Oakville House Hotel."

In a few weeks, the stranger began to look more calmly around her, and to be more reasonable in her expectations. A city forty years since a swamp, and which only took form after the last American war, could not be expected to possess the accommodations and *agrémens* of London; though it is accused of possessing all the evils, with few of the advantages, of the home-system of town life.

It is curious enough to see how quickly a new fashion, or a new folly, is imported from the old country, and with what difficulty and delay a new idea finds its way into the heads of the people, or a new book into their hands. Yet, in the midst of all this, I cannot but see that good spirits and corrective principles are at work; that progress is making: though the march of intellect be not here in double quick time, as in Europe, it does not absolutely stand stock-still.

There reigns here a hateful factious spirit in political

matters, but for the present no public or patriotic feeling, no recognition of general or generous principles of policy: as yet I have met with none of these. Canada is a colony, not a *country*; it is not yet identified with the dearest affections and associations, remembrances and hopes of its inhabitants: it is to them an adopted, not a real mother. Their love, their pride, are not for poor Canada, but for high and happy England; but a few more generations must change all this.

Canada will never be prosperous and peaceful until it be a *country*. The effects of colonial government in a province seem as ruinous as the management of middle-men on an absentee's estate. Mrs Jameson describes the Tories as the ascendancy party, who enjoy all the power and patronage; the Whigs as their rivals; and the Radicals—but we shall give them at first-hand.—"Another set are the Radicals, whom I generally hear mentioned as 'those scoundrels,' or 'those rascals,' or with some epithet expressive of the utmost contempt and disgust. They are those who wish to see this country erected into a republic, like the United States. A few among them are men of talent and education; but at present they are neither influential nor formidable." The immense inferiority of the colony to the opposite frontier, in enterprise, improvement, and prosperity, visible at a glance to every traveller, is dwelt upon at some length by Mrs Jameson. But the cause? That must not be investigated. It cannot be because Canada is a distant colony? The *morale* of the population seems as inferior as the cultivation of the soil, when compared with the United States. Drunkenness is a more general vice in Canada than in the States, and, where indulged, is carried to far greater excess. Toronto is the polished capital of Upper Canada, and morals and manners would seem there equally low.

With the interminable forests within half a mile of us—the haunt of the red man, the wolf, the bear—with an absolute want of the means of the most ordinary mental and moral development, we have here conventionalism in its most oppressive and ridiculous forms. If I should say, that at present the people here want cultivation, want polish, and the means of acquiring either, *that* is natural—is intelligible—and it were unreasonable to expect it could be otherwise; but if I say they want honesty, you would understand me, *they* would not; they would imagine that I accused them of false weights and cheating at cards. So far they are certainly "indifferent honest" after a fashion; but never did I hear so little truth, nor find so little mutual benevolence. And why is it so?—because in this place, as in other small provincial towns, they live under the principle of fear—they are all afraid of each other, afraid to be themselves; and where there is much fear, there is little love, and less truth.

Is there no one who will bring a few grains of truth to Toronto?

We have noticed that insulated thoughts and passages on social morals, and the condition and relations of woman, legitimate and illegitimate, form the gems of this work. In one place, when speculating upon the doctrine of expediency, or acquiescence in a small injustice to attain an imagined general good, the authoress remarks:—

We women have especial reason to exclaim against this principle. We are told openly by moralists and politicians, that it is for the general good of society, nay, an absolute necessity, that one-fifth part of our sex should be condemned as the legitimate prey of the other, pre-doomed to die in reprobation, in the streets, in hospitals,

that the virtue of the rest may be preserved, and the pride and the passions of men both gratified. But I have a bitter pleasure in thinking that this most base, most cruel conventional law is avenged upon those who made and uphold it; that here the sacrifice of a certain number of one sex to the permitted license of the other is no general good, but a general curse—a very ulcer in the bosom of society.

The subject is a hateful one—more hateful is it to hear it sometimes alluded to with sneering levity, and sometimes waved aside with a fastidious or arrogant prudery. Unless we women take some courage to look upon the evil, and find some help, some remedy within ourselves, I know not where it is to come from.

A common story of seduction follows; such a story as may, in every year and month, find hundreds of parallels. The close of it is deeply tragic. An English officer, whose companion told Mrs Jameson the tale, seduced a girl from her family in Lower Canada. She passed from one keeper to another, and, finally, the wretched creature came to London, where her original seducer, who had left the army, also was.

While he was roaming about London, amusing himself as young men are wont to do after a long absence from the central mart of pleasure and dissipation, he betook himself one evening, after a tavern dinner, to some house of infamous resort, and one of the wretched women of the establishment was sent to him as a companion. As she entered the room, S. started from the sofa to encounter, in the impudent, degraded, haggard, tawdry thing before him, the poor child who had been his victim in Canada. But long years of vice and misery had not yet utterly hardened her. They stood face to face for a few seconds, and looked in silence upon each other, (and who can tell what in those few seconds may have passed through the minds of each?) and then the miserable girl fell senseless on the floor.

He raised her up, and, in the remorse and agony of the moment, offered her all he had in the world;—poor, poor compensation! He urged her return to Canada:—he would pay all her expenses—place her beyond the reach of want—but it was all in vain.

After the first burst of feeling was over, the wretched girl shook him from her with sullen scorn and despair, and not only refused to return to the home she had disgraced, but even to accept from him anything whatever—and thus she left him. He it was—*himself*—who described the scene to F.

"Poor fellow!" said F., in conclusion, "he did not recover it for a long time—he felt it very much!"

Poor fellow!—and yet he was to be pitied; he did not make the system under which he was educated.

"What became of Captain S.?" I asked.

"Oh, he married well; he is now a very respectable and excellent man—father of a family."

"He has children, then?"

"Yes; several."

"Daughters?"

"Yes."

"No doubt," thought I, "he will take care of them."

No; there is no salvation for women but in ourselves: in self-knowledge, self-reliance, self-respect, and in mutual help and pity; no good is done by a smiling abuse of the "wicked courses" of men, while we trample into irrecoverable perdition the weak and erring of our own sex.

The sum of Mrs Jameson's demands, as a "first instalment" of the Rights of Women, is that "they shall be left, in all cases, responsible for their own actions and their own debts," having also, we presume, first obtained power and independence commensurate with that of their present masters and legislatures. She approves and eulogizes that provision of the Poor-Law Act which makes women the sole guardians of their own honour and chastity, and, she might have

added, of the virtue of the nobler sex also—a provision which leaves this unmitigated responsibility, not alone upon women like the well-protected daughters of such persons as Captain S.—triple fenced by education, custom, the experience and vigilance of their friends, and the usages of society—but upon the whole lower order of uninstructed and unprotected females, maid-servants, parish girls, and factory girls, upon creatures vain and ignorant, exposed to temptation in every form, and unguarded by opinion, if not rather deemed the natural prey of licentiousness. Mrs Jameson indeed laments that the legal liabilities should fall on the least guilty, and shews her courageous good feeling, by affirming that it will be the duty of those women who take a generous and extended view of the whole question, to soften the horrors that will ensue, by individual acts of mercy, "for the next few years," until all comes right, and the elevation of the one sex, we presume, shall regenerate both. Let it be so, and we shall rejoice. It is not a little singular that this discussion in Mrs Jameson's book arises from a bill then before the Assembly, for the provision for natural children by their supposed fathers, and that it originated in that Legislative Council where Sir Francis Head was endeavouring to enact a law which he had shortly before openly condemned in the mother country, in his flippant writings, and as a poor-law commissioner. Having by this new and satisfactory English law provided for one of the many evils to which society is heir, and of which women are the especial victims, another almost equally appalling and universal mischief remains, which Mrs Jameson states strongly, without, however, openly suggesting a remedy. This is matrimonial infelicity. In travelling with the Bishop of Michigan, a young prelate of the United States, with a diocese of 800 miles in length, and 400 in breadth, and probably a very narrow revenue, the conversation took a turn which brought out facts that struck the authoress very much.

In conversing with him and the missionaries on the spiritual and moral condition of his diocese, and these newly settled regions in general, I learned many things which interested me very much; and there was one thing discussed which especially surprised me. It was said that two-thirds of the misery which came under the immediate notice of a popular clergyman, and to which he was called to minister, arose from the infelicity of the conjugal relations; there was no question here of open immorality and discord, but simply of infelicity and unfitness. The same thing has been brought before me in every country, every society in which I have been a sojourner and an observer; but I did not look to find it so broadly placed before me here in America, where the state of morals, as regards the two sexes, is comparatively pure; where the marriages are early, where conditions are equal, where the means of subsistence are abundant, where the women are much petted and considered by the men—too much so.

For a result then so universal, there must be a cause or causes as universal, not depending on any particular customs, manners, or religion, or political institutions. And what are these causes? Many things do puzzle me in this strange world of ours—many things in which the new world and the old world are equally incomprehensible. I cannot understand why an evil everywhere ac-

knowledge and felt is not remedied somewhere, or discussed by some one, with a view to a remedy; but no—it is like putting one's hand into the fire, only to touch upon it; it is the universal bruise, the putrefying sore, on which you must not lay a finger, or your patient (that is, society) cries out and resists, and, like a sick baby, scratches and kicks its physician.

Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician, let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every-day existence, our moral welfare, and eternal salvation? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas, it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness; mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why then should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing. Love and death, the alpha and omega of human life, the author and finisher of existence, the two points on which God's universe turns; which He, our Father and Creator, has placed beyond our arbitration—beyond the reach of that election and free will which He has left us in all other things! Death must come, and love must come—but the state in which they find us, whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings?—this, I suppose, depends on ourselves; and for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue!—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy; irretrievable infamy; cureless insanity.

Mrs Jameson would seem to be a fatalist in love. A man can, it is very true, meet death but once; but there may be, we cannot presume to guess how many “real true loves” in most men's lives; and, we suspect, in some women's too. Could we be once quite assured as to the genuine symptoms of the *one* real love, of the grand passion, which is as sure to come as death itself, it would be more easy to legislate on this delicate subject.

We doubt the true love of the foolish and enthusiastic girl mentioned by Mrs Jameson—who some years ago made so great a sensation by bestowing her hand and fortune on the Red Indian missionary, Peter Jones, and devoting herself to love in a wigwam—has not been the one love which comes as certainly as death; for it has not, even with the fear of the laugh against her, enabled Mrs Jones to act her part as a squaw, although she became such of her own free choice. “She has quitted her village, to return to Europe.” Nor are we surprised. Mrs Jameson saw the station which Mrs Jones had abandoned, when on a visit to an interesting family of settlers, of whom the father had named his romantic residence *Erindale*, from fond recollection of his native country. It is situated on the *Credit* River. Few Canadian scenes are so rationally pleasing as this:—

Mr M——* is the clergyman and magistrate of the district, beside being the principal farmer and

* Magrath.

land proprietor. His wife, sprung from a noble and historical race, blended much sweetness and frankheartedness, with more of courtesy and manner than I expected to find. My reception was most cordial, though the whole house was in unusual bustle, for it was the 4th of June, parade day, when the district militia were to be turned out; and two of the young men of the family were buckling on swords and accoutrements, and furnishing up helmets, while the sister was officiating with a sister's pride at this military toilette, tying on sashes and arranging epaulettes; and certainly, when they appeared—one in the pretty green costume of a rifleman, the other all covered with embroidery as a captain of lancers—I thought I had seldom seen two finer-looking men. After taking coffee and refreshments, we drove down to the scene of action.

On a rising ground above the river which ran gurgling and sparkling through the green ravine beneath, the motley troops, about three or four hundred men, were marshalled—no, not marshalled, but scattered in a far more picturesque fashion hither and thither: a few log-houses and a saw-mill on the river-bank, and a little wooden church crowning the opposite height, formed the chief features of the scene.

Some had firelocks; some had old swords, suspended in belts, or stuck in their waistbands; but the greater number shouldered sticks or umbrellas. Mrs M—— told us that on a former parade day she had heard the word of command given thus—“Gentlemen with the umbrellas, take ground to the right! Gentlemen with the walking-sticks, take ground to the left!” Now they ran after each other, elbowed and kicked each other, straddled, stooped, chattered; and if the commanding officer turned his back for a moment, very coolly sat down on the bank to rest. Not to laugh was impossible, and defied all power of face. Charles M. made himself hoarse with shouting out orders which no one obeyed, except, perhaps, two or three men in the front; and James, with his horsemen, flourished their lances, and galloped, and capered, and curveted to admiration. James is the popular storekeeper and postmaster of the village, and when, after the show, we went into his warehouse to rest, I was not a little amused to see our captain of lancers come in, and, taking off his plumed helmet, jump over the counter to serve one customer to a “penny-worth of tobacco,” and another to a “yard of check.” Willy, the younger brother, a fine young man, who had been our cavalier on the field, assisted; and, half in jest, half in earnest, I gravely presented myself as the purchaser of something or other, which Willy served out with a laughing gaiety and unembarrassed simplicity quite delightful. We returned to sit down to a plain, plentiful, and excellent dinner; every thing on the table, the wine excepted, was the produce of their own farm. Our wine, water, and butter were iced, and everything was the best of its kind.

The next morning I looked out from my window upon a scene of wild yet tranquil loveliness. The house is built on the edge of a steep bank, (what in Scotland they term a *scour*,) perhaps a hundred feet high, and descending precipitously to the rapid river. The banks on either side were clothed with overhanging woods of the sumach, maple, tamarack, birch, in all the rich yet delicate array of the fresh opening year. Beyond, as usual, lay the dark pine-forest; and near to the house there were several groups of lofty pines, the original giant-brood of the soil; beyond these again lay the “clearing.” The sky was without a cloud, and the heat intense. I found breakfast laid in the verandah: excellent tea and coffee, rich cream, delicious hot cakes, new-laid eggs—a banquet for a king! The young men and their labourers had been out since sunrise, and the younger ladies of the house were busied in domestic affairs; the rest of us sat lounging all the morning in the verandah; and in the intervals of sketching and reading, my kind host and hostess gave me an account of their emigration to this country ten years ago.

Mr M. was a Protestant clergyman of good family, and had held a considerable living in Ireland; but such was the disturbed state of the country in which he re-

sided, that he was not only unable to collect his tithes, but for several years neither his own life nor that of any of his family was safe. They never went out unarmed, and never went to rest at night without having barricaded their house like a fortress. The health of his wife began to fail under this anxiety, and, at length, after a severe struggle with old feelings and old habits, he came to the determination to convert his Irish property into ready money, and emigrate to Canada, with four fine sons from seven to seventeen years old, and one little daughter. Thus you see that Canada has become an asylum, not only for those who cannot pay tithes, but for those who cannot get them.

Soon after his arrival, he purchased eight hundred acres of land along the banks of the Credit. With the assistance of his sons and a few labourers, he soon cleared a space of ground for a house, in a situation of great natural beauty, but then a perfect wilderness; and with no other aid designed and built it in very pretty taste. Being thus secure of lodging and shelter, they proceeded in their toilsome work—toilsome, most laborious, he allowed it to be, but not unrewarded; and they have now one hundred and fifty acres of land cleared and in cultivation; a noble barn, entirely constructed by his sons, measuring sixty feet long by forty in width; a carpenter's shop, a turning-lathe, in the use of which the old gentleman and one of his sons are very ingenious and effective, a forge, extensive outhouses, a farmyard well stocked, and a house comfortably furnished, much of the ornamental furniture being contrived, carved, turned, by the father and his sons. These young men, who had received in Ireland the rudiments of a classical education, had all a mechanical genius, and here, with all their energies awakened, and all their physical and mental powers in full occupation, they are a striking example of what may be done by activity and perseverance; they are their own architects, masons, smiths, carpenters, farmers, gardeners; they are, moreover, bold and keen hunters, quick in resource, intelligent, cheerful, united by strong affection, and doting on their gentle sister, who has grown up among these four tall, manly brothers, like a beautiful azalia under the towering and sheltering pines. Then I should add, that one of the young men knows something of surgery, can bleed or set a broken limb in case of necessity; while another knows as much of law as enables him to draw up an agreement, and settle the quarrels, and arrange the little difficulties of their poorer neighbours, without having recourse to the "attorney."

The whole family appear to have a lively feeling for natural beauty, and a taste for natural history; they know the habits and the haunts of the wild animals which people their forest domain; they have made collections of minerals and insects, and have "traced each herb and flower that sips the silvery dew." Not only the stout servant girl, (whom I met running about with a sucking-pig in her arms, looking for its mother,) and the little black boy Alick, but the animals in the farmyard, the old favourite mare, the fowls which come trooping round the benignant old gentleman, or are the peculiar pets of the ladies of the family,—the very dogs and cats appear to me, each and all, the most enviable of their species.

Mr M. told me that for the first seven or eight years they had all lived and worked together on his farm; but lately he had reflected that though the proceeds of the farm afforded a subsistence, it did not furnish the means of independence for his sons, so as to enable them to marry and settle in the world. He has therefore established two of his sons as storekeepers, the one in Springfield, the other at Streetsville, both within a short distance of his own residence; and they have already, by their intelligence, activity, and popular manners, succeeded beyond his hopes.

This sensible resolution galled the pride of the well-born Irish gentleman, and some lingering of "the old Adam," made him attempt excuses for the degradation of his boys selling out groceries in a Canadian village. His sensible country-woman sympathized, not with his national

prejudices, but with his good sense, in providing for the future independence of his sons.

Happily for the reading world and herself, Mrs Jameson formed the design of going farther west than ever white woman did before who has the same power of telling the tale of her adventures. She has performed another feat, which beats all former fair travellers: she passed over the falls of St. Mary in an Indian canoe, and has been adopted into the Chippewa tribe in consequence of her heroism. Dr Johnson has somewhere said that travelling in France or Italy was nothing, as these countries were but a worse sort of England; but that in the Hebrides, he had got many new ideas of life. So has Mrs Jameson among the Indians. On this tour she was quite alone. In reaching the steamer, *Michigan*, she visited Buffalo, in which she found several good booksellers' shops, filled with cheap editions of English publications, "generally of a trashy kind." Like most professional authors, she is a warm friend to the authors' monopoly; and would settle the matter at once, by a sweeping international act.

In travelling from the Falls of Niagara to Hamilton by the stage-coach, she had the misfortune to have, for a companion, a young and uncommonly handsome man, "beastly drunk." The adventure was not pleasant, though, we fear, that the same thing might have happened in "the old country," once or oftener in the course of the life of those who travel by the stage-coach. Many pleasing little snatches of manners and sketches of scenery occur as the route is pursued to the far-famed Talbot Settlement, the adventurous lady having resolved to beard the old lion, Colonel Talbot, in his den. At one place, an Irish farmer, dining at the inn where she halted, offered her a glass, from his travelling store of genuine potheen, which "had never seen God's beautiful world nor the blessed day, since it was bottled in ould Ireland." The traveller passed through the *Oxford* of the new world; a little village, with the usual saw-mill, grocery-store, and tavern, and a dozen *Shanties*, congregated on the banks of the stream. Of London, the site of which was once fixed upon for the capital of the province, the first house was built in 1827. Its central position in the midst of the three lakes, Erie, Ontario, and Lake Huron, presents many advantages. The Thames, on which it stands, is navigable for boats and barges, and London already contains 1300 inhabitants. It boasts a jail and court-house, five churches, three schools, and seven taverns. The population is chiefly artisans; and the traveller fears that there is a good deal of drunkenness and profligacy. Besides the supply of spirits in the taverns, the grocery stores elude the law against selling whisky. Mrs Jameson saw a district magistrate carried off the pavement dead drunk. Here women of the better class bitterly lament the want of respectable society; and those in the interior are condemned to entire solitude, and generally spend their lives in discontent, from, as it appears to us, sheer idleness. Mrs Jameson says truly, that "a woman

who cannot perform for herself and others all household offices, has no business here," in the bush; and, in effect, that a healthy, reasonable woman, who brings cheerful good-will to the discharge of her duties, may be as happy in Canada as anywhere in the world.

After remaining a short time at London, the tourist pushed on to Talbot country, which stretches along the shores of Lake Erie.

Towards the end of the last century, Colonel Talbot, then a very young man, was *aid-de-camp* to Governor Simcoe, whom he accompanied on surveying expeditions of a country which then contained not one white inhabitant, except along the borders, and on the shores opposite Detroit. The Six Nations were then settled on the Grand River, with a few wandering tribes of Hurons and Chippewas. Here Colonel Talbot resolved to form a colony; and he accordingly obtained a grant of 100,000 acres on the shores of Lake Erie, on condition of planting a settler on every 200 acres. He subsequently was appointed sole commissioner in colonizing a large tract of country. He has effected wonders in colonizing; but his life has been no child's play. He has himself put his shoulder to the wheel; and he has also demonstrated what may be done by energy, unremitting perseverance, and wholesome discipline. Let us cite Mrs Jameson's report of the "eccentric" Colonel Talbot, a high-born Irish gentleman—who, more flattering still, "must have been very handsome when young," and who is remarkable for his resemblance to the royal family, and, in particular, to the late King William. Well, it is a matter of taste this same personal beauty, and we defer to the lady; who, by the way, in another well-turned compliment, appropriates to Dick Talbot, (Duke of Tyrconnel,) a repartee on the subject of royal resemblances, which is usually attributed to the Earl of Stair.

Of the life he led for the first sixteen years, and the difficulties and obstacles he encountered, he drew, in his discourse with me, a strong, I might say a *terrible* picture: and observed that it was not a life of wild wandering freedom—the life of an Indian hunter, which Dr Dunlop says, is so fascinating, that "no man who has followed it for any length of time, ever voluntarily returns to civilized society!" Colonel Talbot's life has been one of persevering, heroic self-devotion to the completion of a magnificent plan, laid down in the first instance, and followed up with unflinching tenacity of purpose. For sixteen years he saw scarce a human being, except the few bores and blacks employed in clearing and logging his land: he himself assumed the blanket-coat and axe, slept upon the bare earth, cooked three meals a day for twenty woodmen, cleaned his own boots, washed his own linen, milked his cows, churned the butter, and made and baked the bread. In this latter branch of household economy he became very expert, and still piques himself on it.

To all these heterogeneous functions of sowing and reaping, felling and planting, frying, boiling, washing, wringing, brewing, and baking, he added another, even more extraordinary;—for many years he solemnised all the marriages in his district!

His continual quarrels with the successive governors, who were jealous of the independent power he exercised in his own territory, are humorously alluded to by Dr Dunlop.

"After fifteen years of unremitting labour and privation," says the Doctor, "it became so notorious in the province, that even the executive government at Toronto

became aware that there was such a place as the Talbot Settlement, where roads were cut and farms in progress; and hereupon they rejoiced, for it held out to them just what they had long felt the want of—a well-settled, opened, and cultivated country, wherein to obtain estates for themselves, their children, born and unborn, and their whole kith, kin, and allies. When this idea, so creditable to the paternal feelings of these worthy gentlemen, was intimated to the Colonel, he could not be brought to see the fitness of things in an arrangement which would confer on the next generation, or the next again, the fruits of the labour of the present; and accordingly, though his answer to the proposal was not couched in terms quite so diplomatic as might have been wished, it was brief, soldier-like, and not easily capable of misconstruction; it was in these words—"I'll be d—d if you get one foot of land here;" and thereupon the parties joined issue."

Colonel Talbot has fought a tough battle, but he has conquered. His homestead or chateau is picturesque, and, in one sense, patriarchal. Colonel Talbot is a generous despot, but still a despot. He likes no gentlemen settlers, nor will he permit any settlements within a certain distance of himself. As his power is absolute, he compels conformity with his regulations.

The land under his superintendence is divided into lots of 200 acres, 150 sold at three dollars per acre, and 50 given gratis. Each settler must clear and sow ten acres, build a log-house, and form one chain of road in front of his house in three years, on pain of forfeiture. "He never associates with the people except on one grand occasion, the anniversary of the foundation of his settlement. This is celebrated at St Thomas by a festive meeting of the most respectable settlers, and the Colonel himself opens the ball with one of the ladies, generally shewing his taste by selecting the youngest and prettiest." So many stories are circulated about the woman-hating, or woman-shunning Colonel, who, for many years, had permitted no female near his dwelling, that poor Mrs Jameson, who was not sure of her welcome, began to lose heart; altogether, as, after a weary day's jolting in a cart—which sort of vehicle was often the only conveyance she could obtain—darkness and the dwelling of the man of the woods came together. Fortunately, a person was met near the house, who informed her that the Colonel expected a lady "who had come over the sea to visit him." She was at once relieved. Lights were gleaming in the distant windows, and, as her carriage drew up, the gallant and much belied Colonel sallied out to receive her. She says—"My welcome was not only cordial, but courtly. The Colonel, taking me under his arm, and ordering the boy and his horses to be well taken care of, handed me into the hall or vestibule, where sacks of wheat and piles of sheep-skins lay heaped in primitive fashion; thence into a room, the walls of which were formed of naked logs." Her conversations with this eccentric recluse, if not important, are entertaining. Most she marvelled at his stoical indifference to those mighty events which had shaken Europe, and the whole world, since he had betaken himself to the wilderness. Though vowed, like St Kevin or St Oran, we presume, against the womankind, they have been too many for him. His favourite servant, after enduring

celibacy for twenty-five years, married at last; and there is now his wife, and a little child also, running about at its pleasure.

The Colonel has made different trips to England during his long period of sequestration, to bombard the Colonial Office; and has generally carried his points.

Mrs Jameson departed as she came, in a cart. Her postilion, with a *nate* Kerry brogue, had not one Irish feature in his face; and it was found that his grandfather had been a Frenchman. What an endless variety of cross-breeds are and will be in America! The driver and owner of the cart, had a farm of a hundred and sixty acres, and has cleared one hundred of it; for which, together with a log-house and barn, he had paid about £200. It was a grazing farm, which is rare in those parts, and his wife sold a good deal of butter and cheese at Port Stanley, one of Colonel Talbot's towns. We have this passing glimpse of the condition of Scottish Highland emigrants—

The road continued very tolerable during the greater part of this day, running due west, at a distance of about six or ten miles from the shore of Lake Erie. On either side I met a constant succession of farms partially cleared, and in cultivation; but no village, town, or hamlet. One part of the country through which I passed to-day is settled chiefly by Highlanders, who bring hither all their clanish attachments, and their thrifty, dirty habits—add also their pride and their honesty. We stopped about noon at one of these Highland settlements, to rest the horses and procure refreshments. The house was called Campbell's Inn, and consisted of a log-hut and a cattle-shed. A long pole, stuck into the decayed stump of a tree in front of the hut, served for a sign. The family spoke nothing but Gaelic; a brood of children, ragged, dirty, and without shoes or stockings, (which latter I found hanging against the wall of the best room, as if for a show,) were running about—and all stared upon me with a sort of half-scared, uncouth curiosity, which was quite savage. With some difficulty I made my wants understood, and procured some milk and Indian corn cakes. This family, notwithstanding their wretched appearance, might be considered prosperous. They have a property of two hundred acres of excellent land, of which sixty acres are cleared, and in cultivation; five cows, and forty sheep. They have been settled here sixteen years,—had come out destitute, and obtained their land gratis. For them, what a change from abject poverty and want, to independence and plenty! But the advantages are all outward; if there be any inward change, it is apparently retrogradation, not advancement.

The cart driver had thirty cows and eighty sheep. The wolves commit depredations on the flocks during winter; they appear almost the same animal as the Australian dog, and hunt in packs. Bears are hunted; and deer are still so plentiful in Upper Canada, that venison is common food in cottages and farm houses, and sells cheaply in the towns. Some of the inhabitants of the forest are even in a worse condition than these dirty inmates of Campbell's Inn, who yet probably call cousins with Maccaillain More. After having read the following passage, we begin to understand the advantages, so apt to be forgotten, of manufacturing towns:—

Here, where a small population is scattered over a wide extent of fruitful country, where there is not a village or a hamlet for twenty, or thirty, or forty miles together—where there are no manufactories—where there is almost entire equality of condition—where the means of

subsistence are abundant—where there is no landed aristocracy—no poor laws, nor poor rates, to grind the souls and the substance of the people between them, till nothing remains but chaff,—to what shall we attribute the gross vices, the profligacy, the stupidity, and basely vulgar habits of a great part of the people, who know not even how to enjoy or to turn to profit the inestimable advantages around them?—And, alas for them! there seems to be no one as yet, to take an interest about them, or at least infuse a new spirit into the next generation. In one log-hut in the very heart of the wilderness, where I might well have expected primitive manners and simplicity, I found vulgar finery, vanity, affectation, under the most absurd and disgusting forms, combined with a want of the commonest physical comforts of life, and the total absence of even elementary knowledge. In another I have seen drunkenness, profligacy, stolid indifference to all religion; and in another, the most senseless fanaticism. There are people, I know, who think—who fear, that the advancement of knowledge and civilisation must be the increase of vice and insubordination; who deem that a scattered agricultural population, where there is a sufficiency of daily food for the body; where no schoolmaster interferes to infuse ambition and discontent into the abject, self-satisfied mind; where the labourer reads not, writes not, thinks not—only loves, hates, prays, and toils—that such a state must be a sort of Arcadia. Let them come here!—there is no march of intellect here!—there is no "Schoolmaster abroad" here! And what are the consequences? Not the most agreeable to contemplate, believe me.

I passed in these journeys some school-houses built by the wayside: of these several were shut up for want of schoolmasters; and who that could earn a subsistence in any other way, would be a schoolmaster in the wilds of Upper Canada? Ill fed, ill clothed, ill paid, or not paid at all—boarded at the houses of the different farmers in turn, I found indeed some few men, poor creatures! always either Scotch or Americans, and totally unfit for the office they had undertaken.

She calls for missionaries of education and religion; and for social amusements, and innocent excitement, in place of whisky and camp meetings. With all its drawbacks, the country is advancing. The post-mistress of Howard township, who six years ago drew only ten dollars a quarter, now draws above forty; and yet postage is so high that poor emigrants are often unable to redeem their letters.

Mrs Jameson spent some time in conversing with the Moravian Missionary, settled among the tribe of Delaware, located near Chatham on the river Thames. The tribe had about 100,000 acres of the richest soil in the province ceded to them, of which the Lieutenant-Governor has lately purchased 25,000, for the very reasonable quit-rent of £150 a-year for ever. The tribe were not unanimous in this bargain. One hundred and fifty Delaware were in the minority. The *forever* is likely to be of short duration, as the Delaware are expected to move on before the inroads of civilization, and some have already gone off far west. How does the Government permit such acts in its functionaries? Those Delaware who objected to the sale (as it is called) of their hunting grounds, are also about to move westward, accompanied by some of their missionaries. It is painful as hopeless to contemplate the condition and prospects of the Indian tribes throughout Canada; and humiliating, indeed, to think that their moral degradation is principally owing to their intercourse with the Whites, as their total extinction will be at last.

With shame and pain may we all read this sentence:—"Wherever the Christian comes, he brings the Bible in one hand, disease, corruption, and the accursed fire-water, in the other; or, flinging down the book of peace, he boldly and openly proclaims that might gives right, and substitutes the sabre and the rifle for the slower desolation of starvation and whisky."

We cannot be satisfied with the grounds upon which Mrs Jameson grounds her fanciful opinion of the Indians being an *untameable* race. The same thing has been said of the painted Britons, more recently of the wild Irish and the wilder Highlanders; but all were found perfectly tameable where there were time, motive, and fair play. These requisites will never be found for Indians in Canada. One of her own notes is the best refutation of her opinion which can be given:—

When General Wayne (1794) destroyed the settlements of the Wyandots and Miamis along the Miami river, and on the south shores of Lake Erie, he wrote thus in his official despatch:—"The very extensive and cultivated *fields and gardens* shew the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miami of the lake and Au Glaize, appear like one continued village for a number of miles, both above and below this place. *Nor have I ever beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida.*" And all this fair scene was devastated and laid waste! and we complain that the Indians make no advance in civilisation!

Mrs Jameson proceeded to Detroit in one of the small lake steamers. She was accompanied by the Moravian missionaries and their families, who were about to emigrate with the Delewares beyond the Missouri. They are descended of the early German Moravians, but appear to be natives of the country. They were not prepossessing companions. In the steerage were some Scotch and Irish emigrants of the lowest grade, and a patriarchal family of Vermonters on their way to the Illinois, and already eleven weeks on the route. They had two covered waggons, a yoke of oxen, and a pair of horses. The patriarch from Vermont led out into the wilderness fifteen children, by three wives. The group is cleverly painted. All attempts at conversation with them were unsuccessful. The father was rude, the children shy, and the third wife sickly and melancholy. The following sketch is in a happier tone—and why force those gay *Habitans* to become sulky Vermonters?—

The banks of the Thames are studded with a succession of farms, cultivated by the descendants of the early French settlers—precisely the same class of people as the *Habitans* in Lower Canada. They go on exactly as their ancestors did a century ago, raising on their rich fertile lands just sufficient for a subsistence, wholly uneducated, speaking only a French patois, without an idea of advance or improvement of any kind; submissive to their priests, gay, contented, courteous, and apparently retaining their ancestral tastes for dancing, singing, and flowers.

In the midst of half-dilapidated, old-fashioned farm-houses, you could always distinguish the priest's dwelling, with a flower-garden in front, and the little chapel or church, surmounted by a cross,—both being generally neat, clean, fresh-painted, and forming a strange contrast with the neglect and slovenliness around.

We stopped half way down the river to take in wood. Opposite to the landing-place stood an extensive farm-house, in better condition than any I had yet seen: and

under the boughs of an enormous tree, which threw an ample and grateful shade around, our boat was moored. Two Indian boys, about seven or eight years old, were shooting with bow and arrows at a mark stuck up against the huge trunk of the tree. They wore cotton shirts, with a crimson belt round the waist ornamented with beads, such as is commonly worn by the Canadian Indians; one had a gay handkerchief knotted round his head, from beneath which his long black hair hung in matted elf locks on his shoulders. The elegant forms, free movements, and haughty indifference of these Indian boys were contrasted with the figures of some little dirty, ragged Canadians, who stood staring upon us with their hands in their pockets, or importunately begging for cents. An Indian hunter and his wife, the father and mother of the boys, were standing by, and at the feet of the man a dead deer lay on the grass. The steward of the boat was bargaining with the squaw for some venison, while the hunter stood leaning on his rifle, haughty and silent. At the window of the farmhouse sat a well-dressed female, engaged in needlework. After looking up at me once or twice as I stood upon the deck gazing on this picture—just such a one as Edwin Landseer would have delighted to paint—the lady invited me into her house; an invitation I most gladly accepted. Everything within it and around it spoke riches and substantial plenty; she shewed me her garden, abounding in roses, and an extensive orchard, in which stood two Indian wigwams. She told me that every year families of Chippewa hunters came down from the shore of Lake Huron, and encamped in her orchard, and those of her neighbours, without asking permission. They were perfectly inoffensive, and had never been known to meddle with her poultry, or injure her trees. "They are," said she, "an honest, excellent people; but I must shut the gates of my orchard on them to-night—for this bargain with your steward will not conclude without whisky, and I shall have them all *ivres mort* before to-morrow morning. I passed half-an-hour in pleasant conversation with this lady, who had been born, educated, and married in the very house in which she now resided. She spoke English well and fluently, but with a foreign accent, and her deportment was frank and easy, with that sort of graceful courtesy which seems inherent in the French manner, or used to be so. On parting, she presented me with a large bouquet of roses, which has proved a great delight, and served all the purposes of a fan. Nor should I forget that in her garden I saw the only humming birds I have yet seen in Canada: there were two lovely little gem-like creatures disporting among the blossoms of the scarlet-bean. They have been this year less numerous than usual, owing to the lateness and severity of the spring. The day has been most intolerably hot; even on the lake there was not a breath of air. But as the sun went down in his glory, the breeze freshened, and the spires and towers of the city of Detroit were seen against the western sky. The schooners at anchor, or dropping into the river—the little canoes flitting across from side to side—the lofty buildings—the enormous steamers—the noisy port, and busy streets, all bathed in the light of a sunset such as I had never seen, not even in Italy—almost turned me giddy with excitement.

In rambling about Detroit, the traveller saw more of the *Habitans*. One day she was sitting under a tree, speculating upon the causes of the evident superiority visible in all things on the American side of the river—

When an old French Canadian stopped near me to arrange something about his cart. We entered forthwith into conversation; and, though I had some difficulty in making out his *patois*, he understood my French, and we got on very well. If you would see the two extremes of manner brought into near comparison, you should turn from a Yankee storekeeper to a French Canadian; it was quite curious to find in this remote region such a perfect specimen of an old-fashioned Norman peasant—all bows, courtesy, and good-humour. He was carrying a cart-load of cherries to Sandwich; and when I begged for a ride, the little old man bowed and smiled, and

poured forth a voluble speech, in which the words *enfant! honneur!* and *madame!* were all I could understand; but these were enough. I mounted the cart, seated myself in an old chair surrounded with baskets heaped with ripe cherries. After permission asked, and greeted with a pleasant smile and a hundredth removal of the ragged hat, I failed not to profit by my situation, and dipped my hand pretty frequently into these tempting baskets. When the French penetrated into these regions a century ago, they brought with them, not only their national courtesies, but some of their finest national fruits—plums, cherries, apples, pears, of the best quality—excellent grapes too, I am told—and all these are now grown in such abundance as to be almost valueless. For his cart-load of cherries my old man expected a sum not exceeding two shillings.

The traveller was charmed with Detroit, which is, comparatively, an ancient and venerable city, that has suffered many of the vicissitudes of war in its time. Five or six newspapers are published in Detroit alone, and forty-two steamers touch at it. At the library Mrs Jameson borrowed some books; and though the "gentleman" who kept it neither moved his hat from his head, nor bowed at her entrance, he would receive no remuneration for the use of his books from "a lady and a stranger." Every country has its own way of expressing civility, and this was no doubt meant for high courtesy, and accordingly accepted as such. At Detroit Mrs Jameson heard the Baptist preacher, after praying for all men of all conditions, including the King of Great Britain, manage most adroitly with the President:—"The suppliant besought the Almighty, that 'if Mr Van Buren were a good man, he might be made better, and if a bad man, he might be speedily regenerated.'"

Mrs Jameson had previously made a hasty but delightful acquaintance with a very interesting woman, a half-blood Indian, the wife of Mr MacMurray, a missionary to the Chippewas, settled at Sault Ste. Marie. She had been invited to visit them at their far distant station, on the River St Mary, between Lake Huron and Lake Superior; and had conceived so strong a desire to move westward, and see wild Indians in their primitive condition, that she resolved to proceed, and get, at all events, as near them as possible. Her chosen companion and guide was the Travels of Henry, who had, seventy years before, when the Red Man was more in his primeval state, been a fur trader on the Lakes. In steaming along to St Clair River, she had the gratification of seeing groups of Hurons and Saginaws; and, after a night of deadly seasickness, if we may call it so, at dawn opened her eyes on that exquisitely lovely island of Mackinaw, which so enraptures poetical travellers. Here we have a sun-rise which may almost rival Byron's Italian sun-set, when

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night."

We were lying in a tiny bay, crescent-shaped, of which the two horns or extremities were formed by long narrow promontories projecting into the lake. On the east, the whole sky was flushed with a deep amber glow, flickered with softest shades of rose-colour—the same intense splendour being reflected in the lake; and upon the extremity of the point, between the glory above and the glory below, stood the little missionary church, its light spire and belfry defined against the sky. On the oppo-

site side of the heavens hung the moon, waxing paler and paler, and melting away, as it seemed, before the splendour of the rising day. Immediately in front rose the abrupt and picturesque heights of the island, robed in richest foliage, and crowned by the lines of the little fortress, snow-white, and gleaming in the morning light. At the base of these cliffs, all along the shore, immediately on the edge of the lake, which, transparent and unruffled, reflected every form as in a mirror, an encampment of Indian wigwams extended far as my eye could reach on either side. Even while I looked, the inmates were beginning to bestir themselves, and dusky figures were seen emerging into sight from their picturesque dormitories, and stood gazing on us with folded arms, or were busied about their canoes, of which some hundreds lay along the beach.

There was not a breath of air; and while heaven and earth were glowing with light, and colour, and life, an elysian stillness, a delicious balmy serenity, wrapt and interfused the whole. Oh, how passing lovely it was! how wondrously beautiful and strange! I cannot tell how long I may have stood, lost, absolutely lost, and fearing even to wink my eyes, lest the spell should dissolve, and all should vanish away like some air-wrought phantasy.

The more mundane and solid affair of breakfast which follows, is equally good in its way. At Mackinaw, the Indian agent of the United States is Mr Schoolcraft, the author of a well-known book of travels in these regions. He is married to an elder sister of Mrs MacMurray. Mrs Jameson, who, luckily for her readers, is more enterprising than timidly considerate, knew nothing of this family, and was afraid that the MacMurrays, on their way to the Far West, might not even have mentioned her—that she might, in short, be an intruder, *de trop*, especially as the lady to whom she came a volunteer guest, was indisposed. She was, however, very kindly received, became much attached to her interesting hostess, and diligently cultivated an intimate acquaintance with the Indians then at Mackinaw. This portion of her book is exceedingly interesting, from the artistical style in which the Red Men are represented, though much information is not longer to be expected from such accidental or flying guests to wigwams, as English ladies must, of necessity, be. Mrs Jameson had, however, the advantage of being present at "a talk" between the Indians and Mr Schoolcraft, at which the brother of Mrs Schoolcraft acted as interpreter.

About twenty of their principal men, including a venerable old chief, were present; the rest stood outside, crowding the doors and windows, but never attempting to enter, nor causing the slightest interruption. The old chief wore a quantity of wampum, but was otherwise undistinguished, except by his fine head and acute features. His grey hair was drawn back, and tied on the top of his head with a single feather. All, as they entered, took me by the hand with a quiet smile and a "bojou," to which I replied as I had been instructed, "Bojou, neje!" (good-day, friend!)

After some whispering among themselves, an orator of the party addressed Mr Schoolcraft with great emphasis. Extending his hand, and raising his voice, he began: "Father, I am come to tell you a piece of my mind." But when he had uttered a few sentences, Mr Schoolcraft desired the interpreter to tell him that it was useless to speak farther on that subject, (I understood it to relate to some land-payments.) The orator stopped immediately, and then, after a pause, he went up and took Mr Schoolcraft's hand with a friendly air, as if to shew he was not offended. Another orator then arose, and proceeded to the object of the visit, which was to ask an

allowance of corn, salt, and tobacco, while they remained on the island—a request which I presume was granted, as they departed with much apparent satisfaction.

There was not a figure among them that was not a study for a painter; and how I wished that my hand had been readier with the pencil to snatch some of those picturesque heads and attitudes!

Of another "talk" she says—

There were fifty-four of their chiefs, or rather chief men, present, and not less than two hundred Indians round the house; their dark, eager faces filling up the windows and doorways; but they were silent, quiet, and none but those first admitted attempted to enter. All as they came up, took my hand: some I had seen before, and some were entire strangers; but there was no look of surprise, and all was ease and grave self-possession: a set of more perfect gentlemen, in manner, I never met with.

Fresh parties of Indians, of different tribes, were arriving at this island every day. It seems to have been a rendezvous for them on their route to the Manitoolin Islands, to receive the presents annually distributed by the British Government to those tribes who had been our "allies" during the American war. Some of them make a voyage of 500 miles to receive a few blankets and kettles. They paddle all day, and at night "camp out" on the shores, subsisting on the parched Indian corn and bear's fat which they bring along with them, and the fish and game they can find. This annual expedition occupies from six weeks to two months of what to civilized men is the busiest season of the year. It may be doubted whether the gratuities received prove benefits.

Mrs Schoolcraft was proud of her Indian origin, and took an enthusiastic and enlightened interest in the improvement of her race; yet she spoke of them in a melancholy spirit, as if she considered them a doomed race. Many beautiful traits of character are related of these noble savages—of their high sense of personal dignity, and the strength of their domestic affections. It has often been said that the Indians are insensible to the romance, the enthusiasm—shall we say, the virtue?—of the passion of love. The following little anecdote, while it exhibits the actual condition of the *squaws* to be one of greater comparative social elevation than is generally imagined, proves that there may be red, as well as black and white Sapphos.

Some time ago, a young Chippewa girl conceived a violent passion for a hunter of a different tribe, and followed him from his winter hunting-ground to his own village. He was already married, and the wife, not being inclined to admit a rival, drove this love-sick damsel away, and treated her with the utmost indignity. The girl, in desperation, offered herself as a slave to the wife, to carry wood and water, and lie at her feet—anything to be admitted within the same lodge, and only look upon the object of her affection. She prevailed at length. Now, the mere circumstance of her residing within the same wigwam made her also the wife of the man, according to the Indian custom; but apparently she was content to forego all the privileges and honours of a wife. She endured, for several months, with uncomplaining resignation, every species of ill usage and cruelty on the part of the first wife, till at length this woman, unable any longer to suffer even the presence of a rival, watched an opportunity as the other entered the wigwam with a load of fire-wood, and cleft her skull with the husband's tomahawk.

"And did the man permit all this?" was the natural question.

The answer was remarkable. "What could he do? He could not help it: a woman is always absolute mistress in her own wigwam!"

Mrs Jameson's greatest feat in voyaging was still to be performed. She set off one day *impromptu* for Sault Ste. Marie in a little Canadian bateau; and, all at once, her friend Mrs Schoolcraft resolved to accompany her on a visit to her Indian mother. At night they "camped out," and by day rowed on, exactly as in the ante-steam]age of the Canadian lakes. The mosquitoes bear a peculiar spite to Mrs Jameson; and we have never seen those minute tormentors more *feelingly* described. She becomes ashamed of so often reverting to this petty but most irritating plague, and breaks off—"Enough of mosquitoes—I will never again do more than allude to them; only they are enough to make Philosophy go hang herself, and Patience swear like a Turk or a trooper." On one side of the river Saint Mary was the mission station of Mr MacMurray; opposite it, the curious homestead of his Indian mother-in-law, O,shah,gush,ko,da,na,qua, *alias* Mrs Johnston. The strongest inducement which the fair voyager had to come so very far West, was to see in the mother of her two friends a woman of pure Indian blood, and of a race celebrated as warriors and chiefs from generation to generation.

Some forty or more years previously, a young Irishman, in the fur-trade, named Johnston, fell deeply in love with the daughter of the chief Waub Ojeeg.

"White man!" said the chief with dignity, "your customs are not our customs! You white men desire our women, you marry them, and when they cease to please your eye, you say they are *not* your wives, and you forsake them. Return, young friend, with your load of skins to Montreal, and if there the women with the pale faces do not put my child out of your mind, return hither in the spring, and we will talk farther—she is young, and can wait."

The fairbrown O,shah,gush,ko,da,na,qua meanwhile *dreamed* that a white man was to be her future husband, and that she was to become a very great woman;—yet, during the negotiation for her hand, reluctance, aversion, and terror at the connexion, were the very natural sentiments of the Chippewa maiden.

On being carried with the usual ceremonies to her husband's lodge, she fled into a dark corner, rolled herself up in her blanket, and would not be comforted, nor even looked upon. It is to the honour of Johnston, that he took no cruel advantage of their mutual position, and that she remained in his lodge ten days, during which he treated her with the utmost tenderness and respect, and sought by every gentle means to overcome her fear and gain her affection; and it was touching to see how tenderly and gratefully this was remembered by his wife after a lapse of thirty-six years. On the tenth day, however, she ran away from him in a paroxysm of terror, and, after fasting in the woods for four days, reached her grandfather's wigwam. Meantime her father, Waub Ojeeg, who was far off in his hunting-camp, *dreamed* that his daughter had not conducted herself according to his advice, with proper wife-like docility, and he returned in haste two days' journey to see after her; and finding all things *according to his dream*, he gave her a good beating with a stick, and threatened to cut off both her ears. He then took her back to her husband, with a

propitiatory present of furs and Indian corn, and many apologies and exculpations of his own honour. Johnston succeeded at length in taming this shy wild fawn, and took her to his house at the Sault Ste Marie. When she had been there some time, she was seized with a longing once more to behold her mother's face, and revisit her people. Her husband had lately purchased a small schooner to trade upon the lake; this he fitted out, and sent her, with a retinue of his clerks and retainers, and in such state as became the wife of the "great Englishman," to her home at La Pointe, loaded with magnificent presents for all her family. He did not go with her himself, apparently from motives of delicacy, and that he might be no constraint upon her feelings or movements. A few months' residence amid comparative splendour and luxury, with a man who treated her with respect and tenderness, enabled the fair Oshahgush, ko, da, na, qua to contrast her former with her present home. She soon returned to her husband, and we do not hear of any more languishing after her father's wigwam. She lived most happily with Johnston for thirty-six years, till his death, which occurred in 1828; and is the mother of eight children, four boys and four girls.

She shewed me her husband's picture, which he brought to her from Montreal; the features are very gentleman-like. He has been described to me by some of my Canadian friends, who knew him well, as a very clever, lively, and eccentric man, and a little of the *bon vivant*. Owing to his independent fortune, his talents, his long acquaintance with the country, and his connexion by marriage with the native blood, he had much influence in the country.

This Indian lady inherits the poetical talent of her father Waub-Ojeeg, though we must say that an allegory of hers, translated to Mrs Jameson by her daughter, so closely resembles Mrs Barbauld's allegory of the Seasons, that the coincidence could hardly be accidental. A large tract of Sugar Island is her property, and she manufactures maple sugar upon a scale which astonishes us. "Three thousand five hundred cwt. of sugar of excellent quality," manufactured in the season when Mrs Jameson visited her, must render the chieftainess the very Mrs Coutts of the Indians—though it is probable there is some mistake as to the quantity.

In the fall, she goes up with her people in canoes to the entrance of Lake Superior, to fish in the bays and creeks for a fortnight, and comes back with a load of fish cured for the winter's consumption. In her youth she hunted, and was accounted the surest eye and fleetest foot among the women of her tribe. Her talents, energy, activity, and strength of mind, and her skill in all the domestic avocations of the Indian women, have maintained comfort and plenty within her dwelling in spite of the losses sustained by her husband, while her descent from the blood of their ancient chiefs renders her an object of great veneration among the Indians around, who, in all their miseries, maladies, and difficulties, apply to her for aid or for counsel.

Some Chippewa songs and legends are introduced, from the free translations of Mrs Jameson's amiable semi-Indian female friends; and many fine traits of native character are noticed. Mr Schoolcraft, who has been twenty-five years an agent to the Indians from the States, said, that he had never known them break a promise or violate a treaty; which is pretty considerably more than, in relation to Indians, can be averred of the Government for which he acts.

Mrs Jameson, we have intimated,

"Has some stout notions on the marrying score."

She considers the condition of the squaws, relatively to the state of the society in which they live, as better than that of her own fair country-

women; and goes far to make out her case. The Indian girl would, in the first place, seem to have the sole power of accepting or rejecting her lover. If she or her relations are propitious, all that remains is to carry her home to his lodge. "He neither swears before God to love her till death—an oath which it depends not on his own will to keep, even if it be not perjury in the moment it is pronounced—nor to endow her with *all* his worldly goods and chattels, when even by the act of union she loses all right of property; but apparently the arrangements answer all purposes, to their mutual satisfaction." She denies that the men treat the women as "slaves," "drudges," or "beasts of burthen," or that they are so further than the true and natural position of women in such a state of society makes them. The next argument is of larger scope, and equally cogent:—

When we speak of the *drudgery* of the women; we must note the equal division of labour; there is no class of women privileged to sit still while others work. Every squaw makes the clothing, mats, moccasins, and boils the kettle for her own family. Compare her life with the refined leisure of an elegant woman in the higher classes of our society, and it is wretched and abject; but compare her life with that of a servant-maid of all work, or a factory girl—I do say that the condition of the squaw is gracious in comparison, dignified by domestic feelings, and by equality with all around her. If women are to be exempted from toil in reverence to the sex, and as *women*, I can understand this, though I think it unreasonable; but if it be merely a privilege of station, and confined to a certain set, while the great primeval penalty is doubled on the rest, then I do not see where is the great gallantry and consistency of this our Christendom, nor what right we have to look down upon the barbarism of the Indian savages who make *drudges* of their women.

I will just mention here the extreme delicacy and personal modesty of the women of these tribes, which may seem strange when we see them brought up and living in crowded wigwams, where a whole family is herded within the space of a few yards; but the lower classes of the Irish, brought up in their cabins, are remarkable for the same feminine characteristic: it is as if true modesty were from within, and could hardly be outwardly defiled.

But to return. Another boast over the Indian savages in this respect is, that we set a much higher value on the chastity of women. We are told (with horror) that among some of the north-west tribes the man offers his wife or sister, nothing loath, to his guest, as a part of the duty of hospitality; and this is, in truth, *barbarism*!—the heartless brutality on one side, and the shameless indifference on the other, may well make a woman's heart shrink within her. But what right have civilised *men* to exclaim, and look sublime and self-complacent about the matter? If they do not exactly imitate this fashion of the Indians, their exceeding and jealous reverence for the virtue of women is really indulged at a very cheap rate to themselves. If the chastity of women be a virtue, and respectable in the eyes of the community for its own sake, well and good; if it be a mere matter of expediency, and valuable only as it affects property, guarded by men just as far as it concerns their honour—as far as regards ours, a jest—if this be the masculine creed of right and wrong—the fiat promulgated by our lords and masters, then I should be inclined to answer, as the French girl answered the Prince de Conti, "Pour Dieu! monseigneur, votre altesse royale est par trop insolente!" There is no woman, worthy the name, whose cheek does not burn in shame and indignation at the thought.

Such women as those poor, perverted, sacrificed creatures who haunt our streets, or lead as guilty lives in lavish splendour, are unknown among the Indians.

With regard to female right of property, there is no such thing as real property among them, except the hunting-grounds or territory which are the possession of the tribe. The personal property, as the clothing, mats, cooking and hunting apparatus—all the interior of the wigwam, in short—seems to be under the control of the woman; and, on the death of her husband, the woman remains in possession of the lodge, and all it contains, except the medal, flag, or other insignia of dignity, which go to his son or male relatives. The corn she raises, and the maple sugar she makes, she can always dispose of as she thinks fit—they are *hers*.

Here is matter to give us pause. The ladies are getting too many for us. They seem determined that, since we must needs be the lords, they shall be the ladies of the creation, every inch of it. They claim no privileges—they stand on right. Whatever judgment may be formed of the bold opinions we have just quoted, Samuel Johnson's ghost, we believe, would give it wholly against Mrs Jameson. What follows is worthy of earnest consideration :—

Until of late years there was no occupation for women by which a subsistence could be gained, except servitude in some shape or other. The change which has taken place in this respect is one of the most striking and interesting signs of the times in which we live. I must stop here : but do you not think, from the hints I have rather illogically and incoherently thrown together, that we may assume as a general principle, that the true importance and real dignity of woman is everywhere, in savage and civilised communities, regulated by her capacity of being useful; or, in other words, that her condition is decided by the share she takes in providing for her own subsistence and the well-being of society as a productive labourer? Where she is idle and useless by privilege of sex, a divinity and an idol, a victim or a toy, is not her position quite as lamentable, as false, as injurious to herself and all social progress, as where she is the drudge, slave, and possession of the man?

The two extremes in this way are the Indian squaw and the Turkish sultana; and I would rather be born the first than the last; and to carry out the idea, I would rather, on the same principle, be an Englishwoman or a Frenchwoman, than an American or a German woman—supposing that the state of feeling as regards women were to remain stationary in the two last countries—which I trust it will not.

Mrs Jameson left the Sault Ste. Marie and her Chippewa mother's house in sadness. She went to the Manitoolin Islands with Mr and Mrs MacMurray, for the purpose of observing more of Indian life and manners. They made the voyage of 170 miles in a bateau, "camping out" as before. The crew were admirably assorted. "They were all Canadian voyageurs of the true breed—that is, half-breed—showing the Indian blood as strongly as the French. Pierrot, worthy his name, was a most comical fellow; Masta, a great talker, amused me exceedingly; Content was our steersman and captain; and Le Blanc, who was the best singer, generally led the song, to which the others responded in chorus."

The voyage was full of stirring incident, and is most picturesque in all its details. On the first night forty-five miles had been made.

In the evening we came to an island consisting of a flat ledge of rock, on which were the remains of a former camp-fire, surrounded by tall trees and bushes: here we pitched our little *marquée*, and boiled our kettle. We made our beds by spreading mats and blankets under us; and then, closing the curtain of the tent, Mr MacMurray began a very effective slaughter and expulsion of the

mosquitoes. We laid ourselves down, Mrs MacMurray in the middle, with her child in her bosom; Mr MacMurray on one side, myself at the other, and the two Indian girls at our feet; the voyageurs, rolled in their blankets, lay upon the naked rock round the fire we had built, and thus we all slept. I must needs confess that I found my rocky bed rather uneasy, and my bones ached as I turned from side to side; but this was only a beginning. The night was close and sultry, and just before dawn I was awakened by a tremendous clap of thunder.

The next morning was beautiful; the sun shone brightly, though the lake was yet heaving and swelling from the recent storm—altogether it was like the laughing eyes and pouting lips of a half-appeased beauty. About nine o'clock we ran down into a lovely bay, and landed to breakfast on a little lawn surrounded by high trees and a thick wood, abounding in rattlesnakes and squirrels. Luckily for us, the storm had dispersed the mosquitoes.

Keeping clear of the covert, to avoid these fearful snakes, I strayed down by the edge of the lake, and found a tiny creek, which answered all purposes, both of bath and mirror, and there I arranged my toilette in peace and security. Returning to our breakfast-fire, I stood some moments to admire the group around it—it was a perfect picture: there lay the little boat rocking on the shining waves, and near it Content was washing plates and dishes; Pierrot and Masta were cooking; the two Indian girls were spreading the tablecloth on the turf. Mrs MacMurray and her baby—looking like the Madonna and child in the "*Repose in Egypt*"—were seated under a tree; while Mr MacMurray, having suspended his shaving-glass against the trunk of a pine, was shaving himself with infinite gravity and sang-froid. Never, I think, were the graceful, the wild, the comic, so strangely combined!—add the rich background of mingled foliage, the murmur of leaves and water, and all the glory of a summer morning!—it was very beautiful!

We breakfasted in much mirth, and then we set off again.

This was a voyage worth making. Who would voyage by steamers or Indiamen with such a mode of conveyance in their power? At another halting-place, they came upon the wrecks of an Indian tribe.

A number of little Red-aksins were running about, half, or rather indeed wholly naked—happy, healthy, active, dirty little urchins, resembling, except in colour, those you may see awarming in an Irish cabin. Poor Ireland! The worst Indian wigwam is not worse than some of her dwellings; and the most miserable of these Indians would spurn the destiny of an Irish *poor-slave*—for he is at least lord o'er himself. . . . While they pitched the marquee, I stood for some time looking at a little Indian boy, who, in a canoe about eight feet in length, was playing the most extraordinary gambols in the water; the buoyant thing seemed alive beneath him, and to obey every movement of his paddle. He shot backwards and forwards, described circles, whirled himself round and round, made pirouettes, exhibited, in short, as many tricks as I have seen played by a spirited English boy on a thorough-bred pony.

The mosquitoes were in great force, but we began by sweeping them out of the tent with boughs, and then closing the curtain, we executed judgment on the remainder by wholesale. We then lay down in the same order as last night; and Mrs MacMurray sang her little boy to sleep with a beautiful hymn. I felt all the luxury of having the turf under me instead of the rock.

From a schooner on the lake they demanded news, and learned that William the Fourth was dead, and that Queen Victoria reigned in his stead! Of that Princess the voyager says—"And what a fair heritage is this which has fallen to her! A land young like herself—a land of hopes—and fair, most fair! Does she know—does she care anything about it?"

while hearts are beating warm for her, and voices bless her—and hands are stretched out to tend her, even from these wild lake shores!”

The Manitoolin islands are to the Indians sacred places. The name signifies “the dwelling of spirits.” Three thousand seven hundred persons had assembled there to receive the annual gift of their “Great Mother, across the Salt Lake,” to her red children. Mingled with the Indians was an Englishman of family, settled up the lake, who had brought down his brace of Indian mistresses to receive their share of the presents, to which he might fancy them doubly entitled, in virtue of his aristocratic blood.

There is a man here, an Englishman, settled up the lake somewhere, who has a couple of Indian mistresses, and has brought them down to receive *their* presents. He is a man of noble family, and writes *honourable* before his name. He swaggers about in a pair of canvas trousers and moccasins, a check shirt with the collar open, no cravat, a straw hat stuck on the side of his head, and a dirty pipe in his mouth. He had a good fortune, and an honourable station in society; the one was wasted in excesses, and the other he has disgraced and abandoned. His countenance and his whole deportment conveyed an impression of reckless profligacy, of folly, weakness, and depravity, inexpressibly disgusting. There is no ruffian like the ruffian of civilised life. I turned from this man to my painted, half-naked Pottowatomies with a sense of relief.

She had in her lake voyage passed the Island of St Joseph, in the interior of which is an English settlement, and a village of Indians. Here the principal proprietor, a patriarchal “Major R—,” a magistrate and justice of the peace, has two Indian women, sisters, living with him, and a family by each.

Seeing so much of missionaries, the Canadian traveller naturally inquired into the practical results of their labours.

“The English Church,” said one of our most intelligent Indian agents, “either cannot or will not, certainly does not, sow, therefore cannot expect to reap.” The zeal, activity, and benevolence of the travelling missionary Elliott are beyond all praise; but his ministry is devoted to the back settlers more than to the Indians. The Roman Catholic missions have been, of all, the most active and persevering; next to these the Methodists. The Presbyterian and the English Churches have been hitherto comparatively indifferent and negligent.”

Father Crue is a Roman Catholic missionary, stationed at Manitoolin Island; but, as Major Anderson, the Indian agent there, observed, he was “always on the go, up the lakes and down, wherever he had hope of being useful.” He is a zealous, active man, of whose interference the

Churchmen and Methodists complain; but of whom, if Mrs Jameson’s information be correct, true Christians cannot complain.

One thing is most visible, certain and undeniable, that the Roman Catholic converts are, in appearance, dress, intelligence, industry, and general civilization, superior to all the others.

A band of Ottawas, under the particular care of Father Crue, have settled on the Manitoolin, about six miles to the south. They have large plantations of corn and potatoes, and they have built log-huts, a chapel for their religious services, and a house for their priest. I asked him distinctly whether they had erected these buildings themselves: he said they had.

The voyage down the lake, in a birch-bark canoe, after Mrs Jameson had parted from her returning friends, and was again alone among men and strangers, is, if possible, more beautiful and picturesque than her previous voyage. Well is she entitled to say, that the Roman Emperor, who proclaimed a reward for a new pleasure, should have made a voyage down Lake Huron in a birch-bark canoe. She wonders that the gentry in London, looking as if they would give an empire for a sensation, do not go there. If epicures, they could eat white fish and beaver tails; if sportsmen, it is the sportsman’s paradise. This same white fish, found in its full perfection in Lake St Clair, would seem to drive Mr Stuart’s and Captain Hamilton’s canvass-back ducks fairly out of the market. Mrs Jameson is inapproachable in novel luxuries and dainties, as in everything else.

A painful account is given of the condition of the commuted pensioners, of whom eight hundred reached Upper Canada, though only one hundred and fifty are now living, some of them begging their bread, or living on public charity.

A few more days restored the adventurous lady safely to her home in Toronto, after spending exactly two months in what she terms her “wild expedition.” It is, however, one on which she must long look back with delight. How much freshness and animation—what an accumulation of new and vivid images—of romance and savagery—does it present, even to the tame fireside reader, five thousand miles away from the scene of her travels! Next to being with Rosalind in the forest of Arden, or with Miranda in her enchanted island, is, for an hour or two, to accompany this imaginative rambler along those wild western lakes, and among those everlasting woods and their ancient Red inhabitants.

“NOT RIPE FOR POLITICAL POWER.”

THE men whose minds move faster than their age,
And faster than society’s dull fight,
You hear the ribald railings and the rage
Of those who lag behind it. As the light
Flies on the horizon’s verge before its might
Can penetrate life’s dark and murky stage;
As the swift Herodias on his pilgrimage
Happily, the source, the fountain bubbling bright;

As the sweet smiles of infants promise youth,
And martyr-sufferings herald sacred truth—

So Thought flung forward is the prophecy
Of Truth’s majestic march, and shews the way
Where future time shall lead the proud array
Of peace, of power, and love of liberty.

JOHN BOWLING.

WAR IN INDIA.

By late accounts from India, we are informed that the utmost alarm prevailed there, and that preparations were being made at all the Presidencies to place the army in a proper state to resist a threatened invasion of the Russians, and also to keep in check the Nepaulese and the Burmese, who were simultaneously preparing to attack our possessions on the east and south-east frontiers. Unfavourable as these accounts are, there is another of a still more gloomy character; it is, that the tributary and dependent states of India, between thirty and forty of which are bound to furnish military aid whenever called upon by the British Government, are conspiring against us, and are prepared to second the designs of Russia, being resolved to seize every chance of freeing themselves from British control, though they should eventually fall under the yoke of Russia. Amongst these, the Rajah of Satarah is particularly mentioned, as being devoted to the interests of Russia. He was formerly the acknowledged legitimate head of the Mahrattas, and, although the other Mahratta chiefs have been compelled to renounce their allegiance to him, it is not unlikely that a common interest will lead them again to unite round him, should the opportunity present itself. But the design of re-establishing the Mahratta power is too hopeless an enterprise to allow us to suppose that the Rajah has been induced, by mere ambitious views, to renounce his allegiance to the British Government. He seems to have been actuated by deadly hatred to the English, to risk his own destruction; and we may imagine how prevalent this feeling is, when it is thus evinced by one who is under peculiar obligations to the British Government. For a long period, the supreme authority of the Mahratta state had been usurped by the Peishwa or Prime Minister, and the Rajah was kept a state-prisoner, and allowed to appear in public only on special occasions. In 1817, the Peishwa organized a confederacy of the Mahratta powers, and, having assembled his troops professedly to assist us in putting down the Pindarries, he treacherously fell upon a small body of the British troops; he then quitted his capital, and carried on a desultory war for several months, taking with him the Rajah of Satarah, and giving orders to put him to death, should there be any danger of his falling into the hands of the English. The Rajah was, however, rescued, and the territories of the Peishwa having been conquered and taken from him, a part thereof, yielding about £200,000 per annum, was conferred upon the Rajah of Satarah. Whether the Rajah has since that time suffered wrongs and indignities which, in his eyes, may amount to a cancelment of former obligations, it is not our object to inquire. Without attempting a justification of his conduct, the inference we would draw from it is, that, if this man, notwithstanding all his obligations, is disaffected to the British Government,

how much more likely is that to be the case with others who have not received the same favours? The thralldom in which the native princes are held; the degradation of their authority in the eyes of their subjects; the intermeddling of the British residents in the internal affairs of these states—overruling and opposing the constituted authorities; and the alacrity with which they sacrifice the dearest interests of these states to promote the views of the British Government—are all calculated to render the British hateful both to prince and people.

We need only refer to the opium monopoly, which, about 1820, was established in Malwa; and, although Sir John Malcolm warned the Government, in the following year, that it had “already made an impression not favourable to our interests,” instead of being relinquished, it was extended, and made infinitely more rigorous and oppressive than before. The native princes were compelled to enter into engagements to restrict the cultivation of the poppy in their territories, and to sell the entire produce, at a stipulated price, to the British Government. This price was less than half what might have been obtained for the opium in the open market. The landholder suffered in his rents, the cultivator in his profits, and the merchant in being prohibited from engaging in a lucrative branch of trade, which, instead of enriching the country where it was carried on, was appropriated to the service of a foreign state. But this was not all: in order to maintain the monopoly, to prevent smuggling and illicit cultivation, swarms of British agents and spies were spread over the states, who harassed all classes of the people with their vexatious inquisitions; yet smuggling was carried on to a great extent, and sometimes under the protection of bands of armed men, who set the authorities at defiance, and engaged the Government troops. This oppressive monopoly was persevered in till 1829, when it was perceived by Government that the states affected by it were so greatly exasperated, and the country becoming so disorganized, that it was considered dangerous to prolong it. When we add that the India Government has been blamed for its tenderness to the native states, and its neglect of British interests, by abolishing the monopoly, some idea may be formed of the general nature of our proceedings regarding them. Mr Mill of the India House, in his evidence on the subject, said—“These treaties it has been since thought expedient to give up, on account of a *supposed harshness* in their operation; a *supposition* in which I never was able to concur.” Surely all sense of justice must be lost, when acts of such enormous tyranny can be defended, and their supposed harshness denied. This judgment, however, no less than the case to which it refers, will serve in some degree to explain how it is that, in the hour of danger, our allies and dependents are

turning against us. It is a melancholy and humiliating reflection that the dominion of England should be thus universally detested by the native powers of India. Often before has the fact been declared ; but while all remained tranquil, while no actual revolt took place or was in preparation, the fact was doubted or disregarded. The system of the home authorities has ever been to stifle inquiry, and to keep the affairs of India in profound obscurity, in order to induce the belief that everything is going on well. We are told of our mild and benevolent government of India scattering benefits on all within its influence ; but, when the hour of danger arrives, when the empire is threatened on all sides by foreign enemies, it can no longer be concealed that our chief danger is from within. And how are we prepared to meet all these difficulties ? Through a short-sighted economy, the army of India has been reduced to an extent which scarce allows it to perform the ordinary duties in the time of peace ; promotion has been stopped, and the European officers rendered discontented and irritated by a reduction of their former allowances ; yet these savings, effected at the hazard of the security of India, have been shamelessly squandered away at home, amongst the jobbers in East India stock and the friends and dependents of the Directors.*

So greatly has the Indian army been reduced, that it is stated, in an Indian newspaper, that the largest force we could now collect for frontier service from Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, could not exceed 60,000 natives, 16,000 Europeans, and 100 guns ; a force quite sufficient, it is added, to beat all our enemies, were they collected in one body, for a regular "stand-up fight," but utterly inadequate to meet the attacks of numerous bodies of light troops, invading, at uncertain intervals, a frontier of many hundred miles in extent. It has been considered necessary to march 30,000 of these troops immediately to the northern frontier, part of whom will enter Cabul or Afghanistan, to secure the country from the Shah of Persia, who has been instigated by Russia to attack it. As this country will soon become the theatre of important events, and many very erroneous accounts have appeared concerning it, we shall give a few particulars, to explain the state of parties there. About the time that the English became masters of Bengal, Ahmed Shah Abdallee, the King of the Affghans, overran the north of India, took possession of Delhi, and almost annihilated the Mahratta army at the celebrated battle of Paniput, in 1761, after which he withdrew to his own country. His grandson, Zemaun Shah, threatening to invade India for several years previous to 1800, Sir John Malcolm was sent to Persia, and he prevailed on the Shah to attack Cabul, which called home Zemaun to protect his own dominions. Soon after his return, a conspiracy was formed against Zemaun Shah, who fell into the hands of his enemies, had his eyes put out, and his brother, Mahmoud, mounted the throne. The latter was opposed by

Shah Soojah, another brother, who also proclaimed himself king ; but he was at last obliged to take refuge with Runjeet Sing ; and eventually both the deposed monarchs, Zemaun and Soojah, retired into the British territories, and for many years received pensions for their support from the British Government. In the meantime, Mahmoud, having put to death his vizier, the chief of a powerful family who had been instrumental to his elevation to the throne, a rebellion was raised. Mahmoud was compelled to fly to Herat, where he became a tributary to Persia, and the rest of the country was split into small principalities and divided amongst the brothers of the murdered vizier. Since that period, the country has been in a very distracted state ; the chiefs have been constantly at variance amongst themselves ; and Runjeet Sing has taken advantage of their weakness to subdue a great part of the country—having acquired Cashmere, Moulton, Peshawur, and other districts. At Mahmoud's death, his son, Prince Kamram, succeeded him at Herat, which is now the only place in Afghanistan in the possession of any branch of the royal family. In 1809, Mr Elphinstone was sent to Cabul, in order to secure the co-operation of that state in repelling a threatened invasion of India by the French. At that time, Shah Soojah was on the throne, and a treaty was entered into with him. Shah Zemaun having been deprived of sight, was thenceforth incapable of reigning ; and Soojah being next in succession, must be considered the legitimate king. He has made two attempts to recover the throne ; at the last, in 1833, Soojah was encouraged by Runjeet Sing, and he accordingly collected a considerable, but very inefficient and disorderly body of troops, with which he entered the country ; but, being defeated at Candahar, he again retired into the British territory. He is now about to be restored to his dominions by the British, who will, no doubt, enter into the same engagements with him as are usual with the other protected states—viz., that a body of British troops shall be permanently stationed in his territories, the expense of whose maintenance shall be provided for by him. It is understood that the rebellious chiefs, and particularly Dost Mahomed Khan, the ruler of Cabul, would willingly have entered into treaties with the English to oppose the Persian army ; but, as this could not be done without giving umbrage to our ally, Runjeet Sing, they joined the Persians in their attempt to reduce Herat. We may hope that, through the mediation of the English, these chiefs may be induced to submit to Shah Soojah, without resorting to hostilities ; and, in that case, the whole force will be directed against Prince Kamram, who, having some pretensions to the throne, a considerable army under his command, and being elated with his late success, is less likely to yield without a struggle. With regard to a Russian invasion of India, though by no means an impossible event, we cannot believe it to be so near at hand as has been represented. It would be a great and hazardous enterprise for any European nation. Russia is proverbially

* See *Tait's Magazine* for July 1838, p. 429.

slow in all her movements, and her preparations must be known long before they could be completed on a scale of any magnitude to promise success; but, besides this, Russia could never expect to derive any advantage from the success of her armies in India, adequate to her loss and expenditure in a protracted war, at so vast a distance from her own frontier. Her chief motive for undertaking such an enterprise, would be to injure England, by depriving us of this source of our power, or by weakening us in our attempts to maintain it. "It must be obvious," says the Marquis of Hastings, "that should any European potentate aim at the subversion of the British establishment in India, it would not be with so absurdly extravagant a hope as the succeeding to a similar domination. To reduce Britain's strength by depriving her of such sinews as India affords, would be the purpose; and the course which would suggest itself for effecting it, would be the exciting some powerful sentiment in India against us." It is perfectly in accordance with these views that Russia, without having any present design of marching an army to India, should threaten us with invasion; that she should even prepare the way, and, by her emissaries, involve us in difficulties, internal and external, that she may impress upon us a sense of our insecurity in India, and render us fearful of thwarting her in her other schemes of aggrandisement. In the event of an invasion, it has been generally supposed that the Russian army will proceed from the Caspian Sea along the valley of the Oxus, and through the fertile countries of Bokhara and Balk. It has been well known that Russian agents have been dispersed over all the neighbouring countries; but it is only within a few years that any attempts have been made by the British Government to inquire into the nature of their proceedings, or to ascertain how far the march of an army by that route was practicable. The result of Lieutenant Burnes' journey to Bokhara in 1831, at length called the attention of Government to this subject, since which time various measures have been adopted to extend our influence to the countries north of the Indus. By treaty with the Government of Sind, a trade has been opened through the whole line of the Indus. Sir J. Burnes has been again sent to the north: a few months ago he was at Cabul, where he found a Russian agent negotiating with Dost Mahomed the ruler. The Russian endeavoured to prejudice Dost Mahomed against the British agent, and obtain his dismissal; but, after some hesitation, the latter was received with favour. Of Runjeet Sing, the ruler of the Punjab, it may be briefly stated, that he is master of a large army, great part of which has been disciplined under French officers: From the station of a petty Sikh chief, he has raised himself to supreme power, and has also made many foreign conquests: he has never been at war with the English, with whom, for some years past, he has been, to all appearance, on a very friendly footing, though it is believed that he regards them secretly with great jealousy. Runjeet Sing oc-

cupies the passes through which an invading army would most probably penetrate into India—a circumstance which renders his alliance of the utmost importance to us.

A pamphlet, under the title of "India, Great Britain, and Russia," having appeared just before the news arrived of the probability of our being involved in hostilities in Afghanistan, has excited much attention, from the circumstance of the author having recommended that line of policy which the Indian Government has actually adopted—viz, "to assume the part of a mediator between the different rulers whose dissensions now distract the Afghan territory;" but although the Indian Government has resolved to pursue this course, it has been with views and under circumstances very different from those contemplated by the writer in question: the latter seems inclined to provoke a war with Russia, while the Indian Government has judiciously refrained from any interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, until such a step could be fully justified to all the powers of India, as a measure of strict self-defence against threatened invasion. This pamphlet has been written under great misconception of our actual position in India. For many years past we have been assuring the native powers that we had no wish whatever to extend the British territories—an assertion in which they do not place too much confidence, and which they would wholly disregard, if we were to send our troops into countries beyond the Indus, except under circumstances of the most evident necessity for the defence of India. Sir John Malcolm relates, that when endeavouring to convince the minister of a native prince of our fixed determination not to extend the British territories beyond their present limits, the reply was—"You are no doubt sincere in your professions; but, however, the time will come when there will be but one coinage for all India." We must also refer to our relations with Runjeet Sing, who has been forbidden by us from extending his authority over the Sikh or other chieftains south of the Sutlege, but was, at the same time, allowed, by a tacit or implied agreement, to extend his conquests on the north: for many years he has been appropriating to himself parts of the Afghan territory, taking advantage of the dissensions in that country, and he would not have consented to see it placed under British protection, unless convinced that such a step was requisite to preserve him from some impending danger.

From the north of India we have now to direct our attention to the south, where, at a distance of 1500 miles, another war is impending with the Burmese, while the Ghoorkas of Nepaul are arming themselves as if preparatory to a similar outbreak. The first indication of a rupture with the Burmese was manifested more than a year ago; a revolution took place at Ava, in which the King was deposed and his brother mounted the throne: the usurper promised to spare the lives of his enemies, but he soon began to wreak his vengeance on them, putting

them to death with the most horrid barbarity, and doing the same to others, merely for the purpose of extorting their wealth. We have before us a letter from an English merchant, residing at Rangoon, dated July 1837, which says—"The new King has advisers or has sentiments inimical to our prosperity; he disapproves of our resident, Colonel Burney, being at Ava, except on his sufferance, and I have no doubt but we shall find it the best policy to take this country under our protection. Whether or not we merchants will be placed in jeopardy by any premature act of our Government, remains to be proved; the idea of being sawn in two, or tortured to extort money in ways which we daily hear of, has made my blood run cold, and convinced me that it would be an act of mercy to take this country." Though the new King professed a desire to remain at peace with the English, he refused to recognise Colonel Burney, or to receive a British Resident; our military force on the coast was accordingly increased, and Colonel Burney found it necessary to quit the Burmese territory. It has since been discovered, or at least strongly suspected, that a secret correspondence has been carrying on between the Burmese monarch and the Rajah of Nepal; and troops have been marched to those parts of Assam, through which it was suspected the envoys would pass, with a view to intercept them. Both of these states have the same grounds for hostility against the British; they have both suffered defeat and lost territory, and they are both warlike, having overcome all their neighbours till they came in contact with the British; it took two campaigns to subdue the Ghorkas, and there was much hard fighting with them, which was not the case with the Burmese.

On a full consideration of all the circumstances, it can scarcely be denied that the situation of India is alarming, if not perilous, and that we are more dependent than ever on the fidelity of the native troops. It happens, fortunately for us, that this part of the Indian population may be depended on more than any other class; but even with regard to them we must not be too secure; for where there is a general spirit of disaffection throughout the country, it cannot have failed to make some impression on the troops. One of the strongest holds we have on them is the consideration of their own individual interests, and the punctuality with which their pay is distributed. Now it is said that the revenues of India will be reduced six millions sterling, in consequence of the famine which has prevailed in the western provinces; and when we remember that the last Burmese war cost fifteen millions, it may be apprehended that the Indian treasury may be exhausted if another war should occur at the present moment. The native troops are the only part of the population whose interests have been cared for, and even they have their grievances to complain of. Witness the massacre at Barrackpore, at the commencement of the Burmese war—an event which

has never yet been properly investigated, and which, we will venture to say, has not been forgotten by the Sepoys. That these men are not always inclined to be the passive instruments of their European officers, has been proved by many facts. And we are informed, that, so recently as July last, when a party of Sepoys were warned for the execution of a prisoner, their comrade, whom a general court-martial had sentenced to be shot to death by musketry, four or five of the men positively refused the duty; and, though they subsequently undertook it to the extent of forming a part of the detail to whom the execution was assigned, they intentionally and openly fired clear of the convict, who was, in consequence, obliged to be dispatched by the provost sergeant. We trust that the present critical state of our India possessions will arouse the attention of this country to the subject before it is too late, before an outbreak shall have occurred such as that in Canada, which will render it next to impossible to restore order, and that a strict inquiry will be instituted into that system of government, which, while it provokes the hostility of all surrounding states, has neither secured the attachment of our own fellow-subjects, nor the fidelity of our allies. Among the numerous grievances of British India, we may specify the intolerable pressure of taxation, which deprives the mass of the people of all the fruits of their labour, except a bare maintenance; to this we may attribute the dreadful sufferings, and the loss of many thousand lives in the late famine in the north-west provinces—a famine it has been called, though it now appears that the calamity was rather excessive poverty, from which the inhabitants were unable to purchase the means of support, than a scarcity of food itself. What tenderness has been shewn to the natives of India, let the dreadful mortality in the Indian jails proclaim, or the facilities granted for shipping them off to the slave colonies, and the continuation of slavery in India. The courts of justice are so venal and dilatory that no one can enter them without bribery, or expect a decision in a civil case under seven or ten years. Such was the case at least within a very few years; and we have lately seen the East India Company conferring a grant of £5000 on the heirs of a judge who was murdered at Delhi, while the act of assassination was one so highly applauded by the inhabitants, that a tumult was apprehended; and although the design of rescuing the murderer was baffled, his grave was adorned with garlands, and prayers were addressed to him as a saint and a martyr in the cause of his country. This is not a solitary instance of revenge for real or supposed injuries; several other cases have lately occurred, in which the lives of European officers, civil and military, have been sacrificed, and attempts have been made upon a larger scale to provoke the Sepoys to mutiny, and to murder their officers.

In a recent work on India,* by Captain West-

* The Present and Future Prospects of our Indian Empire.

macott, late assistant to the political agent on the north-east frontier, the author, who has visited nearly all the cities of importance in Northern, Western, and Central India, affirms, that "the laws we have given to the East have made it necessary to erect prisons which overflow with debtors and felons; while in the native states there is scarcely a prison to be seen." In December 1837 there were upwards of 1250 prisoners in the criminal jail of Bareilly. We have overturned the most valued and useful institutions of the natives, and seized upon the funds which from time immemorial have been devoted to religious and benevolent purposes, and for the improvement of the country. Formerly every village had its own municipality, by which its affairs were conducted, the public taxes apportioned, order preserved, and disputes settled: these municipalities have been abolished, to make way for our corrupt, dilatory, and incomprehensible judicial system, and a rapacious and tyrannical body of policemen, whose extortions are unbounded. "The waste lands belonging to villages, and reserved by the inhabitants to meet the wants of their increasing populations, and to support schools, charities, and caravanseries, have been appropriated by Government." "Religious endowments have been sequestrated, and the reservoirs and aqueducts that fertilized the country are gone to decay. The charitable institutions, the asylums for the poor, the sick, and the maimed, splendid and useful public works, are crumbling to dust, and the wells and resting places in the desert, built and endowed by princes, and the wealthy and benevolent, as a refuge for the traveller under an eastern sun, are neglected, and fallen to ruin." Since the

decay of the caravanseries, merchants and caravans are obliged to seek an asylum in the villages, or to encamp in the open plain, exposed to depredations; and it is now dangerous to travel through a country where formerly there was as complete security as in England. By a combination of the judicial and financial functions, the tax-collectors are enabled to inflict penal law on those who disobey their authority, a system which "*has covered India with disaffection, poverty, and crime.*" Insurrections are continually breaking out, in one part or other of the British territories, and the tributary states "entertain towards us no friendly feeling." "There are few of our allies and tributaries who bear towards us a friendly feeling, and few who could resist the temptation of securing an accession of territory by conspiring to effect our ruin." "Were the Muscovite hordes to cross the Attock, all our allies and tributaries would probably be in arms; it would be a signal for the Sikhs, the Rajpoots, the Mahrattas, the Rohillas, and the warriors of Oude, to fling away their scabbards." Such is the description given by Captain Westmacott, of the effects of British rule in India; and yet he would have us to extend our empire to Attock, which would call forth hosts of new enemies, in order to prepare against the problematic danger of a Russian invasion. But, though the possibility of such an event is not to be overlooked, our real danger in India is from within, and our chief efforts should be directed to correct the manifold evils of misgovernment: the best security against foreign invasion is the affection of our native subjects and allies.

THE VALUE OF "THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS."

BEFORE the rise of the Utilitarian Philosophy, the friends of reform were too timid to adopt a foundation of their own for the doctrines they reared, and merely attempted to shew a preferable right to that on which their adversaries had erected the stately structure of despotic and unequal government. Thus, honest Cartwright, when he felt himself called upon to strike a blow in the cause of freedom, must needs write an octavo volume, to prove that Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, and Universal Suffrage, were legacies left to us by our Saxon ancestors—a project in which he signally failed. This practice has been now, with a better judgment, abandoned. The enemy had a mighty advantage in it. The history of all ages affords too many illustrations of successful depravity, to be safely appealed to as a line of precedent for just measures. When the slender foundation, too, was occasionally formed, it was easily removed by the enemy. Perhaps a franchise having been founded on the laws of Edward the Confessor, or the declaration of King John, the whole theory of its formation might be undermined by a new interpretation of a Saxon word, or by the per-

verse diligence of some prerogative antiquary, whose superior accuracy enabled him to determine that what appeared to his Liberal brother the letter *n*, was undoubtedly the letter *u*, in virtue of a small waving line thrown over it, plainly distinguishable by the assistance of the microscope.

If we look back, indeed, upon the early history of some of the "bulwarks of our constitution," we will not find much to gratify our vanity. It is quite true that the suffrage in counties, before the restriction to forty-shilling freeholders, seems to have been something very nearly approaching to universal: but the privilege of choosing a person to tax them, was not much valued by the electors; nor was the task of attending at Westminster, to drive the bargain, much coveted by the elected. "The man of their choice" sometimes fortified himself from the returning officers, by a formidable array of cross-bows and mangonels displayed on his battlements, and sometimes betook himself to flight, or hid himself among the Chiltern Hundreds, where the King's writ could not be used. Let us just take a momentary glance of Sir Francis

Palgrave's picture of a county election, in that amusing and too much neglected little work, "The Merchant and the Friar."

"During the confabulation, several nods and winks of intelligence passed between Trafford and a well-mounted knight: and, while the former appeared to be settling the business with the suitors, the latter, who had been close to Sir Giles, continued gradually backing and sidelining away through the group of shiresmen; and, just as he had got clear out of the ring, John Trafford declared, in a most sonorous voice, that the suitors had chosen Sir Richard de Pogeys as one of their representatives.

"The sheriff, who, keeping his eye fixed upon Sir Richard as he receded, had evidently suspected some manoeuvre, instantly ordered his bailiffs to secure the body of the member—this is rather an Hibernian phrase, but, as I cannot depart from my authorities, I do not know how it can be amended—'and,' continued he, with much vehemence, 'Sir Richard must be forthwith committed to custody, unless he gives good bail—two substantial freeholders—that he will duly attend in his place among the Commons, on the first day of the Session, according to the laws and usage of Parliament.'

"All this, however, was more easily said than done; for, before the verbal precept had proceeded from the lips of the Sheriff, Sir Richard was galloping away at full speed across the fields; off dashed the bailiffs after the member, amidst the shouts of the surrounding crowd, who forgot all their grievances in the stimulus of the chase, which they contemplated with the perfect certainty of receiving some satisfaction from its termination—whether by the escape of the fugitive, in which case the common enemy, the Sheriff, would be liable to a heavy amercement; or by the capture of the knight, a result which would give them almost equal delight, by imposing a disagreeable and irksome duty upon an individual who was universally disliked, in consequence of his overbearing harshness and domestic tyranny."

Of the rough-handed class of men who were thus sent along to grant aids and tallages, and demand redress of grievances, and of the respect paid to them, we may form some estimate from an anecdote of the 14th century. The Parliament had no particular place of meeting; and never objected to any castle, jail, church, abbey, palace, or other sufficiently large building that chance threw in the way. Once on a time, having got the use of the chapter-house in Westminster Abbey, the members created so mighty a disturbance that the stout abbot, growing indignant, collected a sufficient force, and drove out the representatives of the people, pell-mell, protesting he would never let his house be entered by such guests again. "This was called the Parliament of Battes," says Stowe, of the Parliament of 1426, "because men being forbidden to bring swords or other weapons, brought great battes and staves on their necks; and when those weapons were inhibited them, they took stones

and plomets of lead." Such is a characteristic specimen of the legislative wisdom of our ancestors.

It is not to be supposed that all the sport was reserved for the poor Commons. Not only the Lords Temporal, but the Lords Spiritual, had their share and more. Each of the archbishops had a massive silver cross borne before him; and when the two crosses, at any time, came in each other's way, then, to be sure, it was—

"As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the torrent many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood;
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash,
In awful whiteness, o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar.
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along."

The Parliament, of course, met within one of the provinces—generally Canterbury. If the two archbishops met each other, there was nothing but to fight for it; and occasionally his one Grace would lie in wait for his other Grace, who, having been thrashed once or twice before, would increase his retinue with the intention of doing a final and decided thing. Spiritual weapons—the usual recourse, when a poor king or baron was to be humbled—were here of no use; the primates knew that, and took more applicable measures. But, in illustration of this, let us draw another slight sketch from Sir Francis Palgrave:—

At the beck of the clerk, the door unclosed, and the strangers had scarcely entered the chamber, when Bar-dolph du Tyl, the Gascon, the King's pursuivant, rushed into the room, exclaiming, in tones of horror—"Murder, murder! My Lord, the Archbishop of York, is murdered by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in his way to the Parliament House." The whole assembly was astounded. "The road by the side of the river, along the Strand, as your Majesty well knoweth, is but a perilous slough, and my Lord of York's mule, sure-footed as she is, could scarcely pick her way amidst the ruts and mire. Just as my Lord of York was in that solitary spot, not far from the pound, over against the church of Saint Martin, my Lord of Canterbury, who had stationed himself in the adjacent fields, with a large body of forces, suddenly rushed upon the flank of the procession. At the same moment, my Lord of York was furiously attacked in front by the Prior of St Bartholomew's, who had been warily lying in ambush behind Charing Cross. My Lord attempted to retreat to York House; but my Lord of Canterbury furiously pursued his brother prelate, and with one fell stroke brought him to the ground."

We believe it is not to be found in history that any Archbishop of York was slain by an Archbishop of Canterbury; and the spirited sketch of Sir Francis, merges into the individuality of incident with which rumour has been pleased to adorn the fury of the fight. The two archbishops appear scowling at each other, and the blood lost has been found to be only that of their followers. Ere we leave Sir Francis Palgrave, let us observe that his little book,

containing so much spirited information on the habits of our ancestors—with whom he is far better acquainted than he is with the men of the present day—would have been one of the most popular works of the period, had he not mixed it up with much absurd politics and stupid philosophy. Our ancestors he understands, because he has studied them. The men of the present day he knows nothing about, for the converse reason; and Cartwright did not make a more ludicrous mistake, when he supposed that, under the title "*Brevia Parliamentaria Rediviva*," Prynne pleaded for the restoration of short Parliaments, than Sir Francis has done in his attempts to describe the nature of the utilitarian philosophy.

It may be seen from these specimens, that the practice of our ancestors proves but a slippery foundation for rights, whether popular or aristocratic. When properly used, however, the history of the constitution is a subject not altogether barren. In the first place, the enemies of freedom generally refer to it for precedents for their evil deeds, and, like all men who can make an important use of the complexion of a fact, they exaggerate and misrepresent it. When the calm inquirer proves them to be wrong, he conquers them on their own ground. But there is another and higher use of the experience of history. Franchises and popular rights generally come into existence at periods when it is not the interest of governors to suppress them, and are often allowed a peaceful life till that time arrives. Many useful practices were so brought into existence in early times, which, in later and more enlightened days, when their value was better appreciated, fell before oligarchy or despotic power, or maintained their existence by a protracted war. A few notices of the fraud and violence committed on these privileges, may be useful as a portion of the monitory wisdom which history was meant to teach.

The people of England assuredly possessed certain customs or privileges conducive to the checking of arbitrary government, and the protection of private rights, which the Norman conquest, and the increasing power of the Norman nobility, could not overcome. Force was, indeed, too rude an instrument to lop away these objects of the affection of the people. The ruthless Norman monarch might strip a province, and inclose it for his hunting-ground; and the noble might pillage the little mansion of the neighbouring franklin—such acts of oppression were always committed when the party had power to do so; but the old customs of justice thus broken in upon were not abolished or forgotten, and they held their silent course in the universal practice or adoption of the people, whenever actual violence was withdrawn. It was by the exertions of a more ingenious race than the Norman kings or barons that these popular rights were gradually levelled, and a system was created that, at the accession of James I., had brought England nearly to a despotism founded on principles quite distinct from the

rude law of the strong hand, which characterised earlier acts of oppression. As the nation became more civilised, and alive to more subtle political distinctions, the clergy, deriving their knowledge from the slavish doctrines of the civilians, gradually diffused around them the influence of their pernicious learning. Anxious, as it were, to raise a rival on earth to the Deity, whose word they professed to teach, they invested the sublunary king with a portion of the sacred attributes at their disposal, and gradually fashioned the British monarch on the model of that pure and ethereal Divine right which characterised the Roman Emperor. One instance of this may be illustrated in the history of the law maxim of Blackstone, that "the king never dies;" implying that, from the moment of the decease of one king, another begins to reign; a principle now of little importance, but the absence of which was probably useful in preserving the liberties of our ancestors. Henry of Huntingdon tells us that, from the death of Stephen till the arrival of Henry II., "England was without a king." The earliest annalists always speak of a king being "*electus*," or chosen; and of his beginning to reign at the ceremony of the coronation, and the taking of the oath. The writer of a late work on the rise of the royal prerogative, discovered that, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the kings passed no public acts till after their coronation, with one exception—viz., Richard I.; and another antiquary, pursuing researches more intimately connected with chronology, discovered that previous chronologists had made a mistake of a whole year in that reign, and that it was no exception from the general rule.* In the reign of Elizabeth, this doctrine was condemned by the judges. When James I., even with his questionable title, mounted the throne, he did not feel grateful to the Parliament for confirming his accession, preferring the respectable title of divine right to popular sanction. By Charles II., the doctrine was still more ludicrously treated. A statute of Henry VII., passed before the subtle doctrines of the civilians had been fully absorbed, made it no treason to obey the command of a King for the time being, however defective his title might be. When this statute was pleaded by Sir Harry Vane, it was answered that Charles II. had been king, not only by title, but *de facto*, from the moment of his father's death, though he was "kept out of his royal authority by traitors and rebels." The judges probably hesitated between deciding in this form, or, that Charles I. was still living both *de jure* and *de facto*, though his head had been cut off by traitors and rebels. The years of the acts of Parliament run from the death of Charles I.; and every loyal historian immediately after that event, heads his chapters with the reign of Charles II., noticing Oliver Cromwell as one of the persons who distinguished themselves during his reign.

* Allen's "Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative." Sir H. Nicolas' "Chronology & History."

There were many other more substantial principles which the learning of the clergy attempted, happily often in vain, to dissolve in the same manner. Little as we may be inclined to admire the wisdom of our ancestors, had they not stubbornly adhered to many of their venerable usages, we should have had, at this time, to fight the battle of freedom on less advantageous ground. Among these, the intricate and inflexible provisions of the common law, and the privileges of Parliament, were occasionally rocks of defence, which baffled allendeavour to assault or undermine them, and held out against the fiercest attacks of despotism, till relieved in better times. A judge might wilfully misinterpret the law at the desire of the king—but what then? It required a continued series of such judgments to alter it; and the judge who misinterpreted did so at the risk of suffering from some other principle of the law, from which the prince might not be able to protect him. Charles I., to make his judges more useful instruments, changed their patents from a holding by good conduct to that of the Sovereign's will; but another remedy was at hand; for the judges who decided in favour of ship-money were impeached. The most sharp-eyed friends of despotism saw, in the destruction of these respected customs, the surest road to absolute rule. "How well this suits with monarchy," says Strafford, speaking with contempt of the common lawyers, "when they monopolize all to be governed by their year books!" and, writing from Ireland to his courtly coadjutor, Laud, he cheerfully remarks—"I know no reason, then, but that you may as well rule the common lawyers in England, as I, poor beagle, do here."

The reservation by the Commons of the right to hold the purse-strings, so vigilantly and punctiliously guarded, was the chief of these protecting powers; and it has done so much to lesson the difficulties of reform in later ages, that those who have contributed an item to the integrity and efficacy of the system, deserve the deepest veneration. Though sometimes invaded by hostile force, the right is as old as any constitutional practice we know, and it was generally practised under a condition usual with those who have money to give—security for value before payment. During the unpopularity of Edward III., his Commons are reported to have addressed him in the following plain, sturdy, and business-like strain:—"The said Commons appeared in Parliament, protesting that they had the same good will as ever to assist the King with their lives and fortunes; but that it seemed to them, if their said liege lord had always possessed about him faithful counsellors and good officers, he would have been so rich that he would have had no need of charging his

commons with subsidy or tallage, considering the great ransoms of the French and Scotch Kings, and of so many other prisoners; and that it appeared to be for the private advantage of some near the King, and of others by their collusion, that the King and the kingdom are so impoverished, and the commons so ruined. And they promised the King, that, if he would do speedy justice on such as should be found guilty, and take from them what law and reason permit, with what had been already granted in Parliament, they will engage that he should be rich enough to maintain his wars for a long time, without much charging his people in any manner." On an occasion not long after, they insisted on seeing the vouchers of the expenditure of a previous supply before they voted more money, and objected that "large sums had been expended upon garrisons in France and Ireland, and other places beyond the kingdom, of which they protested themselves not liable to bear the charge;"* a precedent which might have been advantageously followed in the present century.

When Elizabeth haughtily warned the Parliament not to be too free in their discussions; when James, with less dignity, telling them not to meddle with matters beyond their comprehension, tore a resolution from the journals, and prosecuted members for their speeches within the House; when Charles invaded the Commons with an armed force, for the purpose of apprehending five of their members—it is pretty evident that, however much their proceedings had been adapted to the more complicated legislation of the times, they were little more independent than in the days of Edward III., and had as hard a battle as ever to fight with the power of the crown. Other popular rights had meanwhile sunk, and been almost forgotten. Many of the writers of the seventeenth century are remarkable for their ignorance of some of the practices of the constitution; and the learned Clarendon frequently attributes a recurrence to early precedent as innovation, when there is no occasion to attribute his mistakes to want of candour. In the struggle with the commons, the principal appeal to old precedent by the crown, was the fruit of the investigation of Noy, the Attorney-General, who, with beneficial ingenuity, fabricated the imposition of ship money from some dubious provisions for the defence of the country, during the Saxon period. The sound constitutional information was all on the other side, and formed the foundation of the proceedings of Whitlocke and Pym in Parliament, or was selected from the mighty stores of historical learning, collected by Selden and Prynne.

* Hallam's Middle Ages, iii., 82, 90. 2

LAKE REMINISCENCES, FROM 1807 TO 1830.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—*Continued.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cocker-mouth, a small town of Cumberland, seated on the river Cocker. His father was a lawyer, and acted as an agent for that Lord Lonsdale, the immediate predecessor of the present, who is not unfrequently described by those who still remember him as "the bad Lord Lonsdale." In what was he bad? Chiefly, I believe, in this—that, being a man of great local power, founded on his rank, on his official station of Lord Lieutenant over two counties, and on a very large estate, he used his power in a most oppressive way. I have heard it said that he was mad; and, at any rate, he was inordinately capricious—capricious even to eccentricity. But perhaps his madness was nothing more than the intemperance of a haughty and a headstrong will, encouraged by the consciousness of power, and tempted to abuses of it by the abject servility which poverty and dependence presented in one direction, embittering the contrast of that defiance which inevitably faced him in another throughout a land of freedom and amongst spirits as haughty as his own. He was a true feudal chieftain; and, in the very approaches to his mansion, in the style of his equipage, or whatever else was likely to meet the public eye, he delighted to express his disdain of modern refinements, and the haughty carelessness of his magnificence. The coach in which he used to visit Penrith, the nearest town to his principal house of Lowther, was old and neglected; his horses fine, but untrimmed: and such was the impression diffused about him by his gloomy temper and his habits of oppression, that the streets were silent as he traversed them, and an awe sat upon many faces, (so, at least, I have heard a Penrith contemporary of the old despot declare,) pretty much like that which may be supposed to attend the entry into a guilty town, of some royal commission for trying state criminals. In his park, you saw some of the most magnificent timber in the kingdom—trees that were coeval with the feuds of York and Lancaster, yews that perhaps had furnished bows to Cœur de Lion, and oaks that might have built a navy. All was savage grandeur about these native forests: their sweeping lawns and glades had been unapproached, for centuries it might be, by the hand of art; and amongst them roamed—not the timid fallow deer—but thundering droves of wild horses. Lord Lonsdale, according to an old English writer, (in describing, I think, the Earl of Arundel,) "went sometimes to London, because there only he found a greater man than himself; but not often, because at home he was allowed to forget that there was such a man." Even in London, however, his haughty injustice found occasions for making

itself known. On a court day, (I revive an anecdote once familiarly known,) St James' Street was lined by cavalry, and the orders were peremptory, that no carriages should be allowed to pass, except those which were carrying parties to court. Whether it were by accident or no, Lord Lonsdale's carriage advanced, and the coachman, in obedience to orders shouted out from the window, was turning down the forbidden route, when a trooper rode up to the horses' heads, and stopped them: the thundering menaces of Lord Lonsdale perplexed the soldier, who did not know but he might be bringing himself into a scrape by persisting in his opposition; but the officer on duty, observing the scene, rode up, and, in a determined tone, enforced the order, causing two of his men to turn the horses' heads round into Piccadilly. Lord Lonsdale threw his card to the officer—and a duel followed; in which, however, the outrageous injustice of his Lordship met with a pointed rebuke; for the first person whom he summoned to his aid, in the quality of second, though a friend and (I believe) a relative of his own, declined to sanction, by any interference, so scandalous a quarrel with an officer for simply executing an official duty. In this dilemma—for probably he was aware that few military men would fail to take the same disapproving view of the affair—he applied to the present Earl of Lonsdale, then Sir William Lowther. Either there must have been some needless discourtesy in the officer's mode of fulfilling his duty, or else Sir William thought the necessity of the case, however wantonly provoked, a sufficient justification for a relative giving his assistance, even under circumstances of such egregious injustice. At any rate, it is due to Sir William, in mere candour, to suppose that he did nothing in this instance but what his conscience approved; seeing, that in all others his conduct has been such as to win him the universal respect of the two counties in which he is best known. He it was that acted as second: and, by a will which is said to have been dated the same day, he became eventually possessed of a large property, which did not necessarily accompany the title. Another anecdote is told of the same Lord Lonsdale, which expresses, in a more eccentric way, and a way that to many people will be affecting—to some shocking—the moody energy of his passions. He loved, with passionate fervour, a fine young woman, of humble parentage, in a Cumberland farm-house. Her he had persuaded to leave her father and put herself under his protection. Whilst yet young and beautiful, she died: Lord Lonsdale's sorrow was profound; he could not bear the thought of a final parting from that

face which had become so familiar to his heart : he caused her to be embalmed ; a glass was placed over her features ; and, at intervals, when his thoughts reverted to her memory, he found a consolation (or perhaps a luxurious irritation) of his sorrow, in visiting this sad memorial of his former happiness. This story, which I have often heard repeated by the country people of Cumberland, strengthened the general feeling of this eccentric nobleman's self-willed character, though in this instance complicated with a trait of character that argued nobler capacities. By what rules he guided himself in dealing with the various lawyers, agents, or stewards, whom his extensive estates brought into a dependency upon his justice or his moderation—whether in fact he had no rule, but left all to accident or caprice—I have never learned. Generally, I have heard it said, that in some years of his life he resisted the payment of all bills indiscriminately, which he had any colourable plea for supposing to contain overcharges ; some fared ill because they were neighbours ; and his Lordship could say, that " he knew them to be knaves ; " others fared worse, because they were so remote that " how could his Lordship know what they were ? " Of this number, and possibly for this reason left unpaid, was Wordsworth's father. He died whilst his four sons and one daughter were yet helpless children, leaving to them respectable fortunes ; but which, as yet, were unrealized and tolerably hypothetic, as they happened to depend upon so shadowy a basis as the justice of Lord Lonsdale. The executors of the will, and trustees of the children's interests, in one point acted wisely : foreseeing the result of a legal contest with so potent a defendant as this leviant of two counties, and that, under any nominal award, the whole estate of the orphans must be swallowed up in the costs of a suit that would be carried into Chancery, and finally before the Lords, they prudently withdrew from all active measures of opposition, confiding the event to Lord Lonsdale's returning sense of justice. Unfortunately, for that nobleman's reputation, and also, as was thought, for the children's prosperity, before this somewhat rusty quality of justice could have time to operate, his Lordship died. However, for once the world was wrong in its anticipations for the children : the successor to Lord Lonsdale's titles and Cumberland estates was made aware of the entire case, in all its circumstances ; and he very honourably gave directions for full restitution being made. This was done ; and in one respect the result was more fortunate for the children than if they had been trained from youth to rely upon their expectations : for by the time this repayment was made, three out of the five children were already settled in life, with the very amplest prospects opening before them—so ample as to make their private patrimonial fortunes of inconsiderable importance in their eyes : and very probably the withholding of their inheritance it was, however unjust, and however little contemplated as an occasion of any such effect, that

urged these three persons to the exertions requisite for their present success. Two only of the children remained to whom the restoration of their patrimony was a matter of grave importance ; but it was precisely those two whom no circumstances could have made independent of their hereditary means by personal exertions—viz., William Wordsworth, the poet, and Dorothy, the sole daughter of the house. The three others were—Richard, the eldest ; he had become a thriving solicitor at one of the inns of court in London ; and, if he died only moderately rich, and much below the expectations of his acquaintance, in the final result of his laborious life, it was because he was moderate in his desires ; and, in his latter years, reverting to the pastoral region of his infancy and boyhood, chose rather to sit down by a hearth of his own amongst the Cumberland mountains, and wisely to woo the deities of domestic pleasures and health, than to follow the chase after wealth in the feverish crowds of the capital. The third son (I believe) was Christopher, (Dr Wordsworth,) who, at an early age, became a man of importance in the English church, being made one of the chaplains and librarians of the Archbishop of Canterbury, (Dr Manners Sutton, father of the late Speaker.) He has since risen to the important and dignified station—once held by Barrow, and afterwards by Bentley—of Master of Trinity in Cambridge. Trinity in Oxford is not a first-rate college : but Trinity, Cambridge, answers in rank and authority to Christ Church in Oxford ; and to be the head of that college is rightly considered on a level with a bishopric. Dr Wordsworth has distinguished himself as an author by several very useful republications, (especially the " Ecclesiastical Biography,") which he has enriched with valuable notes. And in his own person, besides other works more exclusively learned, he is the author of one very interesting work of historical research upon the long agitated question of " who wrote the *Eicon Basilike* ? " a question still unsettled, but much nearer to a settlement in consequence of the strong presumptions which Dr Wordsworth has adduced on behalf of the King's claim. The fourth and youngest son, John, was in the service of the East India Company, and perished most unhappily on the voyage which he had meant to be his last, off the coast of Dorsetshire, in the Company's ship *Abergavenny*. A calumny was current at the time, that Captain Wordsworth was in a state of intoxication at the time of the calamity. But the printed report of the affair, revised by survivors, entirely disproves the calumny ; which, besides, was in itself incredible to all who were acquainted with Captain Wordsworth's most temperate and even philosophic habits of life. So peculiarly indeed was Captain Wordsworth's temperament and demeanour, and the whole system of his life, coloured by a grave and meditative turn of thought, that, amongst his brother officers in the Honourable Company's service, he bore the surname of " The Philosopher." And William Wordsworth, the poet, not only spoke

of him always with a sort of respect, that argued him to have been no ordinary man, but he has frequently assured me of one fact which, as implying some want of frankness and sincerity, gave me pain to hear—viz., that in the fine lines entitled, “The Happy Warrior,” in which an analytical account is given of the main elements which enter into the composition of a real hero, he had in view chiefly his brother John’s character. That was true, I daresay; but it was inconsistent, in some measure, with the note attached to the lines, by which the reader learns, that it was out of reverence for Lord Nelson, as one who transcended the estimate here made, that the poem had not been openly connected with his name, as the real suggester of the thoughts. Now, privately, though still professing a lively admiration for the mighty Admiral, as one of the few men who carried into his professional labours a real and vivid genius, (and thus far Wordsworth often testified a deep admiration for Lord N.) yet, in reference to these particular lines, he uniformly declared that Lord N. was much below the ideal there contemplated, and that, in fact, it had been suggested by the recollection of his brother. But, surely, in some of the first passages, this cannot be so; for example, when he makes it one trait of the heaven-born hero, that he, if called upon to face some mighty day of battle—

“To which heaven has join’d
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind—
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With a supernal brightness, like a man inspir’d”—

surely he must have had Lord Nelson’s idea predominating in his thoughts; for Captain Wordsworth was scarcely tried in such a situation. There can be no doubt, however, that he merited the praises of his brother; and it was indeed an improbable tale, that he should first of all deviate from this philosophic temperance upon an occasion when all his energies, and the fullest self-possession, were all likely to prove little enough. In reality it was the pilot, the incompetent pilot, who caused the fatal catastrophe:—“O pilot, you have ruined me!” were amongst the last words that Captain Wordsworth was heard to utter—pathetic words, and fit for him, “a meek man and a brave,” to use in addressing a last reproach, and summing up the infinite injury, to one who, not through misfortune or overruling will of Providence, but through miserable conceit and unprincipled levity, had brought total ruin upon so many a gallant countryman. Captain Wordsworth might have saved his own life; but the perfect loyalty of his nature to the claims upon him, that sublime fidelity to duty which is so often found amongst men of his profession, kept him to the last upon the wreck; and, after that, it is probable that the almost total wreck of his own fortunes, (which, but for this overthrow, would have amounted to twenty thousand pounds, upon the successful termination of this one voyage,) but still more, the total ruin of the new and splendid Indiaman confided to his care, had so much dejected his spirits, that

he was not in a condition for making the efforts that, under a more hopeful prospect, he might have been able to make. Six weeks his body lay unrecovered; at the end of that time, it was found, and carried to the Isle of Wight, and buried in close neighbourhood to the quiet fields which he had so recently described, in letters to his family at Grasmere, as a Paradise of English peace, to which his mind would be likely oftentimes to revert, amidst the agitations of the sea.

Such were the modes of life pursued by three of the orphan children—such the termination of life to two. Meantime, the daughter of the house was reared liberally, in the family of a relation at Windsor: and she might have pursued a quiet and decorous career, of a character, perhaps, somewhat tame, under the same dignified auspices; but, at an early period of life, her good angel threw open to her a life of nobler prospects, in the opportunity which then arose, and which she did not hesitate to seize, of becoming the companion, through a life of delightful wanderings—of what, to her more elevated friends, seemed nothing short of vagrancy—the companion and the confidential friend, and, with a view to the enlargement of her own intellect, the pupil, of a brother, the most original and most meditative man of his own age. William had passed his infancy on the very margin of the Lake district, just six miles, in fact, beyond the rocky screen of Whinlatter, and within one hour’s ride of Bassinethwaite Water. To those who live in the tame scenery of Cockermouth, the blue mountains in the distance, the sublime peaks of Borrowdale and of Buttermere, raise aloft a signal, as it were, of a new country, a country of romance and mystery, to which the thoughts are habitually turning. Children are fascinated and haunted with vague temptations, when standing on the frontiers of such a foreign land; and so was Wordsworth fascinated, so haunted. Fortunately for Wordsworth that, at an early age, he was transferred to the very centre of this lovely district. At the little town of Hawkshead, seated on the north-west angle of Esthwaite Water, a grammar school (which, in English usage, means a school for classical literature) was founded, in Queen Elizabeth’s reign, by Archbishop Sandys, a member of a very ancient family of that name, still seated in the neighbourhood. Hither were sent all the four brothers; and here it was that Wordsworth passed his life until the time arrived for his removal to college. Taking into consideration the peculiar tastes of the person, and the peculiar advantages of the place, I conceive that no pupil of a public school can ever have passed a more luxurious boyhood than Wordsworth. The school discipline was not, I believe, very strict; the mode of living out of school very much resembled that of Eton for Oppidans; less elegant perhaps, and less costly in its provisions for accommodation, but not less comfortable; and in that part of the arrangements which was chiefly Etonian, even more so; for in both places the boys, instead of being gathered into one fold, and at night into

one or two huge dormitories, were distributed amongst motherly old "dames," technically so called at Eton, but not at Hawkshead. In the latter place, agreeably to the inferior scale of the whole establishment, the houses were smaller, and more cottage-like, consequently more like private households; and the old lady of the *ménage* was more constantly amongst them, providing, with maternal tenderness and with a professional pride, for the comfort of her young flock, and protecting the weak from oppression. The humble cares to which these poor matrons dedicated themselves, may be collected from several allusions scattered through the poems of Wordsworth; that entitled "Nutting," for instance, in which his own early Spinosistic feeling is introduced, of a mysterious presence diffused through the solitudes of woods, a presence that was disturbed by the intrusion of careless and noisy outrage, and which is brought into a strong relief by the previous homely picture of the old housewife equipping her young charge with beggars' weeds in order to prepare him for a struggle with thorns and brambles. Indeed, not only the moderate rank of the boys, and the peculiar kind of relation assumed by these matrons, equally suggested this humble class of motherly attentions, but the whole spirit of the place and neighbourhood was favourable to an old English homeliness of domestic and personal economy. Hawkshead, most fortunately for its own manners and the primitive style of its habits even to this day, stands about six miles out of the fashionable line for the "Lakers." Esthwaite, though a lovely scene in its summer garniture of woods, has no features of permanent grandeur to rely upon. A wet or gloomy day, even in summer, reduces it to little more than a wildish pond, surrounded by miniature hills; and the sole circumstances which restore the sense of a romantic region and an alpine character, are the knowledge (but not the sense) of endless sylvan avenues, stretching for twenty miles to the sea-side, and the towering groups of Langdale and Grasmere fells, which look over the little pastoral barriers of Esthwaite from distances of eight, ten, and fourteen miles. Esthwaite, therefore, being no object for itself, and the sublime head of Conistone being accessible by a road which evades Hawkshead, few tourists ever trouble the repose of this little village town. And in the days of which I am speaking, (1778-1787,) tourists were as yet few and infrequent to any parts of the country. Mrs Radcliffe had not begun to cultivate the sense of the picturesque in her popular romances; guide books, with the sole exception of "Gray's Posthumous Letters," had not arisen to direct public attention to this domestic Calabria; roads were rude, and, in many instances, not wide enough to admit post-chaises; but, above all, the whole system of travelling accommodations was barbarous and antediluvian for the requisitions of the pampered south. As yet the land had rest; the annual fever did not shake the very hills; and (which was the happiest immunity of the whole) false taste, the pseudo-romantic rage, had

not violated the most awful solitudes amongst the ancient hills by opera-house decorations. Wordsworth, therefore, enjoyed this labyrinth of valleys in a perfection that no one can have experienced since the opening of the present century. The whole was one paradise of virgin beauty; and even the rare works of man, all over the land, were hoar with the grey tints of an antique picturesque; nothing was new, nothing was raw and uncitrized. Hawkshead, in particular, though tamely seated in itself and its immediate purlieus, has a most fortunate and central locality as regards the best (at least the most interesting) scenes for a pedestrian Rambler. The gorgeous scenery of Borrowdale, the austere sublimities of Wasdalehead, of Langdalehead, or Mardale; these are too oppressive, in their colossal proportions and their utter solitudes, for encouraging a perfectly human interest. Now, taking Hawkshead as a centre, with a radius of about eight miles, one might describe a little circular tract which embosoms a perfect network of little valleys—separate wards or cells, as it were, of one large valley, walled in by the great primary mountains of the region. Grasmere, Easdale, Little Langdale, Tilberthwaite, Yewdale, Elter Water, Loughrigg Tarn, Skelwith, and many other little quiet nooks, lie within a single division of this labyrinthine district. All these are within one summer afternoon's ramble. And amongst these, for the years of his boyhood, lay the daily excursions of Wordsworth. I do not conceive that Wordsworth could have been an amiable boy; he was austere and unsocial, I have reason to think, in his habits; not generous; and, above all, not self-denying. Throughout his later life, with all the benefits of a French discipline in the lesser charities of social intercourse, he has always exhibited a marked impatience of those particular courtesies of life. Not but he was kind and obliging where his services would cost him no exertion; but I am pretty certain that no consideration would ever have induced Wordsworth to burthen himself with a lady's reticule, parasol, shawl, "or anything that was hers." Mighty must be the danger which would induce him to lead her horse by the bridle. Nor would he, without some demur, stop to offer her his hand over a stile. Freedom—unlimited, careless, insolent freedom—unoccupied possession of his own arms—absolute control over his own legs and motions—these have always been so essential to his comfort, that in any case where they were likely to become questionable, he would have declined to make one of the party. Meantime, we are not to suppose that Wordsworth, the boy, expressly sought for solitary scenes of nature amongst woods and mountains, with a direct conscious anticipation of imaginative pleasure, and loving them with a pure, disinterested love, on their own separate account. These are feelings beyond boyish nature, or, at all events, beyond boyish nature trained amidst the necessities of social intercourse. Wordsworth, like his companions, haunted the hills and the vales for the sake of angling, snaring birds, swim-

ming, and sometimes of hunting, according to the Westmoreland fashion, on foot ; for riding to the chase is often quite impossible, from the precipitous nature of the ground. It was in the course of these pursuits, by an indirect effect growing gradually upon him, that Wordsworth became a passionate lover of nature, at the time when the growth of his intellectual faculties made it possible that he should combine those thoughtful passions with the experience of the eye and the ear. There is, amongst the poems of Wordsworth, one most ludicrously misconstrued by his critics, which offers a philosophical hint upon this subject, of great instruction. I will preface it with the little incident which first led Wordsworth into a commentary upon his own meaning. One night, as often enough happened, during the Peninsular war, he and I had walked up Dunmail Raise, from Grasmere, about midnight, in order to meet the carrier who brought the London newspapers, by a circuitous course from Keswick. The case was this :—Coleridge, for many years, received a copy of the *Courier*, as a mark of esteem, and in acknowledgment of his many contributions to it, from one of the proprietors, Mr Daniel Stewart. This went up in any case, let Coleridge be where he might, to Mrs Coleridge ; for a single day, it staid at Keswick, for the use of Southey ; and, on the next, it came on to Wordsworth, by the slow conveyance of a carrier, plying with a long train of carts between Whitehaven and Kendal. Many a time the force of storms or floods would compel the carrier to stop on his route, five miles short of Grasmere, at Wythburn, or even eight miles short, at Legberthwaite. But, as there was always hope until one or two o'clock in the morning, often and often it would happen that, in the deadly impatience for earlier intelligence, Wordsworth and I would walk off to meet him about midnight, to a distance of three or four miles. Upon one of these occasions, when some great crisis in Spain was daily apprehended, we had waited for an hour or more, sitting upon one of the many huge blocks of stone which lie scattered over that narrow field of battle on the desolate frontier of Cumberland and Westmoreland, where King Dun Mail, with all his peerage, fell, more than a thousand years ago. The time had arrived, at length, that all hope for that night had left us : no sound came up through the winding valleys that stretched to the north ; and the few cottage lights, gleaming, at wide distances, from recesses amidst the rocky hills, had long been extinct. At intervals, Wordsworth had stretched himself at length on the high road, applying his ear to the ground, so as to catch any sound of wheels that might be groaning along at a distance. Once, when he was slowly rising from this effort, his eye caught a bright star that was glittering between the brow of Seat Sandal and of the mighty Helvellyn. He gazed upon it for a minute or so ; and then, upon turning away to descend into Grasmere, he made the following explanation :—“ I have remarked, from my earliest

days, that, if under any circumstances, the attention is energetically braced up to an act of steady observation, or of steady expectation, then, if this intense condition of vigilance should suddenly relax, at that moment any beautiful, any impressive visual object, or collection of objects, falling upon the eye, is carried to the heart with a power not known under other circumstances. Just now, my ear was placed upon the stretch, in order to catch any sound of wheels that might come down upon the lake of Wythburn from the Keswick road ; at the very instant when I raised my head from the ground, in final abandonment of hope for this night, at the very instant when the organs of attention were all at once relaxing from their tension, the bright star hanging in the air above those outlines of massy blackness fell suddenly upon my eye, and penetrated my capacity of apprehension with a pathos and a sense of the infinite, that would not have arrested me under other circumstances.” He then went on to illustrate the same psychological principle from another instance ; it was an instance derived from that exquisite poem in which he describes a mountain boy planting himself at twilight on the margin of some solitary bay of Windermere, and provoking the owls to a contest with himself, by “ mimic hootings” blown through his hands ; which of itself becomes an impressive scene to any one able to realize to his fancy the various elements of the solitary woods and waters, the solemn vesper hour, the solitary bird, the solitary boy. Afterwards, the poem goes on to describe the boy as waiting, amidst “ the pauses of his skill,” for the answers of the birds—waiting with intensity of expectation—and then, at length, when, after waiting to no purpose, his attention began to relax—that is, in other words, under the giving way of one exclusive direction of his senses, began suddenly to allow an admission to other objects—then, in that instant, the scene actually before him, the visible scene, would enter unawares—

“ With all its solemn imagery” —

This complex scenery was—What ?

“ Was carried far into his heart,
With all its pomp, and that uncertain heav’n received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.”

This very expression, “ far,” by which space and its infinities are attributed to the human heart, and to its capacities of re-echoing the sublimities of nature, has always struck me as with a flash of sublime revelation. On this, however, Wordsworth did not say anything in his commentary ; nor did he notice the conclusion, which is this. After describing the efforts of the boy, and next the passive state which succeeded, under his disappointment, (in which condition it was that the solemn spectacle entered the boy’s mind with effectual power, and with a semi-conscious sense of its beauty that would not be denied,) the poet goes on to say—

“ And I suppose that I have stood
A full half-hour beside his quiet grave,
Mute—for he died when he was ten years old.”

Wherefore, then, did the poet stand in the vil-

large churchyard of Hawkshead, wrapt in a trance of reverie, over the grave of this particular boy? "It was," says Lord Jeffrey, "for that single accomplishment"—viz., the accomplishment of mimicking the Windermere owls so well that not men only—Coleridge, for instance, or Professor Wilson, or other connoisseurs of owl-music—might have been hoaxed, but actually the old birds themselves, grave as they seem, were effectually humbugged into entering upon a sentimental correspondence of love or friendship—almost regularly "duplying," "replying," and "quadruplying," (as Scotch law has it,) to the boy's original theme. But here, in this relation of Lord Jeffrey's, there is, at all events, a dismal oversight; for it is evident to the most careless reader that the very object of the poem is not the first or initial stage of the boy's history—the exercise of skill which led him, as an occasion, into a rigid and tense effort of attention—not this, but the second stage, the consequence of that attention. Even the attention was an effect, a derivative state; but the second stage, upon which the poet fixes his object, is an effect of that effect; and it is clear that the original notice of the boy's talent is introduced only as a *conditio sine qua non*—a notice without which a particular result (namely, the tense attention of expectation) could not have been made intelligible; as, again, without this result being noticed, the reaction of that action could quite as little have been made intelligible. Else, and but for this conditional and derivative necessity, but for this dependency of the essential circumstance upon the boy's power of mimicry, it is evident that the "accomplishment"—which Lord Jeffrey so strangely supposes to have been the main object of the poet in recording the boy, and the main subject of his reverie by the side of his grave—never would have been noticed. It is difficult, indeed, to conceive a stronger evidence of that incoherency of thought under which Lord Jeffrey must have allowed himself to read Wordsworth than this very blunder. But, leaving his Lordship, what was the subject of the poet's reverie? some reader may say. A poem ought to explain itself; and we cannot for a moment admit, as a justifying subject for reverie, any private knowledge which the poet might happen to have of the boy's character, or of the expectations he had chanced to raise amongst his friends. I will endeavour to say a word on this question; but, that I may not too much interrupt the narration, in a note. At the same time, let me remind the reader of one great and undeniable truth: It is a fact which cannot be controverted, except by the very thoughtless and the very unobserving, that scarcely one in a thousand of impassioned cases, scarcely one effect in a thousand of all the memorable effects produced by poets, can, upon any theories yet received amongst us, be even imperfectly explained. And, especially, this is true of original poetry. The cases are past numbering in which the understanding says, or seems to say, one thing, impassioned nature

another; and, in poetry, at least, Cicero's great rule will be found to fail—that "*nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit*;" if, at least, we understand *sapientia* to mean dispassionate good sense. How, for instance, could plain good sense—how could the very finest understanding—have told any man, beforehand, that love in excess, amongst its other modes of waywardness, was capable of prompting such appellations as that of "wretch" to the beloved object? Yet, as a fact, as an absolute fact of the experience, it is undeniable that it is among the impulses of love, in extremity, to clothe itself in the language of disparagement—*why*, is yet to be explained.

"Perhaps 'tis pretty
To mutter and mock a broken charm;
To dally with wrong that does no harm;
Perhaps 'tis pretty to tie together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To feel, at each wild word, within,
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what if, in a world of sin"—&c. &c.

That is Coleridge's solution; and the amount of it is—first, that it is delightful to call up what we know to be a mere mimicry of evil, in order to feel its non-reality; to dally with phantoms of pain that do not exist: secondly, that such language acts by way of *contrast*, making the love more prominent by the contradictoriness of its expression: thirdly, that in a world of sin, where evil passions are so often called into action, and have thus matured the language of violence in a service of malignity, naturally enough the feeling of violence and excess stumbles into its old forms of expression, even when the excess happens to lie in the very opposite direction. All this seems specious, and is undoubtedly some part of the solution; and the verses are so fancifully beautiful, that they would recommend even a worse philosophy. But, after all, I doubt if the whole philosophy be given: and, in a similar attempt of Charles Lamb's, the case is not so much solved as further illustrated and amplified. Finally, if solved completely, this case is but one of multitudes which are furnished by the English drama: but (and I would desire no better test of the essential inferiority attaching to the French drama—no better argument of its having grown out of a radically lower nature) there is not, from first to last, throughout that vaunted field of the French literature, one case of what I may denominate the antinomies of passion—cases of self-conflict, in which the understanding says one thing, the impassioned nature of man says another thing. This is a great theme, however, and I dismiss it to a separate discussion.

So far, however, as I have here noticed it, this question has arisen naturally out of the account, as I was endeavouring to sketch it, of Wordsworth's attachment to nature in her grandest forms. It grew out of solitude and the character of his own mind; but the mode of its growth was indirect and unconscious, and in the midst of other more boyish or more worldly pursuits; and that which happened to the boy in mimicking the owls happened also to him. In moments of watching for the passage of woodcocks over

the hills in moonlight nights, in order that he might snare them, oftentimes the dull gaze of expectation, after it was becoming hopeless, left him liable to effects of mountain scenery under accidents of nightly silence and solitude, which impressed themselves with a depth for which a full tide of success would have allowed no opening. And, as he lived and grew amongst such scenes from childhood to manhood, many thousands of such opportunities had leisure to improve themselves into permanent effects of character, of feeling, and of taste. Like Michael, he was in the heart of many thousand mists. Many a sight, moreover, such as meets the eye rarely of any, except those who haunt the hills and the tarns at all hours,* and all seasons of the year, had been seen, and neglected perhaps at the time, but afterwards revisited the eye and produced its appropriate effect in silent hours of meditation. In everything, perhaps, except in the redundant graciousness of heart which formed so eminent a feature in the moral constitution of that true philosopher; the character, the sensibility, and the taste of Wordsworth, pursued the same course of development as in the education of the Scotch Pedler† who gives so much of the movement to the progress of "The Excursion."

One of the most interesting among the winter amusements of the Hawkshead boys was that of skating on the adjacent lake. Esthwaite Water is not one of the deep lakes, as its neighbours of Windermere, Coniston, and Grasmere, are: consequently, a very slight duration of frost is sufficient to freeze it into a bearing strength. In this respect, Wordsworth found the same advantages in his boyhood as afterwards at the university; for the county of Cambridge is generally liable to shallow waters; and that University breeds more good skaters than all the rest of England. About the year 1810, by way of expressing an interest in *The Friend*, which Coleridge was just at that time publishing in weekly numbers, Wordsworth allowed Coleridge to print an extract from the poem on his own life, descriptive of the games celebrated upon the ice of Esthwaite by all who were able to skate: the mimic chases of hare and hounds, pursued long after the last orange gleam of light had died away from the western horizon—oftentimes far into the night—a circumstance which does not speak much for the

discipline of the schools—or rather, perhaps, *does* speak much for the advantages of a situation so pure, and free from the usual perils of a town, as this primitive village of Hawkshead. Wordsworth, in this descriptive passage—which I wish that I had at this moment the means of citing, in order to amplify my account of his earliest tyrocinium—speaks of himself as frequently wheeling aside from his joyous companions to cut across the image of a star; and thus already, in the midst of sportiveness, and by a movement of sportiveness, half unconsciously to himself expressing the growing necessity of retirement to his habits of thought. At another period of the year, when the golden summer allowed the students a long season of early play before the studies of the day began, he describes himself as roaming, hand-in-hand, with one companion, along the banks of Esthwaite Water, chanting, with one voice, the verses of Goldsmith and of Gray—verses which, at the time of recording the fact, he had come to look upon as either in parts false in the principles of their composition, or, at any rate, as wofully below the tone of high poetic passion; but which, at that time of life, when the profounder feelings were as yet only germinating, filled them with an enthusiasm which he describes as brighter than the dreams of fever or of wine.

Meanwhile, how prospered the classical studies which formed the main business of Wordsworth at Hawkshead? Not, in all probability, very well; for, though Wordsworth is at this day a very sufficient master of the Latin language, and reads certain favourite authors, especially Horace, with a critical nicety, and with a feeling for the felicities of his composition that probably few have ever felt, I have reason to think that little of this skill had been obtained at Hawkshead. As to Greek, that is a language which Wordsworth has never had energy enough to cultivate with effect.

From Hawkshead, and, I believe, after he had entered his eighteenth year, (a time which is tolerably early on the English plan,) probably at the latter end of the year 1787, Wordsworth entered at St John's College, Cambridge. St John's ranks as the second college in Cambridge—the second as to numbers and influence, and general consideration; in the estimation of the Johnians as the first, or at least as coequal in al

* In particular, and by way of giving an illustration, let me here mention one of those accidental revelations the unfold new aspects of nature: it was one that occurred to myself. I had gone up at all times of the morning and the year, to an eminence, or rather, a vast field of eminences, above Scor Crag, in the rear of Allan Bank, a Liverpool gentleman's mansion, from which is descried the deep and gloomy valley of Great Langdale. Not, however, for many years, had it happened that I found myself standing in that situation about four o'clock on a summer afternoon. A length, and on a favourable day, this accident occurred; and the scene which I then beheld, was one which I shall not wholly forget to my dying day. The effects arose from the position of the sun and of the spectator, taken in connexion with a pendulous mass of vapour, in which, however, were many rents and openings, and through them far below, at an abyss-like depth, was seen the gloomy valley, its rare cottages, and "unrejoicing" fir-trees. I have beheld the scene many times before; I was familiar with its least-important features, but now, it was absolutely transfigured, it was seen under lights and mighty shadows that made it no less marvellous to the eye than the memorable creation amongst the clouds and azure sky, which is described by the Solitary in "The Excursion. And, upon speaking of it to Wordsworth, I found that he had repeatedly witnessed the same impressive transfiguration; so that it is not evanescent, but dependent upon fixed and recoverable combinations of time and weather.

† Amongst the various attempts to justify Wordsworth's choice of so humble and even mean an occupation for his philosopher, how strange that the weightiest argument of all should have been omitted—viz., the privilege attach to his functions of penetrating without offence, and naturally, and at periodic intervals, to every fire-side.

things with Trinity ; from which, at any rate, the general reader will collect, that no such absolute supremacy is accorded to any society in Cambridge as in Oxford is accorded necessarily to Christ Church. The advantages of a large college are considerable, both to an idle man who wishes to lurk unnoticed in the crowd, and to the brilliant man, whose vanity could not be gratified by pre-eminence amongst a few. Wordsworth, though not idle as regarded his own pursuits, was so as regarded the pursuits of the place. With respect to them he felt—to use his own words—that his hour was not come ; and that his doom for the present was a happy obscurity, which left him, unvexed by the torments of competition, to the genial enjoyment of his life in its most genial hours.

It will excite some astonishment when I mention that, on coming to Cambridge, Wordsworth actually assumed the beau, or, in modern slang, the “dandy.” He dressed in silk stockings ; had his hair powdered ; and in all things plumed himself on his gentlemanly habits. To those who remember the slovenly dress of his middle and philosophic life, this will furnish matter for a smile.

Stranger still it is to tell, that, for the first time in his life, Wordsworth got “bouzy” at Cambridge. It is but fair to add, that the first time was also the last time. But perhaps the strangest part of the story is the occasion of this drunkenness ; which was in celebration of his first visit to the very rooms at Christ College once occupied by Milton—intoxication by way of homage to the most temperate of men, and this homage offered by one who has turned out himself to the full as temperate ! Still one must grant a privilege—and he would be a churl that could frown on such a claim—a privilege and charter of large enthusiasm to such an occasion. And an older man than Wordsworth, at that era not fully nineteen, and a man even without a poet’s blood in his veins, might have leave to forget his sobriety in such circumstances. Besides that, after all, I have heard, from Wordsworth’s own lips, that he was not too far gone to attend chapel decorously during the very acmé of his elevation.

The rooms which Wordsworth occupied at St John’s were singularly circumstanced ; mementos of what is highest and what is lowest in human things solicited the eye and the ear all day long. If the occupant approached the out-doors prospect, in one direction, there was visible through the great windows in the adjacent chapel of Trinity, the statue of Newton “with his silent face and prism,” memorials of the abstracting intellect, serene and absolute, emancipated from fleshly bonds. On the other hand, immediately below, stood the college kitchen ; and, in that region, from noon to dewy eve, resounded the shrill voice of scolding from the female ministers of the head cook, never suffering the mind to forget one of the meanest amongst human necessities. Wordsworth, however, as one who passed much of his time in social gaiety, was less in the way of this annoyance than a profounder

student would have been. Probably he studied little beyond French and Italian during his Cambridge life ; not however at any time forgetting (as I had so much reason to complain, when speaking of my Oxonian contemporaries) the literature of his own country. It is true that he took the regular degree of A.B., and in the regular course ; but this was won in those days by a mere nominal examination, unless where the mathematical attainments of the student prompted his ambition to contest the honourable distinction of Senior Wrangler. This, in common with all other honours of the University, is won in our days with far severer effort than in that age of relaxed discipline ; but at no period could it have been won, let the malicious and the scornful say what they will, without an amount of mathematical skill very much beyond what has ever been exacted of its *alumni* by any other European university. Wordsworth was a profound admirer of the sublimer mathematics ; at least of the higher geometry. The secret of this admiration for geometry lay in the antagonism between this world of bodiless abstraction and the world of passion. And here I may mention appropriately, and I hope without any breach of confidence, that, in a great philosophic poem of Wordsworth’s, which is still in M.S., and will remain in M.S. until after his death, there is, at the opening of one of the books, a dream, which reaches the very *ne plus ultra* of sublimity in my opinion, expressly framed to illustrate the eternity and the independence of all social modes or fashions of existence, conceded to these two hemispheres, as it were, that compose the total world of human power—mathematics on the one hand, poetry on the other.

“The one that held acquaintance with the stars
—undisturbed by space or time ;
The other that was a god—yea, many gods—
Had voices more than all the winds, and was
A joy, a consolation, and a hope.”

I scarcely know whether I am entitled to quote—as my memory (though not refreshed by a sight of the poem for more than twenty years) would well enable me to do—any long extract ; but thus much I may allowably say, as it cannot in any way affect Mr Wordsworth’s interests, that the form of the dream is as follows ; and, by the way, even this form is not arbitrary ; but, with exquisite skill in the art of composition, is made to arise out of the situation in which the poet had previously found himself, and is faintly prefigured in the elements of that situation. He had been reading “Don Quixote” by the sea-side ; and, oppressed by the heat of the sun, he had fallen asleep whilst gazing on the barren sands before him. He dreams that, walking in some sandy wilderness of Africa, some endless Zaarah, he sees, at a distance

“An Arab of the desert, lance in rest,
Mounted upon a dromedary.”

The Arab rides forward to meet him ; and the dreamer perceives, in the countenance of the rider, the agitation of fear, and that he often looks behind him in a troubled way, whilst in

his hand he holds two books—one of which is Euclid's "Elements;" the other, which is a book and yet not a book, seeming, in fact, a shell as well as a book, sometimes neither, and yet both at once. The Arab directs him to apply his ear; upon which—

"In an unknown tongue, which yet I understood," the dreamer says that he heard

"A wild prophetic blast of harmony,
An ode, as if in passion utter'd, that foretold
Destruction to the people of this earth
By deluge near at hand."

The Arab, with grave countenance, assures him that it is even so; that all was true which had been said; and that he himself was riding upon a divine mission, having it in charge

"To bury those two books;

"The one that held acquaintance with the stars," &c.—that is, in effect, to secure the two great interests of poetry and mathematics from sharing in the watery ruin. As he talks, suddenly the dreamer perceives that the Arab's

countenance grew more disturb'd,"

and that his eye was often reverted; upon which the dreaming poet also looks along the desert in the same direction; and in the far horizon he descries

—"a glittering light."

What is it? he asks of the Arab rider. "It is," said he, "the waters of the earth," that even then were travelling on their awful errand. Upon which, the poet sees this apostle of the desert riding off,

"With the fleet waters of the world in chase of him."

The sketch I have here given of this sublime dream sufficiently attests the interest which Wordsworth took in the peculiar studies of the place, and the exalted privilege which he ascribed to them of coeternity with "the vision and the faculty divine" of the poet—the destiny common to both, of an endless triumph over the ruins of nature and time. Meantime, he himself travelled no farther in these studies than through the six elementary books, usually selected from the fifteen of Euclid. Whatever might be the interests of his speculative understanding, whatever his admiration, practically he devoted himself to the more agitating interests of man, social and political, just then commencing that vast career of revolution which has never since been still or stationary; interests which, in his mind, alternated, however, with another and different interest, in the grander forms of external nature, as found in mountainous regions. In obedience to this latter passion, it was—for a passion it had become—that during one of his long Cambridge vacations, stretching from June to November, he went over to Switzerland and Savoy, for a pedestrian excursion amongst the Alps; taking with him, for his travelling companion, a certain Mr J——, of whom (excepting that he is once apostrophised in a sonnet, written at Calais in the year 1802) I never happened to hear him speak: whence I presume to infer, that Mr J—— owed this flattering distinction, not so

much to any intellectual graces of his society as, perhaps, to his powers of administering "punishment" (in the language of the fancy to restive and mutinous landlords—for such were abroad in those days; people who presented huge reckonings with one hand, and, with the other, a huge cudgel, by way of opening the traveller's eyes to the propriety of paying them without demur. I do not positively know that to have been the case; but I have heard Wordsworth speak of the ruffian landlords who played upon his youth in the Grisons; and, however well qualified to fight his own battles, he might find, amongst such savage mountaineers, two combatants better than one. Wordsworth's route, on this occasion, lay, at first, through Austrian Flanders, then (1788, I think) on the fret for an insurrectionary war against the capricious innovations of the Imperial coxcomb Joseph II. He passed through the camps then forming, and thence ascended the Rhine to Switzerland; crossed the great St Bernard, visited the Lake of Como, and other interesting scenes in the north of Italy, where, by the way, the tourists were benighted in a forest—having, in some way or other, been misled by the Italian clocks, and their peculiar fashion of striking round to twenty-four o'clock. On his return, Wordsworth published a quarto pamphlet of verses, describing, with very considerable effect and brilliancy, the grand scenery amongst which he had been moving. This poem, as well as another in the same quarto form, describing the English lake scenery of Westmoreland and Cumberland, addressed, by way of letter, "to a young lady," (viz., Miss Wordsworth,) are remarkable, in the first place, as the earliest effort of Wordsworth in verse, at least as his earliest publication; but, in the second place, and still more so, from their style of composition. "Pure description," even where it cannot be said, sneeringly, "to hold the place of sense," is so little attractive as the direct or exclusive object of a poem, and in reality it exacts so powerful an effort on the part of the reader to realize visually, or make into an apprehensible unity the scattered elements and circumstances brought together, that, inevitably and reasonably, it can never hope to be a popular form of composition; else it is highly probable that these "Descriptive Sketches" of Wordsworth, though afterwards condemned as vicious in their principles of composition, by his own maturer taste, would really have gained him a high momentary notoriety with the public, had they been fairly brought under its notice: whilst, on the other hand, his revolutionary principles of composition, and his purer taste, ended in obtaining for him nothing but scorn and ruffian insolence. This seems marvellous; but, in fact, it is not so: it seems, I mean, *prima facie* marvellous, that the inferior models should be fitted to gain a far higher reputation; but the secret lies here—that these were in a taste which, though frequently spurious and hollow, had been long reconciled to the public feelings, and which,

besides, have a specific charm for certain minds, even apart from all fashions of the day; whereas, the other had to struggle against sympathies long trained in an opposite direction, to which the recovery of a healthier tone (even where nature had made it possible) presupposed a difficult process of weaning, and an effort of discipline for reorganising the whole internal economy of the sensibilities, that is both painful and mortifying: for—and that is worthy of deep attention—the misgivings of any vicious or unhealthy state; the impulses and auspicious gleams of the truth struggling with cherished error; the instincts of light conflicting with darkness—these are the real causes of that hatred and intolerant scorn which is ever awakened by the first dawns of new and important systems of truth. Therefore it is that Christianity was so much more hated than any mere novel variety of error. Therefore are the first feeble struggles of nature towards a sounder state of health, always harsh and discordant; for the false system which this change for the better disturbs, had, at least, this nothing advantage—that it was self-consistent. Therefore, also, was the Wordsworthian restoration of elementary power, and of a higher or transcendent truth of nature, (or, as some people vaguely expressed the case, of *simplicity*), received at first with such malignant disgust. For there was a galvanic awakening in the shock of power, as it jarred against the ancient system of prejudices, which inevitably revealed so much of truth as made the mind jealous that all was not right, and just so far affected as to be dissatisfied with its existing creed, but not at all raised up to the level of the new creed; enlightened enough to decry its own wanderings, but not enough to recover the right road. The more energetic, the more spasmodically potent are the throes of nature towards her own re-establishment in the cases of suspended animation, by drowning, strangling, &c., the more keen is the anguish of revival. And universally, a transition state is a state of suffering and disquiet. Meantime, the early poems of Wordsworth, that *might* have suited the public taste so much better than his more serious efforts, if the fashion of the hour, or the sanction of a leading review, or the *prestige* of a name in the author, had happened to give them a season's currency, did in fact drop unnoticed into the market. No where have I seen them quoted, no not even since the author's victorious establishment in the public admiration. The reason may be, however, that not many copies were printed at first; no subsequent edition was ever called for; and yet, from growing interest in the author, every copy of the small impression had been studiously brought up. Indeed, I myself went to the publishers (Johnson's) as early as 1805 or 1806, and bought up all the remaining copies, (which were but six or seven of the Foreign Sketches, and two or three of the English,) as presents, and as future curiosities in literature to literary friends, whose interest in Wordsworth might assure one of a due value being put upon the poem. Were

it not for this extreme scarcity,* I am disposed to think that many lines or passages would long ere this have been made familiar to the public ear. Some are delicately, some forcibly picturesque; and the selection of circumstances is occasionally very original and felicitous. In particular, I remember this one, which presents an accident in rural life that must by thousands of repetitions have become intimately known to every dweller in the country, and yet had never before been consciously taken up for a poet's use. After having described the domestic cock as "sweetly ferocious"—a prettiness of phraseology which he borrows from an Italian author—he notices those competitions or defiance which are so often carried on interchangeably from great distances:—

"Echo'd by faintly answering farms remote."

This is the beautiful line in which he has caught and preserved so ordinary an occurrence—one, in fact, of the commonplaces, which lend animation and a moral interest to rural life.

After his return from this Swiss excursion, Wordsworth took up his parting residence at Cambridge, and prepared for a final adieu to academic pursuits and academic society. It was about this period that the French Revolution broke out: and the reader who would understand its appalling effects—its convulsing, revolutionary effects upon Wordsworth's heart and soul—should consult the history of the Solitary, as given by himself in "The Excursion;" for that picture is undoubtedly a leaf from the personal experience of Wordsworth:—

"From that dejection I was roused—

"But how?"—&c.

Mighty was the transformation which it wrought in the whole economy of his thoughts; miraculous almost was the expansion which it gave to his human sympathies; chiefly in this it shewed its effects—in throwing the thoughts inwards into grand meditations upon man, his final destiny, his ultimate capacities of elevation; and, secondly, in giving to the whole system of the thoughts and feelings a firmer tone, and a sense of the awful *realities* which surround the mind; by comparison with which the previous literary tastes seemed (even where they were fine and elegant, as in Collins or Gray, unless where they had the self-sufficing reality of religion, as in Cowper) fanciful and trivial. In all lands this result was accomplished, and at the same time: Germany, above all, found her new literature the mere creation and product of this great moral tempest; and in Germany or England alike, the poetry was so entirely regenerated, thrown into moulds of thought and of feeling so new—so primary—so different from the old worn-out channels in which they had been trained to flow—that the poets everywhere felt themselves to be putting away childish things, and now at

* In some of the later editions of his works, I believe, Wordsworth has himself republished a few extracts from these early sketches; but they are mutilated, garbled, and very much curtailed, if I remember aright.

length—now first (as regarded the eighteenth century) entering upon the dignity and the sincere thinking of mature manhood.

Wordsworth, it is well known to all who know anything of his history, felt himself so fascinated by the gorgeous festival era of the Revolution—that era when the sleeping snakes which afterwards stung the national felicity, were yet covered with flowers—that he went over to Paris, and spent about one entire year between that city, Orleans, and Blois. There, in fact, he continued to reside almost too long. He had been sufficiently connected with public men to have drawn upon himself some notice from those who afterwards composed the Committee of Public Safety. And, as an Englishman, when the war had once obliterated the too fervent and too indulgent partiality which, at an earlier period of the revolutionary movement, had settled upon the English name, he became an object of gloomy suspicion with those even who would have grieved that he should fall a victim to undistinguishing popular violence. Already for England, and in her behalf, he was thought to be that spy which (as Mr Coleridge tells us, in his *Biographia Literaria*) afterwards he was accounted by Mr Pitt's emissaries in the worst of services, *against* her. I doubt, however, (let me say it, by the way, without impeachment of Mr Coleridge's veracity—for he was easily duped,) this whole story about Mr Pitt's Somersetshire spies; and it has often struck me with astonishment, that Mr Coleridge should have suffered his personal pride to take so false a direction as to court the humble distinction of having been suspected as a spy, in those very years when poor empty tympanies of men, such as G——, Thelwall, Holcroft, were actually recognised as enemies of the state, and worthy of a State surveillance, by Ministers so blind and grossly misinformed as, on this point, were Pitt and Dundas. Had I been Coleridge, instead of saving Mr Pitt's reputation with posterity by ascribing to him a jealousy which he or his agents had not the discernment to cherish, I would have boldly planted myself upon the fact, the killing fact, that he had utterly despised both myself, Coleridge to wit, and Wordsworth—even with Dogberry, I would have insisted upon that—"Set down, also, that I am an ass!" I would have exulted

in this fact; it should have been my glory—namely, that two men, whom, in their intellectual faculties, posterity will acknowledge as equal to any age, were scorned and slighted as too contemptible for fear; whilst others, so gross and vulgar in style of mind as this Holcroft, this Thelwall, this—(what is his name?)—were as brainlessly feared by Mr Pitt's cabinet as ever Bottom was adored by Titania. What a perversion of pride! that Coleridge should have sought, by lending his ear to fables which Wordsworth's far sterner principle views as lies,* to gain the fanciful honour of standing upon Mr Pitt's pocket-list of traitors and French spies; when, after all, they stood confessedly in that list as tenth-rate and most inconsiderable villains. Heavens! that was a strange ambition, that, rather than be wholly forgotten by Mr Pitt, (in which fate there was, by possibility, a great dignity,) would seek to figure amongst the very rear-guard of his traitors!

In France, however, Wordsworth had a chance, in good earnest, of passing for the traitor that, in England, no rational person ever thought him. He had chosen his friends carelessly; nor could any man, the most sagacious, have chosen them safely, in a time when the internal schisms of the very same general party brought with them worse hostilities and more personal perils than even, upon the broader divisions of party, could have attended the most *ultra* professions of anti-national politics, and when the rapid changes of position shifted the peril from month to month. One individual is specially recorded by Wordsworth, in the poem on his own life, as a man of the highest merit, and personal qualities the most brilliant, who ranked first upon the list of Wordsworth's friends; and this man was so far a safe friend, at one moment, as he was a republican general—finally, indeed, a commander-in-chief. This was Beaupuis; and the description of his character and position is singularly interesting. There is, in fact, a special value and a use about the case; it opens one's eyes feelingly to the fact that, even in this thoughtless people, so full of vanity and levity—nevertheless the awful temper of the times, and the dread burthen of human interests with which it was charged—had called to a consciousness of new duties—had summoned to an audit, as if

* The reader, who may happen not to have seen Mr Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, is informed that Mr Coleridge tells a long story about a man who followed and dogged himself and Mr Wordsworth in all their rural excursions, under a commission (originally emanating from Mr Pitt) for detecting some overt acts of treason, or treasonable correspondence; or, in default of either, some words of treasonable conversation. Unfortunately for his own interests as an active servant, capable of bagging a promising amount of game, within a week or so, even in a whole month, that spy had collected nothing at all as the basis of a report, excepting only something which they (Coleridge and Wordsworth to wit) were continually saying to each other, now in blame, now in praise, of one *Spy Noxy*; and this, praise and blame alike, the honest spy very naturally took to himself—seeing that the world accused him of having a *nose* of unreasonable dimensions, and his own conscience accused him of being a *spy*. "Now," says Mr Coleridge, "the very fact was, that Wordsworth and I were constantly talking about Spinoza." This story makes a very good Joe Miller; but, for other purposes, is somewhat damaged. However, there is one excellent story in the case. Some country gentleman from the neighbourhood of Nether Stowey, upon a party happening to discuss the probabilities that Wordsworth and Coleridge might be traitors and in correspondence with the French Directory, answered thus:—"Oh, as to that Coleridge, he's a rattle-brain, that will say more in a week than he will stand to in a twelvemonth. But Wordsworth—that's the traitor: why, God bless me, he's so close on the subject that, d—n me if you'll ever hear him open his lips on the subject from year's end to year's end!"

at some great final tribunal, even the gay, radiant creatures that, under less solemn auspices, under the reign of a Francis I. or a Louis XIV., would have been the merest painted butterflies of the court-sunshine. This Beaupuis was a man of superb person—beautiful in a degree which made him a model of male beauty, both as to face and figure; and, accordingly, in a land where conquests of that nature were so easy, and the subjects of so trifling an effort, he had been distinguished, to his own as well as the public eyes, by a rapid succession of *bonnes fortunes* amongst women. Such, and so glorified by triumphs the most unquestionable and flattering, had the earthquake of the revolution found him. From that moment, he had no leisure, not a thought, to bestow upon his former selfish and frivolous pursuits. He was hurried, as one inspired by some high apostolic passion, into the service of the unhappy and desolate serfs amongst his own countrymen—such as are described, at an earlier date, by Madame de Sevigné, as the victims of feudal institutions; and one day as he was walking with Wordsworth in the neighbourhood of Orleans, and they had turned into a little, quiet lane, leading off from a heath, suddenly they came upon the following spectacle: A girl, seventeen or eighteen years old, hunger-bitten, and wasted to a meagre shadow, was knitting, in a dejected, drooping way; whilst to her arm was attached, by a rope, the horse, equally famished, that earned the miserable support of her family. Beaupuis comprehended the scene in a moment; and, seizing Wordsworth by the arm, he said—"Dear English friend!—brother from a nation of freemen!—that it is that is the curse of our people, in their widest division; and to cure this it is, as well as to maintain our work against the kings of the earth, that blood must be shed and tears must flow for many years to come!" At that time, the revolution had not fulfilled its purposes; as yet, the King was on the throne; the fatal 10th of August 1792 had not dawned;* and, as yet, there was safety for a subject of kings. But the irresistible stream was hurrying forwards. The King fell; and (to pause for a moment) how divinely is the fact recorded by Wordsworth in the M.S. poem on his own life, placing the awful scenes past and passing in Paris under a pathetic relief from the description of the golden, autumnal day, sleeping in sunshine—

"When I
Towards the fierce metropolis bent my steps
The homeward road to England. From his throne
The King had fallen"—&c.

What a picture does he give of the fury which there possessed the public mind; of the frenzy which shone in every eye, and through every gesture; of the stormy groups assembled at the Palais Royal, or the Tuileries, with "hissing factionists" for ever in their centre, "hissing" from the self-baffling of their own madness, and incapable from wrath of speaking clearly; of fear already creeping over the manners of multitudes; of stealthy movements through back streets; plotting and counter-plotting in every family; feuds to extermination, dividing children of the same house for ever; scenes such as those of the Chapel Royal, (now silenced on that public stage,) repeating themselves daily amongst private friends; and, to shew the universality of this maniacal possession—that it was no narrow storm discharging its fury by local concentration upon a single city, but that it overspread the whole realm of France—a picture is given, wearing the same features, of what passed daily at Orleans, Blois, and other towns. The citizens are described in the attitudes they assumed at the daily coming-in of the post from Paris; the fierce sympathy is portrayed, with which they echoed back the feelings of their compatriots in the capital: men of all parties had been there up to this time; aristocrats as well as democrats—and one in particular of the former class is put forward as a representative of his class. This man, duly as the hour arrived which brought the Parisian newspapers, read restlessly of the tumults and insults amongst which the Royal Family now passed their days; of the decrees by which his own order were threatened or assailed; of the self-expatriation, now continually swelling in amount, as a measure of despair on the part of myriads, as well priests as gentry—all this and worse he read in public; and still as he read,

"his hand
Haunted his sword like an uneasy spot
In his own body."

In short, as there never has been so strong a national convulsion diffused so widely with equal truth, it may be asserted that no describer, so powerful, or idealizing so magnificently what he deals with, has ever been a real living spectator of parallel scenes. The French, indeed, it may be said, are far enough from being a people pro-

* How little has any adequate power as yet approached this great theme! Not the Grecian stage—not "the dark streets of the line of Thebes," in any of its scenes, unfolds such tragical grouping of circumstances and situations as may be gathered from the memoirs of the time. The galleries and vast staircases of Versailles, at early dawn, on some of the greatest days—the tempestuous gathering of the mobs—the figure of the Duke of Orleans obscurely detected amongst them—the growing fury—the growing panic—the blind tumult—and the dimness of the event—all make up a scene worthy to blend with our time-hallowed images of Babylon or of Nineveh with the enemy in all her pines, Memphis or Jerusalem in their agonies. But, amongst all the exponents of the growing agitation that besieged the public mind, none is so profoundly impressive as the scene (every Sunday renewed) at the Chapel Royal. Even in the most penitential of the litanies, in the presence when most immediately confessed of God himself—when the antiphonies were chanted, one party singing, with fury and gnashing of teeth, *Salvum fac regem*, and another, with equal hatred and fervour, answering *Et Reginam*—the organ roared into thunder—the semi-chorus swelled into shouting—the menaces into defiance—the agitation into tempestuous fury—again the crashing semi-chorus sang with shouts their *Salvum fac regem*—again the vengeful antiphony hurled back its *Et Reginam*—and one person, an eye-witness of these scenes, which mounted in violence on each successive Sunday, declares that, sometimes, the semi-choral bodies were at the point of fighting with each other in the presence of the King.

found in feeling. True ; but of all people, they most exhibit their feeling on the surface ; are the most *demonstrative* (to use a modern term ;) and most of all mark their feelings by outward expression of gesticulation and fervent enunciation : not to insist upon the obvious truth—that even a people of shallow feeling may be deeply moved by tempests which uproot the forest of a thousand years' growth ; by changes in the very organization of society, that throw all things, for a time, into one vast anarchy ; and by murderous passions, alternately the effect and the cause of that same chaotic anarchy. Now, it was in this autumn of 1792, as I have already said, that Wordsworth parted finally from his illustrious friend—for, all things considered, he may be justly so entitled—the gallant Beaupuis. This great season of public trial had searched men's natures ; revealed their real hearts ; brought into light and action qualities oftentimes not suspected by their possessors ; and had thrown men, as in elementary states of society, each upon his own native resources, unaided by the old conventional forces of rank and birth. Beaupuis had shone to unusual advantage under this general trial ; he had discovered, even to the philosophic eye of Wordsworth, a depth of benignity, very unusual in a Frenchman ; and not of local, contracted benignity, but of large, illimitable, apostolic devotion to the service of the poor and the oppressed—a fact the more remarkable as he had all the pretensions in his own person of high birth and high rank ; and, so far as he had any personal interest embarked in the struggle, should have allied himself with the aristocracy. But of selfishness in any shape, he had no vestiges : or, if he had, it shewed itself in a slight tinge of vanity ; yet, no—it was not vanity, but a radiant quickness of sympathy with the eye which expressed admiring love—sole relic of the chivalrous devotion once limited to the service of ladies. Now, again, he put on the garb of chivalry ; it was a chivalry the noblest in the world, which opened his ear to the Pariah and the oppressed all over his mis-organized country. A more apostolic fervour of holy zealotry in this great cause, had not been seen since the days of Bartholomew las Casas, who shewed the same excess of feeling in another direction. This sublime dedication of his being to a cause which, in his conception of it, extinguished all petty considerations for himself, and made him thenceforwards a creature of the national will—"a son of France," in a more eminent and loftier sense than according to the

heraldry of Europe—had extinguished even his sensibility to the voice of worldly honour : "injuries," says Wordsworth—

"injuries
Made him more gracious."

And so utterly had he submitted his own will or separate interests to the transcendent voice of his country, which, in the main, he believed to be now speaking authentically for the first time since the foundations of Christendom, that, even against the motions of his own heart, he adopted the hatreds of the young Republic, growing cruel in his purposes towards the ancient oppressor, out of very excess of love for the oppressed ; and, against the voice of his own order, as well as in stern oblivion of many early friendships, he became the champion of democracy in the struggle everywhere commencing with prejudice or feudal privilege. Nay, he went so far upon the line of this new crusade against the evils of the world, that he even accepted, with a conscientious defiance of his own inevitable homage to the erring spirit of loyalty embarked upon that cause, a commission in the Republican armies preparing to move against La Vendée ; and, finally, in that cause, as commander-in-chief, he laid down his life. "He perished," says Wordsworth—

—"perished, fighting in supreme command,
Upon the banks of the unhappy Loire."

Homewards fled all the English from a land which now was fast filling its prisons, and making ready the shambles for its noblest citizens. Thither also came Wordsworth ; and then he spent his time for a year and more, in London chiefly, overwhelmed with shame and despondency for the disgrace and scandal brought upon liberty by the atrocities committed in that holy name. Upon this subject he dwells with deep emotion in the poem on his own life ; and he records the awful triumph for retribution accomplished, which possessed him when crossing the sands of the great Bay of Morecambe from Lancaster to Ulverstone ; and hearing from a horseman who passed him, in reply to his question—*was there any news ?*—"Yes, that Robespierre had perished." Immediately, a passion seized him, a transport of almost epileptic fervour, prompting him, as he stood alone upon this perilous* waste of sands, to shout aloud anthems of thanksgiving for this great vindication of eternal justice. Still, though justice was done upon one great traitor to the cause, the cause itself was overcast with clouds too heavily to find support and employment for the hopes of a

* That tract of the lake country which stretches southwards from Hawkshead and the lakes of Esthwaite, Windermere, and Coniston, to the little town of Ulverstone, (which may be regarded as the metropolis of the little romantic English Calabria, called Turness,) is divided from the main part of Lancashire by the estuary of Morecambe. The sea retires with the ebb tide to a vast distance, leaving the sands passable for a few hours for horses and carriages. But partly from the daily variation in these hours, partly from the intricacy of the pathless track which must be pursued, and partly from the galloping pace at which the returning tide comes in, many fatal accidents are continually occurring—sometimes to the too venturesome traveller who has slighted the aid of guides—sometimes to the guides themselves, when baffled and perplexed by mists. Gray the poet mentions one of the latter class, as having then recently occurred under affecting circumstances. Local tradition records a long list of interesting cases.

poet who had believed in a golden era ready to open upon the prospects of human nature. It gratified and solaced his heart, that the indignation of mankind should have wreaked itself upon the chief monsters that had outraged their nature and their hopes; but for the present he found it necessary to comfort his disappointment, by turning away from politics to studies less capable of deceiving his expectations.

From this period, therefore—that is, from the year 1794–5—we may date the commencement of Wordsworth's entire self-dedication to poetry as the study and main business of his life. Somewhere about this period, also, (though, according to my remembrance of what Miss Wordsworth once told me, I think one year or so later,) his sister joined him; and they began to keep house together: once at Race Down, in Dorsetshire; once at Clevedon, on the coast of Somersetshire; then amongst the Quantock Hills, in the same

county, or in that neighbourhood; and, at length, at Alfoxton, a beautiful country house, with a grove and shrubbery attached, belonging to Mr St Aubyn, a minor, and let (I believe) on the terms of keeping the house in repair. Whilst resident at this last place it was, as I have generally understood, and in the year 1797 or 1798, that Wordsworth first became acquainted with Coleridge; though, possibly, in the year I am wrong; for it occurs to me that, in a poem published in 1796, there is an allusion to a young writer, of the name of Wordsworth, as one who had something austere in his style, but otherwise was more original than any other poet of the age; and it is probable that this, and knowledge of the poetry, would be subsequent to a personal knowledge of the author, considering the little circulation which any poetry of a Wordsworthian stamp would be likely to attain at that time.

(To be continued.)

WHO IS A LIAR?

Who is a liar?—his guises what?
Come listen awhile, and I'll tell you, Pat.
That portly sage, with the ruby nose,
Who waddles in fat as he churchward goes.
Why, that's an apostle—a Peter, a Paul.
He'd tell you so—he's a bishop—that's all.
Tis no narrow path that the sycophant trede,
A Broadway of smiles was his heavenward road.
Did he court the smile of the lowly and poor?
No—the smile of his Lordship and Lordship's —.
And he smiled when the curse was loud and long,
And gaily cheered at the libertine's song;
He quoted the Bible with delicate sneer,
And blasphemy minced in his patron's ear;
And along the high-road of preferment was driven—
An apostle of Christ, with a call from heaven.
Who is a liar?—his guises what?
Come listen awhile, and I'll tell you, Pat.

There stands the patriot—fired with zeal,
He'd brave the stake for public weal.
How his heart was consumed for his country's cause!
And the skies might fall, but he'd stand by the clause—
His country—his conscience!—ah! dearer than life!
For conscience and country he'd die in the strife.
Behold the placeman!—what reck's he,
At Windsor, where the cause may be?
The cause must yield to beauty's charms;
The placeman smiles, and folds his arms;
His conscience will sleep in the storm, as calm
As the innocent sleep of the harmless lamb
'Mid the howl of the tempest—the hurricane's sweep;—
To the trill of the nightingale's music 'twill sleep.
But the patriot wakes?—To suppose it were stupid—
They are one and the same, by the *soul* of Cupid.

CYRUS.

THE CORN-LAWS AGAIN.

BEFORE the rulers of his fate
The poor man humbly stands;
His cheek is wan, his eye is sunk,
Toil-hardened are his hands.

Care-worn his face, and deep the stamp
Of sorrow and despair;
Though blasted be his faded form,
A heart is beating there—

A heart that, spite of human laws,
Is true to nature's ties,
And swells when'er he dares to think
Of this life's destinies.

Unto the Molochs of the land
He oft hath made appeal—
"Give, give to me my daily bread"—
But, no!—their heart is steel.

The wife that to his manly breast
In hopeful youth he took,
Must sink beneath the deadly blows
By stern Starvation strook.

His children, clinging to his knee,
Have begged of him for bread;
And in his bitterness of soul,
He sobs and hangs his head.

His brother-worms fare sumptuously
Their lands are broad and fair;
Of want and wretchedness like his
What should they know or care?

Stern were the laws which History tells
Old Draco writ in blood;
But sterner far must be the code
That takes the poor man's food.

How long shall toil, without its meed,
Be all his earthly doom?
How long shall life to thousands be
A sunless, joyless tomb?

How long, how long shall selfishness
And might o'er right prevail?
Arise! ye millions, at whose voice
Earth's pigmy things must quail!

Sunderland.

E.

H 2

THE QUEEN AND THE BEGGARMAN.

A NEW AND TRUE BALLAD.

THERE was a jolly beggarman
A-begging oft had been ;
And at last he went a-begging
To the pretty little Queen—
 With a whack row de dow dow, fol de dol
 de dee.

Oh, he wouldn't beg for praties,
Nor he wouldn't beg for meal ;
But he begged for scraps of freedom
For himself and all his Tail—
 With a whack, &c.

So off he went, with this intent,
And with him went a throng too ;
And when he reached her palace gate,
He rapped both loud and long too—
 With a whack, &c.

The Queen's engaged, her porters state ;
But that was all a bam :
She was only sitting *tête-à-tête*,
Along with her pet Lamb—
 At their crack, &c.

So at the gate he had to wait,
Himself and all the boys ;
"But, until I see herself," says he ;
"Or, Sow! I'll make a noise—
 With a whack," &c.

Another message then was sent—
"Her Majesty's at prayers ;"
But, the noise increasing still, she went,
To see the cause, up stairs,
 Of their whack, &c.

She trembling there, with doubts and fears,
To see this begging crew—
Cries, "They'll pull this house about our ears !
Oh, dear! what shall I do ?
 With their whack," &c.

Says Lamb, quite pat, "We'll manage that,
If you'll do as I warn ye—
To give their Chief both bread and beef,
And feed the rest with blarney,
 And whack," &c.

But when they saw her pretty eyes,
With cheers and whillaloo,
They threw their caubens* to the skies,
And that soon brought her to—
 With a whack, &c.

This changed her mind ; and, growing kind,
She says, "I'll go salute them.
Says her men of war, "Twere better far,
To let us go and shoot them,
 And their whack," &c.

* Old hats.

But says Lamb & Co., "You need not go,
For we'll go parliamenting,
To stop their voice with votes and noise,
And save you from consenting
 To their whack," &c.

Still the boys without would bawl and shout,
And liked to raise a riot,
Till mighty Dan would wave his hand,
And tell them to keep quiet—
 With a whack, &c.

So, to treat between the crowd and Queen,
Their chief soon gained admission ;
And, with scrapes, and bows, and loyal vows,
There hands her his petition.
 With a whack, &c.

"To refuse me and these boys without
I'm sure you're not so cruel—
You're the world's darling, without doubt—
You're a diamond of a jewel !
 With a whack, &c.

Sure, you're far too grand for any man"—
(You see, he wished to please her)—
"Ay, even for Brian Bourroo, himself,
Or ould Nebuchandesor—
 With a whack," &c.

"Well, indeed, I'd grant you all you want,
You're so modest and engaging ;
But then, you see, 'tween you and me,
Their Lordships would be raging,
 With their whack, &c.

"And the Bishops, too, that holy crew,
Though waiting my translation,
If I should grant you what you want,
Would shut me from salvation—
 In their black, &c.

"And you must admit it is not fit
I'd treat with a Precursor."—
"If you wont," says Dan, "adopt my plan,
You must a worse and worse—
 With a whack, &c.

"For, to tell you plain, we'll not again
A-begging here be seen ;
If you won't consent, we'll parliament
Ourselves in College Green—
 With a whack," &c.

"Then, I must get my Cabinet
To meet in consultation."—
So, there we leave the whole conclave
To mystify the nation,
 With their clack, &c.

PARABAWN.

SONG.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

LAND of the Men who brought before
All nations, in all times,
A King, soul-gorged with pride and gore,
And slew him for his crimes !
Shall we not name thy name with pride,
Famed Mother of the brave ?
Who would not die as Hampden died,
That looks on Sidney's grave ?
O'er it thy mountain summits rise,
Thy dewy roses bloom ;
We stand upon it—Here he lies !
Thou, Britain, art his tomb !

Yet scorners say, thy hills and vales
Are cur'd from sea to sea ;
"The land of palaces and jails"
Derision nameth thee.
For shameful stripes thy children fight,
Or labour in despair,
Where demons tax the blessed light,
And taint with plague the air.
Land of the wise, the great, the good !
When wilt thou break thy chains,
And startle into honest blood
The filth in tyrants' veins ?

BLANCHE DELAMERE.

CHAPTER V.

Swing and his Satellites.

We left the inmates of the Abbey of the Holy Cross in confusion worse confounded. In the conflagration of a great house, like the end of a battle, the general maxim is, *Sauve qui peut*; and when the little Lady Blanche, having struggled out of the arms of her Arab rescuer, flew back to her grandmother, she found that noble lady abandoned by all her servants, and in something like cataleptic rigour, from which it was difficult to rouse her faculties.

"Haste, haste, my lady grandma!" cried the little girl, clasping her arms fondly about the rigid, motionless lady; "I will carry you; Hassan will carry you. Oh! come, my own father's mother—come with us—with Hassan!" A myriad of broken, confused, and distracted thoughts flashed, as in a night-mare dream, across the brain of the perturbed lady. She was in the psychological state of the little tipsy old woman in the ballad, who doubted her own identity. Was she indeed Marguerite Countess of Delamere, sole representative of an illustrious line—alone, deserted by "her people," and her mansion in flames over her head, from the torch of villainous and ungrateful incendiaries? And was this England? The Arab gave no time for rumination or parley; and a more unceremonious handling down the great staircase than his could not well be imagined. In the open air, the discordant voices of the people and the glare of the torches acted upon her senses and partially restored them. She was hurried, dragged across the lawn, and flung upon a bench under a solitary and magnificent beech tree, whence she might undisturbed contemplate the progress of the conflagration.

"It might better have become the last Delamere to have perished in the ashes of the old nest," said the reviving lady; "but God's will be done."

"Oh, don't be sorry, dear grandmamma," said her only companion, venturing to caress her aged relative with more freedom than at any previous time of their intercourse. "Fred will soon put out the fire, and you will get back to your own warm room again—never fear that. Let me put my little shawl round your feet." And, as the girl knelt to perform this act of attention, the aged Countess, under the influence of one of those electric touches which sooner or later come to all, suddenly kissed the affectionate and intelligent creature ministering to her comfort; and Blanche, though she had often endured her grandmother's formal salute, felt that this was the first motherly kiss that had ever been given to her. She repeatedly kissed her grandmother's hand; and, looking up with her mother's eyes, which glowed through tears, exclaimed—"Grandmamma, you love Blanche? Do you? Not so well as Mrs Thompson at the laundry loves little Lucy. Oh, she is so happy, that poor child!

—But some little you love me. Ah, when I feared you should be burned alive, poor old grandma! how I loved you then—when we came back to you! But now!"

"Did you indeed return for me? Do you indeed love grandmamma, Blanche? You are a strange, a very strange child. . . . Who else cares for me?" added the lady, sorrowfully but haughtily, recalling in full force her lonely situation, as the deserter, Dr Hayley, approached in haste. "My people, base poltroons, fled—leaving their too generous, too easy mistress to the protection of a foreign menial, and the kindness of a child. My friends—those who had called themselves"—

"Madam, you wrong your servants," interrupted the Doctor, "and the most devoted and faithful, though the humblest of your friends. I had flown for aid to convey you to a place of safety." The good doctor said nothing of sundry small matters of cash and papers in his own apartment, hastily secured about his person; yet his statement was substantially true. "I find I have been anticipated. The flames are happily completely subdued. To the main building there never was any danger, thanks to the courage of a young hero, or rather to the knowledge and self-possession of a young philosopher, who has to-night earned the gratitude of every friend of your Ladyship and the family."

"It is Fred," cried Blanche, exultingly. "He is the gardener's nephew, Lucy's cousin, and a scholar—not a gentleman. Oh, he is so clever and good—and they are all so proud of him! He is the friend of Hassan, and knows our language very well. I love him very much myself. . . . Oh, here he comes"—and she sprang towards the youth, who was eagerly advancing, bareheaded, and blackened in the face.

"You are safe, Lady Blanche?" said he, eagerly.

"Yes, yes; come, Fred, to grandmamma. And she dragged the lad forward, who, on recognising the august and awful Countess, was modestly shrinking back.

"Ah, this is your Ladyship's young champion against the Fire-king," said Dr Hayley. "Though he does bear sable tokens of the combat, permit me to present Mr Frederick Leighton to your Ladyship." The Countess saw a handsome, slight boy, with a pale and interesting, though shockingly begrimed face. An expression of mildness and benignity, and a smile of singular sweetness—at least as his eyes fell upon the triumphant little lady who held his hand—were more remarkable than the features. The Countess was most gracious.

"The family of Delamere, this young lady and myself, are, I understand, indebted to you, sir; and a Delamere never forgets a service, nor yet an injury." She extended her hand. The abashed youth muttered some words of acknowledgment, and bowed most deferentially upon the gracious hand of the lady, for he literally fell fainting at her feet,

"Poor boy! his feelings have overcome him; he is unused to a presence like ours."

Dr Hayley had more serious fears. "The poor fellow has, I fear, sustained some severe personal injury while on the roof of the wing. Where, Lady Blanche, is Hassan?—he is a skilful leech." Here Lady Blanche ran screaming across the lawn towards her "Arab friend;" and, as the Countess was now surrounded by "her people," steward, butler, housekeeper, own maid, and own footman, all alike respectfully eloquent, in protestations of attachment, and explanations of the accident; and as the bench and the sward around her became literally cushioned, clothed, and carpeted for her comfort, as if by enchantment, no one regarded the Arab, the heiress, or the fainting boy.

"Take him to my own nursery; we will watch him ourselves, Hassan—his arm, you say, broke?—only broke—boys don't die of broken arms—Fred shall not die!"—And the Lady Blanche heroically cut away the sleeves of the boy, and his blood-clotted hair; and, under the directions of the Arab, who was indeed no contemptible surgeon, performed the besprinkling duties necessary in such cases. She then flew back to poor "Madam Grandma," who, now leaning on the arm of Dr Hayley, was contemplating the ravages of the fire, so happily arrested by the intelligence, courage, and activity of Frederick Leighton. "He is a noble boy," said the Countess, unusually excited; "and I have long marked him. It is the privilege of English nobility to patronise and reward talent in the lower orders. I shall write to the commander-in-chief; or, should he prefer the Church, I have livings in my gift. And Blanche is a good child, too," added she, as the girl burst to her through the phalanx of servants.

"And he is living, grandmother! I put water on his face, and he would not live; I held smelling salts to him, and Hassan gave him a good shake, and he would not live. And then I wept, and kissed him, and kissed him, and he lived! He opened his eyes so wide, and said, 'How good, Lady Blanche!'" Dr Hayley smiled, and made his usual significant gesture of silence. The features of the Countess were assuming that peevish, perplexed look, called forth by the odd ways of her grandchild, when Blanche, who had a savage's acuteness in all her senses, called out—"Hark! I hear the tramp of horses." This was disputed for some minutes, until the more distant beat of the horses' feet, and the flash of torches in the woods, proved that the troops sent for were approaching.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated the Countess. "Browne, Mr Grimshaw," (she addressed her head-butler and her steward,) "is the ruffian named *Swing*, the villanous incendiary, secured? I should wish the military to find that my household is not altogether inadequate to the defence of my property." Mr Browne was half-afraid to tell that there was no trace of any strange incendiary; and yet that both he and Dr Hayley, and indeed every one whom the care of their

own goods and chattels had given leisure for observation, noticed some very suspicious circumstances attending the fire. It had broken out in the steward's business-room; and, what was remarkable, while the furniture and building timber were nearly unharmed, a mass of valuable and important papers had been consumed, and even thick account-books destroyed in their strong stone and iron repositories. What the flames had spared, water had wasted; and all was one heap of inextricable confusion.

The steward wrung his hands in despair. He was ruined! forever ruined! The scene was over-acted; and Dr Hayley, remembering the hint he had received from Frederick Leighton, coolly bade the worthy man be composed, for the butler should maintain vigilant watch over the half-burned premises, until the affair could be probed to the bottom by the proper functionaries, who might, perhaps, find it necessary to call in the assistance of some of the keen-sighted gentlemen of Bow Street. It was long afterwards universally alleged by the servants, that Mr Grimshaw had changed colour and started at this hint.

"Bow Street officers, thief-takers! rummaging the dwelling of my noble and honoured mistress, under the direction of a county magistrate—of probably Jervis Yates—taking the deposition of the Countess of Delamere! May the old eyes of the faithful follower of her house be spared that sight!"

"Ay, indeed, Doctor, how should you talk of Bow Street officers and Jervis Yates ransacking my family repositories—taking my deposition—about the base, low wretches who have fired the mansion of the Delameres! But the military gentlemen approach. I charge you, Browne, that all fitting attention and hospitality be shewn to our brave defenders, his Majesty's troops. The commanding officer will, no doubt, wait upon me for his further orders—I mean for the necessary explanations."

"And leave to me, my Lady, to the most devoted and now the oldest servant of your house, to look after *Swing*, while Mr Browne attends to his duties in-doors," said the steward. "If your Ladyship should catch cold in the night air, or suffer from this excitement:—but, no! True Delamere! ever the more calm and self-possessed as danger rises higher! I think I may venture to shew you this diabolical scrawl of the monster *Swing*, written in characters of blood—sealed with the death's-head and cross-bones of the Irish Papist, O'Connell—threatening my destruction for my fidelity to 'that brimston haridan,' as they wickedly and blasphemously term a noble lady!"

"Good Heavens, Grimshaw—my poor, faithful Grimshaw!"

"Alas, madam! I was fool enough to fancy that my own poor place and my few ricks at the Grange only were threatened, while destruction hovered round the dwelling of my noble mistress."

"Let that epistle be preserved for the i

spection of the magistrates," said Dr Hayley, authoritatively.

"Perish the thought, sir!" cried the steward, tearing the precious document into a hundred pieces in his virtuous fury. "Not, save at the price of my blood, shall any eye rest upon the contumelious epithets applied to my thrice-honoured and honourable lady, by these blood-thirsty monsters; and, least of all, the eyes of Mr Jervis Yates. For myself, I welcome the ruin and personal distress that may spare Lady Delamere a moment's pain."

"Ay, indeed, doctor!—such language going through all the Jacobinical journals, as applied to me!—Let the vile scrawl never be seen again!"

"Incorrigible fool!" thought the vexed and angry ex-chaplain, as he impatiently waited the arrival of the dragoons. "Fawning rascal, if not black, designing villain!"

"Don't you be so sorry, pray, for Mr Grimshaw," said Lady Blanche, addressing herself to the consolation of her grandmother. "He won't be ruined. I have heard Mr Browne and the housekeeper say, many's the time, he had feathered his nest well, and had still very pretty pickings." In spite of "the august presence," there was a suppressed titter among the uninterested bystanders; while the steward gave one blighting side-glance at the girl, whom her grandmother commanded to silence, as malapert.

What could stay the military, expected now for several minutes?—Had some one, in league with the incendiaries, led them off the two miles long and now neglected avenue, which led from the Stoke Delamere gate?—Were they, man and horse, over the crags into the river?—No such thing. But, after really having been within the park, they had been told the fire was got under, and recalled to suppress a riot in the borough, where a lawless mob had set fire to the jail, and rescued the wounded poacher Waterton. Now they came gallantly on, at a brisk trot; and as they emerged from the avenue, and were loyally received by the cheer of the spectators, which was returned till the echoes of the old abbey rang again; and as the numerous torches held by the servants flashed on plumed helmet, and sabre, and glittering harness, the bosom of the ancient lady swelled with proud and long-forgotten emotions. Here was a shadowing of the gallantry, the gorgeousness, and the inspiring dangers of the olden time. Just so might the Abbey of the Holy Cross have looked on that ever-memorable night when it enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten glory and felicity of sheltering the fugitive royal Charles and a band of valiant cavaliers. Such as now looked the young and handsome lieutenant of hussars, who, gracefully dismounting, stood unhelmeted, bending lowly before the lady of the mansion, at the grand entrance to the saloon, might the royal Charles have been. The gorgeous dream had an abrupt awakening; there were here men and things, intrusive vulgar realities, which had no prototypes in the glorious days on which she pampered her fancy.

"The Colonel," said the officer, "with his most respectful compliments, charged me, madam, to express his deep regret that important affairs in another part of the county have prevented him from taking this duty in person. I may be inexperienced in such delicate affairs; but I walk by this gentleman's wisdom. . . . Mr Jervis Yates, madam, one of your intelligent and well-affected county magistrates, who volunteered this duty. I am happy, however, to find that your Ladyship requires none of my services—that the affair is over."

"Nor of Mr Yates's either, sir," returned the Countess, drawing haughtily up, as the bustling and somewhat consequential magistrate, who had thrown his bridle to his acquaintance Hassan, hastily advanced. "My own household are perfectly adequate to the defence of my life and property; if not, they must be augmented."

"Don't you consider it rather curious, my Lady," said Yates, "that the fire should have done so much damage in the steward's business room, without spreading farther? . . . Ha! my noble little cousin, Lady Blanche, how d'ye do, my dear?"

"Madam grandma, may I shake hands with my plebeian cousin? . . . Pray, sir, did the poor poacher's wife come to you from me, to get some of that money from you to buy food, which you are to give me when I make a great match with a grandee, and make you uncle to an Earl?"

Mr Jervis Yates smiled, the undigested plebeian notwithstanding. "This frank young lady, Lieutenant Wynne," said he, "is my little cousin, Lady Blanche Delamere, a young lady not yet perfect in her English, though otherwise, it seems, abundantly precocious. . . . Thinking of marriage, the great act in the woman's drama, already, Blanche, my dear?—Ah, ha! a touch of old Mother Eve in all bloods, Doctor."

"I intend to marry Fred myself, if he will have me," continued the frank-spoken maiden; "and everybody, save grandma and the Doctor, tells me I am a young lady of title, and a great heiress, and may do just as I please: and I will, too."

The young officer laughed.

"Very pretty, my little lady," returned the merry magistrate. "Anything, you mean, becoming your duty, and your exalted rank and station." And he winked—yes! Mr Jervis Yates made some sort of slight motion of intelligence with his left eye, at or towards Marguerite, twentieth Countess of Delamere, whom the naïveté or pertness of her grandchild, and this fresh audacity, appeared to have frozen to stone.

"But to business!" cried the active magistrate. "Here are no ordinary matters for investigation." And, in defiance of the remonstrances of the steward, Mr Yates went on, till midnight, plunged forty fathom deep in examinations and depositions; and, with all his acuteness, was so effectually baffled, that he took nothing for his pains save a very severe cold.

The distinguished small party in the dining-room, meanwhile, partook of refreshments; and

the ten troopers and their sergeant, in the hall, joyously regaled themselves; while Blanche and Hassan remained with their patient.

The Countess deeply, though silently, resented the smallness of the military party sent to her assistance, though this was but one of the many mortifications to which she was this night doomed; for the jovial troopers did not consider themselves half qualified to pronounce upon the quality of the far-famed double ale of the Abbey of the Holy Cross, when a mounted messenger brought a summons to their commander, from a neighbouring magistrate, to come promptly to the defence of another place threatened by the Stoke Delamere rioters; nor could the indignation of the Countess be disguised, when the commanding officer—himself a scion of Norman nobility—hastened their departure from her almost untasted hospitalities, to the protection of some trumpery cotton-factories, a few miles down the valley, respectfully stating, that he was bound instantly to obey the orders of the civil magistrate. . . . It was long past her usual hour on that memorable night before the Countess was undressed, put to bed, and had received her Madeira-whey from her faithful Martin.

"Is Lady Blanche in bed? You tell me the poor boy's arm is properly set, and that magistrate person gone with his followers."

"Yes, my Lady; and I trust in gracious Providence, my Lady, that the prayers of your faithful servants, my Lady, may prevent the gout"—

"There must be family-prayers, thanksgiving, in the hall to-morrow, at twelve precisely," interrupted the Countess, "for my signal deliverance from this most guilty and horrible attempt. Let the servants be warned, and see that the state apartments are in order. Doubtless there will be distinguished visitors at the Abbey to-morrow. Many will sympathize with me in this calamity. O Martin, what will society—what will ruined, unhappy England come to? Well might the immortal Pitt exclaim in his dying hour—'O my country! my country!'"

The afflicted Countess swallowed the final gulp of her wine-whey, and was tucked up for the night in swandown blankets and satin coverlets, under a coroneted canopy.

CHAPTER VI.

Cases of Conscience.

The consequences of that fire were many and various, which, to her dying day, Lady Delamere persisted in attributing to that omnipresent, and, it would seem to some imaginations, that omniscient miscreant Swing. In the first place, it brought an influx of the provincial nobility and gentry—from the Lord Lieutenant, the Right Honourable the Earl of Fanfaronade, and his Countess, downwards—with congratulations, condolences, friendly offers of service, and of leagues for mutual protection; and with the expression of warm sympathy in this undoubted conspiracy

against the aristocracy, and extravagant praises of the high spirit displayed by the noble sufferer. Its future consequences were, inextricably-ravelled accounts, numerous petty prosecutions of tenantry, an expensive chancery suit, long afterwards instituted by the heirs of Mr Grimshaw against Blanche Countess of Delamere, and the loss of large balances.

Awkward or impertinent as Blanche had been on the previous night, the marks of her instinctive attachment to her deserted grandmother were not forgotten by that lady; and on the day of general gratulation, Lady Blanche behaved so well, and was so much commended by the noble visitors, for improved growth and appearance, prepossessing manners, and a decided resemblance to the Delamere family, that she had never before been so high in favour. A proper governess was forthwith to be provided for her, on the recommendation of the noble governess of an "illustrious personage;" the Arab was to be sent home to his country; she was to have her hair turned up, wear longer petticoats, and be *confirmed*, along with some junior branches of the neighbouring noble families. The Countess, in the plenitude of her exultation, declared that she had resolved to provide for Frederick Leighton, either in the Army or the Church, whichever was found most suited to his genius. With this last intelligence, which she had picked up with her usual quickness, the Lady Blanche flew back to the bedside of the patient, whom the Countess had herself condescended to visit, though Blanche had been prohibited the indulgence.

"Be a soldier, Fred—if you cannot be a great man. Do not, Hassan says, be a priest—to do religion, and flatter, and imbibe, and play cards all day with old women like grandmamma," was the earnest exhortation of Lady Blanche.

"I would rather be a scholar," said the mild youth. "But do, Lady Blanche, leave me; the Countess will be so displeased with you for being here against her orders."

"Then you don't like me near you, Fred; you like Lucy better; you do not love me to be with you, to watch you, and give you drink." The boy sighed, and turned away his head.

"I wish you loved me as I love you, Fred; but you won't look at me—then I don't care for you either." The Lady Blanche walked off, in disdain, and in sorrowful anger. She sought Hassan, to tell him of her causes of grief; but found she could not tell him that Fred did not love her.

She proposed that they should have a gallop to the Stoke Delamere gate, to hear of the liberated poacher. It was long past her ordinary hour of exercise, but she resolved to go; and the Arab never baulked her in any wish, though in violation of all established rules. She stole back to her nursery for her riding-whip, which happened to be there, and to be friends with Fred, if he asked her; for a quarrel of above five minutes with any one she loved, and, above all, with him, lay like a dead-weight on the heart of Blanche. Aunt Thompson, from the

laundry, was with him, and little Lucy—the pretty, fair, and fairy Lucy, was prattling to him, and holding his hand. The heiress stole back unperceived, silently mounted, and far outrode even the fleet pace of Hassan. When he overtook her, he found her stretched, as if dead, in the path, beside a poacher's great-coat and dark lantern, which had probably startled the pony. The world, at this sight, seemed a blank to the Arab. She was, however, perfectly recovered long before he got her home, and said merely she was sleepy—she should like to sleep. The greatest alarm and distress pervaded the establishment. The consequence of the little heiress had never been felt till now. It might now have been thought that the Countess had no object in existence save her grandchild, for whose preservation heaven and earth were stirred. The family surgeons, three in number—the Fanfaronade family surgeon—the “very able” medical friend of Mr Jervis Yates, were all in turn eagerly welcomed. Their learned fears, diverted from the brain, rested on “injury to the spine.”

Perfect inaction, a constantly recumbent posture, was the cruel sentence pronounced upon the lively, restless, and quick-spirited girl; and rigidly was it enforced by the entire household. In the accession of the Lady Blanche, every one placed hopes, and no one knew what might befall to place and perquisite under the regime of the little Irish boy and his mother. The Countess, horrified by the idea of the death of her heiress, or of her possible deformity—deformity which might prove an obstacle to her marriage—to the greatest of earthly interests, the lineal transmission of the family honours—yielded to or anticipated her every wish. Her early kind friend, Mrs Thompson, was, at her desire, permanently planted in her apartments, as her principal attendant. The pretty, gentle, little Lucy was engaged as her playmate; and Frederick Leighton, until he was sent to the University, was her reader and master of design; Dr Hayley taking long spells of the same duty. Hassan alone, the wild Arab, fancied it cruelty, perhaps designing cruelty of the Franks, to fasten his companion, his wild gazelle, his graceful antelope, all day long, like a dried mummy, to a board. He became more and more moody and dissatisfied—he was not fitted for an in-door attendant; and, though the Lady Blanche affectionately received his daily visits, their intercourse began to be less happy. Her intellect was rapidly expanding—thoughts and images were rapidly accumulating. The mind of the Arab was as completely stereotyped as that of the English Countess. As his influence with the hope of the house appeared to decline, Mrs Martin became saucy, and Mr Browne surly; and, on several occasions, the fiery Hassan had drawn his dagger, and upon one he used it. Blanche clung to him still; and it was, perhaps, fortunate that the desire to part came on his side. During a tedious and severe winter, which nearly precluded outdoor pursuits, now his only pleasure in England, Hassan was seized with the home-sickness—with that indescribable languishing desire, that un-

appeasable yearning for home and kindred, to which medicine has given a name, though nature alone affords the remedy. He was finally sent home with liberal presents, and an annuity which, in his own country, made Hassan a chief.

It was not until the eve of his departure that the Arab secretly committed to his young mistress a sacred trust, which he had cherished with Mahomedan fidelity—every scrap of the writings which had been in her father's possession at his death; her mother's diary and daily correspondence while a girl, the reader of the Countess; and that good grandfather's letters, of whom Mrs Thompson delighted to tell her, that virtuous pastor of Stoke Delamere. Her grandfather's daily notes of counsel and direction for his daughter's studies and conduct, and the open, affectionate, and cordial interchange of mind and heart between them, were all in her possession. What precious treasures, as Blanche came to consider them! One sealed packet was addressed, “To my daughter, Blanche Georgiana, to be read when she shall be seventeen.” Blanche pressed it to her lips.

Though occupied by these parting gifts, the Lady Blanche wept a long day for the loss of the giver, her “Arab friend,” who, in exchange for a lock of her hair, bestowed upon her the precious amulet brought from Mecca by his grandsire. From a mingled sentiment and superstition, Blanche secretly wore this charm in an armlet, till old enough to smile at the fond folly, and to sigh at the discovery that it was one.

The Lady Blanche was soon left yet more to her own resources. Frederick Leighton was at his college, and Lucy with an aunt in Chester, who wished to adopt her; Dr Hayley at his living, and the Countess gouty, rheumatic, feeble, peevish, and repining. The fiat of the physicians still held her recumbent, allowing her only a couple of hours a-day for carriage exercise. It was a trying discipline for one with animal spirits so high, and whose former existence had been nearly that “of a dweller out of doors.” Reclining, she could now work, sing, draw, play with and arrange the flowers heaped upon and around her bed, or her couch, or the floor, on which she was condemned to lie extended for hours. But her business, her pursuit, her engrossing pleasure or passion, was reading, followed in a very irregular and desultory manner, but with enthusiastic ardour, incomprehensible to all around her, save Frederick Leighton. “Save for books,” was her speech to him in aftertimes, “I should, under medical torture, have become a maniac or an idiot; blessings be with them, my preservers! my comforters!” Of Mr Frederick so flattering were the accounts that the Countess resolved to have him yet Archbishop of Canterbury; but he was first to be constituted, when qualified for the important office, her domestic chaplain and private secretary. In the meanwhile, he was employed, at every recess, in directing or rather sharing the studies of the invalid Lady Blanche,

and as her language-master. In general literature she had, he said, far outstripped him, which was probably true; for she had read lovingly in the light of her mother's often gay and girlish, but heart-inspired criticism, and of her grandfather's profound and eloquent commentaries on those favoured works which were, on this account, the volumes cherished by his young descendant. In this weary, sad, but most important interval, when the habits of her mind were strongly and rapidly forming, Blanche owed much to her humble friend Mrs Thompson. This matron was a Quakeress, well and solidly, though plainly educated, who had been thrust beyond the pale of the Friends for a love-match, which, however, she had not yet, when past middle age, repented. On being left a young and destitute widow, her exquisite skill as a laundress had recommended her, spite of dissent, to the housekeeper at the Abbey; and for many years she had reigned matron paramount of lawn and linen, and independent mistress of the romantic and comfortable residence within the park, called the Laundry. She had been, strange as was the fact, in a great house, universally beloved and esteemed. There were some things remarkable in her history—she had saved money, and refused several offers of marriage from persons of consideration in the Countess's establishment; and while duly performing her business, she had cultivated her mind. It was, however, her motherly kindness of manner, and perhaps her pretty tales and ballads, that first won the heart of Blanche; and certainly neither her acquired knowledge, nor yet her high moral principles or singular religious opinions. These, indeed, she kept to herself, and let her life and conversation declare them.

In this humble matron Blanche found a friend to whom she could communicate her doubts and intrust her distresses, and with whom she could even converse about her books and her projects for the future. No one could manage the Lady Blanche, the petted, wayward, capricious heiress, save the Quakeress; and with her, Blanche, affectionate and docile, required little management.

"I obey my grandmother because it is my duty, and I will not grieve her—my good Dr Hush-ley never exacts obedience," said she one day to her young tutor, now become Mr Frederick Leighton; "but I obey *ma bonne*"—her caressing name for this humble friend—"because I defer to her clear judgment and strong intellect, and know that she loves me for myself, and to do right for its own sake, and because it gives me such pleasure—such heartfelt pleasure—to comply with the wishes of those I love—of those whom my compliance can render happy. . . . They are not many." This last was spoken in a melancholy tone—melancholy for one so young and so much the darling of fortune;—one naturally so gay, so affectionate—to whose feet, to do homage to whose charms and high endowments, all that was noble, or great, or illustrious in the world of England, would yet be gathered. So

dreamed the silent listener, in a long pause, lasting till Rollin, the study of the day, was resumed, on the suggestion of the pupil. Lady Blanche was now almost fifteen, but she looked at least three years older. In her long *recumbency* she had grown rapidly; and her always animated features had taken a higher and more refined and thoughtful expression. "Deep, humid eyes, surmounted by a brow of lofty thought," had been a descriptive flight of Mr Fred's, the truth of which Dr Hayley was unable to challenge, though he scarce approved its tone.

A maiden lady, a visitor to the Abbey, commissioned for the purpose of scrutiny, had written a more minute account of the personalities of the great heiress-hermitess, to Lady Blande, the married daughter of Lord Fanfaronade, a distinguished leader of fashion, a very clever, brilliant woman, only *half* of the world, but who was quite willing to use a little sisterly diplomacy for the advantage of her second and favourite brother.

With this brother she sat in her dressing-room in May-Fair, ready to go out, letter and watch in hand.

"Just entered sweet sixteen—but looks nineteen—a decidedly fine figure; completely lost by a careless slouching gait." Well, that is still quite remediable under good treatment, and, I dare say, caused by those abominable spine-doctors and their strappings. My belief is, that Blanche, who, three years since, was as firm and elastic as a young savage, has no more spine than I have, or, at any rate, than she should have, being an inch taller, but encourages this nonsense to gratify an indolent habit of sauntering, and reading poetry and romances, under cover of study with this Abelard, whom her foolish grandmother has chosen to give her—with the usual consequences, no doubt of it—if my good-nature and your good fortune, your very good fortune, Horatio, shall not prevent them."

The lady read on. "A certain curious awkward elegance, or rustic gracefulness of manners, is conspicuous; yet she is quite *unformed*. No discretion—less *retenue* than a child of seven years old. She will laugh at nothing perceptible to other people, like a mad creature; and they tell me she is as easily moved to tears, though we, fortunately, are not favoured with any displays of sensibility. Save for her long protracted valetudinary state, the young lady might have been masculine or hoydenish; now she inclines to the lackadaisical. They speak here of her candour; I can witness for her *brusquerie*. She can be positively ill-bred. Her admirers say she has very generous and warm feelings. We see nothing of them. If she has a heart, she keeps it to herself. She has been remarked from childhood for obstinacy, and liability to bursts of passion, especially with those she loves; and she has imbibed some most extraordinary religious opinions, which is no wonder, considering her origin among Mahommedans, Jews, and Catholics, and that her spiritual director, or sole

director in the family, is not really Dr Hayley, but an old Quakeress or Moravian, her mother-confessor. I have been, at your request, sounding the Countess about allowing Lady Blanche to visit you in London; but the old lady will not let her go into the world in any shape until she is confirmed; and the strange, obstinate, and impious girl will not submit.' Well, what think you of all this, Horatio? I have shewn you the worst of it," said Lady Blande, folding up the letter; "a very, very fine fortune, and more in expectancy—a fine person—not *trail* of younger brothers and sisters; and, in heart and mind, good material and plenty of it, out of which a sensible man may fashion an admirable wife."

"Have her up for judgment by all means," said the laughing brother; and he took the letter to read for himself.

Lady Blande, in person, claimed the fulfilment of an old promise, that Lady Blanche should be allowed to visit her for three or four months, to have a sly peep of the world from her nursery windows. She would be taken such care of as never was taken of young lady before. "They were so quiet in good old Grosvenor Square—indeed the very highest circle in London was ever the most quiet."

Blanche was passive, yet pleased with the graceful pressing kindness and fascinating manners of a pleader who would not be refused; and Dr Hayley was urgent for her departure. Blanche, from rapid growth—he was unwilling to believe it might be any cause more serious—had, ever since her accident, now three years back, become more and more delicate in habit, and thoughtful in mind. Languor, wasting, fluctuating spirits, and fits of unaccountable waywardness and depression, were among the gloomy train of symptoms which he lamented. The provincial physicians had varied their treatment of her case, and exhausted every means of their art. In London, she would be under the daily care of that famed and fashionable physician, two or three times brought down, but whom even the fees of a Lady Delamere could not lure for many days from his lucrative practice. The Countess consented. Martin and Mrs Thompson were to attend the young lady; and, lest any inconvenience might arise, she was, with Lady Blande's permission, to have her own carriage. "After this long retirement, we may afford to dash off our heiress a little, though not brought out," said the Countess to the Doctor. "That duty I take upon myself. If God spare me, it is her grandmother shall present the Lady Blanche, future Countess of Delamere, to her sovereign, and his illustrious consort. Only, I insist that, before moving, she shall be confirmed. She shall not leave her ancestral home a tall heathen, to shame us all."

"The Lady Blanche," said the good Doctor, hesitatingly, "still doubts her fitness for what, to a young person, seems, and in one sense is the most solemn rite of the Church. I own I respect her scruples so much—your grand-daughter's is no common mind, my Lady—that I should be re-

luctant to see your Ladyship use your undoubted authority at this time. A *leetle* time, a *leetle* discussion. There are eminent theologians in the Church of England, who do not consider confirmation quite an essential—an absolute essential, I mean."

"Not be confirmed!—not obey me!—set up her independent judgment, not alone against me, her only parent, but her spiritual directors and her Church! I will not, Doctor Hayley, longer tolerate such perversity and rebellion. My grand-daughter, before she stir beyond these walls, shall be confirmed in Delamere chapel, as I was. These are not times when well-born persons may, with impunity, set an example of laxity in the fulfilment of their religious duties."

Blanche was summoned. There was a point up to which Blanche, young as she was, and head-strong as she was reputed to be, now readily yielded her own will to the wishes of the Countess, as if in lofty forbearing compassion with her age and her narrow understanding, or from the generous desire of contributing to the happiness of one ever more favoured by fortune than affection. The Countess urged her purpose. The bishop had kindly offered to come himself to the Abbey. The family chapel, so long unused, had been repaired, and decorated for the ceremony.

"Why make a hypocrite of me?" said the girl, driven to the last resort. "The Bible tells me nothing of it. Indeed, indeed, grandmother, I cannot. Leave me alone—I am not good enough—I am not religious in the Articles. I am a very ignorant, simple Christian."

"The Articles, child! how indeed should you pretend to understand such things? The Bible! what know you of it, save as you are taught to believe?"

"Madam, am not I, like yourself, a Protestant? You have had me taught to read—ineestimable blessing!—and my Creator has given me reason and understanding. Shall I extinguish the divine light in my own mind—strive against inborn conviction?"

"Grant me patience! Is she a Quaker, Doctor? They rave something about inward light, I believe. Has that artful woman, who has such sway with her—and whom I only retain because she understands her constitution—has she corrupted her religious principles with which we have taken such pains? I shall never forgive Martin for having introduced a Dissenter into my family. What are all the nice clear-starching and small-plaiting in the world, compared with bringing heresy into a great household like mine?"

Blanche smiled; while the slightest possible shade of contempt mingled with the feeling of the ludicrous, quivering on her lip.

"Do you presume, young lady, to have more reason and understanding than your grandmother—more than the whole of your ancestors?—*you*, a child—a baby but yesterday!"

"And therefore not fit for this solemn rite—one you conceive so solemn. No, no;—I will

not—I never will be a wicked hypocrite, and make a mock of belief—when I do not, cannot believe other than my Saviour has bidden me in those plain doctrines and pure and holy precepts to which my inmost heart responds.”

“Child, child,” cried the excited Countess, “does not all the world declare against you? Every young lady—nay, I am happy to say that, in these improved times, every young gentleman also publicly performs his religious duties. You are surely distracted. There never was an Englishwoman of title a Dissenter, save Lady Huntingdon, to the grief and shame of her family, and with no advantage to her own character. A Methodist, a Quaker—a what is she, Doctor?” The Countess held up her spread hands in horror.

“I am neither, madam. Give me time. I hold to the Scriptures as my rule of faith and life—I don’t understand beyond that. Many of my ancestors were Roman Catholics, and must have held the doctrines of the Church of England damnable heresy. My maternal ancestors have, I learn, been Puritans and Nonconformists, and thought the hierarchy erroneous and anti-scriptural. In the country where I was born, there are a great diversity of faiths. My friend Hassan worshipped the Prophet whom you call Antichrist; I once kissed hands to the moon; and my early protectors were zealous Roman Catholics. I have since had the great benefit of Dr Hayley’s instructions, and those of my *bonne*. I have, in these long, weary years read my Bible in the light shed upon it by the pure and holy life of my grandfather, and with the advantage of his instructions to his daughter, my poor mother. I am of no peculiar sect—I am of the faith of Jesus Christ and his gospel, as, in all humility, my reason apprehends them. It is the faith my soul needs—the faith my heart cleaves to; and I am not of the Church of England—I am a simple Christian.” This was said in a low, deep tone, but with an earnest vehemence which overpowered the hearers.

“Simple enough, God wot, and mad too,” said the vexed and angry lady. “And, pray, what call you a Christian?—Am not I—is not Dr Hayley a Christian?”

“I trust you are. The more pure and holy in heart and mind, the more warmly and actively good in thought and deed, the more religious I am bound to consider every one, whether poor or rich. I know of no other standard than—‘If ye *know* these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them.’ Scripture speaks nothing to me of a religion apart from goodness. One of your own High-Church philosophers says—‘The more I am a good man, the more I am religious—the more a Christian.’ I suppose Mr Coleridge did not confine the opinion to rank or sect.”

“And does the Church of England make distinctions of rank? No, ignorant child:—persons of all conditions—boors or parish paupers—may receive the comfortable rites of the Church; and, if they repent their sins and believe, are not cut off from salvation.”

“Providence, doubtless, for wise and merciful ends,” put in Dr Hayley, “has decreed a vast variety of conditions in this transitory life, many of them, no doubt, trying and painful; but with God there is no respect of persons. And what are the ills and poverty of this brief, transitory existence to the everlasting life set before the pious poor, and the suffering, when God’s own hand shall adjust the balance, and the last be first, and the first last?”

“And what, also,” said Blanche, “the goods and luxurious enjoyments of so brief a life? Why so tenacious for the privileges and distinctions of the threescore years and ten, if we really believed that the grave levels all distinctions, save those created by superior goodness? Oh! it is a strange subject, and might well perplex a stronger head than mine. Hassan, the Mahometan, has said to me he could not think the wealthy grandee Christians believe their own religion, else they would exclude the poor and vulgar from their Heaven, and keep it all, or at least the best places in it, for themselves, as the do here on earth.”

“What shocking blasphemous things have been infused into this girl’s mind!” cried the Countess, piquing herself upon dignified forbearance with the ignorance and perversity of her grand-daughter. “Why, child, that person—a respectable enough individual, I believe, in his own way—your relative, by the maternal side, Mr Jervis Yates, has, as I am informed by my Lord Fanfaronade, at this appalling crisis, when the welfare of the State and the security of property are so indissolubly connected with the maintenance of the Church, publicly renounced dissent, and returned to its bosom. Go, child, I have long borne with your ignorance and petulance—and shall I say presumption?—from reflecting upon your disadvantages in childhood, and that you were full ten years old before you were taught your catechism. I leave the Doctor to converse with you. But confirmed you shall be. It is your duty; it becomes your condition as my apparent heiress; and it cannot be longer delayed.” The Countess swept off in her grandest manner.

Good Dr Hayley was anything but an overbearing and pertinacious, and much less a persecuting priest; for, though he every day more and more abhorred dissent, he loved his ease; and was more likely, in ordinary times, to have erred upon the side of indifference and laxness than of strictness and severity in “mere matters of opinion”—of “mere ceremony,” as he now described the stumbling-block placed in the way of Blanche. “What was it but a ceremony?—and, though most becoming in the observance, particularly in young ladies of condition, not materially different from a lad, on entering the university, subscribing the Articles of the Church. It leads to nothing,” he continued; “and merely shews the colours likely to be afterwards worn by the individual. It is certainly not worth vexing the aged Countess about, who has set her heart on the performance.”

"Why should my grandmother be vexed about a mere ceremony, if to me it is stuff of the conscience?" said the unconvinced Blanche, quickly; "or yet about what I privately think?" And Blanche argued the matter in her own earnest and simple way, drawing her sharpest arrows from the quiver of Milton, whose prose writings, given to her by Frederick Leighton, when he had last gone to college, had, for some months back, been the private study of her recumbent solitude.

Jeune as the remarks of his catechumen might be, many of them were perplexing to the good, *downy* Doctor, who, failing to move the understanding of his disciple, wisely rested his case on an appeal to her heart, in behalf of her aged and pious grandmother, whose peace of mind and happiness depended so much on her compliance with "the ceremony." He carried his point; only "the ceremony" was to be delayed for a few months, until his instructions had brought the young lady to a more suitable frame of mind, and take place immediately before she went to London, after Easter. Both ladies looked forward with some anxiety to that period. Blanche was so untaught in elegant female accomplishments, so deficient in everything, that her grandmother became uneasy for her, and, for relief, took up the good Doctor's idea, that the education and acquirements of her heiress, though different, were more valuable and *solid*, than those of other young ladies; and she really knew a very great deal—perhaps, in one sense, a great deal too much. These matters formed frequent topics of conversation between the Doctor and his patroness. The Countess had one peculiar source of sympathy with her grandchild. Enjoying many of the privileges of the other sex, her pride had often suffered under the legal prescription of women; and if she could not reason, she could be at times very indignant, that, while the Earl of Fanfaronade was Lord-lieutenant of the county, she could not be a deputy—not even a Magistrate, like Mr Jervis Yates; or do judgment at Quarter Sessions on poachers and paupers, like her own Grimshaw; and Lady Blanche also, though destined to be that exalted being, a Peeress in her own right, was the proscribed entity, a *woman*. Dr Hayley had no sympathy with these feelings, which he fancied very ridiculous; but he had a very bad opinion of Mr Grimshaw, the steward, or chamberlain as he was styled—who, he was sure, systematically imposed upon the Countess; and he was aware of the importance of the Lady Blanche, with her prospects, obtaining a competent knowledge of accounts, and, perhaps, of the outline of the laws and interests of the country in which she had so vast a stake. Besides her large estates in different parts of the kingdom, Blanche would, in all probability, succeed to a great monied fortune, and an interest in manufacturing and mining concerns. Some knowledge of the economical interests of the country and of the British constitution was requisite; and Lord Fanfaronade was consulted, and approved. His

Lordship had caught the opinion, probably as people catch a prevalent epidemic without knowing how or when, that in the one case Adam Smith was the standard, and in the other Blackstone infallible; and no doubt Mr Frederick Leighton, the young favourite, with whose fortunes Lady Delamere charged herself, and of whose intelligence, learning, and good principles, his college tutors spoke so highly, was the very domestic oracle to expound these authorities. A regular course of study to be undergone in three months, was drawn up by his Lordship, cut-and-dry, ready to be administered. "Butler's Analogy" was to alternate with "Chesterfield's Letters," and Hannah More and Warburton balance Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley. Memory was to be refreshed in English history; for the Lady Blanche had already been initiated into "history, geography, and the use of the globes."

"I will have Lady Blanche intimately versant with the history of her own country, and of France, the land of her Norman ancestors," said the Countess, at a solemn family conclave. "But she must know nothing of politics—politics, Mr Frederick, I expressly debar. Nothing is so odious, improper, and unlady-like as a female politician, save, indeed, a female sectary. Understand, Mr Frederick, that I confine her studies to history alone."

"To the *politics* of every year but the present," whispered Blanche; and she added, aloud, "Pray, Doctor, what do politics become after they are fifty years old?"

"Politics," interposed the Countess, "are always vulgar and unfeminine, and particularly unbecoming to young ladies of condition."

"Shall I tell you, Doctor," continued Blanche, in by-play with her old friend, while the Countess lectured and documented the young tutor intrusted with so precious a confidence as the farther initiating the heiress of Delamere into History as it should be taught to young ladies. "Shall I tell you? I found it out quite of myself, I assure you, from a conversation I had with *ma bonne* and Frederick, the other evening, about the times of the Civil Wars. Why, the turbulent, saucy, scolding, quarrelsome minx Politics becomes, in forty years, that grave, staid, and dignified matron History, whose deeds it is the province of women to study, until they have at their finger ends, how Elizabeth was the lion-hearted Protestant princess; that Charles I. suffered martyrdom on the 30th of January 1649; and how his gracious son was blessedly restored upon the 29th May 1660; and such like important events, never once venturing to inquire or to reason about the causes which sent the one to the block and the other upon his travels." The Doctor shook his head in smiling menace, as if he said, "You are incorrigible;" and the Countess, who had caught all that was meant for her, went on—

"Certainly, child; these are the exact dates I believe. My Lord Fanfaronade is quite of my own opinion, that a solid and liberal education, in

the station in which it has pleased God to place you, is necessary; that, notwithstanding your sex, it is your duty to understand the laws and leading interests of your country, and particularly those of our Order, which is the first in the state. I make no doubt Mr Adam Smith has placed all that in the proper light.—Though I have the utmost confidence in the zeal of one so devoted to my family as you must be, Mr Frederick, I shall deem it a duty to look, from time to time, into Lady Blanche's progress; and you will not, I am certain, neglect Lord Fanfaronade's excellent hint about the analysis or theme from Smith, to be submitted to me. Mrs Thompson here, of course, pursues her needlework while Lady Blanche studies. I need not commend the child to your best care, nor yet say, that, as her parent, I depute to you all needful authority. Your arm, Doctor.—And the Countess sailed away before the disclaiming or complimentary speech of the young tutor—blushing as much from the arch side glances of the pupil as the lecture of the Countess—was half concluded.

"Well, sir, are you to whip me, or only look up the naughty girl in the dark closet, if she is idle or disobedient?" said Blanche, as he shut the door of the pretty apartment formerly named the schoolroom, but now refurnished, and filled with all her literary and other treasures, and dignified with the appellation of "Lady Blanche's study." No answer was returned.

"Dear lady," said the Quakeress mildly, "my friend feels this to be misplaced, perhaps cruel jesting."

"Let us resume our task," said the still embarrassed tutor.

"Oh, surely, sir; but, on penalty of whipping—which I daresay I may deserve—I shall take my own way with my *Smithian* exercise."

"You will deeply offend the Countess," said the gentleman, with the utmost gravity; "but I beg pardon—you know best; I have only to submit to your will, Lady Blanche."

"Every one, of course, submits to Lady Blanche's will," replied Blanche, in a tone of pique, yet of deep feeling, and with an affected playfulness of manner. "Will any one in the world ever care for her enough to control her will—to make her reason submit to a more enlightened or wiser will than her own?" She hastily looked up—the eyes of her tutor were riveted upon Adam Smith, and a silence followed, embarrassing from its mere protraction, before the gentleman faltered out—"Is she capable of this?"

"Who is there to try her?—who ever, save you, *ma bonne*—you who are too indulgent to my faults—and my Arab—who never saw a fault in me—has ever, in a kindly spirit, thrown away one precious pearl of truth on poor Blanche? But to our studies," she hastily added, with the consciousness of having gone too far.—"I shall, as I have told you, find such things in this pleasant, light reading selected for me, as shall make my grandmother and Lord Fanfaronade believe I have been studying Tom Paine or Cobbett under your care."

"When the Countess will be deeply offended—perhaps put an end to our readings."

Lady Blanche appeared sunk in reflection. This was a result she by no means desired. "You must not be implicated, however. But I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of seeing how Lord Fanfaronade will stare and grandmamma look. Remember how for three years I have been a prisoner in bonds, and do not grudge me a little pleasant revenge."

CHAPTER VIII.

Studies of an Heiress.

Upon the next visit of the Earl, the Lady Blanche was summoned to give an account of her studies to that paternal and urbane nobleman; and she went, her prepared theme in hand. "Nay then, dear lady," said the Quakeress, in gentle expostulation, and laying her hand on the paper.

"Nay then, dear friend," returned the Lady Blanche, laughingly, "why baulk my sport?—I assure you, Frederick—Mr Frederick Leighton—shall not suffer from my temerity." She gently extricated the paper, crying, as she went off,

"Is it not rare sport

To see the engineer hoist with his own petard?"

Arrived in the presence, and the preliminary ceremonies over, the theme was produced, and the fair student assured her noble auditors that it was wholly her own—Mr Frederick Leighton had not even read it. This drew forth the compliments of the Earl; and the young lady being accommodated with a reclining chair, commenced reading a cento of sentences from Adam Smith. "I. Of productive and unproductive labourers, or ploughmen and footmen.—'Labour was the first price, the original purchase-money that was paid for all things.—Does that, my Lord, include the price my ancestors paid for their sief?—Is feudal service labour, productive labour?"

"Certainly, Lady Blanche, my dear—most certainly, Countess. What labour so productive as that of our minds in the council, and our swords in the field?"

Blanche proceeded—"The labour of a manufacturer generally adds to the value of the materials upon which he works, that of his own maintenance and his master's profit. The labour of the menial servant, on the contrary, adds to the value of nothing.' I beg Mr Smith's pardon there, though," said the reader. "I do think the cook adds very considerably to the value of the chicken she roasts for me; and the chamber-maid every day to the value of the bed she makes, and the rooms she cleans for me. But my author perhaps means lackeys, when he says—'The maintenance of a menial servant never is restored. A man grows rich by employing a multitude of manufacturers; he grows poor by maintaining a multitude of menial servants. The labour of some of the highest orders of society, is, like that of menial servants, unproductive of any value. The Sovereign, for example, with all the officers both of justice and war under him, the whole army and navy, are unproductive labourers.'"

"Child, what jargon is that?" interrupted the Countess. "They are gentlemen—they are not labourers at all."

"True, madam. Your definition is the exact and scientific one," said the Earl.

Blanche did not perceive any definition, and she was signaled to proceed.

"Though the profusion of the Government must, undoubtedly, have retarded the national progress of England towards wealth and improvement, it has not been able to stop it. . . .

. . . . In the midst of all the exaction of the Government, capital has been silently and gradually accumulating, by the private frugality and good conduct of individuals."

"When did the man write this stuff, Blanche, my dear?" said the Countess.

"About sixty or seventy years since, madam."

"Most extraordinary! I do fear, my Lord, you have been imposed upon in this Scottish writer. Sixty years ago was before the Jacobins!"

The noble Earl seemed uneasy; he took snuff, and Blanche, though tickled, with the charity of true politeness, read on.

"II. TAXATION, CORN-LAWS.—'Taxes upon the necessities of life have nearly the same effect upon the circumstances of the people as a poor soil and a bad climate. Provisions are thereby rendered dearer, in the same manner as if it required extraordinary labour and expense to raise them. . . . To lay a new tax upon them because they are already overburthened with taxes, and, because they already pay too dear for the necessities of life, to make them likewise pay too dear for the greater part of other commodities is certainly an absurd way of making amends. Such taxes, when they have grown up to a certain height, are a curse, equal to the barrenness of the earth and the inclemency of the heavens, and it is in the richest and most productive countries they have been generally imposed. . . . A tax may take out of the pockets of the people a great deal more than it brings into the public treasury, in four ways:—*First*'"—

"Have done with that trash, child," said the excited Countess. "Surely a writer, quoted in Parliament and so extolled, must have something better than that nonsense, and I trust you have profited by him in something."

"I have learned all about the effect of bounties and prohibitions, madam."

"That is well enough for merchants and traders, and so forth, but of little consequence to persons of family and estate."

"Primogeniture and entails, then?"

"Ay, indeed," said the Earl. "Primogeniture, the palladium of our Order, my Lady; along with the Church, the very bulwark of the Constitution; and Entails, the fundamental principle, the basis of primogeniture."

"Read, child," said the Countess; and Blanche very demurely read—

"Entails are founded on the most absurd of all suppositions—the supposition that every successive generation of men has not an equal right to the earth, and all that it possesses, but

that the property of the present generation should be restrained and regulated by the fancy of those who died perhaps five hundred years ago."

"Hear you that, my Lord?" cried the Countess. "There must be some mistake—some very serious blunder here—that, child, cannot be Smith."

"Yes, madam, it is—quite right, I assure you. He says—'Entails are still retained, through the greater part of Europe, in those countries especially where noble birth is a necessary qualification for the enjoyment of either civil or military honours.'"

"Certainly, save now, in unhappy, degenerate, revolutionized France," said the Earl.

"Entails," read Lady Blanche, "are thought necessary for the maintenance of this exclusive privilege of the nobility to the great offices and honours of the State."

"Certainly," repeated the Earl, emphatically. "The career open to talents—a novel, innovating principle—may be the maxim of a Republican Usurper, but can never find place in a legitimate monarchy."

"Was Napoleon a Republican, my Lord?" inquired Blanche, gravely.

"He was, Lady Blanche, the very child of Jacobinism and Revolution."

"And a tyrant, too," said Blanche. "But to the order of nobility:—'That order having usurped one unjust advantage over the rest of their fellow-citizens, lest their poverty should render them ridiculous, it is thought reasonable they should have another.'"

"Grant me patience! Is this, my Lord Fanfaronade, the book you have put into the hands of my granddaughter? You must have been dreadfully deceived—the man is a rank democrat and leveller."

The discomfited Earl again took snuff.

"He is a philosopher, grandmamma."

"Ay, ay, a Scotch philosopher—perhaps an infidel; but pardon me, my Lord. It shall not be said I have condemned unheard." Blanche read—

"All for themselves, and nothing for the rest of the world, seems in every age to have been the vile maxim of the Masters of mankind. As soon, therefore, as they [the feudal nobility] could find a method to consume their rents upon themselves, they had no disposition to share them with any other person. [He has just been describing, Madam, how in rude times the feudal nobles kept a great many retainers, until the gradual increase of luxury afforded them another and more selfish way of consuming their revenues.] They sold their birthright, not, like Esau, for a mess of pottage, in time of hunger and necessity, but in the wantonness of plenty, for trinkets and baubles, fitter for playthings for children, than the serious pursuits of men. . . .

. . . In countries where a rich man can spend his revenue in no other way than by maintaining as many people as it can maintain, he is not apt to run out; and his benevolence is seldom so violent as to attempt to maintain more than he can afford. But where he can spend the greatest revenue upon his own person, he frequently has

no bounds to his vanity, or to his affection for his own person."

"I am astonished—confounded!" cried the Earl, unable longer to restrain himself; "there must be a mistake; this cannot be the work I mean—Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' Lady Blanche?"

"Indeed it is though. He goes on to tell, madam, how the estates were *cleared*, in the manner Mr Grimshaw went over to Donegal to help the Irish agent to clear your property of Papists and paupers; and how farms were enlarged and rack-rented, and yet"—and the tone of the speaker became earnest—"how the wrath of man worketh the righteousness of God, and society is bettered even by this cruel means."

"Don't cant, child," interrupted the Countess angrily; "I detest cant. And how, my Lord, shall I ever forgive you for allowing this incendiary work to come into my library?"

She attempted to soften the severity of the rebuke by a smile.

"I shall never forgive myself, Lady Delamere. I have been strangely deceived. But what shall we say, when sedition and sectarianism may be found lurking in everything we read? I have heard this man quoted by those who ought to have known better. What edition is it that your Ladyship possesses?" It was ascertained. "I knew it!—interpolated, I make no doubt, by some seditious Scotch editor."

Even with this explanation, Smith was ignominiously expelled from the library of the Lady Blanche, and her *theme* committed to the flames, and thus ended three weeks' study of "Political Economy" by a great heiress. The study of the British Constitution was deferred. The Earl, having made one fatal error, could not be certain of Blackstone himself. Besides, Blackstone had written before the French Revolution, and things, though nominally the same, were now, in reality, very different. It was, therefore, resolved that the Lady Blanche should, save history, suspend all her more serious studies, and betake herself to the "well of English undefiled," as the Earl phrased it—to Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden and Addison. The Earl remained to dinner, and Mr Frederick Leighton had the honour of being admitted to table, and properly lectured.

"You comprehend the wishes of the Countess, for Lady Blanche. The poets—down to Pope, and no later—the dramatists as I shall select

them; *our* best essayists; with county histories, memoirs, and antiquities. This is *my* idea, my Lady; and, as a little indulgence," continued the graciously-smiling Peer, "suppose we throw in a romance or two—Richardson's or Scott's."

"Quite my own idea," responded the Countess.

"And make good use of your time, my dear young lady. My daughter Blande will be down at Easter, and will not leave the county without you; so, by the middle of April—it is now hard on February—you will require, Doctor, to have your interesting pupil in proper training. It is with you, sir, I believe, Lady Blanche reads Italian?" He turned to Leighton.

"Lady Blanche has read a little Italian with me," replied Mr Fredrick Leighton; "but that beautiful language was one of her native, her childhood's tongues. She has not learned—she has merely recalled."

"I have a smack of all the tongues of Babel," said Blanche, laughing, "save Irish, which grandmamma has promised to let me over to her fine place in Donegal, to catch, some day; and a touch of all national characters, which, I suppose, is the cause of my prejudices being kept in equilibrium."

Leaving Dr Hayley to do the honours, the aged Countess, considerably exhausted, sought her comfortable *fauteuil* for her afternoon sleep, and the Lady Blanche flew to her *bonne*. Her colour was high; for the palest rose tint seemed as the deep rose hue in the usually marble cheeks of Blanche. Her eyes glowed, her spirits were elated. She communicated all her good fortune. Her joke had told; perhaps one or the other of her noble auditors might ponder some one of Adam Smith's apophthegms, and Lord Fanfaronade try to make independent provision for his younger sons and daughters. The benevolent Quakeress shook her sagacious head.

"Oh, that hope-damping, Burleigh shake, *ma bonne*!" cried Blanche, laughing. "Think that I have still three months of delicious spring before me, and nothing to do all day but drive my pony-chaise, gather flowers with you, and read, read, read poetry and romances, or, better still, hear Fred read, read, read, and you talk to us about it! Will it not be delightful! Nay, I won't suffer that second shake. Thus I prevent it." And Blanche playfully placed her hands on each side of the neat lawn coif of her maternal friend, until they almost touched it.

(To be continued.)

THE BELLEVUE STEAMBOAT.

ONE Monday last summer, two hours before noon, We left Interlaken by steamboat for Thun;
A rather large party: a gent. and his wife;
A brace of young ladies, with sweet graces rife—
The eldest perfection in all points might claim—
If she is long unmarried, 'twill be a sad shame;
A youth, with a fancy for scribbling and singing;
A nice little lad, to discourse just beginning;
Two soubrettes; a Florentine courier too;
Nine persons in all, besides strangers a few;
Three Englishmen voyagers, baggage, and spouses;
One courier; children, some sporting new blowsees,
Some coated and cloaked as the fancy might lead 'em,

Some carrying books, but unwilling to read 'em.
On deck, a glass case, very carefully locked,
With chamolais-horn pins, ditto shirt buttons, stocked;
Two old *Galignanis*, a *Gazette du Rhin*,
A carte "avec Champagne et toutes sortes des vins;"
A vast lump of ice fresh from Grindelwald; views
Of Hotel de Bellevue, for those who might choose
To spend their five francs for a franc's worth, or less—
'Tis not one of *our* follies, we freely confess.
Le Capitaine, civil enough in his way,
Pointed out all the lions, nor asked us to pay,
Till we stepped from the boat, and were landed at noon,
In time for the table d'hôte dinner at Thun, [DOGGREEL.

BRITISH COMMERCE *VERSUS* BRITISH CORN-LAWS.*

THE disclosures made at the late meetings of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, are indeed astounding. That the Corn-Laws were a great and crying evil, was well known; but for this fearful revelation of the extent of the evil, the public was altogether unprepared.

The taxes on food were known to be imposed, not for the purpose of revenue, but for the maintenance of high rents—that is, to enable the owners of land to plunder all the rest of the community. They were known to make the price of corn and butcher meat about twice as high in the markets of Britain as in other markets. The sum which these nefarious imposts directly cost the people, it was known, had been estimated at from twelve to thirty millions of pounds sterling, and even higher, while not above one-fifth of the enormous pillage ever reached the pockets of the perpetrators and upholders of the robbery. It was known that the food taxes kept the most skilful and industrious artisans, and the capital of the highest order of merchants and manufacturers in the world, comparatively unproductive of their proper rewards. It was known that the same infernal imposts kept down population in this manufacturing country, by the operation, as Malthus has it, “of the various forms of misery, or the fear of misery,” and, to an equal extent, prevented happiness and inflicted misery in other countries, which should have sent us food in exchange for manufactures. It was farther known, that these primary effects of the great robbery had a tendency to foster the manufactures and commerce of foreign countries, and even to send British capital, skill, and machinery abroad, to rival what remained at home, and thus undermine the very foundations of our national prosperity. But that these last consequences had already ensued to a most alarming extent—that we were already far on the road to ruin—was little known or suspected, until the important proceedings at Manchester carried surprise and dismay over the length and breadth of the land. The manufactures and trade of Britain, on which so many millions of our countrymen depend for subsistence, are threatened with something very like ruin. Market after market is becoming shut against our commodities, and supplied with home manufactures, called into existence and maintained by our Corn and Timber Laws; in the markets which are still open, we are beaten by these same forced rival manufactures; and even in our home markets, there are instances of our being actually undersold by foreigners, who send us back our own raw material, wrought up, and, after having paid two duties, cheaper than the same description of goods can be made at home!

The Report of the two Meetings of the Man-

* Report of two Meetings of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on the subject of the Corn-Laws. 8vo, pp. 168. Ridgway, London.

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chester Chamber of Commerce on the operation of the Corn-Laws on commerce, has been printed as a pamphlet. It is a publication of the deepest importance to every man and woman in the kingdom, and should be read and pondered by every person who can exercise even the smallest influence on the course of conduct to be pursued by the Government of this country. And who is there that cannot exercise some influence on the public men of his neighbourhood? He that hath ears to hear, and voice to utter sounds of approval and disapproval, if he can do no more, let him go to every meeting at which he can have an opportunity of signifying his feelings in regard to the taxes that have brought so much evil on his country already, and threaten it with an extent of misery appalling to contemplate. There is no time for trifling longer with the Corn-Laws. This disclosure of their deadly operation, in its full extent, must and will be followed up by the most determined efforts to remove them from the statute-book. We shall do *our* part, by giving what publicity we can to some of the more important facts stated by the different speakers at the Manchester meeting.

On the 13th and 20th December, meetings of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce were held to consider the propriety of petitioning for a Repeal of the Corn-Laws. Nineteen of the twenty-one Directors of the Chamber had signed the requisition for the meeting, and the assemblage of the members was the largest which has taken place for the last eight years; comprising men of every political party, seven county magistrates, the mayor, and eight aldermen of Manchester; and the most wealthy and intelligent manufacturers of the chief manufacturing city of the world. This assembly of men, eminently possessed of every quality which entitles their statements to the attention of the community, although confessedly reluctant and “slow to proclaim, at a public meeting of the Chamber, their own adverse situation and gloomy prospects, and thus advertise to the world the cheaper markets of their rivals,” have at last been drawn to confess “that their industry is yielding to the rivalry of foreign manufacturers; whilst they declare it to be their solemn conviction that this is the commencement only of a state of things which, unless corrected by a timely repeal of all protective duties upon the importation of corn and other foreign articles of subsistence, must eventually transfer our manufacturing industry to other and rival countries.” This ominous declaration sounds in our ears like Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin. But this solemn and impressive warning cannot have been made in vain. The nation will arouse itself, and throw off the incubus that threatens its vital energies with destruction.

Passing over the sensible speech of the Chairman, and the able and argumentative petition

prepared by the Directors of the Chamber, we come at once to the remarkable speech of Mr J. B. Smith, one of the directors, and a county magistrate. Mr Smith commences with a concise history of the Corn-Laws, which may be useful as information to some of our readers, and as a refresher to the memory of the better informed.

He did not hesitate to say that he could not approve of any protective duty on corn; and that, in his opinion, the whole course of legislation on the subject had been from beginning to end one of the most scandalous instances of landowners legislating for their own benefit at the expense of the people, that was to be found in the history of legislation in any country of the world. (Hear, hear.) In the early history of corn-law legislation—at the Revolution of 1688, when the country grew more corn than could be consumed—the landowners passed an act giving a bounty of five shillings upon all corn exported to foreign countries; thus enabling the foreigner to obtain British wheat at a cheaper rate than the inhabitants of this country themselves could purchase it at. From 1740 to 1750, no less a sum than £1,515,000 was paid in this way, out of the pockets of the English people, in the shape of bounty, for the exclusive benefit of the corn-law legislators; and when it was recollected that the bounty system continued not for those ten only, but for one hundred and twenty years, he would leave the meeting to form an estimate of the amount that must have been taken out of the pockets of the people during that period for the benefit of the landowners. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Smith proceeded to trace the history of prohibitory duties on corn from 1773 to the passing of the prohibitory laws of 1815.

By the law of 1773 the bounty duties were relinquished and protective ones substituted. By that law the importation of wheat was prohibited up to 48s., when it was admitted at 6d. per quarter, duty. This was the most favourable corn-law we ever had. From that time our population and manufactures began rapidly to increase, and enabled us to consume our corn at home; prosperity smiled upon the country, prices rose, and the agriculturists in 1791, taking advantage of that prosperity, passed another law, by which the duty was raised from 6d. to 24s. 3d. per quarter. In 1804, prices having risen in consequence of the war, they passed another law, by which the duty of 24s. 3d. per quarter was imposed till the average price reached 63s. Then came the law of 1815, the year after the peace, when prices began to fall, for they had obtained during the war as much as 120s. a quarter. Then the landlords passed a law prohibiting foreign corn till the average reached 80s. per quarter. In those days our worthy president was an agitator, (hear, hear,) and he remembered hearing an excellent speech from him, declaiming against the injustice of that iniquitous law. The excitement of that time had never been equalled within his memory. Crowds of people assembled and beset the houses of parliament, which had to be guarded by soldiers whilst the law was passed. That law might be said to have been passed at the point of the bayonet. He believed that it was the only instance in which a law was so carried in the British parliament, and he hoped it might be the last. (Hear, hear.) This law, however, was found not to answer the purpose of those for whom it was framed, and then came the Duke of Wellington's law of 1828, by which, instead of prohibiting corn till it was 80s., it was admitted on a graduated scale of duties. This law was given as a great boon, by which we were to have an importation of grain at all times. Corn was admitted when the average price reached 40s. at a duty of 46s. 8d. What an insulting mockery! By the corn laws of 1773 we were allowed to import corn when the average price reached 48s. on payment of 6d. duty; by the boon of 1828, we might import it by paying 38s. 8d. (Hear, hear.) In fact, up to 60s. a quarter we still pay a duty of 26s. 8d., and it was not until the market price had attained to 70s. that it was admitted as low as 10s. 8d. duty, and 73s. that it was admitted at a duty of 1s. This was the land-

owner's boon, and he would appeal to the meeting if he was not justified when he said, that the British parliament had, under the forms of constitutional law, adopted a system of legislation in reference to corn, which no despot had ever dared to attempt. (Hear, hear.)

To complete the account of the Corn-Laws, we shall interrupt Mr Smith's speech, to quote some remarks from that of Mr Richard Cobden, the well-known "Manchester Manufacturer." Mr Cobden will not allow "that the Corn-Law of 1827-8, under which the country now suffers, was a relaxation of the one which was passed in 1815;" and maintains that

The law of 1827-8 is an aggravation of that of 1815. In fact, it never was intended to be a relaxation, but was passed with a full knowledge that it was a severer law than the previous one. To understand this subject clearly, it was necessary to refer to the very different state of the currency in 1815 and 1828; at which later period, it had undergone an appreciation of about twenty-five per cent. That this point was very well understood by the confederates—he might call them conspirators—who passed the present law, was very evident to all who read the proceedings in parliament of that time. Indeed, the alteration in the currency was urged by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Robinson, (who let the cat out of the bag when hard pressed by Sir E. Knatchbull and the fanatics of the agricultural party for a complete monopoly,) as a reason for passing the bill; and Sir F. Burdett, who was in favour of the high duty on corn, consoled his party by telling them, that, whilst the currency law remained in force, they would not be worse off by the change. An appeal to the duties at the two periods fully justifies this opinion. In 1815, corn was admissible, duty free, at 80s.; and, by the law of 1828, it is admitted at a shilling duty, when the price in the home market reaches 73s. Taking into account the change that had taken place in the currency, by which the sum of 80s. in 1815 had been made equivalent to 60s. in 1828, the landlords actually raised the monopoly some fifteen per cent. higher by the change.

Allowing Mr Smith now to resume, he remarks, that

The effects of excluding foreign corn had been to induce foreign nations to impose heavy duties upon our manufactures. We had disregarded their remonstrances against our unjust exclusion of their produce in exchange for ours, and we might now turn to look at the effect of our selfish policy. In 1820 we exported to Russia, 13,203,867 yards of cotton cloth; in 1837 our exports to that country were reduced to 847,022 yards only. (Hear, hear.) In 1820 we exported to Prussia 5,442,535 yards of cloth; now we exported not a yard. (Loud cries of hear.) To Germany in 1820, we exported 47,658,285 yards; in 1837 our exports to that country had fallen off to 38,581,633 yards. The effect of our prohibitory system had been that, notwithstanding the great increase in the population of Europe since the peace, our exports to Europe had actually fallen off, and were less by 20 per cent. in the last five years than during the first five years of peace. Our exports to Northern Europe, by far the most populous, civilized, and wealthy portion of the globe, were less by £7,400,000, in the five years since 1832, than during the first five years after the war. No wonder this all; a more fearful state of things had arisen. **THOSE COUNTRIES HAD BECOME MANUFACTURERS THEMSELVES, and we, instead of being manufacturers of cotton goods for them, had become mere spinners of their yarn,** while our poor weavers were reduced by it to a state of wretchedness and suffering which admitted of no hope. To shew the truth of the last statement, he would call attention to our exports of cotton twist. In 1820 we exported to Russia 8,762,310 lbs., while last year the quantity exported amounted to 23,910,019 lbs. To Germany and Prussia in 1820, we exported 11,682,683 lbs.; last year 36,109,100 lbs. To the United Netherlands, in 1820, we exported 232,400 lbs. of cotton twist, while last year our exports of

article had risen to 17,457,232 lbs. (Hear, hear.) These were our exports to Northern Europe, and our trade was not only going to destruction there, but we were fast losing our ground in Southern Europe, where a similar policy was being adopted to that pursued in the north, and we should find, that while in 1820 we exported no twist to France, in 1837 the exports amounted to 354,025 lbs. In the same manner our exports had increased during the same period to Gibraltar, from 61,182 to 280,114 lbs.; to Malta and the Ionian Islands, from 108,464 to 371,760 lbs.; to Italy, from 1,291,261 to 3,118,938 lbs.; to Turkey, from 542,093 to 4,047,871 lbs. Total exports to South Europe in 1820, 2,003,000 lbs.; last year, 14,172,708 lbs. (Hear, hear.)

But the exportation of raw materials was not confined to cotton alone; labour was so much cheaper on the continent, that, true as the needle to the pole, manufacturers were finding their way to the cheap food. In 1820 our exports of woollen yarn was only 3,924 lbs., in 1836 it was 2,546,177 lbs. (Hear.) The same process was going on with respect to linen yarn, and on examining the exports it would be found, that while in 1820 we exported not a pound, our exports in 1836 were 4,574,504 lbs. The total export of cotton yarn in the same period had increased from 23,032,525 to 105,106,529 lbs.; and we found now that warps were sent abroad sized and dressed ready to be put into the loom; thus affording every facility for the most unskilful workman to weave them into pieces. Mr Bazley had just mentioned to him that even cops were sent out in casks ready to put on the shuttle. The effect of all this upon our labourers was to deprive them of half their work—We exported more cotton yarn than would be sufficient to manufacture all the cotton goods we exported to all parts of the world; and if, instead of exporting yarn, we exported it made up into goods, which we should do but for the corn-laws, there would be employment for double the number of hand-loom, and double the number of power-loom weavers employed in this way at present. This was a most important consideration, and sufficiently accounted for the deplorable condition of our poor weavers. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.")

But our exportation of cotton yarn was only on suffrance: **THE SPINNING OF OUR RIVALS WAS RAPIDLY INCREASING.** On looking at the consumption of cotton in foreign countries he found, that while in 1808 the United States consumed only 100 bales of the raw material, in 1836 they had converted into manufactures no less than 237,000 bales. (Hear.) France, in 1832, consumed only 262,719 bales, whilst in 1836 her consumption amounted to 353,005 bales; and there were no less than sixty cotton mills in course of erection. In Austria also a rapid increase was taking place in cotton manufactures, and in 1837 she had 600,000 spindles at work, and 100,000 more in preparation. Similar progress was making in Bohemia, the Tyrol, Lombardy, Naples, and Salerno.

Do not these facts justify the declaration, that several of the most important branches of our manufacturing industry, for the successful prosecution of which we had many advantages, are yet, owing to these atrocious Corn-Laws, "yielding to the rivalry of foreign manufacturers," and actually in the course of being "transferred to other and rival countries?"

Mr Smith has not confined his investigations to the trade of Manchester. We owe to him also an important account of the hardware manufacture, the result of personal inquiries in Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

The export of hardware and cutlery from this country, in 1824, was 12,285 tons; and, in 1830, 16,275 tons—being an increase of 33 per cent; while what was most important was, that, in the same period, the exportation of bar iron, pig iron, and castings, had increased from 34,691 tons to 106,467 tons—being an increase of 300 per cent. The Sheffield people com-

plained that there was no increase in their export trade; and, in 1820, the export of unwrought steel was 326 tons; in 1834, it was 1,709 tons—an increase of 550 per cent. With these vast exports of raw iron and unwrought steel, added to the export of coals, the foreign manufacturers were enabled to make articles at a cheaper rate than in this country; and it was important to notice the great increase in the export of coals coincident with the increase in that of raw iron and unwrought steel. In 1820, the export of coals was 158,672 tons; in 1835, 546,338 tons. By these means the foreigner was enabled to make and export cutlery at a less price than ourselves.

A great number of articles which were formerly made in Wolverhampton—such as scythes, sickles, coffee-mills, pepper-mills, common knives, hinges, common locks, and bolts, which were formerly exported to Germany—could now be purchased so much cheaper in Germany, that the merchants of Wolverhampton purchased in that market, instead of manufacturing themselves, for re-exportation to foreign countries. (Hear, hear.) A merchant of Birmingham said, that for years past they had been constantly losing the sale of some article or other which they had formerly supplied to foreign markets—that, in Constantinople, they were cut out of the hardware market by the Russians; while, in Portugal and Spain, the wares of Germany and France were supplanting those of England; and, what was more extraordinary, that the wares of those countries were imported to supply our own markets. Even the article of *Brummagem buttons*, which one would think were cheap enough, were imported from France; and, after paying a duty, were sold for less in the London market than they could be made for in Birmingham; while the article of gilded toys, which formerly gave employment to numbers of persons, had ceased to be manufactured in Birmingham, and were imported from France.

In relation to the hosiery trade, Mr Smith mentions that,—

At Leicester, one of the largest manufacturers had told him, that he had bought a quantity of foreign worsted hosiery, at lower prices than he could make it, and that the quantity of woollen yarns now exported was sufficient to give employment to 10,000 stocking-makers all the year round. This, of itself, was sufficient to account for the distress felt in the hosiery trade. In Derby similar statements were made to him, and the furniture trade was suffering from the importation of foreign rosewood and mahogany goods, which were imported and offered for sale by public auction. A gentleman in Manchester, indeed, had corroborated this statement, and said that he knew houses where such articles were regularly sold in Manchester. America was exporting machinery to Russia, and a gentleman in Birmingham said he had a relation in Russia who had engaged himself to an American company who were establishing cotton weaving and spinning manufactories there, the machinery for which was supplied by the United States. (Hear, hear.) Another article, which we were losing the supply of, was cotton hosiery; for not only was Saxony manufacturing as large a quantity as ourselves, but while we exported only 430,000 dozen pair, they exported 1,500,000 dozen pair per annum. The Saxons supplied as much cotton hosiery to the United States alone, as we did to all the world. He held in his hand a beautiful specimen of their manufacture of white cotton gloves, which cost only 3s. 6d. per dozen at Ham-burgh. He held in his hand also another specimen of gloves of foreign manufacture, and one of similar quality of the manufacture of this country; but while the price of the English goods was 6s. per dozen, those of the Saxon manufacture were purchased at Ham-burgh for 3s. 2d. per dozen. He had before him another specimen of beautiful stockings of Saxon manufacture, which, at Ham-burgh, sold for 12s. 4½d. per dozen, while the stockings of the same quality of English manufacture which he held in his hand, could not be had for less at Nottingham than 23s. per dozen. It was a lamentable fact, that Saxon hosiery and gloves were now regularly

imported and sold in this country at lower prices than they can be made here, and will, undoubtedly, shortly entirely destroy this large branch of our manufactures. (Loud cries of hear, hear.)

Well might Mr Smith exclaim—

Could there be a doubt of the pernicious effects of laws which enabled the Saxons thus to undersell us in the manufactured article, the raw material for which they purchased in the same market as ourselves (cheers,) and when it was recollected that the yarn was spun in England, taken there for the purpose of being converted into goods, which were brought back again, after a land carriage of nearly 700 miles, and sold at the low rates he had already noted?

At the meeting of the Chamber, on the 20th December, Mr Smith brought forward a number of additional illustrations of the effects of the Corn-Laws on our trade. He observed that—

He had endeavoured to shew, at the meeting of last week, that the greatest increase in our exports was in unmanufactured goods, such as cotton twist, unwrought iron, and steel; that these articles were now sent abroad in the raw state, and manufactured by the foreigner, whereby the workman of this country was deprived of the employment he would otherwise have received by converting them into manufactured goods. He would now proceed to shew how this had affected different branches of our trade. Last year (1837) the total value of the exports of cotton manufactures was £20,000,000. Of these goods, one-half consisted of cotton twist, the value of which was only £6,000,000; whilst the value of the manufactured goods was £13,000,000; and therefore by the export of yarn instead of manufactured goods, we sustained a loss of £7,000,000 in labour and profit. Now he would ask, what would have been the condition of our weavers and other artisans, if these £7,000,000 had been left here in the shape of wages among our working classes, instead of going to remunerate the foreign labourer? (Hear, hear.) He should be able to tell them the loss to this country in the wages of the workman, in the exportation of the raw material instead of the manufactured article, by some facts connected with the exportation of hardware. According to Mr Babbage, the labour expended on the manufacture of a quantity of bar iron worth £1 into agricultural instruments, increased its value to £3 : 5 : 7; of the same quantity into musket-barrels, £9 : into swords, £16; saws, £14; files, £20; razors, (cast steel,) £53; table knives, £35; needles, £70; pen-knives, £657; and buckles, £896. Now, only conceive the immense value of the labour lost to this country by being deprived of the manufacture of hardware, which was sufficient to account for the distress in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, and elsewhere. (Hear, hear.)

Let not gentlemen flatter themselves with the delusion that we had little to fear at present—that, at all events, the loss of our trade would be gradual. Let them take warning from the facts which he had already laid before them, and listen to the past. In the year 1834, the Prussian league was established. In 1833, the year previous to that time, our exports of velvets amounted to 8,162,000 yards; in 1837, only four years afterwards, they had fallen to 4,638,000 yards. In 1833, our exports of cambrics and muslins was 12,754,000 yards; while, in 1837, it amounted only to 6,193,900. In the year 1833, our export of nankeens was 18,000,000 yards; in 1837, it had decreased to 355,000. (Loud cries of "hear, hear.")

Although we are aware of the risk of weakening, by superabundance of details, the effect of the alarming evidence of the supplanting of British trade by the progress of foreign manufactures, we cannot resist the desire to extract more from this important speech of Mr Smith. "From various quarters," he says, "since last week, he had received a large amount of information."

One gentleman had sent him a lot of patterns of American prints, which he was desirous should be exhibited to the members of the Chamber, in the same way as the Saxon cotton hosiery; but any gentleman could see them after the meeting. A gentleman who had been in the United States three or four years ago, and who was complaining to one of his customers there that they had sent him no orders for hosiery lately, was told—"Oh, we get it so much cheaper in Germany." The English merchant, supposing that the low price arose from the market being overstocked at that time, and that people could not sell goods at that price without being ruined, persuaded his American customer to give him an order for £500 worth of English hosiery, and to order that amount of Saxon hosiery at the same time. This was executed; and the reply to his inquiry as to the result was, that the English hosiery cost his American friend 25 per cent. more than the Saxon. There were gentlemen present in the Manchester trade, who had been in the habit of selling largely to American houses; and they told him that, since the revival of the demand for America, many Americans had called on them to purchase goods, and they had shewn to these Americans various articles which they had been in the habit formerly of selling to them, and had received the reply, as to one article—"That article we now manufacture at home." As to another—"What is the price?" "So and so." "Oh, we can beat you at home." "What is your price for this?" "So much." "Oh, we can't afford to give it." Such were the answers, in very many instances, of the American buyers. He was informed by one of the largest exporters in this town to the American market, that all descriptions of low broad cloth had now ceased to be exported from this country, being manufactured in America. He knew that the article of Negro clothing, in which he (Mr Smith) dealt largely himself, when in business, was now manufactured in the United States, and its export thither from this country had almost entirely ceased. The Americans no longer took our grey unbleached cloth, sheeting, shirtings, and bed-ticks—no longer took our printed goods under the value of twelve shillings, except blacks and whites; what we now exported were all of finer qualities than those, and they were every day getting of finer quality, while the Americans were daily improving in their manufacture of prints, as would be seen by the specimens in his hand. In the low qualities of hardware they manufactured many articles superior to the English, and as cheap; and we were losing that trade in consequence, as to the lower qualities. They made also a low fancy pantalon stuff, not yet sufficient for their own consumption, and hitherto that deficiency had been supplied from this country; but his informant stated, that this year that article might be bought so much lower in the German than in the English market, that all orders for it this season had gone to Germany. The Americans were beginning to manufacture kerseymeres for themselves, and what the same gentleman told him of the decrease in our exports of this article seemed so prodigious that he almost doubted the statement; and when he got home, he referred to such documents as he possessed, which were not the latest, but they convinced him that the statement was correct. He found, from the tables of the Board of Trade, that in 1820 we exported to America 13,217 pieces of kerseymeres; and in 1831, only 3,500 pieces. Of flannels, we sent to the United States, in 1820, 1,525,000 yards; but in 1831, only 104,000 yards. That article we had lost the sale of in America. Such was the progress of cotton spinning in the United States, that his information led him to expect that, in four or five years, they would be powerful rivals to us in the exportation of cotton twist. (Hear, hear.) It was an object at which they were aiming; and he had no doubt that they would accomplish it.

Other speakers corroborated the truth of Mr Smith's dismal array of facts, proving the gradual shutting out of our commerce from the nearest, the best, and the old-accustomed markets, by the competition of foreign manufac-

tures, which, but for the infamous monopoly possessed by the British landowners, would never have existed, or never have obtained their present efficiency, as rivals to the manufactures of this country. Mr William Neild, calico-printer, of the firm of Thomas Hoyle & Sons, said, "that within seventeen or eighteen years. printed calico was reduced 75 per cent. in price, or from 100 to 25 per cent., from various causes, the most powerful of which was competition." Mr Richard Cobden "had made the tour of Germany, lately, and had given some attention to the progress of manufactures in those countries through which he had passed ;" and he "corroborated generally what Mr Smith had stated." Mr W. Rawson, hosiery manufacturer, had been, from 1815 till 1820, engaged in furnishing the Saxon market with cotton hosiery, when his house was obliged to yield in the battle of competition.

From 1820 to 1833, they had struggled on; but, at the latter period, they had lost all the South American continent in every article of cotton hosiery made by the Saxons. In fact, they could not stand before Saxony a single moment after she had entered the field of competition. In consequence of our long wools, they had not much interfered with the Leicester manufacture, which consisted of worsted and woollen hosiery. But Mr Smith, in his late visit to Leicester, was informed that worsted and woollen yarns had been purchased there by the Saxons sufficient to employ 10,000 stocking-makers for a year. He believed he could not be contradicted when he asserted, in reference to our cotton hosiery, that not an article in that line had been sold during the last three years, from one extremity of South America to the other, at a loss of less than thirty per cent. From 1834 Saxony had, in this department, commanded every market in the world. If, as we had seen, they could beat us in our own market, after paying the importation duty of twenty-five per cent., it was evident we could not have the slightest chance when we met them on common ground. After what he had seen last week of Saxon manufacturers, and comparing them with what they were in 1814, he felt like a person awakening from a feverish dream. They could sell us goods of equal quality to ours, at little more than half our price. He had given orders for a lot of goods from their market, which he would have at the proportion of 3s. 3d. to 5s., duty paid. They were a kind of goods on which about eighty per cent. of the whole value was expended in labour; and it was cheap labour, arising from the cheapness of food, that caused this, to us, alarming difference in price. In the hosiery trade, with which he was connected, this element operated to a greater extent than in many others; but he, and others in that trade, were only a little in advance of the rest in the road to ruin. They might be compared to persons living in a valley in which an alarming flood was rising. The inhabitants of the table lands around were sceptical as to the progress of the flood, so long as it did not threaten immediately to invade their own dwellings. Unfortunately for them, they lived far in the valley; but he would tell them who might think themselves secure, that the rising tide would soon reach them also. This overwhelming tide of foreign competition would continue to advance so long as the cheap food of foreigners enabled them to work at half the money price of labour. It would be actually better for the manufacturers of Nottingham, engaged in foreign trade, to throw their machinery into the Trent, than to employ it while they laboured under their present disadvantages. But it required a great deal of moral courage to take such a step as that. They were, however, only the advance guard, and the evil, if not determinedly met, would speedily overwhelm them all. With all due deference to the merchants of Manchester, he thought the thundering of their labouring wains, incessantly pushing through

their streets to convey the produce of their spindles to the looms and workshops of the foreign manufacturer, seemed as if destined to act as a continual monitor, not to be misunderstood.

What man, of the least pretension to justice, or even to discretion in pillaging, can refuse to join worthy Mr Rawson in his concluding remark? "After the astounding facts which had been brought before them, to talk of anything less than complete abolition [of the Corn-Laws.] would be a mockery to the branch of manufacture in which he was engaged, and a false beacon of delusion to those in other branches, who still indulge in a false confidence."

The idea of our being rivalled by foreign manufacturers, has hitherto never produced much alarm. We foolishly confided in our superior advantages—our numerous and admirably trained manufacturing population; our large commercial marine; our colonies; our abundant capital; our excellent machinery; and our facilities of internal communication. But it is now proved that we have no monopoly of these requisites to a large and successful commerce. The nations of the European Continent, and the United States of America, have been digging canals, constructing railroads, building ships, importing and making machinery, and encouraging numerous skilful artisans from this country to lay the foundations of a manufacture of such excellence as to be qualified to compete successfully with even that of Britain. They have, moreover, imitated us in placing the same sort of protection around their rising manufacture that we have bestowed on our agriculture. They protect the home manufacturer against the foreign, as we protect the home grower of corn against the foreign grower. This is only natural, and indeed has been forced upon them by our refusing to supply them with our manufactures on the only terms on which they can buy from us—that is, taking their corn, &c. in payment. How can we blame them? How can we convince them that they are wrong? Such of them as have no advantages for manufactures, and great advantages for producing corn, certainly are wrong. But they see that we have become wealthy and powerful by commerce. They see that we have become great under a system of restriction; and attribute no small part of our greatness to what has been our bane. It is in vain to preach free trade to foreigners, while we ourselves practise restriction. They will go on in their too successful attempt to cultivate manufacture, at least as long as we "protect" our agriculture, and refuse to take their raw produce for our manufactured goods.

Let us see what some of those nations, who ought to be our best customers, have already done, in the way of attaining manufacturing facilities similar to ours. And, first, as to the grand requisite of perfect machinery. We have already quoted Mr Smith's information, that America is not only making her own machines, but exporting machines to Russia. Hear, next, Mr Cobden state the results of his personal observation in Germany.

He would refer to a branch of industry that was making great progress, and which had struck him as one of the most ominous signs he had witnessed. He alluded to the great increase in the manufacture of machinery abroad, under the auspices of English mechanics. Previous to the time of passing the Corn-Law in 1828, the manufacturers and spinners of this country, anxious to share the monopoly of the landholders in some shape, pressed for a prohibition of the exportation of machinery, and it was granted. The artisan, who had been previously interdicted from emigrating, now demanded a law to enable him to carry his labour to the best market, and this of course was granted. And here we see the invariable effects of trying to make selfishness harmonize with the public good. The artisan left this country to teach the foreign spinner how to organize his mill, and was then sent home to reap the effects in a restricted market for his industry. But now the demand arises for the makers of machinery, and the same process was going on to instruct the foreigner in making spinning frames, that was formerly done in spinning cotton. Whilst at Dresden, he was shewn over a large machine-making establishment, by an Englishman, who took him into a large room filled with machinery for spinning flax, with Gore and Wesley's patent improvements—this, said he, was brought out from England, at an expense of 35,000 dollars, for models, and I am engaged to superintend the copying it. At Chemnitz, also in Saxony, he visited also a large establishment, organized and conducted by English mechanics, for the manufacture of machinery. And it happened, that on the very day he was there, the place was decorated with evergreens and laurel branches, for the purpose of doing honour to the King and Queen of Saxony, who paid a visit to the premises. He found at Prague, in Bohemia, an establishment belonging to an Englishman, for making machinery for manufactures. And at Vienna there were two of our countrymen accommodated under an imperial roof, carrying on a similar trade. At Elberfeld and Aix-la-Chapelle, he also found large machine-making businesses carried on by Englishmen. At Liege there is a similar concern, the largest in the world, belonging to Mr Cockerell, who was born at Haslingden, in this county, and who employs nearly four thousand hands. And at Zurich, he found the large establishment of Mr Esher, with an Englishman at the head of the foundry, and another at the head of the forge, casting five tons of iron a-day brought from England, into spindles, rollers, and wheels, for the spinners and manufacturers of Austria, Saxony, or Bavaria. In almost every large town there were English mechanics instructing the natives to rival us. Now he contended, that every one of those artisans was expatriated from their native country by Act of the British Parliament. They carried their labour abroad, because our Corn-Law will not allow them to exchange the results of their industry for the corn and food of other countries.

The next witness to the progress of our foreign rivals in the acquisition of first-rate machinery, shall be Mr R. H. Greg, a county magistrate, and a partner of the firm of Samuel Greg & Co., the most extensive spinners in the kingdom, who consume, in their numerous establishments, the hundredth part of all the cotton spun in this country.

To add one or two facts to those mentioned by Mr Smith and Mr Cobden, as to the rapidity with which foreign manufacturers supply themselves with the means of competition, he (Mr Greg) had had furnished to him, in the beginning of last year, a list of orders for machinery to the amount of £360,000 in the hands of Mr Schlumberger, Mr Esher, and a very few others, all foreign machine makers of Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany. (Hear.) That was proceeding with very great vigour, and it might readily be supposed that that gap which yet remained to be filled up in the supply of their own markets, would very rapidly be filled up. The competition was already felt in our own market. His (Mr Greg's) house had, last year, to break up 200 looms,

which formerly supplied an article for one of those markets. And this year they had broken up 200 looms more, which supplied another article for another of those markets. (Hear.)

Lastly, on the point of foreign machinery, Mr Holland Hoole, of the firm of Lambert, Hoole, & Jackson, extensive cotton-spinners and export merchants, shall give his testimony. Mr Hoole is a Conservative; but the question of corn monopoly or free trade, is not one of Whig or Tory, nor of Radical politics neither, if we may credit what we heard only two days ago of a *soci-disant* Radical Member of Parliament. He and this Conservative manufacturer take opposite views on this trying subject.

Mr Hoole thought both petitions for the repeal of the Corn-Laws [there were two under discussion] good ones, and could sign either or both. . . . He felt strongly on the subject of the Corn-Laws, and not without occasion; for the welfare of the establishment with which he was connected, the support of his family, and the continuance of his business, all depended upon the continuance or the repeal of the Corn-Laws. (Hear.) Therefore, though differing from many present upon political questions, he did not differ from them upon this, which was not a political question. He had been informed by a gentleman of respectability, that a gentleman, who transported himself to Belgium some years ago with his capital, and commenced the cotton business, was over here a fortnight ago, engaging hands and purchasing machines, which he found no difficulty in doing; and he said, "We," meaning foreign manufacturers, "have nothing to fear except an alteration in your Corn-Laws. (Hear, hear.) If you'll let them alone for ten years to come, we can do without you, we can then set you at defiance." (Hear, hear.)

Our rivals, it is plain, do not want for machinery. Will they have to struggle with defective internal communications? Hear Mr Alderman Cobden as to the progress of railroads in Germany, under the encouragement of the German league.

The extent to which that vast league was operating to our injury might be judged of, from the fact, that it comprised 26,000,000 of the most intelligent and the richest people of the continent, containing four monarchies with their capitals, and a score of minor independent sovereignties, each having a nucleus in its capital for the consumption of luxuries and articles of considerable cost in the fabrication; so that we must see the extent to which we were injured, and to what extent that league was calculated to foster the industry of a state like Saxony, whose manufactures now, instead of being confined to the consumption of two millions and a-half of people, had the whole range of a country comprising twenty-six millions. This was a most important element in the competition we must now expect from Germany. Those who were now manufacturing in Berlin, Leipsic, or any any other part of the country, would have access to the whole of the markets of Germany. But the league not only stimulated them, but had security to give to them. (Hear, hear.) Hence a feeling of confidence had sprung up; they had overrun the country with railroads; joint-stock banks were established; and this confidence was so great as even to sustain paper money. All those evidences of security and confidence were mainly the growth of that commercial league, and all that security and confidence would become elements in a powerful competition with ourselves, since we had hitherto, of all nations, alone possessed and enjoyed this confidence and security. The Dresden and Leipsic Railroad Company had permission to issue 500,000 dollars in paper, one of which notes he held in his hand. These were absorbed and circulated immediately, payable as they were on demand, though (as one of the intelligent directors had told him) five years ago, not

one dollar of those notes would have kept in circulation. (Hear.) Surely some reference should be made, in our petition, to the great progress making in internal improvements abroad—as ordinary roads, railroads, and those other improvements of which we had hitherto had the monopoly in Europe. We had this no longer; railroads were being constructed in almost every part of the continent, and Belgium was more completely intersected with railroads than any other country in the world. They were now constructing in Prussia a line of railroad to run through the empire: in Saxony they had nearly finished one from Dresden to Leipsic, and that from Magdeburg to Leipsic was in a forward state; so that probably by the end of next year, we should be able to go by steam from Hull direct to Leipsic. This communication gave to the stocking manufacturer of Chemnitz an equality, at least, with our Nottingham manufacturers. Russia, and even Switzerland, were busily engaged in constructing railroads; and this ought to be referred to in the petition, as one reason why we could not afford to be left in our present adverse position in point of food.

It is superfluous to speak of the railroads, canals, navigable rivers, and inland seas of the United States—they are well known to be of the most stupendous magnitude. If any of our readers wish particular information on this subject, let them consult the recent publication of Mr David Stevenson, Civil Engineer, and learn to what degree our best customer among the nations at present, but also our most formidable rival in trade, possesses the elements of commercial greatness.

It were unnecessary to adduce any testimony to the generally admitted fact, that skilful artisans from this country have been drawn to our foreign rivals, and are busily employed in making machines, and teaching the native populations how to use them. Equally superfluous would it be to insist on the natural tendency of capital to leave the countries where it is unproductive, for those where it can be profitably employed. Masters will go abroad as well as the men, machinery, and capital, unless the food monopoly be speedily abolished. The forbidding prospects of manufacturers in this country, Mr Greg, the great mill-owner already quoted, tells us, "had been acting on his mind and the minds of his partners so powerfully, that, some time ago, they had made a determination to have no increase in their establishments in this country, but to look abroad." Mr Greg's house, it will be recollected, had even broken up two hundred looms in each of the years, 1837 and 1838. He and his partners, he adds, "had been on the point, more than once, and should be again, of forming establishments out of this country; in Germany, and, probably, in America. Such were their convictions, that they intended to act upon them in this way.—Then came the question—If this was the state of things, what could be done? How could we retrace our steps, and extricate ourselves from this difficulty and danger? He was certainly almost hopeless, respecting our capability of extricating ourselves; but, his strong conviction was, that the only chance of escape lay in the repeal of the Corn-Laws." Of shipping our rivals suffer under no deficiency. Most of them have food at half our prices:

and, consequently, cheaper labour. And they have protecting duties on their manufactures, to complete our expulsion from their markets. A glance at the nature of some of their protecting regulations may be instructive. Would that we could make every British landowner read the direct effects of his monopoly of the supply of food to his manufacturing countrymen!

It was well observed by the president, that the manufactures of America had their origin in the British restrictions on the importation of corn.

In consequence of our engaging in war with America, she was thrown upon her own resources; manufactures were established; they received legislative protection; then came high duties; and the manufacturing interest of America had reached the high pitch it had now attained, in consequence of the hostilities between the two countries. On one occasion a proposition was made by the President of the United States to abandon their system of prohibitive duties, and to adopt one of moderate duties (having reference only to finance, and not to the protection of manufactures), provided we would adopt a similar course with respect to grain. We refused, and adhered to our prohibition with respect to American flour; and America maintained her position with respect to our manufactures.

On the same point, Mr Smith remarks—

We had the best evidence that our Corn-Laws had been the means of establishing the manufactures in America. The British Minister at Washington, Mr Addington, in reference to the tariff, wrote to Mr Canning as follows:—"I have only to add, that had no restrictions on the importation of foreign corn existed in Great Britain, the tariff would never have passed through either House of Congress; since the agricultural states, and especially Pennsylvania, would have been opposed to its enactment."

The recent German league was alluded to by several of the speakers; and certainly it deserves the most serious attention of those who have the destinies of this great commercial nation at their disposal. Some of the effects of that league have been already quoted (page 122) from Mr Smith. In another place he remarks—"The Prussian ambassador had frequently remonstrated against the exclusion of their corn and timber; but had our ministers ever had the courage to mention this when complaints were made in Parliament of the Russian-German league?"

We now quote from the president's opening speech:—

The merchants and manufacturers of this town were suffering at this moment from the German league; which was a system similar in kind, though not equal in degree, to that by which our importation of corn was governed. They sought to protect, by high duties, their home manufactures, in the way we seek to protect by high duties our growth of corn at home.

Mr J. C. Dyer, the eminent machine-maker and patentee, chairman of Mr Poulett Thomson's first election committee, said, in relation to the same subject—

The outlets of the Rhine and Elbe ought to bring us timber, corn, and cattle, and every article of food, as well as wines and a few straggling articles of merchandise. We ought not to complain of the German league, when their artisans ate food at half the price that ours paid for it.

Mr Cobden's ideas on the subject of the league, from his recent German tour, must be worthy of particular attention.

There was a question, he remarked, which had scarcely glanced at, and which was very much misunderstood too

which ought to be referred to—he meant the great commercial league in Germany, upon which our national prejudices and pugnacity had been very much invoked, but upon which those who had the guidance of public opinion had studiously avoided the truth. That great league, so far as regarded its own people, was a benign measure: it was calculated to unite the German family in one bond by the establishment of a common tariff, and ultimately one common standard of weights and measures, and one system of money. (Hear, hear.) It was a union formed for the first time in the annals of the world, without a political bond. (Hear.) It was not an alliance of princes for their own purposes of aggrandizement, involving the disputes of legitimacy—not a mere parchment treaty of diplomatists, that might be torn in pieces any moment, as thousands had been before—but a bond of union, a commercial confederacy, a partnership entered into between the German people, for the purpose of facilitating their trade; allowing travellers to pass the frontiers into every country from Belgium to Russia, from the Tyrol to the Baltic, without let or hindrance, without being stopped at barriers in the shape of custom-houses, in the interior, as was formerly the case, three or four times a-day. But we were told by those who guide public opinion, that the German league was formed as a hostile measure towards England, forsooth; that the Prussian cabinet had no other object in it than to annoy and harass us. It was thus that our bristles were set up, and we were sent abroad with our nationality misdirected, to fight against Russians, Prussians, or against any people or principle in the world, so that it only diverted us from the real cause of all our mischiefs—the landlord's corn-laws. (Applause.) That German league had for its object the settling of one uniform tariff for the whole country; but that was not to be fixed for a perpetuity. Every three years a congress of the leagued states met together, and arranged the commercial terms of that tariff for the next three years. When travelling lately within the pale of that league, he made it his business to inquire minutely into its operation; he procured semi-official introductions, with a view of ascertaining the truth; and it was his firm conviction, from what he heard every individual say with whom he conversed, even including the Saxon manufacturer, throughout Prussia, Saxony, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria, that it was in our power at any time to effect a reduction in the duties upon our manufactures. All intelligent men concurred in saying—"Repeal your corn-law, and we will remove the duty on your goods." He would give in his own words the saying of a person of great intelligence in Prussia, upon this subject—"If you will send us," said he, "a commercial agent, to represent a commercial people, and competent to agree to take in exchange for your manufactures our products, we shall have no difficulty in arranging an extensive trade together; but whilst you send us an *agriculturist* to represent an *agricultural* people, we cannot hope to deal with you, for we are agriculturists ourselves." (Hear, hear.)

In a subsequent speech, while animadverting on the conduct of Mr Poulett Thomson, Mr Cobden confirms what Mr Smith had said as to the remonstrances of the Prussian ambassador to our Government. Whilst in Berlin, Mr Cobden was told that the Prussian embassy in London had again and again told our Cabinet that our Corn-Law was the sole obstacle to the arrangement of a commercial treaty between the two nations.

He would read an extract from a letter he had just received from a gentleman at Berlin, whose intelligence and means of access to the first sources of information, disposed him to place implicit confidence in his authority—"I have spoken," says the writer, "to one or two leading men in the finance bureau, and the result of our conversation has been, that, in their opinion, if we choose to alter our Corn-Law in England, and to admit the grain of Prussia at a fixed duty, there can be no doubt that this would reduce the duties on British manufactures *compt one-half*; and, of course, this would apply to (Mr whole Union, and to a population of twenty-six

millions. This contains an indirect answer to your question, and shows that our Corn-Laws originally led to the legislative enactments of Prussia, and, through her influence, to a system of retaliation through the whole of the North of Germany. One official man told me, that he knew the Prussian ministers in London had repeatedly told Mr P. Thomson that your Corn-Law was the stumbling block to a trade between the countries." (Hear, hear.)

It may now be proper to inquire what has been the effect of all this insane conduct on the part of the British Government—this fostering of the manufactures and trade of foreign countries at the expense of so much suffering to our own. What progress have these foreign manufactures been making? It was known that they were increasing; but the rapidity of the increase will excite some surprise, and no little alarm—especially when coupled with the remarkable decline of our own trade in what used to be some of our best markets. We quote from Mr Greg, as to American trade.

The exports of their own manufactured cloth from the port of New York alone were, in 1823, 1700 bags; in 1825, 1600; in 1827, 2500; in 1828, 1900; in 1829, 2800; in 1830, 5300; in 1831, 3000; in 1833, 13,000; and in that part of 1834, of which he had a return, 10,000 bags, valued at two millions of dollars. In 1835, the export was valued at 2,856,000 dollars. He had no returns for the last two years; but he knew that, in the eighteen months including half of 1836 and the year 1837, the Americans had exported 20,000 bales of their own manufactured cloth round the Cape of Good Hope, and 16,000 bales of cloth to South America. (Hear, hear.) As to the profits on these articles, it was sometimes said that the Americans could not compete with us in plain cloths, but must sell without profit. A gentleman, who had established a mill at Lowell, and who was formerly well known to some gentlemen here, stated that he had cleared there, in great part by these exports, £200,000; and gentlemen might be sure the Americans would not export at the rate stated, if they did not get a profit by it. The same gentleman, who was the owner of the mills at Lowell, said to him, (Mr Greg,) "We have pushed these *low domestics* beyond the mark, as now we are turning our attention to spinning lo numbers of twist for the German market." (Hear, hear.) These were facts which, for some time past, had filled him (Mr Greg) with alarm; but what most alarmed him was this—that our own manufacturers and merchants—the who ought to know better—who knew or ought to have known these facts—were not only ignorant of, but utterly incredulous as to these facts. That was the most alarming feature of our case.

We have seen (*supra*, page 119) that the Saxon hosiery and gloves were not only supplanting our articles in common markets, but actually meeting us in our own, under the most disadvantageous circumstances to the Saxons, excepting the comparative cheapness of food and labour in their own country. Farther examples of the prosperity of foreign, and the depression of British, manufactures, would be needless. Let us next advert to what Mr Smith justly styles the alarming fact, that, while the exports of this country were nearly stationary, the exports of foreign countries were greatly on the increase.

He had before him a table of the declared value of the exports in the years 1815 and 1836, of three different countries. He would begin with our own first: the exports of Great Britain, in 1815, amounted to £51,603,029; in 1836, to £53,368,571. The exports of the United States of America, in 1815, amounted to 28,500,000 dollars; in 1836, to 66,500,000 dollars; an increase of more than

200 per cent. (Loud cries of "hear.") The exports of France, in 1815, were 23,750,000 francs; in 1836 they had risen to 74,000,000 francs; nearly 400 per cent. ! So that while our exports had increased only four per cent., those of France had risen to nearly 400 per cent. in the same period. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") He would repeat, that these were alarming facts; and the increase in the manufacture of different articles in other countries was also rapidly progressing. He happened to have in his hand a return of the increase of Russian manufactures from 1821 to 1831, a period of nine years. In that period the cotton manufactures of Russia had increased 230 per cent.; silk had increased 25 per cent.; woollen had increased 30 per cent.; flax and hemp had increased 45 per cent.; tobacco and snuff had increased 130 per cent.; and the manufacture of soap 131 per cent. (Hear.)

Mr Smith's comments on these alarming facts are worthy of the deepest attention :—

Some gentlemen expressed but little alarm at the danger of losing our manufacturing superiority, and congratulated themselves that the country was not ruined yet. It might be that those who were engaged in the spinning of cotton twist were doing well. ("No, no, no.") He saw that gentlemen dissented. The makers of raw iron and steel he understood were well employed, but those who were engaged in the fabrication of these materials into articles were complaining of the hardness of trade. (Hear, hear.) Now, when he had occasionally met some of the directors of the Chamber, they had affected surprise, that, notwithstanding the loss of portions of our trade, we should have flourished so long, exhibited such signs of wealth, and asked how could it be accounted for? It might be accounted for, he would reply, by the fact, that it was difficult to ruin a country like this all at once, abounding in wealth and natural resources. (Hear.) But were gentlemen insensible to the handwriting on the wall? (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") Might not what had been raised by the superior skill and industry of our countrymen be destroyed by bad legislation? (Hear, hear.) We had attained our present position chiefly by the enormous increase of our productive power, by our steam and machinery, at a time when other countries had not turned attention to its employment. This had enormously increased our wealth. But who derived the benefit of this? Had the working classes? (Hear, hear.) No; because they had been giving constantly a greater quantity of manufactures for the same or a less quantity of food, and because it had been exchanged, not for the food which they consumed, but for luxuries for the rich—(hear)—or for raw materials, or for blocks of wood, as Mr Dyer had justly said, for anything but what the people could eat. (Hear.) The increase of our productive power might be inferred from the fact, that in 1815 our steam power was equal to 30,000,000 of labourers, while at present it was equal to 600,000,000. (Hear, hear.) That it was this that had enabled us to sustain the enormous burthen of taxation, and as large a burthen in the shape of Corn-Laws, under which we groaned, there could be no doubt. But whenever the time arrived that our competitors should attain to that point in mechanical power possessed by this country, then was the time that Britain's sun would set. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.")

Even the landowner, who looked beyond the receipt of his next year's rent, must see that the destruction of the manufactures of this country was the inevitable destruction of himself. (Hear.) What must be the result of destroying our manufactures, but to throw the greatest part of the people out of work, and reduce them to a state of pauperism? How were they to be supported when manufactures no longer exist, but by the land? And what, then, will be the value of the landowners' estates, which the starving people will eat up like locusts, and even find these insufficient to save them from misery and destitution? (Hear, hear, and cheers.)

Mr Cobden is not less solemn in his warning:—

He quitted the continent at Antwerp for England, and he would tell them what were his feelings after walking

through the deserted Exchange of that once famous emporium, and looking at its almost deserted harbours, in which by the way he observed American, not English vessels, which had been the bearers of the coffee and sugar of Cuba. Whilst looking at these evidences of departed greatness, and reflecting upon the cause of the decay of Antwerp, of the atrocities of the Spanish general Alva, who banished the skilful weaver and the capitalist of Belgium to foreign countries, he felt a conviction, which he still was sorry to entertain, that the rulers of this country were pursuing precisely the same policy as the Spanish governor in Belgium, or Louis XIV., by the revocation of his edict of Nantes—that our aristocracy was playing over again the same part in a different character—and unless prevented by the efforts of the suffering people, it would end as in Belgium, in the ruin of the empire. (Loud cheers.)

The suffering people *will* prevent such a consummation. It is impossible that the food monopoly can be longer upheld. The failure of last harvest, with its consequent high prices, and the speeches we have quoted, are exciting a spirit of resolute hostility to the monopoly, which nothing short of its total abolition will satisfy. The men who have struck so forcibly against the Corn Laws, will follow up their blows. They are evidently in earnest. These are not "flash" speeches, from which we have extracted so largely. They are not interlarded with scraps of English poetry, nor quotations from Virgil, like the orations of the grown school-boys in the House of Commons. The able petition drawn up by the Directors of the Chamber, and enforced by them and the Chairman at the two meetings, was unceremoniously thrust aside, on account of its dealing with the monster monopoly too gently, to make way for one by Mr Cobden, more expressive of the feelings of the Chamber. The same champions of commercial freedom have established a museum for the exhibition of articles of foreign manufacture, side by side with English manufactures of similar qualities, with the prices of each affixed; thus appealing to the eyes as well as the ears of the public. They have engaged a secretary with a liberal salary, to correspond with other places, and unite the whole mercantile community of England and Scotland in a general movement against the food monopoly. Above all, they have subscribed liberally towards the expense of the proceedings they have resolved on, including the obtaining a hearing at the bar of the House of Commons. In every respect, the leaders seem worthy of the cause. We have no doubt whatever of their success. Already the country has responded to their call. Meetings have been held in Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, London, Liverpool, &c., at all of which the total and immediate abolition of the monopoly was demanded, and everything like moderation or compromise in dealing with so pressing a question, denounced as culpable weakness.

The example of the men of Manchester should be followed everywhere, even in the little towns and villages. Meetings should be held, and strong resolutions passed, in favour of immediate and total abolition of all the food taxes. No place, where men know their grievances and dare raise their voices against them, should be thought too

small to take part in this grand movement in favour of commercial freedom.

If any man can yet doubt whether what is called "a moderate fixed duty" might not be tolerated, we beseech him to recollect that a duty of even 1s. a quarter, imposes a tax on the community of no less than £2,600,000. By "a moderate fixed duty," some mean 10s. a quarter; some, 6s. or 7s.; and some 5s. a quarter. A duty of 10s. would tax the community to the extent of £26,000,000, a sum nearly equal to the interest of the National Debt, and in favour of that class by whom chiefly that stupendous debt was brought upon the nation. A duty of 5s. per quarter would rob the public of £13,000,000. After being plundered by the landowners since 1815 to a vast extent, are we now, instead of obtaining restitution of any portion of the plunder, to be robbed of £13,000,000 annually still, by a 5s. duty, because those who have been so long accustomed to prey on us, may find it inconvenient to live on their own means alone? He is a crawling slave who would longer submit to the smallest remnant of this robbery by Act of Parliament. Would the working men, on whom the burden chiefly falls, permit the food-tax to continue a single month, if they had the elective franchise? Assuredly not. And shall those to whom the franchise has been entrusted for the good of all, do the working men so great a wrong as to continue this grievous burden on them? It has been maintained that the working-man is deprived of one-third of his small income by the operation of taxes in the imposition of which he has no voice. This opinion has been held by Mr Hume, and by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer. (See "England and the English," vol. I., p. 187.) Other authorities have attributed to the food monopoly alone a robbery of the working-man, to the extent of one-fourth of his earnings. The calculation is, that the food-tax raises the price of bread, or the substitutes for bread, to double its natural price; and that, of the working-man's wages, one-half is expended on food for himself and his family. If this be true, how guilty are they, in the sight of God and man, who lay this heavy burden on the poor man—a burden, be it observed, which falls moderately, in comparison, on the middle classes, and very lightly on the rich, of whose expenditure only a small portion goes for food!

It must not be forgotten that the landowners have a "protection" against the foreign grower, independently of any duty, in the whole charges of freight, insurance, damage in transport, warehouse rent, and profit to the importer; amounting, according to the common notion, to 10s. per quarter, or £13,000,000 sterling. Their claim to even that protection is questionable. At least the sum that they realize in this way, by the mere increase of population, without any merit or cost of their own, is a peculiarly proper subject for taxation.

But it is commonly urged as a plea in favour of the landowners being protected by a duty of about 6s. or 7s. a quarter, that they are

already taxed above their fair proportion. They unfairly taxed! They who have made all the laws, and imposed all the taxes! The idea is as ridiculous as untrue. If they are unfairly taxed, let them shew it, and claim, not a tax on the community to enable themselves to pay a disproportionate share of taxation, but relief by an equalisation of burdens. We maintain, however, and can prove it, that the landowners pay less, much less, than their fair share of the burdens of the State.

But should not the food-tax be reduced gradually? No. It should be abolished at once. The effect on prices will be gradual notwithstanding. Corn will not be grown for us in sufficient quantities for several years after the abolition of our Corn-laws. The best judges of the subject declare, that there is little reason to fear much land being thrown out of tillage. Our own belief is, that a great stimulus would be given to English agriculture, by the abolition of "protection," the never failing cause of slovenly management. Competition, and not protection, has been the grand source of improvement. According to Mr M'Culloch*—"A great future increase may reasonably be looked for, in the imports from Ireland. But, independently altogether of this, there is still very great room for improvement in Great Britain. We believe, it may be safely affirmed, that were the whole island as well cultivated as East-Lothian, Berwickshire, Northumberland, Lincoln, and Norfolk, its produce would be at least doubled." This is cheering information; for it shews, that there is no fear of many of the agricultural labourers being thrown out of employment, but, on the contrary, a prospect of their number being greatly increased, whenever the stimulus of foreign competition shall incite the British farmer to improved cultivation. For the farmer himself we have no fear: he will be in a much better position without the Corn-Laws, than he has ever been with them. Besides, only tenants under lease are liable to be affected by alteration of the present system; and for them provision can be made by a clause, converting their money rent into a grain one. Many such leases exist already. If the circumstances of either landlord or tenant are to be altered materially by abolition of the monopoly, it is for the interest of both that the period of transition from the one state to the other should not be prolonged; but that they should know as early as possible, what their new situation is to be, and accommodate themselves to it. A gradual change, if it be for the worse, is more painful, more destructive of a man's energies, than a sudden loss. But we are far from thinking that abolition of the monopoly will entail much loss on any class of agriculturists, except, perhaps, landowners whose estates are not their own. In the event of a fall of rents, the landowner might be made liable to those relations who have provisions secured in his estate, only in

* Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, M'Culloch's Edition, 8vo, p. 521.]

a sum corresponding to the reduced rent. But for the case of the landlord whose estate is mortgaged, we fear nothing could be done. Any interference of the Legislature between debtor and creditor would be highly objectionable. A man who has incurred debt has put himself into a false position, and cannot be saved from the consequences. Those landowners who are not in debt will benefit by the abolition of the Corn-

Laws. Their rents will be better paid than now, and, if somewhat less in nominal amount, will exchange for at least an equal amount of the necessities and luxuries of life. But it is not on account of its harmlessness that the abolition of the landlords' monopoly must be called for. The abolition, the total and immediate abolition, is demanded as an act of justice, and as a measure of proved necessity.

HYMN.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Nurse of the Pilgrim Sires, who sought,
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
For fearless truth and honest thought,
A refuge and a home !
Who would not be of them or thee
A not unworthy son,
That bears, amid the chain'd or free,
The name of Washington ?
Cradle of Shakspeare, Milton, Knox !
King-shaming Cromwell's throne !
Home of the Russells, Watta, and Lockes !
Earth's greatest are thine own :
And shall thy children forge base chains
For men that would be free ?
No ! by thy ELLIOTS, HAMPDENs, VANES,
PYMS, SIDNEYS, yet to be !
No !—for the blood which kings have gorged
Hath made their victims wise,
While every lie that Fraud hath forged
Veils wisdom from his eyes :
But time shall change the despot's mood ;
And Mind is mightiest then,
When turning evil into good,
And monsters into men.

If round the *sou!* the chains are bound
That hold the world in thrall—
If tyrants laugh when men are found
In brutal fray to fall—
Lord ! let not Britain arm her hands,
Her sister states to ban ;
But bless through her all other lands,
Thy family of Man.
For freedom if thy HAMPDEN fought ;
For peace if FALKLAND fell ;
For peace and love if BENTHAM wrote,
And BURNS sang wildly well—
Let knowledge, strongest of the strong,
Bid hate and discord cease ;
Be this the burden of her song—
" Love, Liberty, and Peace !"
Then, Father, will the nations all,
As with the sound of seas,
In universal festival,
Sing words of joy, like these :—
Let each love all, and all be free,
Receiving as they give :
Lord !—Jesus died for Love and Thee !
So let thy children live !

THE DAY-DREAMER.

A REVERIE.

A most delightful occupation is that of building castles in the air !—how noiseless-swift glides time over heads so engaged ! Not the poppy's black juice, nor the generous blood of the grape, yields so fine a madness ; pleasant while it lasts, harmless when gone. What is there in life which can equalize its conditions, soften its hardships, and charm away its cares, like this imaginative faculty ? Who so happy as the Day-Dreamer ?

Is he poor and of no account among his fellow-men ? He is lord of all—king or kaiser, if he pleases, in his own dream-world.

Has he no discernible tenement or messuage that he can call his own, in any town or county ? Probably not. Yet doth he retire at will to a noble air-castle, seated in fair-visioned pleasure, with clear lake and hanging woods—the centre of rich nebulous domains, well stocked with game, and yielding a princely revenue.

Is his housekeeping cold—his servants few or none ? Granted. Nevertheless, he supports an aerial establishment consistent with his air-castle ; and lives splendidly, and gathers around

his table the great, and the wise, and the witty ; himself ever being (O rare privilege !) the greatest, and the wisest, and the wittiest in the company.

Is he an ambitious man, checked and kept under by narrow circumstances ? Very likely. Therefore, in his cloud-dominions, he builds for his friends and rivals as well as for himself ; and rewards or takes revenge by appointing them splendid lodgings or mean ; his own particular dwelling ever towering supreme, with glory piled on glory, in a Temple-of-Solomon sort of magnificence.

Does he bear a mighty mind in a pigmy body, and thirst for martial fame ? Straitway, then, he is dubbed Admiral ; waxes terrible on the high seas, vanquishes the combined navy of Europe, and becomes a second Nelson (in all but death) at another Trafalgar. Or his taste lies in the land-service ; and then beware, ye fortresses and towers of strength, for impregnability shall avail you nothing ! France and Russia, arise ! Prussia and Austria, to the rescue ! for here comes our hot dreamer, charging at the head of

a hundred thousand cavalry, and dealing destruction not to be equalled till the fight of Armageddon.

Are politics and intrigues of state his dream? And is he hindered of success in that walk by the impediments of a narrow intellect, a poverty of language, a stuttering speech? Truly so. Yet in this, his hour of pride, he is standing forth before gods and imaginary men, delivering himself of an oration Demosthenes might envy, and no gainsayer may answer. Persuasion sits on his lips—by the wind of his mouth he has overthrown one administration, by the breath of his nostrils shall he build up another.

Is he addicted to the tender passion, soon vanquished by speaking eyes and soft voices, yet himself not likely to inspire love or obtain marriage—being short and ugly, shy and poor; and, in speech, purse, and bodily presence, altogether weak and contemptible? Pity him not!—such may be his hard fate in gilded saloons, not in his own dream-land. *There* he dilates into a

Hercules, softens to an Adonis; becomes the happy Romeo of some fortunate Juliet, or the Sir Harry Wildair of lighter loves. And there, moreover, his fictions are not wholly fictitious. His paradise of Dainty Devices is peopled with some realities; for there, fair familiar faces, whom he has secretly worshipped afar off, regard him with looks of love, and living bright eyes seek to rain influence only on him, and softest animate forms woo him to their arms.

Blest privilege, indeed, is this of self-retirement! Possession, more enviable than properties real or personal, is such a Happy Valley of Thought! Let the lord of this inheritance ever dwell and take his pleasure therein, basking in the sunshine and beauty of his own creation; let him recline, ever lapt in dreamy bliss, beneath his own imaginary vine, his own ideal fig-tree, nor envy the possessors of care-burdened realities, be they the proud halls of the Escorial, or the delicious gardens of Versailles.

O.

MOUNTAINS.

YE proud old mountains, what dark spell
Have ye contrived, to chain
In love to you the souls that dwell
Beneath your cloudy reign?

Have your wild winds more melody
Than harp-awakening breeze?
Or sound more sweet your blasts on high,
Than lute 'mid orange trees?

Say, in your giant's lightning spear,
And cloud-wove billowy banner,
What magic charms the mountaineer,
And lures his soul to honour?

For far though from your eagle's nest
The Highland youth may roam,
His spirit clings around your breast,
No other spot his home.

The cit beneath a foreign sky
May court its gales of balm,
And, reckless, breathe his latest sigh
Beneath a foreign palm.

But your bold child, though round the sea
May gleam his battle blade,
Prays that his last, long home may be
Within your solemn shade.

He sings the songs his father sung,
On golden Cathay's strand,
To which your echoes oft have rung—
The songs of father-land.

Old mountain echoes! mighty names
Are yours—from age to age
Sounding from crag to cavern—fame's
Undying heritage.

Wild tones ye on the winds have sped
To climes where bondsmen muttered
And clanked their chains in wrath and dread—
The tones which Wallace uttered,

And Annan Bruce and William Tell,
The glorious mountain three,
Whose names, wherever freemen dwell,
Are linked with liberty.

G. P.

LITERARY REGISTER.

A Manual of Private or Ball-Room Dancing.
By Barclay Dun, Teacher of Dancing and
Calisthenics.

AMONG the endless *Manuals, Hints, Systems, Hand-Books, and Treatises* on every imaginable subject, it is rather surprising that there are few or none upon DANCING, an art practised every day, and, at one time or other of their lives, by every individual in civilized society, which is more than can be affirmed of any other art whatever. Where there is one singer of any description, and however bad, there are fifty dancers. It is just so much the more necessary that the most universal and the most social of arts and exercises should be well understood; and though we do not go quite so far as Mr Dun in thinking that "the value of Dancing and Calisthenics depends *entirely* on the way in which either is taught,"

we at once admit that the more scientifically they are taught, so much the better. The lessons or rules laid down by Mr Dun are the result of many years' experience, and, as he states, of much thought. Far before mere dancing, or the knowledge of *steps and figures*, Mr Dun places the power which his pupils may possess to *present themselves before company*; or how easily and gracefully they may *sit, walk, and comport themselves in dancing*. This, undoubtedly, is the spirit of dancing as an art, and that which remains to charm when "dancing days" are long past and gone. Mr Dun propounds the true philosophy of his art in his preliminary remarks. The best dancer is not he who can leap high and perform so many tricks with his descending legs, as to astonish the groundlings; nor yet the dancer most skilled in intricate and new-fashioned steps and figures. Dancing he considers the art of showing a fi

form, elegant taste, and graceful carriage to advantage. It has nothing more in truth than "to teach the lovely young woman to move unembarrassed and with peculiar grace through the mazes of the dance, either in private circles or public balls; in hours of happy pastime, or the celebration of festivity." A canon for ladies is, that "The utmost to which a gentlewoman need aspire in dancing is, an agile and graceful movement of her feet, an harmonious moving of her arms, and a corresponding easy carriage of her whole body." Some of the agile dancers are described as dancers only from the waist downwards—the nobler part of the person remaining either inanimate or in awkward motion; although the mere use of the legs is "not half the art." Mr Dun, who has long been a fashionable teacher in Edinburgh, remarks, "that ease and elegance of manner" is what he has always been anxious to inculcate on his scholars—

Being fully aware that *the height of art is to conceal art*, and that therefore ease, or at least the appearance of it, should accompany all the dancer's motions. There are, however, very few professional or public dancers who possess this happy art entirely; hence that astonishment which the performance of their most difficult and brilliant movements excites, is generally so blended with an idea of the uncommon toil to which they must necessarily subject themselves during their practice, that although our wonder may be for a moment extorted, yet compassion or regret soon follows. But our unalloyed admiration is reserved for the dancer whose steps are firm, yet flexible and well articulated—whose sinkings and risings are easy, soft, and unbroken, proceeding from a well-regulated employment of the strength and suppleness of the legs—whose body is erect (without stiffness), well balanced, and possessing an elastic power of rising and yielding, agreeably with the motion of the limbs—whose head is well set, and in perfect equilibrium, so that its moving may not disturb the unconstrained state of the body, with which, as well as with the arms and legs, it maintains an harmonious accompaniment. In conjunction with these acquirements, which may possibly result from art, it is presumed that nature has endowed the dancer with that feeling or sensibility of which I have already spoken; for it is impossible to exhibit through the medium of the body, what the soul does not feel. Thus accomplished, then, while "she floats through the mazes of [the dance," the simple, distinct, and varied movements of her feet, will be accompanied by an appropriate gesticulation of the body, head, and arms, rendering the *tout ensemble* a perfect combination of all that is beautiful and lovely: and then, and only then, can dancing be called the "*poetry of motion*."

There is the heart of the mystery. How to attain this perfection, we must leave to Mr Dun's instructions. They are scientific, practical, and minute. One general remark we shall quote, as we imagine that, by neglect or ignorance of the caution given, many a young lady has injured herself, and many a poor young gentleman has been needlessly pained and mortified—

I would recommend it, *with every deference*, to teachers of dancing to inculcate on the minds of their pupils the propriety of *giving the hands*, as it is called, in a free and easy manner; avoiding, while they are preparing to do so, all affected writhings of the neck, and all unnecessary writhings of the wrists; as I have often seen these faults carried to a ridiculous length by persons who could use their legs well. It is the fate of affectation never to escape detection. I would likewise recommend the giving of the hands in the dance always with an air of frankness and perfect good-will, which has a charming effect; for often there is not the slightest intention of wounding the feelings of parties with whom one has to dance, a careless attention to the matter I am speaking of may sometimes give offence, where perhaps none was meant.

Mr Dun conceives it the duty of teachers of dancing and calisthenics, to know something of human anatomy. To calisthenics, and exercises of older fame, he has devoted a portion of his work, and his brief treatise on *Spinal Distortion*, and its consequent deformities, contains whatever has been said by the most eminent phy-

siologists on this fertile subject. Mr Dun disapproves of soft beds and high pillows; and where two children sleep in the same bed, he recommends that they should take different sides of the bed on alternate nights, and also lie on both their sides alternately. He gives many sound practical directions for the promotion of health, the development of the body, and the prevention of distortion and deformity, which may be useful to mothers and governesses, as well as to teachers.

The "*Manual of the Ball-room*" is, besides its more important qualities, a very neat and handy small tome, and an inexpensive one.

Ben Jonson's Works.

Mr Moxon has published an edition of this sterling English classic, in the same form as his late *Falstaffian* edition of Shakespeare. The whole works are contained in one handsome volume, printed in double-columns, and in a fine and clear type. From the style of the binding, it opens freely, so as to be comfortably read. Editions of this description, of standard works, uniting excellence with cheapness, and adapted to the rapidly-increasing number of persons of large literary desires and limited means, we look upon with great interest. An economical book-buyer can hardly make a better investment.

The memoir and dissertation are from the pen of Barry Cornwall, who does not seem to have that hearty sympathy with his author which is always desirable in the composition of a brief literary biography, where one naturally looks more to the works than their author. A good portrait of *Ben*, who looks as rough as he describes himself, and a pretty view of Hawthornden, are the embellishments of the edition.

The Pictorial Shakespeare.

The Second Part of this superb work consists of the play of *King John*; the Third, of *Romeo and Juliet*. Both are exquisitely embellished; and the *variorum* notes display the same critical and antiquarian learning and good taste, which augured so fairly for the edition on the appearance of Part I.

Records of the Kirk of Scotland, from 1638 downwards. By Alexander Peterkin, Editor of the "*Compendium of Church Laws*," &c. &c.

Nec tamen consumeatur, is the motto of our venerable national kirk—a burning bush its blazonry. The bush is fairly a-blaze again, whatever be the upshot, and therefore forms the appropriate ensign of Mr Peterkin's title-page. Most opportunely does his work appear, as if to beat the flame, and rake up the embers of our old controversy, not so much with Papists as with "prelatic malignants" and the "wicked hierarchy." Individually, the editor does nothing of the sort—though an ably written Historical Introduction breathes Presbyterianism "true blue"—but the purpose is more effectually accomplished by the publication of the Acts of Assembly and the Records of the Kirk. These documents are in every way curious and interesting; and convey a high idea of the political sagacity and capacity for public business of the Fathers of the Scottish Church. The work is to appear in a series of One-shilling Parts. It is very neatly printed, and must form a desirable book to all Scottish Presbyterians and their numerous offshoots, whether clerical or laical. From his peculiar line of research, and filial devotion to the Church of Scotland, we know of no man living so perfectly fitted for the task he has assumed as Mr Peterkin. The publication is exceedingly interesting, merely from its historical and

antiquarian character, and also from proving in every page how true it is that

"New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."

To this work we shall probably advert hereafter. The formal sentences of Deposition of the Bishops, the Abjuration of Episcopacy, the "Bastard Sacraments," and such matters, are truly piquant now-a-days, when "the Sister Establishment" of England has grown so greatly in favour with Presbyterians.

The Booke of the Universall Kirk of Scotland.

This work is, like the above, edited by Mr Peterkin, with Historical Notes. It is the earliest record of the Church of Scotland known to exist; and to Mr Peterkin belongs the merit of rescuing it from the black-letter and MS. oblivion in which it has lain for centuries in public libraries. It embraces the period from 1560 to 1616. The original registers were, it would seem, filched by a Mr Campbell, a rigid Episcopalian, to whom they had been intrusted, and who bequeathed them, as if his private property, to Sion College, under an injunction that they should never be restored to the Presbyterian Church. They were destroyed when the Houses of Parliament were burnt down; but, fortunately, several transcripts existed, though somewhat abbreviated. It is from two MS. copies of "The Booke," which are in the Advocates' Library, that Mr Peterkin is printing, with literal fidelity, this curious work. His object is to render so important a record cheaply accessible to the country and the Church; and it is really surprising that, with so many leisured and zealous Churchmen, this duty should not have been performed long ago. It was indeed an object for the Assembly to have undertaken. A brief specimen will best explain the character of these happily rescued registers:—

Sess. 3a. December 28, 1567.

Ordaines that Superintendants and Commissioners appointed shall plant ministers vaikand in sic rowmes where the parishioners will gladly susteine them on their owne expenses, whill other order be had; and that they remove nane out of their rowme, being found qualifed, without the advyce and consent both of the ministrie, and kirk-worthie of the place.

Sess. 4a. December 30, 1567.

Anent the accusatione laid to my Lord Argyll's charge, touching the separation betwixt him and his wife; declared that he was not the occasioun thereof. As to other offences whatsoever, wherthrough he has been anyways scandalous to the Kirk, he was content to subject himself to the discipline of the Kirk at all tymes maist willinglie; and, therefore, the Kirk ordained the Superintendent of Argyll to take tryall of the saids scandalers committed be the said Earle, and thereafter to cause sic satisfaction be made, as God's Law appoints, and to report the order thereof to the next Generall Assemblie of the Kirk, together with his own diligence in executione of his office of Superintendencie.

Anent the marriage of the Queen with the Earle Bothwell, be Adam, called Bishop of Orkney; the hail Kirk finds that he transgressed the acts of the Kirk in marrying the divorced adulterer; and, therefore, deprives him of all functione of the ministrie, conforme to the tenor of the act made thereupon, ay and whill the Kirk be satisfied of the scandaler committit be him.

The same day Mr John Craige was bruitit for proclaiming the bands betwixt the Queen and the Earle Bothwell, who answered be word, justifying his proceedings thereanent, and was ordained to give in his purgation in write, to the effect his good mynd and proceedings may be knowne to all and sundrie that hereafter would be satisfied thereanent.

A passage in the *purgation* of Mr John Craige is to this effect:—

Being admittit, afternoone, before my Lord in Council, I laid to his charge the law of adulterie, the ordinance of the Kirk, the law of ravishing, the suspicion of collusion betwixt him and his wife, the sudden divorcement and

proclaiming within the space of four dayes, and last the suspicioun of the King's death, whilk his marriage will confirme. But he answered nothing to my satisfacioun: Wherefore, after many exhortationes, I protested that I could not but declare my minde openly to the Kirk. Therefore, upon Sunday, after I had declared what they had done, and how they would proceed whether we would or not, I tooke Heaven and earth to witness that I abhorred and detested that marriage, because it was odious and scandalous to the world; and seeing the best part of the realme did approve it, either be flatterie or else be their silence, I desyred the faithfull to pray earnestly that God would turne it to the comfort of this realme, that thing whilk they intended againes reasone and good conscience. I, because I heard some persons gangand againes me, used their reasones for my defences: First, I had broken no law be proclaiming of thir persones at their request: Secondly, If their marriage was scandalous and hurtful, I did well for warning all men of it in tyme. Thirdly—

These were the palmy days of Presbytery, when Lady Argyll, for being present at the christening of the infant James, could be thus rated:—

Sess. 5a. December ultimo 1567.

Anent the complaint give in against my Lady Argyll, declaring how sche once being at the table of the Lord Jesus, and professing his Evangell, had revolted therefrae, in giving her assistance and presence to the baptizing of the King in ane papisticall manner. The said lady being present, grantit that she had offended to the eternall God, and been ane scandaler to the Kirk in committing the premises; and therefore willingly submitted herself to the discipline of the Kirk and discretioun of them. Therefore, the Kirk ordaines the said lady to make publick repentance in the Chapell-Royall of Stirling, upon aue Sunday in tyme of preaching; and this to be done at sick tyme as the Kirk hereafter shall appoint to the Superintendent of Lowthiane, providing alwayes it be before the next Assembly.

This work is surely well-deserving the patronage of the Church and of all its adherents. It is appearing in Parts, and will form a work worth any fifty of the Rox-burgh or Bannatyne-Club publications. Among the articles sent up by the Assembly to the Queen, in 1566, we find the following:—

Fourthly, For sustentation of the poor, that all lands founded to hospitalitie of old be restored agane to this same use, and that all lands, annuallents, or any other emoluments pertaining any ways to the friers of whatsum-ever ordour, or annuallents, altargies pertaining to Priests, be applied to the sustentation of the poor, and uphald of Schooles in the towns and others places where they ly.

What would the landed aristocracy of Scotland say if those lands were now reclaimed for these purposes—lands of which they have had the use for nearly three centuries?

The Law of Christ, respecting Civil Obedience, and the Payment of Tribute.

A Third Edition of Dr Brown's work has appeared, improved and enlarged! We should imagine, that those who, for some matter of a few shillings, or pounds, if it came to pounds, stirred up this affair, will now be disposed to cry—"Hold! Enough!" To say that we regret the issues which this strife has brought forth, would be gross dissimulation. From recent manifestations of the Established-Church clergy, both in Scotland and England, it is becoming evident that it is to the principles of dissent that the laity have now to look for the defence of civil liberty and of personal security. It is long since these reverend persons set themselves above the gospel—now they fairly set themselves above the law of the land.

Essays on the Apocalypse. By R. B. Sanderson. Second Edition.

It is not necessary to notice anything in Second Editions, save additions. Here a preliminary address to the Queen is the principal. Mr Sanderson wishes her Majesty to be a religious woman, and a liberal-minded Sovereign. He wishes her a good husband

who shall be a friend to liberal measures; but, above all, he advises her to lay down her spiritual supremacy, which he does not consider fit for any human being, and, least of all, for a young female. And, if Henry VIII. could assume it of himself, why may not Victoria I. lay it down? Finally, he desires to impress upon her Majesty's mind that there is no safety for any potentate of the present day, save by an immediate dissolution of the partnership between Church and State. National churches are the parasite ivy which clings to until it undermines the crumbling tower—the incrustation which has enveloped, by gradual concretion, the diamond Christianity. The Church, the Queen is told, brought Charles I. to the block; and Queen Anne, through mental anxiety, to an untimely end. The Headship of the Church was certainly never more a source of amusement than now to those sour Presbyterians and vain jesters who do not acknowledge Queen Victoria's Spiritual Supremacy; and it does sound oddly enough—“Yesterday, the Head of the Church took a gallop on the downs in a dark-green habit and riding-cap, attended by the Master of the Buck-hounds, Miss Quentin, Lord Melbourne, &c.,” or, “Last night, the Head of the Church, at the court ball, danced a quadrille with Prince George;” or, “The Head of the Church went privately to Drury-Lane to see the pantomime of ‘Jack Frost,’ with which she expressed herself highly delighted.” If we do not greatly mistake his drift, Mr Sanderson, admitting the *First Beast* in the Revelations to be the Church of Rome, makes out the *Second* to be the Church of England.

Whistle Binkie.

Appropos to the season of festivity, when all sing who can sing, and, kinder still, many are willing to try whether they can or not, out comes to their aid, and the delectation of their friends, a Second Series of “Whistle Binkie.” Our edition, we are glad to find, comprehends both first and second, and is, moreover, edited by *Sandy Rodger*.

The songs are, we imagine, nearly all original; though, to say the truth, some of the bards are probably better known to oral fame than to the regular police of the press. The choicest contributions are those of the Editor and Ballantine of Edinburgh. A few sterling old songs find a place. Our selected specimen is anonymous, and in commemoration of the glories of the Glasgow deputation who attended upon George IV. on his visit to Scotland—but not the worse for wanting a name.

“Come aff wi’ your bonnets, huzza! huzza!
The provost is comin’, huzza! huzza!
The bailies and beddles, wi’ hammers and treddles,
An’ lingsles, and barreles, an’ a’, an’ a’.

“Gif in Embro our dwellin’ ye saw, ye saw,
Wi’ our ain Provost’s name on the Ca, the Ca,
An’ a’ that accords, ye wad tak us for lords,
An’ let them that win, laugh awa, laugh awa.

Come aff wi’ your bonnets, &c.

“We’ll hing up our signs in a raw, a raw,
Mong flunkies, and saulies sae braw, sae braw,
Wi’ goud and wi’ green, we’ll dazzle folks’ een,
An’ Let Glasgow aye Flourish! awa, awa.

Come aff wi’ your bonnets, &c.

“When to Majesty down we maun fa’, maun fa’;
Lik baillie sae gaucy and braw, and braw,
We canna we’ll guess how great George can do less
Than to mak’e bits o’ us a’, us a’.

Come aff wi’ your bonnets, &c.

This we call a good song; so in general are all the humorous ones; but there is a selection of superlatively

fine sentimental lyrics, which transcend us. We hope Mr Rodger comprehends them. Here is the closing stanza of—

“Brightly is the streamlet flowing
Brightly, oh! brightly, oh!”

“But what sun illumines the bushes,
Radiant, oh! radiant, oh!”

“Tis Matilda’s glowing blushes,
Radiant, oh! radiant, oh!”

Thus then, streamlet, run, and never
From thy mother river sever:

Oh! Matilda’s mine for ever—
Radiant, oh! radiant, oh!”

This beats “a Person of Quality” all to sticks; but we suppose it may be a parody of *Whistle Binkie*’s on some sentimental song.

The Comic Almanac.

In the II. Victoria, the pencil of Cruickshank is richer than ever; and Rigdum Funnidos, Gent., the editor of “The Comic,” no whit fallen off, either in his jest or in his earnest. The illustrations of the Months serve a double purpose; for they also illustrate the twelve principal adventures of “The Life of Robert Stubbs, the younger,” whose thread of story runs round the whole circle of the months, from January to December; by which time, notwithstanding the comic turn of his many disasters, one is quite sick of so pitiful and sneaking a scoundrel. It is, however, a clever story of the Jerrold school; and it renders the interest of the *Comic* continuous, and the incidental jokes and squibs so much the more piquant, for this kind of relief. Rigdum Funnidos dabbles this year in politics, in a small way, and is Conservative and satirical.

The minor illustration for September, of *jarveys* in all stages of despair, is followed by these lines:—

HARVEY *versus* JARVEY.

A Moloncholy Case.

“Well, here’s a fine beginning all along of these here Jarveys,

Sure-ly they’re getting the whip hand of all us honest Jarveys;

To rob us of our fare is like depriving us of vittles,
And giving us no meat to cut, but leaving us a Whittle.
The watermen are all in tears—it’s fitting you should know,
That the stopping of our going is to them a tale of ‘Wo;’
And the ‘oases stands, quite sad to see, beside the crib in vain,

And wonders whether they shall ever taste a bit again.
Now they’re gettin’ out of natur, for their raws is all a healing,

And soon they’ll be onsenseless brutes, without a bit of feeling,

Or else they’ll pine away so fast, the knackers scarce will skin ‘em,

For they miss the bits of thrashing just to keep the life within ‘em,

And the cuts that makes ‘em lively, arter waiting in the street,

For ‘tis but being on the stand, that keeps ‘em on their feet.
Now, blowd if I can understand this here licensious day,

Unless it means the taking all our license quite away;
And then, again, for characters, how very hard they use ‘em,

Both them as vainly strive to find, and those who’d gladly lose ‘em.

The cads look quite cadaverous, to think there’s such a fuss
At their stepping from the treadmill, to the step behind a bus;

But here’s the greatest grief, and sure it makes one choke to put on

A libel to one’s neck, just like cheap cag-mag-srag of mutton;

There’s nothing stares us in the face but rueful ruination,
So there’s my ticket, and I’ll seek some more genteel vocation.

One of the illustrations of August is a chess-board, with the pieces set out, and the motto “*Black moves and wins.*” It commemorates the abolition of Negro Apprenticeship, and tells of him—

* The dose-plate—the Glasgow Deputation occupied a whole house.

"Dozing in his easy chair,
Round his nose mosquitoes flitting,
Sweltering in the sunny air,
Was Nine-tail Joe of Kingston sitting.

"Now Nine-tail Joe loved cheerfulness,
And he chanced in a pleasant mood to be,
So he flogged his niggers, and played at chess,
And drank a full jorum of Sangaree.

"What can be the matter with flogging Joe?
His eyes are rolling to and fro,
And he rubs his nose with his finger and thumb,
And gasps to speak like one that is dumb.

"The forms that lately were pawns and knights,
And bishops, and queens, and kings,
Were reeling and wheeling, like so many sprites
Or other unearthly things.

"And beings all fearfully black were there,
And they roll'd their eyes at Joe,
And wildly flourished the cat in air,
And danced to 'Jump Jim Crow.'

"Before them fled both bishop and knight,
While pawn and king were seen
Rolling and tumbling in awful plight—
Decorum was gone, and they fled outright—
And surely it was a most terrible sight,
When the bishop fell over the queen.

"With burning head and aching heart,
Up from his chair did the planter start;
But the vision had fled, and there, instead
Of dancing niggers' furious tread,
Was seen the bill, the dreadful bill,
The Whiggish Act of Slavery,
That made him rich against his will,
And stopped him in his knavery.

"The planter's dream doth plainly seem
To point a moral deep:
If you choose to whack a nigger's back,
You should never go to sleep."

The "Annual Register," and the "Association of the British Illuminati at Birmingham," contain several good hits.

Hay on the Laws of Harmonious Colouring, as adapted to Interior Decorations, Manufactures, &c. Fourth Edition.

This volume, which, we believe, in its original form, was intended chiefly as a guide to housepainters and decorators, has, in its various editions, gradually grown into a scientific work, without, however, losing its practical character. The laws of colouring are illustrated by coloured plates. The entire work seems the result of patient study and long-continued observation. It will afford many useful hints to those who are fitting up and decorating their dwellings, while it forms a code of systematic knowledge to young designers and practical decorators.

Mudie's Mental Philosophy.

This volume is intended as an elementary treatise, or a first book in teaching the means and objects of the study of the mind. The arrangement is clear, and the illustrations are often felicitous. It will form a good introduction to the study of "Brown's Philosophy;" while to those young students who do not pursue the science of metaphysics deeply, it may, in some sort, supply the place of "Brown's Lectures."

The Entomologist's Text-book. By J. O. Westwood, F.L.S.

In this volume, the leading entomological articles, written by the author for the "British Cyclopædia of Natural History," are collected, and form a general outline of the science, or Elements of Entomology. New plates of insects have been added to those which originally illustrated the different articles in the "Cyclopædia."

Some of the insects, as gnats, moths, butterflies, &c., are very prettily coloured. The book will be found amusing to young persons, besides being instructive in the science which it expounds.

Todd's Student's Manual.

Among the many plain, sensible, and highly commendable works for the young which we owe to America, this is one of the best. The regular student in his college, or the youth anxious to improve himself, will find the general directions and the advice of this well-informed monitor equally valuable. Some may consider the author of the manual too sober-minded or too frugal of both time and money; but let it be remembered that he is of the country of Franklin. He is also a rigid moral disciplinarian; and, it may be thought, apt to be somewhat puritanical, narrow, or strait-laced in his opinions of certain popular books and authors. But, if there be error, it is on the safe side. The work seems carefully reprinted from the *seventh* American edition.

Scenery of Edinburgh and Mid-Lothian.

A second set of these engravings has been published, which, in every respect, keeps up to the promise of the first. To specify the various excellencies of the series, would, therefore, be only to repeat ourselves. The work is neatly and even handsomely executed, and surprisingly cheap. We do not mean low-priced, for many pictorial works are very low-priced, which we should not call cheap: The principal subjects of this set are *Holyroodhouse* and *Burns' Monument*; the interior of the *Parliament House*; and very pretty views of the classic and pastoral *Habbie's How*, *Duddingstone Loch* in the skating season, with *Crichton Castle*, *Dalkeith*, and a few more architectural plates and interiors. We have no doubt that the joint labours of the brother artists will find a cordial welcome with all Scotsmen, as well as with those who have found a temporary home among the beautiful, the grand, and the venerable scenes so tastefully delineated.

Every Man his own Butler.

Mr Cyrus Redding, the author of "A History and Description of Modern Wine"—a work of considerable reputation—has been induced to "get up a word of advice upon wine," giving honest counsel to everybody who buys wine and who drinks it. The previous knowledge of the subject possessed by the author has made him a full man, and he has put a great deal into narrow space, and produced, at the same time, a cleverly-written and entertaining book, at about the price of a single bottle of sherry, and well worth more money to all wine consumers who require a guide, and have the sagacity to follow a well-informed and sound one.

PAMPHLETS.

The "Letter to the Queen, by a Friend of the People," has formed a text for a set of trumpety or catch-penny pamphlets, the object of one of them being to apologize for her Majesty's Whig Ministers; of the others, to sell. They demand no particular notice. The apology goes over the beaten ground of what the Whigs, in their new Poor-Law, their Irish Poor-Law, the Abolition of Slavery, the Municipal Bill, &c., &c., &c., have done and the unimagined and unnamed blessings they may yet confer upon the country, if it will only maintain them in place.

Mr LISTER, the author of the *LIFE OF CLAREN DON*, has published a refutation of the gross misstatements and bold averments of *The Quarterly Review*,

its late captious, shallow, and ill-informed review of his work.

We are glad to see that Colonel Thompson has sent abroad, at this time, a large sixpenny-worth of his acute exposure of *Corn-Law Fallacies*.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE sitting of Parliament is at hand, but no indication has been given of the policy of Ministers. That the *dolce far niente*, the do-as-little-as-possible system, will be persevered in, if possible, there can be no doubt. But the rumour is, that the Ministers will be forced into a decided course of conduct, at the very opening of the Session, by the 200 Members of the Commons who voted for the Ballot. If a Government opposition be again made to the Ballot, it is understood that these Radical M.P.'s will no longer "support the present Ministry," is the phrase is; by which is meant, keep them in power, at the expense of the principles which these M.P.'s profess to maintain. The Ministers are said to have resolved to oppose Reform, if the Reformers will force them to decide, and to lean on the Tories for support. No doubt the Tories will support them, until Tory support, no less than the opposition of the Reformers, shall have utterly ruined them with the country; and then their Tory supporters will quietly "walk into them," as the Yankees say. The alarm caused by the violent proceedings of the Chartists or Universal-Suffrage men in the manufacturing districts, has subsided, and even with the Tories in power there is not now *materiel* wherewithal to get up a green-bag committee. The fire and fury of the physical force men have expended themselves very innocently; the propositions of the supporters of it at the later meetings having dwindled down to the mere assertion of the right of the people to keep arms, and to use them if illegally attacked—propositions which nobody ever disputed, and which are laid down much more emphatically by the Tory writers of the last century than by the Ultra-Radicals of our own day. So far were our ancestors from being afraid of the people being armed, that they enjoined it under the most severe penalties; and the Statute-Books both of England and Scotland are filled with regulations on this head. The very tenure by which the citizens of burghs held the right to their tenements, was watching and warding, or the military defence of the burgh. Weapon-schawings, or reviews of the arms and armour of the population within their jurisdiction, were held yearly by the sheriffs of counties, and by the provost and magistrates of burghs. The arms of each particular class were religiously regulated, according to its presumed wealth: and we find it enacted, that "no manner of weapons be limited to weapon-schawings but spears, pikes, stark and lang, of six elnes in length, Leith axes, halberds, hand-bows and arrows, cross-bows, culverings, and two-handed swords." The claim of right in 1689 expressly set forth "the disarming of Protestants" as a grievance; and one of the first statutes passed under the Revolution settlement, was one declaring the right of the people to use arms for their defence suitable to their condition and degree; which, as the Tory Blackstone remarks, "is indeed a public allowance, under due restrictions, of the natural right of resistance and self-preservation, when the sanctions of society and laws are found insufficient to restrain the violence of oppression." The same writer elsewhere remarks, in talking of the liberties of Englishmen, that "to vindicate their rights when actually violated or attacked, the subjects of England are entitled, in the first place, to the regular administration and free course of justice in the courts of law; next, to the right of petitioning the King and Parliament for redress of grievances; and lastly, to the right of having and using arms for self-preservation and defence. And all these rights and liberties it is our birth-right to enjoy entire." It would be well to discover how our ancestors contrived to rule men armed in the way we have described, and what it is that occasions so much dread when a few of the popula-

tion, in one or two counties, procure, like their richer neighbours, for their self-defence or amusement, a few pikes or pistols, acting up, in this respect, to the practice, as well as precepts, of our ancestors. One thing is obvious, that, as in those times there was no standing army in time of peace, the measures of the Government must have been more in accordance with the feelings of the people than at the present day; and, in truth, the system of taxation of articles of food, and of interference with the industry of the people, by prohibitions and restrictions on imports and exports, had hardly begun. We have little doubt that, when the burden of taxation is placed where it ought—where we hope it will soon be—on property and not on labour, and especially on the rents of land—a species of revenue derived, not from industry, but from the mere increase of population—the fears entertained by the higher for the lower classes of society will quickly disappear. Besides, it is well to consider, when we hear so much of foreign invasion, and when defences, are erecting on our coasts to protect the country, whether it is good policy to discourage the use of defensive arms.

SCOTLAND.

PUBLIC MEETINGS on the subject of the Corn-Laws have been held in Glasgow, Dundee, and Edinburgh; and we are happy to find that at all these meetings not only has the "total and immediate repeal" been advocated, but also the removal of all protective duties on manufactures and articles of subsistence. The Edinburgh meeting was the largest that has been held for many years; and the only interruption to the proceedings that arose was from those who, being disagreeably crowded, and unable to hear the speakers, wished an adjournment into the open air; but, on putting the motion to the meeting, it was negatived by ten to one. The Lord Provost was in the chair, and the Liberal party of all shades—Whigs, Radicals, and Ultra-Radicals—joined unanimously in the proceedings. There appeared to be some apprehension at first among the working men who were present that it was meant to substitute a fixed duty for the existing law; but when it was found that the resolutions clearly and explicitly asserted the principles of free trade in their fullest extent, as regards manufactures as well as agriculture, and prayed for the establishment of these principles, universal satisfaction was expressed.

FIRE INSURANCE IN EDINBURGH AND OTHER TOWNS.—It has often occurred to us, as a remarkable circumstance, that the owners of such property as the New Town of Edinburgh, and of the merchandise and furniture contained in it, should have been so long content to pay the same rate of insurance as persons who have property situated in the worst part of the Old Town. It is plain that the risk of fire in the case of the latter is much greater than in that of the former; for, to say nothing of the dissipated and profligate habits of the inhabitants of the closes, &c. of the Old Town, the number of fires constantly to be found in the houses there, where each apartment, in numerous instances, is inhabited by a separate family, greatly increases the danger of fire. It is well known, besides, that at least some of the fires which have taken place in the Old Town, arose from the profligate character of the inhabitants of the houses consumed. One of the great fires, which took place in November 1824, was distinctly traced to the throwing of a glass of spirits, by a man in a state of intoxication, into the fire of a whisky cellar; and another, that in the Parliament Square, was ascertained

to have broken out in a garret brothel. For a great number of years, there has not been a fire of a serious nature in the west part of the New Town, and there never were any of the extent of those which have so often taken place in the Old Town. When a fire breaks out among crowded buildings, it is exceedingly difficult to extinguish it, from its being impossible to get access for fire engines, and from the great quantity of combustible matter in the form of wainscoting, &c., with which the old houses abound. The charge payable for ordinary risks at present—1s. 6d. per cent.—certainly seems, at first sight, very moderate; but where the system of mutual insurance has been tried, all loss and expenses have been paid for a much smaller sum. In the Canton of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, a Mutual Insurance Society has long existed; and it is found that about 8d. per cent., per annum, covers all losses. Much less would, we are convinced, cover the loss in the new part of Edinburgh; for, in the Canton of Neuchâtel, the greater proportion of the houses is covered with shingles of wood, and, from the abundance and cheapness of timber in the Jura Mountains, much more wood is used in the construction of houses of all kinds than with us. In the Canton of Zurich, there is a general system of compulsory insurance. The Canton is the general insurer, and levies a tax on all the buildings in the Canton. We have often thought that, as Government cannot want, or at least will not take off, the heavy tax of 3s. per cent. on fire insurance, they ought to take the matter into their own hand; raise an insurance tax, and render the insurance of all buildings and furniture compulsory, and pay the losses which occur. It is, perhaps, the only tax which was ever invented that would be willingly paid; for it would be the only one for which every one would see he had some equivalent. The present set of surveyors and collectors of the assessed taxes would be able, with a little assistance, to manage the insurance tax; and hence, all the money expended at present in salaries, office rents, and other expenses, by the insurance offices, would accrue to Government. This must amount to a very large sum annually. In Edinburgh alone there are from twenty-five to thirty offices and agents for insurance against fire. We presume the proprietors of the stock of insurance companies would not seriously object to Government appropriating this branch of business to itself; for it is generally said, that the present rate of 1s. 6d. for common risks, is by no means an adequate remuneration for the risk.

But to revert to the scheme of mutual insurance. All that would be necessary would be for the owner of each property, in a particular street or district, to pay a certain per centage on the value of his property; and it would probably be advisable, that no one should be allowed to insure more than three-fourths of its value; for it is a very rare circumstance, indeed, that property is utterly destroyed; and such a regulation would be a check against fraud. We have no doubt that, in the course of a few years, so much money would be collected, that no farther payments would be required, or, at least, that they would be reduced to a mere trifle; and whenever this took place, not only the premium but the duty to Government would be henceforth saved. Provision should also be made for keeping up engines and firemen, and the efficiency of the protection would be greatly increased by having the engine and firemen constantly at hand; for the station of the one and residences of the other, would be within the district. The property insured in Great Britain is very great; for the duty paid being about £900,000 per annum, shews that property to the value of six hundred millions is covered; yet it is doubtful if there is not at least as much more unprotected at present, and great misery often arises in consequence. Any plan by which fire insurance could be extended, is worthy of consideration. Notwithstanding the numerous Scotch offices, a great part of the business in Scotland appears to be done by agents of English offices: for while the English offices pay £750,000 of duty, the Scotch pay only £50,000, one-fifteenth part; whereas the usual proportion of taxation of Scotland to England is 1s. from an eighth to a tenth part. It is impossible to

close this subject without adverting to the unfair advantage given to the landed interest, by exempting farm buildings, stock, &c., from duty, while the duty is allowed to remain at a rate equal to double the premium on the property of every other class of the community. No thing but a parliament of landlords, having their eye blinded to every interest but their own, could have been guilty of so gross an act of injustice.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

PRODUCTIVENESS OF LOW DUTIES.—The mischief and hardship occasioned to the people of this country by high duties are incalculable. These high duties are imposed either with the view of raising revenue or of protecting the interest of some particular trade or class, at the expense of the whole community. In as far as the first object is concerned, high duties have signally failed as the history of many commodities shews. Our limit only permit us, at present, to advert to one—coffee. Previously to 1732, the duty on coffee was 2s. per pound in that year, it was reduced to 1s. 6d., and the duty thence arising averaged, for several years, £10,000 a year. The high duty, however, encouraged smuggling and the consequence was, that the revenue, in 1783, had declined to £2869. In 1784, the duty was reduced to 6d., and the revenue immediately rose to £7200—shewing an increase in the consumption of legally-imported coffee of eightfold. In 1807, the duty was 1s. 8d., the revenue £160,000; in 1808, the duty was reduced to 7d. and the very next year the revenue rose to £245,836, or 50 per cent. and upwards of eight millions of pound weight of coffee were consumed in 1809 more than in 1807. In 1819, the duty was again raised to 1s.—the consumption instantly declined two millions of pound below what it had been in 1817, and the revenue was under £400,000. In 1824, the duty was again reduced to 6d.—the consumption increased by three millions of pounds weight; and, in 1831, the consumption was three times what it was in 1819, and the revenue £583,000—being 50 per cent. higher with the duty at 6d. than with the duty at 1s. In 1836, the duty on East India coffee was also reduced to 6d.; and the total consumption last year exceeded 26 millions of pound weight, yielding a revenue of £650,000—the consumption being now twenty-four-fold, and the revenue fourfold what they were in 1807, under the 1s. 8d. duty, and the population during that period not having increased fifty per cent. This places the injurious effects of high duties on the revenue in a striking point of view. But it may be said that the increased consumption of coffee must have led to a diminished consumption of tea; and thus that the gain of revenue on the one was balanced by the loss on the other. This, however, is by no means the case; for, while the quantity of tea consumed in 1800 little exceeded nineteen millions of pounds weight, in 1833 it closely approached 32 millions of pounds; and the revenue from it rose, in the interval, nearly half a million. There can be no doubt, however, that the duty on coffee is still much too high, and that it is adulterated with roasted rye, chicory, and other articles to an immense extent. The profit on such adulteration is very great. It is only coffee of a very ordinary quality which can be purchased for 1s. 6d. a lb.; while chicory after paying a duty of 6d. per lb., is sold for 8d., and roasted rye cannot cost 2d. per lb. There is every reason to believe, therefore, that the reduction of the duty, which at present is equal to from 50 to 100 per cent., according to the quality of the value, would not diminish the revenue; as it would unquestionably tend not only to increase the number of consumers of coffee, but also the quantity made use of by those who drink it at present.

BAD EFFECTS OF DISCRIMINATING DUTIES.—The other object of high duties is to protect some particular class, for each class must have its protection as far as possible, leaving it to Providence to protect all those who do not belong to some favoured trade or pursuit. Hence foreign food is prohibited for the benefit of the landlords; foreign sugar, coffee, and rum, are loaded with heavy duties, to favour the West India interest; foreign leather boots and shoes, to protect our tanners and boot and

shoemakers; foreign cottons, woollens, &c., to benefit our manufacturers; foreign timber, to enable the Canadians to assert their independence; and so on through the whole Tariff, the duties varying from 20 to 60 per cent. It appears to be quite forgotten that one-fourth of the families in Britain are employed neither in agriculture, manufactures, trade, nor handicrafts, and thus are excluded from protection. We are glad to observe that the Manchester manufacturers have expressed their willingness to consent to a repeal of these protecting duties; for it is unreasonable to ask the landlords to admit foreigners freely to compete with *their* manufacture, while other manufacturers insist on a duty averaging at least 25 per cent. on the value. Had the importation of grain been regulated in the same manner as that of manufactures, instead of importing foreign wheat at present at 1s. a quarter of duty, we must have paid 20s., and the duty on all other kinds of grain, except oats, would have been higher than at this moment. The landlords are quite aware of this, and if the present Corn Law be repealed, they will attempt to get an *ad valorem* duty substituted for the present fluctuating system; and if this be accomplished, it will be found that there will be anything but advantage from a change. But not only are the people of this country loaded with heavy duties for the purpose of protecting favoured classes at home, but they are also made to pay for the purpose of protecting class interests in our Colonies. Hence the heavy duty laid on foreign timber, the discriminating duties on sugar, coffee, rum, and other articles. St Domingo coffee can be purchased in bond at from 41s. to 45s. per cwt.; but its consumption is prohibited by a duty of 1s. 3d. a pound, or 140s. per cwt.—a tax of 350 per cent., and this at a time when the British possessions do not produce enough of coffee for our own consumption. We annually import upwards of fifteen millions of pounds weight of foreign coffee, but all of it is again exported owing to the heavy duty. The amount of the tax paid by the people of this country to support the West Indies monopoly, on the single article of coffee, may be judged of from a fact stated in a petition from Liverpool—viz., that coffee of a quality equal to what we pay £5 per cwt. for, could be imported from Hayti and sold for 44s., making a difference to the consumer of 6d. per pound, so that from this single article a tax of £650,000 a-year is raised for the protection of the West India interest, or precisely the same sum as our own revenue derives from that article. A much larger tax is raised by the West India monopolists on sugar, for as the consumption exceeds four millions of cwts., and the difference of the duty between British plantation and foreign sugar is 39s. a cwt., if we assume the cost is raised in Britain 10s. a cwt., we have two millions more exacted from sugar. We say nothing at present of other articles: but it appears to us that, with the view of introducing a system of free trade—an object which is justly considered of the utmost importance by the most intelligent men of all classes—a beginning should be made by abolishing all discriminating duties on articles imported, for however much our

colonies may be injured by such an abolition, the mother country is sure to gain in a much greater degree.

AGRICULTURE.

The corn markets have of late shewn a tendency to fall, the prices of grain having risen so high that speculators are afraid to purchase. The average for the week ending 18th January was: wheat, 82s. 8d.; barley, 40s. 4d.; oats, 26s. 8d.—the highest prices since 1818. The best wheat in the Edinburgh market, on the 16th January, brought 90s., but the average was only 75s. 6d.; and at Haddington, the same week, 76s. 3d.; from which we infer that the Scotch wheat is this year very inferior to the English in quality. The efforts making for a total and immediate repeal of the Corn-Laws, do not appear to have deterred the farmer from proceeding with improvements of the most expensive nature; for the making of drains is now going on to so great an extent in our southern counties, that labourers are in great demand, and wages have risen. A great breadth of wheat has been sown, and is looking well. The last crop has not turned out so well as was anticipated; and although foreign wheat is coming in from many quarters, we do not think there is any probability of any considerable fall of prices till the new crop is reaped. At Leghorn, the best wheat, at the date of the last accounts, was selling at 66s.; and, allowing for freight, insurance, commission, and profit, it could not be sold in London under 84s.; so that, even high as prices are, there is little inducement to bring grain from the Mediterranean. It is now asserted that in the Baltic ports there is a larger supply of grain than was generally believed a month or two ago; but considering how little inducement there has been of late years to grow grain for exportation, it is not likely that any great supply is likely to be got from that quarter.

Absurd attempts are making by the Corn-Law advocates to decry manufactures and laud agriculture. But, of any class, agricultural labourers are the worst paid. Masons and joiners earn from 18s. to 24s. a-week, and many other tradesmen much higher wages; but an agricultural labourer can seldom if ever earn 10s. a-week, the whole year round. Suppose such a labourer has a wife and three children, were they to consume wheat bread, as most of them have done of late years, it would absorb at least 7s. of his earnings; the weekly rent of his house will take another shilling; so that he will only have 3½d. a day for clothing, fuel, and all other articles of food, except bread. Whether this be an enviable state of things, we leave our readers to judge. As the number of persons employed in agriculture is often exaggerated, we may notice, that it is considerably under one-third of the population; for it appears, from the census of 1831, that out of 3,414,175 families in Great Britain, 961,134 were employed in agriculture; and the proportion must be much less at present, for, while the population generally had, in the preceding ten years, increased 34 per cent., the agriculturists had added only 7½ per cent. to their numbers.

THE MANAGER OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COMPANY.

We have received a letter from Mr Wheeler, Manager of the South Australian Company, dated 9th January, complaining, that in *Tait's Magazine* for December we had noticed certain queries, addressed to him by a writer subscribing T. H. B. in the *Times* newspaper of 10th November, but had taken no notice of his reply, which appeared in that journal on the 13th November. The reason is plain: we had not time, although we had considered Mr Wheeler's unsupported assertion or denial—for it is nothing more—deserving publication. The *Times* of the 13th could not have reached Scotland till the 16th. Our contributors and correspondents cannot be always on the watch for statements in London journals; and the maga-

zine for December was despatched to London on the morning of the 22d, having been, in the interval from the arrival of the *Times* newspaper, printed, stitched, packed, &c. Why did Mr Wheeler not complain earlier? and in the January number we should have with pleasure stated, what we do now—that he has never heard one word of “the rotten-horn,” a cattle distemper about which T. H. B. inquires; nor yet that emigrants, who had carried out a capital of £2000 or £3000 to Adelaide, were reduced to work as labourers. We did not reprint T. H. B.'s letter—we merely alluded to his queries; as we now do to Mr Wheeler's reply, or denial of the facts inquired about.

Mr Wheeler has also favoured us with a long communication in reply to our remarks upon Mr Gouger's book on South Australia, which, properly, should be addressed to that gentleman rather than to us. He is the *Secretary* for the colony. All his hopes and interests are bound up with it. He has made statements, which we have cited, and which the *Manager* of the Company denies. It is Mr Gouger, and not we, who states, at (page 82,) that "the Company's whaling business has proved unfortunate." It is Mr Gouger, among others, who alludes to the plague of insects, to the excessive heat of the climate, to the degraded state of morals, and to the idea of making the first settlement on Kangaroo Island, (page 18,) and to the Company possessing one-seventh of all the lands disposed of, and one-sixth of the town lots, (Gouger, page 81.) Mr Manager Wheeler should reply to Mr Secretary Gouger, and not to us: and yet no one will believe that Mr Gouger had any intention of depreciating the Colony or the Company.

As to this new disease of the "rotten-horn," we can say nothing. Cattle and flocks are liable to diseases everywhere, until knowledge and experience come to their protection. An epidemic may exist, or may not; and it would be unreasonable to doubt that cattle and sheep will thrive well in South Australia; but, as to small capitalists being reduced to the condition of labourers, we can less doubt of that, nor yet that it may have been owing to their over-rash folly, and too implicit belief in the delusions propagated by interested speculators. It is not, therefore, at "the rotten-horn," but at the *outing-horn*, we take alarm, if Mr Wheeler understands the nature of that prevalent affection among some of the Company's and the Commissioners' agents, and those speculators who are profiting by the loss of the emigrants.

We have no desire to say anything harsh or offensive to those gentlemen employed by the Company, whose situations are at present likely to be uncomfortable enough; but, judging between them and the public, we must take leave to consider them exactly on the footing of other agents, acting for other great trading companies; and, moreover, as agents for what at present looks to be an unprofitable or backgoing concern. The South Australian Company, in the eye of common sense, is to be viewed precisely in the same light as any other company trafficking for profit. They take ten per cent. interest as colonial bankers; and, no doubt, make as much profit as they can in all the other departments in which they are engaged. This is quite right, when fairly done. But if the Company and the Commissioners set up as philanthropists as well as traders, we are entitled to be suspicious—as we have ever observed that where Philanthropy and Traffic set up a joint-stock concern, poor Philanthropy, sooner or later, is sure to be driven to the wall. Mr Wheeler has favoured us with extracts of letters from Mr Stephen Hack, Mr Orr, &c. &c., which have done duty so frequently now, that, although we did believe them impartial, candid, disinterested statements, we should decline reprinting them, as Scottish readers may find them in the pamphlet entitled, "The Great Southland," which has been the means of propagating great and mischievous delusion in Scotland about this new colony—delusion which we have conceived it to be our bounden duty to try to dispel.

Mr Wheeler, we are bound to mention, sets us right as

to the authorship of that pamphlet. It is not written by the local agent of the Commissioners, as we conjectured, but by a gentleman of Leith, who was in all probability the dupe of his own sanguine credulity, as Mr Wheeler states that he emigrated to "The Land of Promise" in September last, with his family; and, if he have money enough, the colony may do very well for him. We trust that when he has been as long in the colony as Mr James, he will afford mechanics and small capitalists something like an antidote to his previous fallacious statements.

Mr Wheeler will the more readily excuse us for not publishing his hackneyed facts and irrelevant remarks, when we inform him, that we have also declined communications of a character similar to his, from the friends of rival colonies. The great Company for which he has the honour to act, and the powerful Commissioners, cannot suffer from the want of a fitting medium in the press. Volumes have been already published by the friends, agents, *puffers*, and speculators interested in deluding or keeping up the excitement about the new colony. They had one newspaper—the *South Australian Gazette*, which has been persecuted for telling a little truth; they have now another—the *South Australian Record*. In *The Spectator* newspaper the colony has ever had a thorough-going and most zealous advocate; and we believe other London and provincial journals have been equally well disposed to the Commissioners and the Company; so that the manager, Mr Wheeler, need never lack a wide medium, though we reserve the few pages we have to spare for what we consider a far more pressing and sacred duty—that of warning our countrymen who are meditating emigration, entreating them to reflect on what they are about, when, in choosing a colony, they take a step which cannot be recalled, and which may precipitate their families into severe hardship, if not complete ruin.

Later accounts from the colony than Mr Wheeler could have received when he wrote us on the 9th January, have appeared in the city article of *The Times* of the 11th; and since the matter has been stirred, we shall copy them, omitting what is given from Sydney papers, as probably exaggerated, as it is in reply to other manifest exaggerations, in the *South Australian Record*.

Papers from South Australia have come to hand to the 22d of July. The installation of Mr George Milner Stephen, as acting governor of the colony, on the departure of Governor Hindmarsh, took place on the 14th. In the course of his speech, he took occasion to observe, that "there are no funds whatever in the Treasury, and that the quarter's salaries due to the whole of the public servants on the 20th of June last are at this day unpaid. We have, therefore, to fear that the tempting remuneration held out for the exercise of ability in private undertakings in this province, added to the distress which they are beginning to experience from the want of money, will induce many indispensable public officers to leave the service of the Government." He complained also that the marines had been taken away in Her Majesty's ship *Alligator*, by which the colony, numbering already 4,000 people, was left to the protection of 18 policemen, lately embodied, whilst there were then 21 prisoners confined "in the weather-boarded building used as a gaol," and "perhaps double that number of runaway convicts in the neighbourhood of the town." There were even no funds for the maintenance of the force actually on foot. A public meeting had been called to consider of the unprotected state of the colony, and the want of means for the present and future provision of a police force. An interesting account is given in these papers of Mr Eyre's second journey overland from Sydney to Adelaide.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1839.

A NEW REMEDY FOR THE DISTRESSES OF IRELAND.

(No. I. By a Guernsey Correspondent.)

THE moral and political state of Ireland has long been regarded as the disgrace of the British legislature and the opprobrium of civilized Europe. Were the evils which afflict that unfortunate country confined to particular districts, or were they of a superficial or temporary character, the mere efflux of time might restore her to a sound and healthy vigour; but a retrospective view of her history destroys this expectation, exhibiting, as it does, one continued scene of commercial poverty and intellectual debasement. It is useless, nay, it is criminal, to deny the fact: the social malady of Ireland is not a mere local inflammation, it is not confined to the surface; on the contrary, it is a deep-seated disease, a pestilent virus, flowing through every vein and artery of the body politic. It is not our intention to examine any of the various plans hitherto recommended by various classes of Reformers—such as the Repeal of the Union, a domestic parliament, emigration, or the abolition of tithes—for none of these seem to us commensurate with the evils they propose to relieve, while they are, in many respects, clogged with insuperable objections. Neither shall we dwell on the system of Poor-Laws, because we think that a permanent duration of this character is a direct acknowledgment of the unjust division of national wealth. We speak not here of casual charity, as in the case of defective crops from which famine might ensue, nor of that aid which humanity renders to the aged or infirm; but we allude to an annual parochial assessment, specially enacted because the Legislature is conscious and precipient that the masses must starve unless this provision be made for their subsistence.

At the very root of the inquiry we are about to institute, lies the difficulty of determining in what consists the right of exclusive ownership in the soil. We have no intention to examine any of the various theories advanced as solutions of this problem, for they all rest on bare hypotheses which it would be a waste of words to discuss; and even that of Locke, in his "Essay on Civil Government," is rather an illustration

of a doctrine, than a proof of its native soundness. It is far from true, as he contends, that individual proprietorship has been acquired by labour, or that man has mixed the sweat of his brow with the ground appropriated to his use; for immense tracts of land were forcibly seized by the ancestors of those who now hold them, without ever turning up the sod with plough or spade; and the continuity of possession has been preserved by the iniquitous law of primogeniture. Now, we maintain, as a general principle, applicable to all countries, and valid at all times and under all circumstances, that the concentration of land in a few hands tends to demoralize and pauperize a nation, corrupting the moral feelings of the privileged classes, and brutalizing the operative sections of society. That such a system is destructive of the increase of national wealth is admitted even by Malthus, whose writings bear abundant evidence of his attachment to the aristocracy.*

The position we shall endeavour to establish in this article, is, that the system of landed tenure which obtains in Ireland is the veritable cause of all the evils, moral, social, political, and commercial, which afflict that unfortunate country; and that the remedy is to be found in the introduction of the old Norman tenure, as it exists to this day in the islands of Guernsey and Jersey. We admit that the change would be most sweeping; but that is no argument against its usefulness—for we hope to shew that it is the interest of the *landlords themselves* to adopt this new system, which would secure to them a regular payment of their rents, and diffuse gladness and content throughout the whole population. But aware as we are of the extreme reluctance with which novelties are received, we shall preface our main subject with an appeal to the ancient principles of the constitution, as they bear on the questions of absenteeism, hereditary title, and hereditary privileges, which,

* See his "Principles of Political Economy," pages 430, 431.

if left unanswered, would entangle the future discussion, and open the door to quibbles and difficulties which we desire at once to obviate. It can be clearly shewn that the immense tracts of land anciently granted by the Crown to the Barons, were wholly in the nature of a *trust*, and that non-residence, as will be proved in the subjoined case of the Earl of Shrewsbury, involved their forfeiture. It also appears from Nevill's case, claiming to be Earl of Westmoreland, that every Peer lost his dignity if he lost the pecuniary means of supporting it; and the case of Isabel, Countess of Rutland, proves that the only reason why Peers and Peeresses were privileged from arrest for debt, was grounded on the presumption that they held sufficient freehold to meet all demands. These several cases, as reported by Lord Coke, and the arguments used in their discussion, with the judgments pronounced, we shall now lay before our readers.

“By force of certain letters, bearing date 28th Martii, 1612, of the Lords of the Privy Council, directed to Sir Humphrey Winch, Sir James Lay, Sir Antony Saint-Leger, and James Hulleston; they did certify to their Lordships the claims of Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, to the dignities of the Earldom of Waterford and Barony of Dungarvon in Ireland, in such manner as followeth:—

“King Henry the Sixth, by his letters patent, in the twentieth year of his reign, did grant to his thrice-beloved cousin John, Earl of Shrewsbury, in consideration of his approved and loyal services in the city and county of Waterford, *pro eo quoque eundem consanguineum nostrum prædictâ terrâ nostrâ Hiberniæ in partibus illis contra inimicorum et rebellium nostrorum insultus potentius defendat, ipsum in comitem Waterford, unâ cum stilo et titulo ac nomine et honore eidem debitis ordinamus et creamus, habendum* to the said Earl and the heirs-male of his body, to hold the premises of the King and his heirs, by homage and fealty, and by the service of his being his Majesty's Seneschal in the realm of Ireland; afterwards in the parliament called *Des Absentees*, holden at Dublin in Ireland, the 10th of May, the 28th of Henry Eighth, by reason of the *long absence* of George, Earl of Shrewsbury, out of this realm; it was enacted that the King, his heirs and assigns, shall have and enjoy in the right of his crown of England, all honours, manors, castles, lordships, franchises, hundreds, liberties, count-palatines, jurisdictions, annuities, fees of knights, lands, tenements &c., and all other profits, as well spiritual as temporal whatsoever, which the said George, Earl of Shrewsbury and Waterford, or any other person or persons had to his use, &c. King Henry the Eighth, by his letters patent, the twenty-ninth year of his reign, reciting the said statute *Des Absentees, Nos præmissa considerantes, et nolentes statum, honorem, et dignitatem prædicti Comititis diminuere, sed amplius augere, de certa scientia et mero motu, &c.*, did grant to the said Earl and his heirs the Abbey of Rufford,

with the land thereto belonging, in the county of Nottingham, and the lordship of Rotherham, in the county of York, the Abbeys of Chesterfield, Shirbrook, and Glossadel, in the county of Derby, with divers other lands and tenements of great value, to be holden *in capite*; and the questions were—

“1st, Whether, by the long absence of the Earl of Shrewsbury out of Ireland, by reason whereof the King and his subjects lost their defence and assistance there, the title of the honour be lost and forfeited; the said Earl being a Peer of both realms, and residing here in England.

“2dly, Whether by the said act, *Des Absentees*, anno 28, H. 8, the title of the dignity of the Earl of Waterford be taken from the said Earl, as well as the manors, lands, tenements, and other hereditaments in the said act specified.

“And afterwards, by other letters patent of the Lords of the Council, dated 27th of September, 1612, the two Chief Justices and Chief Baron were required to consider of the case which was enclosed within their letters, and were to certify their opinions of the same.

“Which case was argued by Counsel learned in the law, in behalf of the said Earl, before the said Chief Justices and Chief Baron; upon which they have taken great consideration and advisement, and after they had read the preamble, and all the said act of the 28 H. 8, it was unanimously resolved by them all as followeth:—

“As to the first point, it was resolved, that forasmuch as it does not appear what defence was requisite, and that the consideration executory was not found by office to be broken as to that point, the said Earl of Shrewsbury notwithstanding does remain Earl of Waterford.

“As to the second it was resolved, that the said act of the 28 H. 8, *Des Absentees*, doth not only take away the possessions which were given to him at the time of his creation, but also the dignity itself; for although one may have a dignity without any possession *ad sustinendum nomen et onus*, yet it is very inconvenient that a dignity should be clothed with poverty; and in cases of writs, and such other legal proceedings, he is accounted in law a nobleman, and so ought to be called, in respect of his dignity; but yet if he want possessions to maintain his estate, he cannot press the King in justice to grant him a writ to call him to the parliament; and so it was resolved in the case of the Lord Ogle, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, as the Baron of Burleigh, Lord Treasurer of England, at the parliament anno 35 Eliz., did report; and therefore the act, of the 28 H. 8, (as all other acts ought to be,) shall be expounded to take away all in convenience; and therefore by the general word of the act, viz., ‘of honours and hereditaments the dignity itself, with the lands given for the maintenance of it, are given to the King, and the dignity is extinct in the Crown.’ And the cause of the degradation of George Nevill, Duke of Bedford, is worthy the observation, which was

done by force of an act of Parliament, 16 June, 17 Edw. 4, which act reciting the making the said George a Duke, doth express the cause of his degradation in these words—'And forasmuch as it is openly known, that the said George hath not, or by inheritance may have, any livelihood to support the same name, estate, and dignity, or any name of estate;' and oftentimes it is to be seen, that where any lord is called to high estate, and hath not convenient livelihood to support the same dignity, it induceth great poverty and indigence, and causeth oftentimes great extortion, imbracery, and maintenance to be had, to the great trouble of all such countries where such estate shall happen to be; wherefore the King, by the advice of his Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and by the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, ordaineth, establisheth, and enacteth, that from henceforth the same creation and making of the said Duke, and all the names of dignity given to the said George, or to John Nevill, his father, be from henceforth void and of none effect, &c. In which act, these things are to be observed:—

"1st, That although the Duke had not any possessions to support his dignity, yet his dignity cannot be taken away from him without an act of Parliament.

"2dly, The inconveniences do appear where a great state and dignity is, and no livelihood to maintain it.

"3dly, It is good reason to take away such dignity by act of Parliament; and therefore the said act of the 28 H. 8, shall be expounded, according to the general words of the writ, to take away such inconvenience; and although the said Earl of Shrewsbury be not only of great honour and virtue, but also of great possessions in England, yet it was not the intention of the act to continue him Earl in Ireland, when his possessions in Ireland were taken away from him, but that the King at his pleasure might confer as well the dignity as the possessions to any other, for the defence of the said realm. And the said letters patent, de anno 29 H. 8, have no words to restore the dignity which the act of Parliament has taken away; but it was not the intention of King *diminuere statum, honorem, et dignitatem ipsius Comitiss*, but *augere* his possessions for maintenance of his dignity, for so much appears by this word *augere*; for he doth by the said letters patent, with exceeding great bounty, increase the revenues of the said Earl in England, which the King did think was an increase of large possessions in England, instead of all that which was taken away from him by the act of the 28 H. 8.

"And whereas it was objected, that the general words *honours and hereditaments* are explained and qualified by the said words relative subsequent, 'which the said George or any to his use hath;' and therefore it shall not be intended of any honour or hereditament, but of such whereof others are seized to his use, and no man can be seized of the dignity, and there-

fore that the said act doth not extend to it; but that it is to be understood *reddendo singula singulis*, and these words, 'which the said George, Earl, hath,' are sufficient to pass the dignity; and with this agrees the opinion of all the Judges in England in Nevill's case, upon the like words in the statute of the 28 H. 8.*

It appears from this case that the spirit of the ancient constitution condemns absenteeism, as an evil both to the King and People. It is also clear that there was a legal condition annexed to the grant of these immense estates to the Barons, involving personal residence on the lands they held. They stood, as it were, between the Crown and the subject, acting on the one hand as local lieutenants for the sovereign to preserve his prerogative and coerce rebellion, and on the other hand as conservators of the rights of the people among each other. Their duties, therefore, were not confined simply to legislation, for they exercised an executive authority, and were obliged to see that the laws were enforced and obeyed in their respective neighbourhoods. "For those who are Earls," says Lord Coke, "have an office of great trust and confidence, and are created for two purposes—to advise the King in time of peace, and defend the King and country in time of war; and therefore antiquity hath given them two ensigne, to resemble those two duties; for first, their head is adorned with a cap of honour and a coronet, and their body with a robe in resemblance of counsel; secondly, they are girt with a sword in resemblance that they should be faithful and loyal to defend their prince and country."†

The only excuse for a Baron being absent from his estates, was personal attendance on the King either in the senate or the field; but with those two exceptions, it was a condition annexed, (as Lord Coke expressly declares) to the estate of the dignity that the possessor should reside on the baronial lands; for otherwise he would not have been able to advise the King in time of peace; for it was only by living constantly among his tenants, that he acquired a real knowledge of their wants and wishes, and had opportunities of collecting local information, which it was his duty to submit to the King when cited to attend at the royal council. In conformity with these principles, the Earl of Shrewsbury forfeited his Irish estates, being a notorious absentee, "by reason whereof the King and his subjects wanted their defence and assistance there." We may detect vestiges of the old system in modern practice. Noblemen quitting England for the Continent attend his Majesty's levée, to take leave, and again present themselves at their return; so that what was once compulsion has been softened down into courtesy. In Russia, to this day, the rule is stricter than with us, as no nobleman can quit that country for foreign travel without obtaining the formal permission, a practice quite consonant with the spirit of

* Coke's Reports. Part 12, P. 106, et seq. Oct. Ed., 1793, Dublin.

† Nevill's case, Coke's Reports, 7th Part, P. 123.

feudalism—"for no lord shall quit the realm without notice to the King, lest his services should be wanted."

Another wholesome provision in the ancient constitutional law deprived a peer of his rank and privileges when his fortune was dilapidated, as appears from the remarks in the case of George Nevill, Duke of Bedford, embodied in the report of the case of the Earl of Shrewsbury. It would be difficult to fix a pecuniary standard for the peers, which would be free from every captious objection, as in all questions of degree some line of demarcation must be drawn. Our ancestors, however, reduced the matter into arithmetical precision, as we learn from the remarks of Lord Coke in his report of Nevill's case, cited above. "And it is to be known that, as in ancient times the senators of Rome were elected *a censu* of their revenues, so here in ancient times, in conferring of nobility, respect was had to their revenues, by which their dignity and nobility might be supported and maintained. And therefore a knight ought to have £20 land per annum; a baron thirteen knights' fees and a quarter; an Earl twenty knights' fees, (for there was not any duke in England from the time of the Conquest until 11 Edw. 3rd, and the Duke of Cornwall was the first duke after the Conquest in England.) And that appears by the statute Magna Charta, c. 2. For always the fourth part of such revenue, which is requisite by the law to the dignity, shall be paid to the King as a relief; for the relief of a knight's fee is £5, which is the fourth part of £20, which is a knight's revenue; and the relief of a baron is 100 marks, which is the fourth part of his revenue—viz., 400 marks, and includes thirteen knights' fees and a quarter; and the relief of an Earl is £100, which is the fourth part of £400, which is the revenue of an Earl. And it appears by the records of the Exchequer that the relief of a duke shall amount to £200, and by consequence his revenue ought to be £800 per annum; and that is the reason in our books that every one of the nobility is presumed in law to have sufficient freehold *ad sustinendum nomen et onus*, for supporting his rank and the burthen of it."

It was this legal assumption which exempted Peers of the realm from arrest for debt. Of this we have a proof in the case of Isabel, Countess of Rutland, who, being a widow, was arrested by certain Serjeants-at-mace, in consequence of which the Attorney-General lodged an information against them for false imprisonment. The arrest, be it observed, was not on mesne process, but on a *capias ad satisfaciendum*, judgment in debt having been given against her in the Common Pleas. The arrest was set aside, and the Serjeants-at-mace punished, the Judges having decided:—

"That the person of one who is in law a Countess by marriage or descent, is not to be arrested for debt or trespass; for, although in respect of her sex, she cannot sit in Parliament, yet she is a Peer of the realm, and shall be tried

by her Peers, as appears by the statute 2, 20th of Henry the Sixth, which was but a declaration of the common law. And there are two reasons why her person should not be arrested in such cases; one, in respect to her dignity; the other, in respect that the law doth presume that she *hath sufficient lands and tenements in which she may be distrained*. And both these points are well confirmed by our books, 11th of Henry the Fourth, 15 b, in a *homine replegiando* against the Lady Spencer. It appears that the Lady Spencer was a Peer of the realm, and that in debt or trespass, *capias* lieth not against an earl, baron, or baroness, *et hujusmodi*, for, because of their estate and dignity *they are intended* (presumed) *to have sufficient*; 3d of Henry the Sixth, 48 a. An action of debt was brought against a man, and his wife Countess of D., against whom an *exigent* was prayed. Newton: you cannot have an *exigent* against an Earl, and no more against a Countess; and Fulthorpe there said, that the reason thereof was not only because it cannot be intended (presumed) that an Earl can be without lands, but another reason is, for the dignity of his name."*

Abundant evidence has now been adduced to prove that absenteeism is unconstitutional, and we have dwelt strongly on the fact, to silence the objections of that party who rejoice in the title of Conservatives, who chatter about final measures, and resist all change in the existing system. We have shewn that the ancient law has been violated; consequently, a return to the old principles, if not in form, at least in spirit, cannot be condemned as an innovation. And here the legal argument stops: it remains to inquire how we may best remedy the evils of absenteeism, doing justice both to the landlords and the rest of the community—for we do not advocate any scheme of spoliation. And this brings us to the Norman landed tenure, as it has obtained in Guernsey and Jersey for ten centuries, and as it exists at the present day.

The relation of landlord and tenant, as it exists in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, is unknown in the Channel Islands. Neither tenancies at will, nor for a term of years, are recognised by their laws, excepting on houses in the towns. A single example will suffice to explain their system, which is extremely simple for a contract of sale seldom exceeds half a sheet of letter paper. Suppose that A possesses land valued at twelve hundred pounds, which he desires to *sell*, as we should say in England, or to *give to rent*, as the phrase runs in Guernsey—the following would be the process. A would either convey his estate to B, the purchase wholly in quarters, without receiving any cash, or, as is the more usual mode, he would receive one fourth of the price in money, and convert the remainder into quarters. One Guernsey quart is equivalent to twenty pounds sterling, local currency. In the first case, B would have to pay annually to A sixty quarters, the interest on £1200, the assumed cost of the estate, at fi-

* Coke's Reports. Part 6, p. 62.

per cent; in the second case, he would have to pay annually forty-five quarters. The reason why it is usual to pay one fourth part of the purchase money in cash is, that such payment may be some guarantee to A that B will faithfully work the estate, and pay his rent regularly; for, should the rent fall in arrear, then A, by a process called *saisiè*, may totally eject B from the property, and the three hundred pounds paid by B when the contract was passed would be lost to him for ever. In this manner, then, is the seller or landlord secured in the receipt of the equivalent for which he has parted with the estate.

As soon as the contract between the parties is executed, B becomes, to all intents and purposes, absolute proprietor of the soil; and so long as he pays his quarters, he can never be evicted; nay, more, he can fell timber, convert meadow into arable, and arable into meadow, and perform any and every act that a tenant in fee-simple can do in England. The estate, thus acquired, descends to the heirs of the blood of the purchaser, lawfully begotten, and, on failure of direct issue, to his nearest of kin. Sometimes these annual quarters are made permanent, but most frequently they are redeemable by certain instalments, as the buyer and seller may have agreed. Their value may be fixed at a definite sum, as twenty shillings per quarter, or they may be fluctuating so as to depend on the current value of a quarter of wheat, which is the fairest mode of computation; for, if corn is high, then the farmer can afford a high rent; and, if corn is low, he is relieved from paying more than his crop warrants.

Having stated the nature of the system, we proceed to enumerate the practical results which have flowed from it; and these we shall class under the separate heads of commercial and moral results.

The territorial surface of Guernsey contains 15,866 English acres, of which 10,240 are under cultivation, the remainder being occupied by houses, roads, &c., with a large portion consisting of rocks, cliffs, and places not susceptible of culture. In the town parish, called Saint Peter's Port, there are 1728 inhabited houses; in the country parishes, 1748. The estates are small, none exceeding seventy acres; and the average amount of land attached to each house in the country, (including 252 nominally in the town parish, but which are really in the country,) may be computed at five English acres. This minute subdivision causes the whole island to be cultivated as a garden; not an inch of available soil is lost, and even the hedges are planted with furze for winter fuel. The crops are abundant, and far exceed those of England. The average produce of wheat per acre is thirty-three Winchester bushels; and as much as fifty-five to sixty have been raised. Five hundred bushels of potatoes per acre are the ordinary produce, and the hay crops average three tons and a half, English weight. Twenty-two tons of perennials per acre are considered a fair crop:

2,500 milch cows are kept, yielding an annual revenue, in milk and butter, of £32,620; 650 cows are annually exported to England, and the same number of cattle slaughtered for home consumption. Vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs, and cider, are most abundant, and of excellent quality. Now, the question, the commercial question, arising out of these facts, is simply this: Where, in Great Britain or Ireland, can be found 10,000 acres equally productive? Let it not be said that the islands have richer land, a more favourable climate, or better implements of husbandry: this is not the fact: they have, moreover, many disadvantages, as tremendous gales of wind in winter, and scorching droughts in summer; but they have one paramount superiority, and that is their system of landed tenure—the true source of their agricultural wealth.

The rent of land in Guernsey, expressed in English terms, is never less than five pounds per English acre; and it is a very rare case indeed, if it ever falls in arrear. The landlord is seldom disappointed in the regular receipt of his income. Compare this state of things with that which obtains in Ireland. Let the landlords themselves, viewing this subject as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence, declare whether *their* interest would be best promoted by retaining the present system, or by adopting that which we recommend. Which affords the safest investment of capital? Which most securely guarantees the payment of rent? Which tends to raise the largest quantity of produce from the soil?

We shall now proceed to the moral influence produced on the people by this system of tenure. One of its first consequences is to raise the standard of virtue—to inspire the whole population with a manly and independent spirit—and to destroy that cringing adulation and fawning servility, which leases for years have necessarily engendered among the tenantry of England. All men, no matter to what political party they may belong, have admitted that the institution of property is the basis of civilization. This principle being acknowledged sound by universal consent, it follows that whatever counteracts its expansion must be vicious, and that whatever promotes its extension must be nationally beneficial. The bare possession of property on a doubtful tenure is scarcely a good: it is essential that the possession should be secure; and if security for a term of years be desirable, much more so must it be for permanent enjoyment. Now, the plan of leases for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, together with tenancies from year to year or at will, is bad in principle, as they merely convey a temporary interest determinable at a date specified; the working farmer thus becomes a bird of passage, without any fixed home. He may be prudent, industrious, and sober—a good father, a good husband, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good citizen; but these virtues avail him nothing; he lives in a state of agricultural servitude, and, at the expiration of his lease, the caprice or spite of his

landlord may expel him from his farm. Far different is the condition of the Guernseyman. Once possessed of land, he can never lose it except by his own fault; he has only to pay the stipulated quarters of rent, and he continues absolute lord of the property: he feels proud of his position, and the spirit of independence is within him; he is not classed among the locomotive machines of humanity, who, in Great Britain and Ireland, are shifted from county to county, seeking a precarious subsistence from an insolent and grasping squirearchy. No; he has a solid stake in the country, though it may be small; he can say with honest pride, "This house is mine; that field is mine; and when I die, the law will give them to my children."

This system of tenure prompts to industry, encourages economy, and represses intemperance. A man having paid down in cash one-fourth of the value of the land he holds, is stimulated by the most powerful impulse to redeem the annual quarters, and disengage his estate from the payment of rent. In the eyes of a person so circumstanced, labour loses its repulsive character, for he feels that he is working for himself. He has an object constantly before his mind which he steadily pursues. The propensity to drunkenness, so fatal to the working classes of Great Britain, is counteracted with the Guernseyman by the desire and the opportunity of acquiring a disencumbered landed property. But the Irish labourer has no such incentive to moral restraint. Far from contemplating even the most remote possibility of becoming the absolute owner of an acre of land, he considers himself eminently fortunate if he can secure regular wages as a labourer. He passes through existence only one remove higher than the oxen which he drives at the plough. His feelings are deadened, his mind is brutalized, his energies are depressed. His life resembles that of a horse in a mill, confined within a circle, out of which he can never escape.

As an auxiliary to the usefulness of savings-banks, the Guernsey tenure deserves every consideration. The facility of obtaining a proprietary right to land, without paying down the purchase-money, is a strong incentive to early habits of economy and prudence. A farm, of course, requires to be stocked; and, with the prospect of future independence before him, a young man will deposit his earnings in the savings-banks, till he has accumulated sufficient capital to purchase seeds, cattle, and implements of husbandry. It is this hope, or rather, under Providence, we may say it is this certainty, that makes a Guernseyman the eminently careful, cautious, and far-seeing person that he is; while, on the other hand, it is fair to conclude that the absence of all prospective amelioration in his condition, renders an Irishman reckless, inconsiderate, and imprudent. We may with truth affirm that habits of prudence, economy, moral restraint, and the wisdom of appreciating in what consists a competency, and the disposition to live within one's income, are virtues indigenous to the soil of Guernsey, and rooted in the native character. Agrarian outrage is un-

known; there is not on record an instance of machine-breaking, rick-burning, or hamstringing of cattle; all are interested in the preservation of order, for all have a property. But in Ireland there are no bonds of sympathy between the landlord and the labourer; in most cases they never see each other; the absent proprietor regards the tenant as a serf, and the tenant considers the landlord as a tyrannical usurper: thus the standard of morals is reduced to zero. How is it, indeed, possible that a nation can be prosperous, when the expansion and influence of the social virtues are forcibly repressed, and the elements of discord systematically roused into ceaseless action?

In support of the plan here recommended, we shall cite some remarks on the subject which have been communicated to us by Daniel de Lisle Brock, Esq., President of the States of Guernsey, whose accurate knowledge of all the details of the system, whose vigorous intellect and comprehensive mind, invest his opinion with the sacred character of an authority. "In England," says this great and good man, "they break up all the small farms, depopulate the country, and then cry up the surplus produce, as if that produce, consumed by a vigorous, happy race of yeomen, did not tend to the welfare of a kingdom as much as when carried to large towns to feed a miserable feeble population, living by the precarious returns of manufactures, instead of the certain rewards of agriculture. Besides, the main fact on which the sticklers for large farms rest their argument is *absolutely disputed*; the surplus produce from large farms is not greater than it would be from moderately-sized farms. There are larger estates in England than the whole of this island; but where will be one found that produces the same quantity of provisions as is sent by the small farmers of this island to market? Look at the hovels of the English and Irish; compare them with our cottages; and the effect of giving to the occupier an interest in the soil and dwelling will at once be seen. In this island, that interest is permanent: in England and Ireland, it is limited and precarious. The writers of the present day, on political economy, mention the subdivision of landed property in Ireland as the principal cause of the poverty and barbarism of the Irish: it is not the *smallness*, but the *uncertainty* of the tenure, which is the cause of all the misery. The land is indeed subdivided, so as to barely suffice, even in potatoes, to sustain the occupier's family; and thus the poor are made to outbid one another in the price at which they may obtain possession; and the term is so short, and the price so high, that the object of the occupier is not to improve the spot, but to procure a miserable existence for the year, by drawing from the land as much, and laying out upon it as little as possible, without any regard to the improvement of the premises. The wretched state of the dwellings, and the distress of the inhabitants, are not, therefore, to be wondered at, they remain the same from year to year, and from generation to generation. Some parts of the

country under the management of proprietors, and of farmers with long leases, are well cultivated, and wear the appearance of comfort: from these are produced the large quantities of grain, cattle, butter, and other provisions, which are annually exported, and mostly consumed in Great Britain. The great body of the people are little benefited by these exports; and a year seldom passes without a famine, or a scarcity approaching to it, being experienced in one part of Ireland or the other, notwithstanding the export of so much produce, which the starving people have no means of purchasing. The causes of this misery and destitution are to be found in the want of employment for the peasantry, and, above all, in the absence of all interest in the soil; causes aggravated by the general use of ardent spirits of the most pernicious description that can be conceived. The obvious remedy is, to give to the peasantry a permanent interest in the soil—a permanent interest in the improvement, not only in the land, but of the dwelling and general premises—to render him sensible of the sweets of home, and to create in him a desire to retain their enjoyment during life, to impart the blessings and happiness of such a home to all who are dear to him, and leave them unimpaired to his descendants. A permanent interest in such a home, and the improvement of the land, would prove the best means of withdrawing him from the beastly habits of intoxication, and of elevating his ideas to the pure delight of contributing to the happiness of those about him.”

These remarks in favour of small farms appear to us unanswerable; but, as we wish to push the argument to the extreme of its legitimate consequences, and fortify it by every fact that we may be able to collect, we will exhibit it under another aspect.

IRELAND.

Statute square miles, . . .	30,370
Statute acres,	19,436,800
Population,	6,801,827

GUERNSEY.

Statute square miles, . . .	24
Statute acres,	15,360
Population,	24,349

Now, it follows from these two tables, if they are statistically correct, as we believe them to be, that, while every square mile in Guernsey (we reject fractions) supports one thousand persons, every square mile in Ireland only supports two hundred and twenty-three persons; so that the power of sustaining human life in Guernsey, when compared with the same power in Ireland, is nearly in the ratio of five to one. But this is not the only difference. Every Guernseyman has a comfortable home to live in, a clean bed to sleep upon, plenty to eat and drink every day in the year, and abundance of warm and decent clothing; but the Irishman is lucky if he can shelter himself in a mud cabin, find a soft plank to sleep upon with his pig, (if he is so fortunate as to possess one,) and get a dry potato, without salt, to ward off starvation. In the session of 1838, it was stated by Mr Poulett Scrope, and admitted by Mr O'Connell, that upwards of two

millions of the people of Ireland, *nearly one-third of the whole population*, were without occupation—pauperized to the lowest verge of degradation—all but houseless, shirtless, and shoeless—and living on an inferior sort of potato, called “a lumper.” Now, in Guernsey there is no want, no beggary; a wandering mendicant is not to be seen in town or country. Let us, however, not be misunderstood: we have no desire to draw an exaggerated picture; truth, and truth alone, guides our pen. As in other communities, so likewise in Guernsey we find physical disease, moral delinquencies, and casual illness. Two hospitals meet these evils—one in the town parish, the other in the centre of the island; in these the old and infirm, the deaf, the blind, and the insane, find a refuge, and such a refuge as exists nowhere else on earth. It is not a *poor-house*: it is a *home*. There also the sick, whether from fever, fractured limbs, or any other accident, receive surgical assistance; and here also profligates and drunkards are confined, with a view to their moral reformation. But these are not receptacles of pauperism, in the English sense of the phrase; for, we repeat it, pauperism does not exist in the island. Compare this state of things with that which exists in Ireland, and let the burning blush of shame scorch the cheeks of the Imperial Legislators of Britain, when they contrast the asylums of Guernsey with the poor-houses of England.

The island of Jersey, in which the same system of landed tenure obtains as in Guernsey, supplies additional arguments in favour of the plan here recommended for the relief of Ireland. Jersey is more extensive than Guernsey, but still a small spot. According to Colonel Le Couteur, “the most accurate surveys give it a superficial extent of forty thousand English acres. Deducting about one-third for rocks, waste land, town, houses, and roads, there remain about twenty-six thousand six hundred acres fit for cultivation, more than double the arable land of Guernsey.” We learn from the same eminent authority, that the land near to St Helier's, the capital, “is worth nearly *two hundred pounds the acre*; in the country parishes it varies from *seventy-five to one hundred and fifty pounds the acre*, such land letting at from *four pounds ten shillings to six pounds fifteen shillings the acre*.” According to Mr Charles Le Quesne, whose admirable account of the commerce of Jersey has placed him in the first rank of political economists, “the population in 1831, when the last census was taken, amounted to thirty-six thousand five hundred and eighty-two, giving to each square mile nine hundred and fourteen persons.” The principal exports to England are stated by Mr Le Quesne, in each year, from 1829 to 1835, both inclusive: and at the last of these dates they were as follow:—

Cows and Heifers, . . .	1135 heads.
Potatoes,	3763 tons.
Wheat,	2990 quarters.
Apples,	131,770 bushels.
Cider,	402,443 gallons.
Pears,	2938 bushels.

Grapes, 4638 lbs.
Bricks, 180,206 tals.

As a maritime place, this small island has an extent of shipping which is perfectly astonishing. We again cite from Mr Le Quesne:—

	No. of Establishments or Fishing Stations.	Vessels.	Tons.
On the coast of Gaspé and Bay Chaleur (L. Canada),	11	31	3699
Labrador,	6	14	1343
Newfoundland,	2	23	1901
Arichat,	3	6	654
	22	74	7597

The following statement will surprise those who have been accustomed to view the islands as mere rocks. It is a comparison between the shipping of Jersey and some of the principal ports of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is right, however, to observe, that it refers to the year 1832—Mr Le Quesne not having an account of each to a later date.

	Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
London,	2669	565,174	32,786
Liverpool,	853	166,028	9329
Hull,	557	68,892	4348
Bristol,	296	46,567	2460
Aberdeen,	355	41,671	3026
Glasgow,	241	41,533	3253
Greenock,	367	37,791	2553
Belfast,	255	25,151	1526
Dublin,	299	22,972	2172
Cork,	275	18,019	1465
Jersey,	216	20,250	1895

Compared to the English ports, Jersey would rank the fourteenth, and precede Poole; to the Scotch, the seventh; and to the Irish, the third—for the tonnage of Jersey is greater than that of Cork. The shipping of Jersey, viewed in relation to the population of the island, will give a proportion of half a ton to each inhabitant.

There, then, is a mass of evidence in favour of the small-farm system, which ought to carry conviction to every mind not absolutely barred against the reception of truth. To those who prefer authorities to facts, we recommend the following opinions:—"A small proprietor," says Adam Smith—"who knows every part of his little territory, views it with all the affection which property, especially small property, naturally inspires, and who, upon that account, takes pleasure not only in cultivating but adorning it—is generally, of all improvers, the most industrious, the most diligent, and the most successful." "Ce petit champ me suffit," said the virtuous Chancellor De L'Hopital; "je trouve plus beau de le cultiver moi-même que d'étendre au loin ses limites aux dépens de mes voisins. Une grande terre annonce les richesses, l'abondance excessive d'un maître puissant; un petit domaine cultivé avec soin, manifeste le caractère et l'intelligence d'un homme. Nous nous plaignons que nos champs ne sont pas assez féconds; nous en accusons le sol, le ciel, et les dieux: c'est uniquement notre faute. Un enfant ne sourit pas à son père qu'il n'a jamais vu, ni la terre à son maître qu'elle ne connaît pas; elle se plaît à se voir cultiver par ses mains."

"When I was," says Mr Le Quesne, "travel-

ling on the borders of the Loire, in answer to my inquiries relative to the smiling productiveness of the land in Anjou and Touraine, the usual answer which I received was, that land was divided into small parcels; and with respect to the condition of the people, it was, "Ici nous ne sommes ni très riches ni très pauvres, mais nous sommes contents et nous vivons bien." The houses of the country people there are thickly studded; they are remarkable for their neatness, and indicative of the ease and comfort of their possessors; they are far superior to those which meet the eye in Normandy and Brittany, where land is not so much subdivided: in the former, besides being in greater number, they are built of white sand-stone, and no miserable mud cottage, with a heap of filth and dung lying before it, presents itself, as in Normandy and Brittany."

"Bulwer," continues Mr Le Quesne, "has also noticed the different effects produced in France by large and small estates; and the following extract fully confirms my preceding observations: 'In the northern departments of France, where land is *less divided* than in general, and cultivated with larger capitals, there is by far the greatest number of indigent; and in the towns of this division pauperism has even arisen to an alarming extent. There, says M. Villeneuve, the poor consist of workmen, ignorant, unprovided, brutified by debauchery, or enervated by manufacturing labours, and habitually unable to support their families.'"

A traveller in Spain gives a description of a part of that fine kingdom, that might have been applied to Ireland. "Beside Edija and Carmona, we met but few villages between Cordova and Seville, and no solitary farms or houses, other than the publicventas. Though the soil was everywhere fertile, yet it was in general imperfectly cultivated, and often abandoned to the caprice of nature. Nothing can be more painful than to behold this country, which rose to such a degree of prosperity under the Romans and Arabs, now so fallen, so impoverished. The principal source of this depopulation may be found in the landed monopolies; nearly the whole country being owned by large proprietors, to whose ancestors it was granted at the time of the conquest. They who preach the preservation of families and estates, and deprecate the unlimited subdivision of property, should make a journey to Andalusia."

The immediate effect of introducing the old Norman system of tenure into Ireland, would be the creation of a numerous resident proprietary, who would supply the present deficiency of a middle class. With the successful prosecution of agriculture that would necessarily accompany it, villages and towns would spring up in every district, filled with mechanics and tradesmen. Neat and comfortable dwellings would be substituted in place of the present mud hovels; and the pest of Ireland, the middlemen, would be swept away. Outrages on property would cease, because the possessors would be so numerous

and so linked together by a common interest, that they would stand in the relation of a mutual insurance company. Thus would be saved a large portion of the expense now incurred for the constabulary force, and the standing army at present quartered in the sister kingdom.

It is also clear, from the results obtained in Guernsey and Jersey, that the agricultural produce of Ireland would be prodigiously augmented, which would enable her to supply the English demand for corn; and as the Irish rose in wealth, they would become large purchasers of British manufactures. It has been shewn that every acre of land in Guernsey and Jersey subsists in comfort fivefold the number of persons that an Irish acre does. If, then, the actual population of Ireland in round numbers be seven millions, why should it not increase to thirty-five millions? The amount may excite a sneer; but it is a fair inference from the premises. But were it the case, what a stimulus would it not give to the trade of England! Again: by this plan all the Irish would find permanent work at home on their own fields; and thus would a stop be put to that annual emigration into England, against which the English farm-servant, in the time of mowing and reaping, cannot compete.

Surely a plan which secures the landlord his rent—which raises the moral standard of a whole people—which encourages industry, temperance, and prudence—which represses crime—which economises the cost of the police and the soldiery—and which, while putting an end to the injurious competition of English and Irish labour, employs that labour as to make it the engine of mutual supply and demand—surely a system, holding out such advantages, reconciling all interests, and recommended by the practice and experience of ten centuries, at least deserves the calm and patient investigation of the legislature. Let politicians bear in mind, that every experiment hitherto attempted to remedy the state of Ireland has ended in the most miserable failure. How much money has not been expended in schemes of emigration, and the colonisation of different parts of New South Wales! In spite of all this outlay, Ireland still suffers. Is not then the time arrived when we should strike into a new path, and apply a radical cure to the evil?

We can only anticipate one objection to this plan—and that objection may come from the territorial aristocracy; but we cannot expect opposition from any other quarter; and we hope that even the enemies whom our imagination has raised up, may, on cool reflection, adopt the new system. It is clear that, were land let on perpetual leases, in the manner already explained, the occupier, having paid his rent, would have nothing to hope or fear from his landlord; consequently, he could and would vote at the elections of members of Parliament according to his conscience; he would no longer be dependent on the smiles or the frowns of a canvassing attorney; he would be a free citizen. Now, the aristocracy might be reluctant to part with this species of

influence, and that is what we apprehend: it is, indeed, the only difficulty that we fear. On the other hand, they should set off against this surrender of power, which is as illegal as it is unjust, the innumerable other advantages which they would acquire in exchange. Besides, all the territorial aristocracy would be placed on the same footing, whether Whig or Tory, so that their relative strength would not be diminished. This plan would preclude the necessity of the Ballot, at least in agricultural districts; since no permanent occupier of a farm, which the law would transmit to his descendants, would require the shield of secrecy in exercising the elective franchise. Another immense advantage would be gained: no turbulent demagogue would be able to kindle sedition among a population who would be well fed, well housed, and well clothed; and thus the property of the very richest would be protected against the lawless passions of a mob.

"I am aware," says Mr Brock to us, "of the prejudices of the great landed proprietors against such a scheme of partition; they are unwilling to part with the land in perpetuity, and they will raise objections to the establishment of independent families around them as nurseries of a poor and more numerous population. Their fears and objections are not well founded: the system of selling for perpetual rents, secured on land daily improving in value, ought to remove their objections; and, at all events, nothing can possibly be worse for them than the actual state of society in Ireland. The great body of the peasantry, finding no employment from the rich, no land to till, except at prices which the utmost labour cannot enable them to pay, are driven to desperation, when, having attempted to cultivate a field of potatoes, they are called upon for tithes on those potatoes which are already insufficient for the sustenance of their families and the payment of rent. The law, the military, the police, are, however, called upon to force them to pay both rent and tithes, or, in default, to eject them from land and home. Seeing all the authorities and institutions of the country leagued against them, is it surprising that the peasantry should look upon those authorities and institutions with distrust? The situation of the landowners is not to be envied. It is true that, by coercive measures, they succeed in keeping down the spirit of discontent; but they do so at the expense of their own happiness and comfort. If there be, as we must suppose there is, a pleasure in the exhibition of pride and power, in the unlimited exercise of tyranny and oppression, the landlords of Ireland must experience that pleasure in the highest degree. The unexampled scenes of misery which they behold at every step, attest their arbitrary sway, and the extent of the mischief which that sway has occasioned. Nothing can be wanting to their triumph; but amidst that triumph, they cannot taste the sweets and comforts of a peaceful home—they cannot meet the smiles of a grateful tenantry—they are obliged to fly their country."

The law of inheritance which obtains in Guern-

sey, steers a middle course between the systems of England and France. In the former country, the law of primogeniture bestows all the patrimonial estates on the eldest son; in the latter, all the children, without regard to sex, are placed exactly on the same footing. In Guernsey the eldest son takes the principal house, and from sixteen to twenty perches of land, on which the outbuildings may be supposed to stand; this the law gives him exclusively, and he also has the right to keep all the land attached to the house in a ring fence, and not separated from it by a public road; but whatever he takes over and above the sixteen to twenty perches, he must account for it to his brothers and sisters, by paying them the value of this excess in money. By this plan the estates in Guernsey are never so subdivided as to produce inconvenience, nor are they ever so consolidated as to produce injustice.

We shall conclude with the following remarks of the Bailiff of Guernsey, which we earnestly recommend to the mature consideration of all statesmen, whether Whig or Tory:—

“All partial remedies that seek to bolster up the actual state of society and the precarious tenures of land, can be of no use: things have arrived to that degree of individual misery and general danger, that nothing but a mighty change can effect any permanent good. The removal of the law of primogeniture, some centuries past, might have prevented the accumulation of that great mass of distress now witnessed, and an equal law of succession would now produce great benefits to the country: but immediate relief is wanted; and to obtain that relief to the extent required, there appear but two measures adequate—the cession of land to poor families on the payment of perpetual rents, and emigration on a large scale. Both remedies combined must produce a great improvement. A poor-law is another remedy about to be tried, which alone can never restore Ireland to a happy state. The poor are too numerous to render it possible to give them sufficient relief, without the greatest sacrifice on the part of the landowners. Compare the sacrifices that must be made by them in the execution of the poor-law, with the sale of their superfluous lands on perpetual rents, and decide which plan of relief would be most advantageous to those owners. No doubt can surely exist on the matter. The poor-law, to be effective, will require pecuniary sacrifices to an enormous amount; the cession of land would require none—would be attended with no diminution of income. There is another consideration, which is the national expense requisite for the erection of poor-houses all over the country, independently of the moral degradation which is the natural result of crowding so many poor together. In every point of view, and especially the moral consideration, how desirable must that plan be which would give an interest in the soil to the great bulk of the population—which would remove discontent, and promote industry and content over the whole face of the country! How superior would such a state of things be to the

system of wretchedness, idleness, and destitution which prevails! How superior, as a means of comfort and happiness, to the rich proprietor as well as to the poor labourer! How superior in point of general interest, and in point of even the interest of the proprietors themselves! Compared with the poor-law attempted to be introduced, the superiority of the present plan is most striking. The poor-law may give some relief, but no remedy to the poor—no prevention of poverty. The evil, the canker will remain, and the discontent also. So far from creating comfort to the proprietors, the poor-law will be the cause of their being assailed more than ever by the poor who surround them, and who will think themselves authorized by the law so to assail them. The poor-law, as a palliation of the evil, will cost to the proprietors immense sums of money, while the radical cure would in fact subtract nothing from their incomes. The palliation would greatly diminish that income, both by the sums levied for the maintenance of the poor, and by the sums levied for county rates, or national taxes for the erecting of houses for their habitation and occupation. The radical cure requires indeed the nominal sacrifice of part of the land, but no sacrifice of the property—no diminution of the income.”

Guernsey, January 1839.

J. D.

We leave the above paper, by an intelligent correspondent, to speak for itself. His doctrines will not be acceptable to one order of political economists, any more than to the aristocracy—economical bigots we may well call them, who have but one sweeping principle to apply to every varying set of circumstances. Nor do we regard his new remedy as a panacea, but as one of a class of remedies which might be brought into operation for the salvation of Ireland, and the security of Great Britain. Those of our readers who have not an opportunity of consulting Henry Bulwer's work on France, referred to above, will find the substance of it in whatever relates to land tenures, small farms, and the laws of inheritance, in this Magazine, for April 1836. We would also refer them to Mr Blacker's pamphlets, and to part of Colonel Napier's book “On Colonization and Small Farms;” although we conceive our contributor's scheme of perpetual possession an immense improvement on small farms held at will, or by the ordinary mode of leases, varying in duration. We shall give a short extract from Colonel Napier, as we apprehend his work is less known than it ought to be. He is arguing against the author of “England and America,” who, though a strenuous advocate for large, very large farms, and for capital, labour, and land in corresponding proportions, meanwhile confesses that the English farm-labourer is a *miserable wretch*. Of this, says Colonel Napier, No man doubts: he is not so miserable as an Irish labourer—but he is miserable—yes—very—“because,” says our author, “because he obtains but a very small share of the produce of his labour: but this is a question not of distribution, but of production.” But if the distribution be such as to make the production greater, and to give it all

(except the rent) into the poor man's own hands: if it makes him the owner of what his labour produces; if such be the effect of "distribution," that, instead of "a very small share" given to him in the shape of daily and uncertain wages, the poor man should receive all the produce except the rent; and instead of buying from, sells to, the rich man, I ask my adversary, and all the world besides, if this is not essentially "a question of distribution" with a witness? The questions are inseparable: whoever possesses the production, (by virtue of the distribution of the land, in the hands of a few or of many) will give his neighbour the very smallest share of such production that he can, and this is one of the exceptions to that excellent rule of "doing as you would be done by;" which exception Mr Cobbett's "Bull-frog farmers" take especial care to adhere to most strictly! Thus we see, that when the few have large farms the many come off badly, and when the many have small farms the few come off badly.

Colonel Napier goes analytically into the economy of a farm, supposed the Duke of Devonshire's property, of 1000 acres, rented at £1000, and yielding Mr Middleman, the bull-frog farmer, £1000 per annum, to be spent in his bottle of claret, his wife's silk gowns, and his daughter's pianoforte. His management is contrasted with that of the labourers on that farm, converted into small farmers, with long leases, each holding twenty acres, and each obtaining £20 a-year as his share of Middleman's £1000 a-year of profit: The first advantage specified by the Colonel is the labourer become farmer, having constant work—though constant work, without adequate remuneration, goes for nothing. He brings forward better arguments.

Such is the hired labourer's destiny, that he may lose work by the invention of machinery, or from the pique of his employer, who may take offence at some hasty expression. The constant fear of this makes the hired labourer a slave and, it may be, a rogue, and starves him besides. But now we have divided the 1000 acres, the poor man is no longer a hireling, but a small farmer; and it is quite clear, that the £1000 which gave farmer Middleman the gout—fatted Mrs Middleman—made the farm ring with "*tanti palpiti*"—and supplied young cap-o'-one-side with cigars, would be divided among fifty hard-working sturdy spade-men, whose support and comforts would never cease. Thus, in addition to the wages they formerly received as day-labourers, each would have £20 a-year (that is to say, his share of the £1000) for managing his own portion of the great farm. These fifty men (and their families) would not drink claret—they would not sing "*tanti palpiti*"—they would not have hysterics—they would not have cigars (they might smoke a pipe)—but they would have plenty of food and beer, (if the malt-tax be repealed;) they would have a gradual increase of comforts; they would have constant occupation for themselves and their children; they would, one and all, scorn the thoughts of parish assistance, which they would consider as the right of the poor and miserable, and, not being either, they would consider any such assistance to be a degradation, revolting to their honest pride. The son would not marry a woman that he could not support, and the daughter would not marry a dissolute man. "No one," as Mons. de Sismondi says, "voluntarily descends from their condition." The small farmer, the English yeoman, bestows, but does not ask, alms.

The poor day-labourer, uncertain of work, cannot afford to put his child to school; if in harvest time he saves a few shillings, he puts them by to support his family in winter; his children idle while the father works, if he have work; or help him to poach if he have not work; thus they grow up ignorant from necessity, and idle from habit, and perhaps end, if they are males, by becoming thieves; if girls, by becoming prostitutes; and our wise

men taunt them with being DEMORALIZED forsooth! Yes, they are "demoralized," which will always happen when people starve. Even the law admits starving to be an excuse for theft. Starving makes men eat each other! In short, what will it not make men and women do?

How different is the life of a small farmer's child! The farm is a school, and a noble school too, where he learns industry from HABIT: he grows up honest, because he is not driven to dishonesty by early and biting want; and he is proud and independent because he is honest: it is true, he may not have read the "Penny Magazine," and may never know the history of the Grand Chartreuse, or the Vatican, and other most pleasing histories, of deep import, no doubt, to English working men; but to make up for this misfortune, he will know right well how to manage a farm. The poor hired labourer sees his half-starved infant steal; he wishes it were otherwise, though he dare not correct it: who dares chastise a beloved and starving child? But the small farmer's son who was guilty of such an action, would tremble in the presence of his indignant family.

The admirable allotment system is an approach to the small-farm system; it does great good; but it is too limited to do all that the fearful state of things requires. As an accompaniment to small farms it is excellent; for there will be hired labour to a certain extent; and the hired labourer must have a garden and a cow.

There must always be hired labour, because the small farmers' sons will work for hire, though they will not wear a fool's cap and gold tassel over their ear; and his daughters, though they may not be able to play the piano-forte, will go to service, still having the respectability of their parents before their eyes, and deeply implanted in their hearts, brought up to make it their pride, their vaunt, their glory! The son of a yeoman will not labour for wages that are too low, nor will he burden his family by standing out for wages that are unreasonably high. There will, also, be plenty of competition, not among starving, "miserable wretches," but among honest and reasonable men.

Colonel Napier, like Mr H. Bulwer, places his own experience, the results of his personal observation, against the theories of the modern economists. Again he addresses the author of "England and America."

You say, that the great farmer's superiority is in the art of cultivating upon a great scale; and for the practice of this art, capital and labour in proportion to land, are indispensable. Yes; and so is the misery you describe, as being the portion of the great farmer's hired labourer. You then give us a note from Mr M'Culloch, in which the Professor says, that "French agriculture is 100 years behind ours; that two-thirds of the French people are employed in bad agriculture, while one-third of the English people suffice to carry on our good agriculture; and that in this our great superiority in domestic economy consists." Now, sir, what does this prove? Why, that two-thirds of the French are well fed, and that two-thirds of the English starve! You assert, and with truth, that our labourers are "miserable wretches." I assert, and no man knowing anything of France will deny the assertion, that the French agricultural labourer is very well fed, and clothed, and lodged, and that generally he is very happy. I lived a year in France; I saw no beggars except old people and cripples. In Normandy I was never, in a single instance, asked for charity by a man or a woman who was able to work. I have conversed with the labourers; they all told me they lived comfortably; they are extremely honest; everywhere you see linen hung out to dry on the hedges along the high road: no one thinks of stealing; you never hear of a robbery. I came to England; and, from the hour I landed to the present moment—a period of three weeks—I have not quitted my house once without being accosted by several able-bodied beggars, with their starving children; and as to leaving anything out of doors in safety, it is impossible! Why, locks and bolts fail in preserving what you have within! To live in England is to live in one constant state of suffering. In France,

a man enjoys his comforts, because he sees every one else at their ease; in England he cannot. Who can button up his warm greatcoat, with any comfort, when he sees a dozen half-naked women and children shivering and half-starving? or an honest, industrious, powerful man, that cannot get work? This horrid sight he is sure to see in England; he is sure *not* to see it in France. Is this, let me ask Mr M'Culloch, a proof of the "great superiority of our domestic economy over that of France?" What does this prove? Why, that in despite of bad farming, the French are well-fed and happy with their small farms; while the English, though possessing great agricultural skill, are starving and miserable with their large farms. In short, whether in France, Belgium, or Tuscany, wherever we see small farms, united to skill in agriculture, the poor man is happy and honest. Wherever we see large farms, the poor man is miserable: and yet the author of "England and America," where he recapitulates all the remedies offered for our distress, (page 46), omits to mention small farms, which are among the most efficacious! He quotes Paul Louis Courier: he will find nothing in that extraordinary man's writings that advocates large farms. I will say more: the whole of his own book is one constant argument in favour of small farms, and small fortunes, in preference to great ones; and yet he strangely wants to combine, and combine, and combine heaven knows what, to create large farms. How is it possible for a man of his talents to avoid seeing, that what is called by the false and stupid expression, "national wealth," is nothing more than the accumulation of great fortunes?—great heaps of money in a few hands; and, that the greater these heaps are, the poorer and more miserable the mass of the people must be; and the poorer and more miserable England must be; and that it is the well-fed labourer that forms "national wealth," and not rich weavers and stock-jobbers, and so forth, with their "plum," who, like the upas tree, cast desolation around them.

This may be somewhat out of place, though strikingly corroborative of the facts and opinions brought forward by our contributor, both as to the equal or superior productiveness of small farms, and, above all, their moral effects. What we have now to adduce is more directly to the point.

Upon our table lies a thin quarto volume, entitled "Suggestions relative to Ireland and the Church of Ireland." It is printed for the convenience of circulation among the author's private friends. We are at liberty to transfer to our pages such of the facts and arguments as we deem useful, to be made generally known. The author is an Irishman, a landed proprietor, a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and in orders in the Irish Church—sufficient guarantees for his attachment to his country, and a competent knowledge of its interests. We do not know what he may think of the "New Remedy" suggested; but he, like every reflecting man, is fully aware of the existing evils. After noticing the evils which Ireland has suffered from the frequent change of rulers, and the imagined necessity of legislative interference upon all occasions, he suggests the propriety of throwing the country gentlemen upon the resources of their own legitimately acquired influence, and of abating the number of Parliamentary grants. Ireland, he states—

Is the land of expectation. Every Irishman, from the Peer to the coal porter, is a client.—The lesson in the family circle, dwells upon the cultivation of patronage, rather than the sure rewards of patient industry. Hence, there is no proper reliance on a man's own exertions.

Years are spent in calculating every possible contingency of expectation from a patron.

Every Irishman, whether from the experience of the political confiscations of former times, or the want of moral restraint upon the workings of a prurient imagination, would seem to prefer the *incerta pro certis*.

Legislation cannot cure this state of things as mere legislation; yet legislators who have to do with Ireland, are liable to catch the infection of the Irish notion, that legislation can do, and is to do everything.

To come to our immediate case, land-tenures and holdings, the "Suggestions" do not go so far as "The New Remedy," but they point to far-spread and deep-seated, cankering evils:—

It is obvious that the system of landlord and tenant in Ireland has much to do with the unhappy condition of the people, and requires to be ameliorated. In Scotland, the landlord builds and upholds the farm-house, &c. &c., divides and encloses the farm at his own expense, and the tenant is a mere merchant of the surface for the currency of the lease. In Ireland, on the contrary, the improvement of the farm is supposed to be with the tenant. The landlord sets the farm on the condition of the tenant building, ditching, &c. The consequence is, the tenant's capital is sunk at once; he has no means left to lime, or manure, or drain, or increase his stock. His crops are impoverished, his cattle distrained, and, at last, he is ejected for non-payment of rent. Still he thinks it hard that the house he built should pass to another. Hence bad blood, &c.; hence the claim of tenant-right is something more than the mere expression itself would convey to the ear, in England or Scotland. It is, in other words, a prescriptive right in the minds of the occupants of the soil, to what they hold, at a reasonable rent; bought by the outlay which they or their fathers have made on the premises, on an understanding with the landlord, though without a formal agreement on the subject, that, in some way or other, the tenant should be remunerated for his improvements; and the choice lies with himself whether he will receive the valuation in money assigned to him, or will continue to hold the farm. These bargains are, comparatively speaking, never fulfilled. A large rent is asked; and, to encourage the tenant, a long time is promised; the landlord is sanguine; the tenant no less so; one half year's arrears follows upon another; the tenant is wasted; the farm is wasted; the landlord is ultimately a great sufferer; but the tenant is ruined. He is to be driven forth; the landlord only claims his own: the tenant resists ejection, or, ejected, attempts to return to take possession, claiming the house, &c., as the produce of his own means. Hence an endless strife; the landlord ejects in the name of law; the tenant resists in the name of equity; and a whole district becomes disturbed.

Perhaps it would be difficult to remedy this miserable condition of things by an act of the legislature; still the moral and political incorrectness of such bargains, should be again and again pressed on the attention of Irish landlords; and they must at length come to see, that the tenant's strength is the strength of the landlord also.

Connected with the landlord and tenant system, are the Grand Jury assessments. These operate again to the depressing of the tenantry. When will the gentry of Ireland be content to tax themselves at once and directly, instead of suffering that amazing taxation which they inflict upon themselves mediately through their tenants? It was a sad mistake the removal of the assessed taxes. They fell upon the rich. Had they been retained and applied to local purposes, many benefits would have been secured, and many evils, to a certain extent, averted. [Why not re-enact them?]

Merchant-farm adventures as private speculations are recommended; and a plausible tabular statement is drawn up, shewing the profitable results. But what Company will adventure in Ireland? No, no. They will send their capital to Canada or Australia; and Irish labourers will

follow at the public cost, and accomplish what cannot be attained at home, where every element of prosperity—land, labour, capital—abounds, and is rendered useless by the absence of quiet and security. In discussing other Irish questions, the writer of the "*Suggestions*" adverts incidentally to the turbulence of the Irish people, as an imagined symptom of that alleged innate disposition, and inherent love of riot and disorder presumed to belong to the national character, and said to wear frequently, if not always, a political aspect. This he denies, inquiring—

In the various insurrections, or demonstrations of insurrection, which have appeared within the last century, has it not been uniformly easy to trace them to intelligible and prominent causes? There certainly were many circumstances in the nature of the law, still more in the spirit of its administration, to engender a predisposition in the lower orders, when seeking to obtain the redress of grievances of which they complained, to have recourse to violence in defiance of the constituted authorities. But was there, in their social condition, anything to counteract this unhappy madness? Here was a people suffering from many local enactments made by their own Parliament—that is, by the landlords of Ireland; but where was the spirit of confidence binding together the different classes of society in the harmonies of intercourse; where was the attempt, on the part of the gentry, to apply a moral and intellectual cultivation to the people dependent upon them? There was much generous charity as far as money-giving was concerned; but it had no other aim than present relief to the objects of it; it sought not to raise them in their own self-respect; it smothered the spirit of independence. There is a charity which ennobles—there also is a charity which degrades; and it is to be feared, that the well-meant kindnesses of the upper to the lower classes in Ireland were, in general, of the latter character.

The landlord and tenant system was always bad. There were, indeed, many happy exceptions in the condition of the tenantry on some estates in relation to their landlords; but in these exceptions of persons, there was neither an excepting to, nor a correcting of, the system. A happy feeling was established, but the moral position was far from healthy. The tenantry acquired a blind and feudal confidence in their landlord, but they cared not for the cultivation of that personal independence which the law of England contemplates as the birthright of the merest subject; and which, in an instructed people, understood, and claimed, and acted upon, is the best defence against anarchy, an undoubted security for the maintenance of order, the due administration of justice, and the well-being of the whole community.

The author of the "*Suggestions*" before us, which our readers will remember are the same as M.S., has, with full knowledge of his own country, and no abatement of patriotic feeling, had the advantage of looking at Ireland from the shores of a more prosperous, because a more enlightened and tranquil country, one in which the mutual interests of landlord and tenant are much better understood. When we say more enlightened, we refer chiefly to the higher and middle orders; for the Irish peasantry are sufficiently acute.

His "*Suggestions*" for the removal of those Irish grievances, and those bars to the improvement of Ireland, which are likely to occupy the attention of the British Legislature during the present Session, embrace a field too wide for us to enter upon at present; but his leading views upon the subjects most pressing we may state. These are—the Municipal Bill, and Education.

The date of the paper of Suggestions from which we select, is the opening of the present Session.

Another year has passed away, and almost all the great Irish questions remain unsettled. The delay, at first sight so much to be deplored, will not, however, perhaps, have proved altogether useless. It certainly will not, if the consequences it has already produced, and is still producing, have their natural and proper effect on the mind of the legislature, if our legislators, of every shade of opinion, by whatever means they would consult for the good of the commonwealth, are taught by experience, the desirableness, not to say the urgent necessity of doing finally and at once, whatever is to be done for Ireland; and if so taught, they will consent, for a little while at least, to abandon that partisanship of prejudice, faction, and prepossession, which, at all times, in all circumstances, and under all parties, may be fairly said to have been, and to be, the bane of Irish affairs, the great incubus upon the prosperity of Ireland. It is now felt on all hands, and acknowledged by men of all parties, that the state of Ireland is a drawback to the prosperity of the British empire.

Assuredly, it will be a happy era in the annals of Great Britain, when those in power and those out of power shall cease to make Ireland the arena of political gladiatorship; when they shall select, at length, from the wide field of Britain's dominion and British legislation, some less vital spot whereon to hold the tournament of party chivalry. Ireland lies too near the heart of the empire for such a purpose. Let them change the scene of their operations, and, dealing with Ireland as she is, and not as she ought to be, but in reference to what she might be, let them consult, without party feeling or party views, how the condition of the people of Ireland can be bettered, and how the country can rise, and may be raised, in the scale of national resources. Patriotism demands this, party interest requires it; for, whatever be the party dominant in the councils of the nation, Ireland, unsettled, must ever prove a treacherous quicksand to the stability of their political power. It is a capital fault, then, in the legislators, of whatever party, to make Ireland and the affairs of Ireland the battleground of their political strivings.

After noting that the vexatious delay of Catholic Emancipation deprived that "healing measure" of much that was valuable, and all that was conciliatory and gracious, he warns legislators not to make shipwreck a second time on the same bar.

Now, in applying this sort of experience to that particular measure, the Municipal Bill for Ireland (without however, discussing the question of the exact amount of the franchise which it ought to fix), one is anxious that our Legislature should profit by the example of past times. Temporizing expedients will never do. Half measures, like the enactments of the Catholic Bill of 1821, will defeat themselves, will disappoint their projectors. The people of Ireland must be one with the people of England; they are one in interest, and in feeling—they must be one in privileges. The condition of the corporations under the proposed enactments, must be fairly looked at in the face. It must be unhesitatingly allowed that the Municipal Bill, as intended, would increase the Roman Catholic constituency to a great extent in most of the corporations; that it would even place some of the corporations in the hands of the Catholics. All this must be allowed unhesitatingly. Those who propose and those who support the measures must do so, not on the ground of attaching the Catholics to this or that administration; not even on the ground of attaching them to a Protestant Government as distinct from a Catholic population; but on the ground of acquainting them with their own interest in the constitution, and giving to them any part they are able to hold in the executive of a country whose Legislature has ceased to recognise any civil disability from religious distinctions; whose Government exists only for the good of all, and which emphatically would and ought to be one with all.

It is said in opposition to the Bill, and alleged as a sufficient ground for opposition, that the class of Catholics proposed to be enfranchised is made up of uneducated men; and that, therefore, not on account of their religion, but their want of education, they are unfit to possess the corporation franchise. Let this be admitted, and let it even be true, how is this condition of things to be remedied? Without education, with property, however, sufficient (but for the want of education) to be entrusted with the administration of their own civic affairs, is it to be supposed that they will just remain *in statu quo*?—Why, their very ignorance is more to be dreaded without than within the walls of their town-house. Are their instincts totally different from ours; are their hearts totally inaccessible to those appeals and motives which influence universally the human race? are the Catholics of Ireland a distinct species of the human family? Unless we are prepared to say so, let us remember that it is the very law of our nature, on which the well-intentioned and the well-instructed uniformly act with regard to their fellows, that to elevate a man in the scale of society, or improve his condition effectually in any of the moral and social relations of life, we must raise him in his own proper self-respect. This is the great principle which animates to exertion, which sustains the continuance of pursuit; and, when the object is gained, secures the possessor against the abuse of the possession.

Alas! how powerfully is the truth of this proposition demonstrated by its converse, as it is exhibited in the history of Ireland. Why are the middling class of the Catholics found inferior in cultivation to the same class among the Protestants; simply because the circumstances in which they were placed by the legislature of the country, had a tendency, and exercised a never-ceasing influence to deprive them of that self-respect to which we have just alluded. It is true these degrading laws are expunged from the statute-book; let the principle, then, which is now asserted in their place, be fairly carried out; if it is so, the Municipal Bill must pass at once; unless we are to go back to the days and deeds of other times; unless the cry of extermination be to be raised, and the war of extermination carried on.

After alluding to the tyranny of the English Parliament during the reign of the first Guelphs, and the abject suberviency of the native legislature to English views down to its very close, and giving a brief history of some of the enactments by which Ireland was held in political and commercial bondage, we meet these excellent general remarks upon the penal laws; and we beg the reader to bear in mind that they are from the pen of a Protestant Minister of the Church of Ireland:—

In speaking of these laws, the attention of men is too exclusively directed to the commiseration for the suffering Catholic; but, taking into account the demoralization which they undoubtedly produced in the Catholic, their effect in extending the same demoralization to the Protestant part of the community cannot be doubted, when attention is directed to the state of the ascendancy party, exulting in them. Tyranny, successful and irresistible, may make man abject, but the moral condition of the tyrant and slave is the same; reverse their relative positions, and you will have a slave and a tyrant still; the spiritless slave becomes in power the atrocious tyrant, and the vindictive tyrant, shorn of his prerogative, in turn becomes the dastard slave. Wide as the interval may seem between them, the extremes meet at last. It must, therefore, ever be kept in mind, that these penal statutes had the most unhappy influence upon the moral condition of the Protestant community.

The influence of the priests he attributes to the true cause. Mr O'Connell, in his fits of candour, sometimes honestly tells to what he owes his power—it is to the abuses, the misgovernment of his country. Take these away, and

you deprive agitation of the fuel without which it could not long continue to spread. In like manner,

It is not surprising that the Roman Catholic priesthood exercise an unexampled sway over their own followers to do their political bidding—their priests had been their friends when the Legislature, the Executive, the Church, the Protestant gentry of Ireland, had treated them as aliens; and if, in 1792, it was declared by men anxious to incorporate the Roman Catholics into the Constitution of the country, that “the influence of the priesthood over the minds of the laity must be considerably reduced, before they could say, with truth, that an extension to all their body of the elective franchise would increase the virtual basis of election,” is it surprising that that influence has increased when nearly forty years were allowed to pass without any alteration in the system, and in circumstances, too, every year growing more and more favourable to its extension?

When, then, the party journals chronicle almost with exultation, the unhappy doings of the peasantry of Ireland; and when the lover of his Church and of Protestantism lifts up his hand to Heaven and utters his protestation against conciliation and confidence towards such a people, assuredly his horror had better give place to the distressed recollection, that Protestant legislation has had a fearful responsibility every way in the condition of the people of Ireland.

It is no answer to say, “The penal statutes are blotted out.” Thank God, they are! But, does not the bearing of the political Protestants in Ireland testify, at this moment, regret at the disappearance of these statutes from the code of the empire.

Our own views of the Irish Church Establishment differ so essentially from those of the author of the “Suggestions,” who, though a very enlightened and liberal man, is still one of its Ministers, that we shall not advert to his speculations upon Church reform. The sweeping principle, fast gaining ground, is “Reform it altogether;” and, though grateful for every item of good as it may arise, we should consider it waste of space to enter into such discussions merely upon their own merits. He admits that the proportion of Protestants has not kept pace with the increase of the population generally, and that, on the contrary, there is a marked falling off; and he enters fully into the abuses which have caused a state of things in the Church, which he laments, and which we believe to be far beyond earthly remedy. One passage we cite, as illustrative of the utility of a Church Establishment, in which the twenty-two Bishops—before the Irish-Bishop-nuisance had been partly abated—have, from the reign of Elizabeth, possessed estates of *twice* the value of the whole Establishment in Scotland. The Establishment in Scotland is rated at £300,000 per annum; the estates of the Irish Bishops were valued by Lord Althorp at £600,000. But these primitive representatives of the Apostles did not draw above £100,000 of this sum. What became of the surplus? It had been fined down to the lowest possible amount by their disinterested predecessors. The see of ——— may well be reduced to a poor £8,000 per annum, after a reverend Doctor, who came over to Ireland with a Lord Lieutenant, an unbeneficed clergyman, left personal property, sworn to in the Irish Prerogative Court, to the amount of £243,000! No, there was never anything so monstrous

upon the face of the earth as the Established Church of Ireland. But while an Englishman, a Castle chaplain, or something of the sort, was picking up these pretty personalities, what were he and his fellows doing for their pretended charge?

What has the Church done for the three million of persons who, at this day, are fully accessible only in the ancient Irish language?—Literally nothing. Missionaries of various other denominations have, indeed, entered upon this field of labour; but the Church has looked on, and "passed by on the other side." By the last returns, it would seem that the population belonging to the Establishment in Ireland amounts to scarcely more than one-sixth of the number of persons thus inaccessible from the difference of language; and while millions upon millions have been expended upon this fraction, upon a population six times greater the Church has not spent one single farthing. The case is aggravated, too, by the circumstance that individuals of her own communion have come forward in the cause; they have done so as individuals—the Church has made no movement; they have done thankfully what they could, but they have done it not in accordance with the system, but in despite of it.

Inquiring still further into the conduct of the Church in Ireland, in former times, towards those of a different communion, how little has been attempted in the way of a comprehension. With regard to Protestant Dissenters; not only has nothing been done for it, but much has been done against it. Reverting to the period already alluded to, many now alive will recollect that exclusiveness was the order of the day. It was the great expedient which was to prove the palladium of the Church. To have intercourse with Dissenters was an obstacle to obtaining orders, and to preferment in orders.

One would have thought that with so great a population yet Roman Catholic, the hierarchy would have merged all distinctions in the great one of Protestants; that they would have encouraged, in the united efforts of all sects, the affectionate aggression of what all Protestants call truth, upon all who differ; but this was not the policy of those days; for a diffused Protestantism, they maintained a concentrated churchmanship;—and what has it accomplished for the Church and for the country? We retain a few fortresses and some garrison towns, in token of an abstract supremacy; but the spiritual dominion and spiritual commerce of the country is in the hands of men of another ritual.

Let the advocates of the Irish Church remember that this is not said by an enemy—not even by an Englishman, a Stanley, or any other reverend, but by an Irishman, and a Minister of the Establishment whose enormities he lays bare, while he entertains the fond hope that her redemption is still possible, and that, by adopting his suggestions, or measures of similar character, the Church of Ireland may yet be saved and the Irish people benefited by its ministrations. Does he not see that obstacles as formidable are opposed to his sweeping reforms as to O'Connell's abolition?—We may, at some future time, return to a fuller examination of the "Suggestions" for making the Irish Church in reality what it would now fain call itself. Until lately, its pride withheld even the poor homage of hypocritical pretence.

GIVE US BREAD!*

There is a wail throughout the land for bread.
 "Bread!" "Bread!"—on all sides rises up the cry.
 Here, even here, where daily tears are shed
 O'er "ruffled roses"—here in misery
 Must young and aged raise a hopeless eye
 For food—mere food, of which the earth is full—
 Which savages enjoy unto disgust;
 Here do the iron-hearted men who rule,
 Wring from starvation her tear-moistened crust;
 Here phantom Famine stalks in open day,
 And grimly triumphs in the land's dismay.
 Hark the blasphemer! Hear the ancient lie!
 "The law is just—is politic and wise;
 'Tis due the landowner; and, by and by,
 If war with other nations should arise,

* One of the merciful miracles of our Saviour was, blessing a few small loaves with increase, to feed a hungry multitude. How do the clergy and legislators of Great Britain imitate this divine example? They curse the bread of twenty-five millions of their fellow-creatures, and diminish that which is earned by the sweat of the brow, to the half of what might be obtained.

'Tis then you'll learn our prudent steps to prize."
 Thou selfish dotard—pseudo-patriot!
 The people, if ye would, ye cannot feed,
 Shall nature's bounties in the warehouse rot,
 That thou a life of shameless waste may lead?
 Shall they who toil for thy support, defence,
 Shall they not share the gifts of Providence?

O God! who, when, in stranger land of old,
 Thy people groaned beneath a tyrant sway,
 Raised up a Moses, wise at once and bold,
 To baffle Pharaoh, and to spread dismay
 O'er Egypt, wrapt in darkness without day—
 Who for a passage scooped the mighty sea,
 And showered down manna in the desert place—
 Raise up a Moses now, our land to free
 From this oppression done before Thy face,
 To strike the fiscal rock that hems our land,
 And pour thy treasures on the famished strand!

G.

THE MOUNTAIN HERD-BOY'S SONG.

A HERD-BOY of the hills am I,
 The world o'erlooking from on high;
 The sun's most early beam I see,
 And day the longest dwells with me.

The birth-place of the streams is here,
 From them my drink is fresh and clear;
 Within the torrent's headlong speed
 I dip my hand, nor goblet need.

The mountains are mine own domain,
 Girt round with storms as with a chain,
 From North to South they roll along—
 The louder then must be my song.

While bright blue sky is o'er my head,
 The thunder clouds are 'neath me spread—
 I know ye well, your strength I dare;
 But, oh! my father's cottage spare!

If sounds the storm-bell from below,
 Full red my beacon-fires must glow—
 Then hence to join the martial throng,
 To wield my sword, and sing my song.

A herd-boy of the hills am I,
 The world o'erlooking from on high;
 The sun's most early beam I see,
 And day the longest dwells with me. L. F.

POVERTY.

OMNIPOTENCE of earth, all hail !
Hail, guardian of the giant-twisted bond
Of social order !—bond which not toil-hardened
Nerves, stirred by the impulse of a million hearts,
Can rend ! But what, though ruler, sovereign,
Domination, potentate thou art ?—(thou,
Whose myriad subjects far out-number all
The Greek or Roman in his pride called his)—
Thine are dearer names, kind parent ! fondest nurse !
Unseparating friend through life's long years !
For myself alone, what might I tell of thee !
But yet, not now. Thy sway of long, long ages,
Let me trace o'er man, o'er nations.

Spirit, all-ruling here below ! Some name
Thee heaven-born, some of birth infernal.
Dare I declare thy hidden origin ?
No ! Enough, I see thy traces all around,
I feel thy ever-present influence ;
Enough, to know that when our father Adam
Stood alone on earth in unclad dignity,
And roofless slept beneath the heavens, thou didst
Exist ; wert near him then to whisper—"Toil !"

And soon around that ancient ancestor
Of men, a great posterity arose ;
These, the first nurslings of great Nature's vigour,
Thy subjects were ; and they thy first behest
Obeyed. They toiled : but toil to them was life,
And health, and happiness, and mirth, and power,
And virtue. Gently didst thou rule ; for gay
As birds were then the human denizens
Of the broad, verdant fields, and smiling vales—
Those breathers of untainted airs from hill
And mountain ; it seemed thou hadst, in truth,
Thy sway resigned. Thus thought a hellish fiend,
Who sought thee then, and in thine ear her counsel
Poured—"Why slumbers in thy heart ambition ?"
'Twas thus she spoke—"Seest thou not thy subjects,
Careless of thy rule, enjoy the goods of earth

As if thou reignedst not ? Arouse, arouse thee !
What though vast the teeming stores of Nature ?
What though from them now she pours with bounteous,
Loving, and maternal hand, her gifts to all
Who labour as thou didst at first command,
Making their labour light ? Let her not thus
Subvert thine empire ! She will give, fond fool,
Enough for all earth's offspring ! Be it so !
But why shouldst thou permit that all should have
Enough ?—Send thou into the hearts of some
Desire to have more than enough ; and then
They soon will grasp the harvest of their brethren,
The fruit of others' toil. Give a dear name
To that which thus injustice seizes—
Let man call it *his own*. Sweet word ! Dost thou
Not thank me for it ? Breathe it in subtlest
Whispers, deep into his heart of hearts !
Then, then, thy sway will be more wide than Nature's,
More sure than hers. Yes ! thou shalt teach men things
At which she shuddering will recoil, and leave
The world to thee !" The fiend, prophetic
In these last words, took flight. There, Poverty,
She left with kindling lust for rule awakened—
She was obeyed. Behold, again, the world,
In ancient days, not as the first so distant !
Seest thou the landmark and the boundary ?
Hearst thou the cry—"This is mine own—that thine ?"
The storehouse and the granary arise,
The dwelling vast, the city, and the palace—
All, all, that Nature liberal has given,
There, see, by Poverty's great handmaid, Art,
Piled up in gorgeous heaps !—each heap, *the own*
Of one man solely. Hist !—What greet his ear
On every side ?—The voices of his brethren—
"We lack—we lack—naked, hungry, cold,
We perish !"—These, Poverty, thy million
Subjects, who to the hundreds cry whom thou
Hast governed by the counsels of the fiend.

LAYS OF A NEW ERA.

IN A SERIES OF SONNETS.

I.

UPON the troubled and tempestuous ocean,
My little bark, I launch thee without fear :
With Justice at the helm, and Truth to steer,
We'll pass the shoals of life with calm emotion.
Bearing right onward, with the purest feeling,
We will espouse the *right*, the *wrong* defy ;
Hold up th' oppressor, tyranny decry ;
But, to the good, with lowly reverence kneeling,
We will award the praise that goodness claims.
The weak to shield, the poor man's lot t'improve,
And shew mankind "how beautiful is love ;"
These, these shall be our constant, fervent aims.
Spirit of Truth ! our guiding star be thou !
To thee, to thee alone, be paid the holy vow !

II.

A mighty spirit is abroad ; its cry
Is heard proclaiming equal rights to men.
The pampered votaries of corruption's den
Have heard it, and are issuing forth to try
How its resistless power they may defy ;
And fierce, with maddening shouts, they vainly strive
To stifle it ; but it hath reached the hive
Of men too long oppressed and cruelly.
A mighty spirit is abroad, proclaiming
The "wreck of old opinions ;" in the tide,
Mad Superstition, screaming loud, is aiming
To stem the current she had once defied !
Error and Bigotry, with torches flaming,
Light up th' impetuous flood, as down the stream they
glide.

III.

Who shall resist the universal WILL ?
Who shall be deaf unto a nation's cry ?
An isolated faction ? Shall it still,
Tottering as in decrepitude, decry
All salutary changes, and defy
A people who have suffered, suffered long ?
Shall our born-lawgivers heap wrong on wrong,
Insult on insult with impunity ?
"Hereditary wisdom" must not sway
A mighty nation's destinies, and blast
Its fairest hopes. The fictions of a day
Gone by, have lost their charm, and men, at last,
Have dared assert their rights, and sworn to be
No longer slaves of hateful tyranny.

IV.

A TEMPLE OF THE LORD !—behold yon pile !
Its priests are men of war, of savage mien,
And appetite instigate and vile
For filthy lucre ! In the fray are seen
These *holy* men in conflict with the lean
And miserable peasant ! See they come,
Fresh from Rathcormac's slaughter !—stricken dumb ?
No ! they the mother's grief are mocking with a smile
Exultant ! And are these the men to win
Souls, that the living God may be adored ?
These, that profane the altar with the din
Of impious broils, and grasp the crimson sword ?
Then call it not a Temple of the Lord,
For 'tis a hateful mockery and a sin.

TOOKE'S HISTORY OF PRICES, AND OF THE STATE OF THE CIRCULATION FROM 1793 TO 1837.*

THIS is an enlarged and improved edition of a well-known work, and one of authority among political economists—namely, “Tooke’s Thoughts and Details on the High and Low Prices of the Last Thirty Years;” a period now extended to forty-five years, as fifteen more have elapsed since the date of the original publication. A brief sketch of the state of the corn trade for the last two centuries precedes the history. The remarkable fluctuations in that trade, and consequently in the price of corn, are attributed by Mr Tooke mainly, if not wholly, to the effect of the seasons, though a few incidental and temporary causes, such as war-demands and the blockade of ports, are admitted to modify prices in an inconsiderable degree, as well as improved modes of agriculture, rates of freight and insurance, and expense of land or other internal carriage. The imputed effects of a large or narrow circulation, or of currency in short, upon the prices of corn, he denies *in toto*; and the Corn-Tax, or restrictions on importation, he appears to consider a very unimportant element in the question, though he does not enter directly into its investigation. That the seasons are the main agent in raising or depressing prices, no one can seriously question; and if Mr Tooke could set aside the effect of the Corn-Laws as satisfactorily as he does that of the currency upon prices, his principle would be established. His detailed account of prices certainly tends strongly to establish his doctrine; but in much of the period of which he treats, the operation of Corn-Laws was unknown or unfelt; and England was a grain-exporting, not an importing country. Forty-five years of the eighteenth century, from about 1715 to 1765, were, with few exceptions, genial and productive years, and prices were comparatively low, and sometimes absolutely cheaper than in the former century. The reign of George II. was one of the most prosperous periods of labourers and handicraftsmen.

Every writer on national economy has his favourite theory, by which he satisfactorily accounts, at least to himself, for variations in prices. From about 1765 the prices of corn rose all over Europe, up to 1775, or later; and the rise was certainly coincident with ungenial seasons and deficient harvests. In the earlier period which we have quoted, the average was 32s. 1d.; but in 1765 wheat had risen to 49s. 9d., and in 1766 the quartern loaf sold in London at 1s. 6d. In 1767 wheat rose to 58s. 8d. From 1776 prices fell again, for the seasons were better. But it is impossible for us to go into minute details; and without these there can be no satisfactory demonstration of Mr Tooke’s theory. This in-

vestigation we therefore leave to the scientific inquirer, and turn to more general points.

Mr Tooke does not believe that an income or property-tax, equally levied upon all classes, would in any way tend to raise prices; and he rightly considers high prices a very fallacious test or symptom of national prosperity. Mr Tooke goes apparently upon narrower data in discussing wages than any other economical question; but, as this is not the least important among such questions, we shall glean a few of his own statements, and also of those he has collected, wishing they were fuller. For thirty years in the eighteenth century, (from 1720 to 1750,) while wheat *fell* wages *rose*; so that a labourer who, in the last forty years of the seventeenth century, could purchase only two-thirds of a peck of wheat with his day’s wages, could in the latter period obtain a whole peck.

From 1763, and for thirty years previously, a labourer’s wages had been 7s. a-week, which was seldom below and sometimes rather above the price of seven pecks of wheat. Previous to 1793, wheat had always been as cheap during war as in times of peace; nor were the wages of labourers affected by war, previously to the last long war. But wages appear comparatively high, in the eighteenth century, to what they are at present. From 1730 to 1790, and throughout times of war and peace, by the Greenwich Hospital prices, the wages of carpenters per day, were 2s. 6d. Those of bricklayers were 2s. 6d. a-day, up to 1765, (when wheat rose,) after which they fell to 2s. 4d. In the sixty years specified, the wages of masons gradually rose from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 10d.; and the wages of plumbers, after sinking from 3s. to 2s. 6d., rallied after the American war, and rose in 1785 to 3s. 3d. During this period it is, as we have noticed, remarkable, that agricultural produce was cheaper during war than peace; and the command over the necessaries of life, in reference to the rate of wages, must have been much greater than at many subsequent periods, and much greater than at present. The highest price of wheat, within the period, was £2 : 10 : 2½; the lowest, £1 : 11 : 6½. This must have been an interval of great comfort and prosperity to the working classes. But the severe, and almost starvation years, extending from 1795 to 1802, followed. The crop of 1795 was very deficient, and there was no stock on hand. Mr Tooke says:—

The prices of all other provisions having risen in a greater or less proportion to wheat, and there being a very general apprehension of a continuance of the scarcity, it had become manifestly impossible for the working classes to subsist on their ordinary wages. It was partly from a conviction to this effect, and partly in consequence of the tendency to disturbance and riots among the agricultural labourers, that the allowance system was at this time introduced. There was at the same time a general acquiescence on the part of employers in the necessity of some advance of wages, which, however, when conceded, bore still a very inadequate proportion to the

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* A History of Prices, and of the State of the Circulation from 1793 to 1837; preceded by a Brief Sketch of the State of the Corn Trade in the last two centuries. By Thomas Tooke, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

increased price of the necessities of life. The distress, accordingly, of the working and poorer classes was very severe, and the privations of the classes immediately above them, and generally of all classes depending on limited money incomes, were great. The whole period, indeed, of this memorable dearth, was one of much suffering to the bulk of the community. But it was a time of great prosperity to the landed interests, that is, to the landlords, who were raising, or had the prospect of soon raising, their rents; and to the farmers, who were realizing enormous gains pending the currency of their leases. The following extract from an article by Arthur Young, in the *Annals of Agriculture*, for 1796, will serve as a practical illustration of the principle which I have had occasion to notice—viz., of the effect of a deficiency in raising the price greatly beyond the ratio of the defect, and of the consequent larger sum distributed among the growers, than could be derived from medium or abundant crops.

"The average price of wheat for the twelve months, from May 1795 to April 1796, has been, on an average, in England and Wales, 10s. 7d. per bushel, and that of barley 4s. 9d. Now the price for twelve years, ending 1794, was for wheat 5s. 10d., and for barley 3s. 3d. For the year above described, therefore, the price has exceeded that average 4s. 9d. per bushel for wheat, and 1s. 6d. for barley. Let us suppose the annual consumption of wheat to be 8,701,875 quarters, and that of barley 10,545,000 quarters; and, further, that the deficiency of the crop on the average, of the two years, so far as they affect the period in question, has amounted, in wheat, to one-fifth; and that the barley has, on an average of the two crops, been a medium: in this case there would have been consumed—

Of wheat 8,961,500 quarters, the extra price on which at 4s. 9d. the bushel, or 38s. the quarter, is	£13,226,840
Of barley, 10,545,000 quarters, at 1s. 6d. per bushel, or 12s. the quarter	6,327,000
	£19,553,849

If, therefore, these data are just, and they are ventured merely as calculation on uncertain foundations, the farmers have received in these two articles only near £20,000,000 sterling beyond the deficiency of the crop, supposing the deficiency to be one-fifth, which is a very great one, and without adding a word on the price of meat or any other article."

Is it surprising that farmers and landlords should openly rejoice in years of scarcity and dearth? In the spring of 1796, the dearth of provisions, and apprehensions of farther scarcity, raised wheat to the average of 100s.; but the rise of wages held no proportion to the increase in the price of all kinds of provisions; and although prices fell somewhat at intervals, yet between the spring of 1799, and in June 1800, they had reached the following quotations:—

Wheat, Gazette average,	134s. 5d.
Barley, - - -	69s. 1d.
Oats, - - -	51s. 1d.

In Smithfield market,

Beef sold for	4s. 6d. to 6s. 4d. per stone.
Mutton and Pork,	5s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.

In Newgate and Leadenhall markets,

Beef,	- - -	9d. to 1s. 2d. per lb.
Mutton,	- - -	8d. to 10d.
Veal,	- - -	9d. to 1s.
Pork in St James's market,	- - -	9d. to 10d.
Hay,	- - -	64s. to 122s. per 1d.
Straw,	- - -	54s. to 63s.

Every necessary of life was dear in proportion; and this always holds. The silly alliterative saying "Up corn, down horn," and its converse, is a gross

fallacy, and so proved. In December of the same year (after a slight depression from favourable appearances in the harvest) the average of wheat again rose to 133s.; barley, 76s. 7d.; oats, 41s. 8d. The sufferings of the people were very great; but prices still advanced, until, in March 1801, wheat had reached 156s. 2d.; barley 90s., and oats 47s. 2d. Meat and dairy produce rose in proportion; and also wool and tallow; and, in addition to the general dearth of necessities, came the first excessive taxation of Pitt upon secondary necessities, as malt, tea, sugar, tobacco, spirits, &c. We shall now quote Mr Tooke:—

Such and so great being the rise of prices of provisions, and of nearly all consumable commodities, it was quite impossible that the lowest of the working classes could, upon their wages, at the rate of what they were before 1795, obtain a subsistence for themselves and their families, on the lowest scale requisite to sustain human existence; and the classes above the lowest, including some portion of skilled labourers, could do little, if at all, more than provide themselves with food, clothing, and shelter, without any of the indulgences which habit had rendered necessities. If under these circumstances there had been no rise of wages, no contribution by parishes and by individuals, in aid of wages, great numbers of the people must have actually perished, and the classes immediately above the lowest would with difficulty have preserved themselves from the same fate. In such case the suffering from dearth would have been correctly designated as a famine, a term which has been somewhat loosely applied to the period under consideration. For, severe and intense as were the sufferings and privations of the people of this country, in the dearths of 1795 and 1796, and of 1800 and 1801, there were few recorded instances of death from actual destitution.

A rise of wages was imperatively called for by the urgency of the case, and was complied with to some extent in most of the branches of industry, the claims for increase being aided by the resource which workmen and labourers had of enlisting in the army and navy. There had already been an advance of wages in 1795 and 1796, and the allowance system had been begun and carried to some extent in these years. A further advance of wages took place in 1800 and 1801; but still so inadequate, compared with the prices of provisions, as, even with parish allowances and private contributions, to leave a vast mass of privation and misery.

Mr Tooke cites a statement made by Arthur Young in 1801, who mentions that he once knew a labourer near Bury in Suffolk, who, when he had worked for 5s. a-week, could with his 5s. purchase a bushel of wheat, a bushel of malt, a pound of butter, a pound of cheese, and a penny-worth of tobacco; while in 1801, the same articles cost £1 : 6 : 5. Suppose that his wages had risen from 5s. to 9s., and that as a pauper he received, by the parish allowance system now first introduced, 6s. a-week, he was still deficient 11s. 6d. as compared with his original condition when he had no parish allowance.

There was a rise also in artisan and manufacturing labour, between 1792 and 1801; but in a small proportion only to the rise in the prices of necessities. Various statements were put forth by different classes of artisans, setting forth the inadequateness of the rise of wages, including the most recent advance in 1801. Another statement was one from the journeymen tailors by which it appeared that their wages, from 1777 to 1797, had been £1 : 1 : 9 per week, which, at the price of 7s. for the quarter loaf, would purchase thirty-six loaves while the utmost advance of wages, which, in 1795, was to 25s., and, in 1801, to 27s. per week, would purchase only eighteen loaves and a half in the latter year.

statement from printers' compositors, whose weekly wages were advanced from 24s. to 27s. in 1795, and to 30s. in 1801, gives a similar proportion of the advance of wages to the rise of necessities.

By the Greenwich Hospital table, the wages of carpenters, bricklayers, masons, and plumbers, appeared to have experienced very little advance, according to the quotations of 1800, as compared with the twenty years preceding.

The expense of housekeeping, as shewn by a table kept by an inhabitant of Bury St Edmunds, rose, between 1773 and 1800, about 200 per cent., or in the net proportion of £8 : 4s. to £25 : 14 : 1½. Taxation had its share in this rise as well as the years of dearth. Prices fell in 1803 in consequence of better seasons, and instantly the alarmed landed interest stepped in, to secure, by statute, those high prices of which they had had a delicious foretaste, and which they could no longer obtain from panic and really deficient crops. A bill was brought in by Mr Western, and an act passed, by which a duty of 24s. 3d. per quarter was to be imposed when the price of wheat should be under 63s., certainly a very hopeful beginning.

Before 1812, Mr Tooke thinks wages had reached their maximum; but with the statements we have already given on his authority, and the tables of Greenwich Hospital, which we have quoted, he surely goes rather far in asserting that by that time—

The wages of agricultural labourers and artisans had been doubled, or nearly so; salaries, from the lowest clerks up to the highest functionaries, as well as professional fees, had been considerably raised, on the plea of the greatly increased expenses of living—the expense of living having been increased, not only by the increased price of necessities, but by a higher scale of general expenditure, or style of living, incidental to the progress of wealth and civilisation. Thus, upon the recurrence of the seasons of dearth, between 1808 and 1812, there was more of an adjustment, although still inadequate, of the pecuniary means of a large part of the different classes, which prevented so great a degree of the pressure of distress as had been observable in the previous scarcity.

But, while the wages of agricultural labourers and of artisans had been raised in a considerable, although still inadequate proportion to the increased price of necessities, this was not the case, or only partially so, as regarded the wages of the working people in manufactories. Considerable numbers of these had no advance of wages; or, if they had, the advance was more than compensated by reduced hours of work. In the branches of trade which were affected by the state of stagnation and discredit in 1810 and 1811, and in those which depended upon a demand for export, many workmen were thrown wholly out of employ. The distress, accordingly, among these classes, was very severe, and was the cause of considerable disturbances in the manufacturing districts.

Mr Tooke has a note here which is worthy of attention :—

Never was there a greater delusion than that which prevails under the influence of the currency theory, representing this period as one of great and increasing prosperity. It was, indeed, a period of agricultural prosperity, but of great privation and suffering to the bulk of the community.

Wages and salaries would, however, have required to have reached their maximum, or some high rate; for 1811, 1812, and the greater part of 1813, were years of exceeding dearth, though great improvements had now been made in agriculture, and a vast quantity of new land brought

into tillage. Between 1795 and 1804, no fewer than 782 enclosure bills had passed; another *bonus* to the lords of the soil, who, directly or indirectly, first or last, have gotten the whole of such enclosures into their hands. In 1814, cattle and sheep were dearer than ever they had before been in this country, save for a few months during the starvation period of 1800—1801; but in 1815 they fell in price, and Mr, now Lord Western, again called piteously upon the legislature for protection! He has obtained it, in high duties upon salted meat, and by the absolute prohibition of the importation of fresh meat or live cattle.

Is it not melancholy to find any sensible writer subjected to the humiliation of propitiating ignorance and conceit, by averments like the following? Mr Tooke is speaking of the rapid reduction of prices from 1817 to 1819.

That the great mass of the community was greatly benefited by the transition from dearth to abundance, there is not, there cannot be any reasonable doubt. Indeed, to call it in question, and to suppose that war and dearth can be blessings, and peace and plenty curses, never entered into any imaginations but those which have bewildered themselves in the mazes of the currency theory, which supposes high prices and general prosperity to be convertible terms. What but the privations and sufferings of the great bulk of the community led to the popular discontents and commotions which prevailed, and were with difficulty repressed, in the great dearths at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century, and again in 1812, in 1817, and 1819?—dearths which, after their natural cessation, these legislators would, as far as in them lay, have artificially perpetuated; while, on the other hand, the contented state of the working classes in 1821 and 1822, and not to mention the great increase of the revenue in those years, attest the comparative well-being of the bulk of the community in periods of what those who are interested in high prices and high rents are pleased to characterise as agricultural distress.

In a note—and this work is peculiarly rich in admirable illustrative notes, gathered far and wide, in the course of many years' study—we find a striking passage, from a speech delivered by Lord Liverpool :—

When the Noble Earl (Stanhope) says that the low prices, incident to the distress which agriculture suffers, benefit no man, I answer, that, although I sincerely wish the distress did not exist, I cannot be blind to the fact that they certainly do benefit a *great majority* of the people. Do they not benefit the annuitant and mortgagee? who were, during the war, the principal, and almost the only sufferers. In all large towns, they have occasioned considerable benefit by the fall of the poor rates. I have been at some trouble, my Lords, to ascertain the real state of the case, and I can pledge myself to the accuracy of this statement. In this metropolis in which your Lordships are now sitting, never were the lower orders of the people in a better condition than they are at the present moment. So that, when the noble earl says that the low prices incident to the distress of the agriculturist have not been beneficial to anybody, he certainly labours under a great mistake; for that distress, however much to be lamented in itself, is accompanied by a considerable benefit to a *great proportion* of the people.

What an argument this for the abolition of the Corn-Laws! A little temporary distress to the whole agricultural body, above labourers—how richly would it be compensated “by a considerable benefit to the great body of the people!” The well-being and comfort of the millions,

promoted at some small expense in wealth or luxury, to the thousands !

What is to ensure us this season (one more unfavourable than 1830-31) against the same disturbances which broke out then, and from the very same causes, which are stated by Mr Tooke to have been the high price of provisions, though the complaints were of the inadequateness of wages, which means the same thing in the long run—as learned economists truly tell us—though a poor man may perish while the abstract question is in course of adjustment? Let us here give one of Mr Tooke's maxims:—"According to all experience, whether within modern observation or recorded by history, it may be laid down as an established maxim, that labour is the last of the objects of exchange to rise in consequence of dearth or depreciation." So much for the labourers. Now for the farmers:—

That much farming capital has been lost by the pertinacity with which, in many instances, rents, calculated upon long periods of dearth, were maintained, after the return of abundance, and, its necessary consequence, cheapness, cannot admit of any reasonable doubt. But the most gross exaggeration has prevailed, in representing the farmers as being very generally in a greatly impoverished state. That many are so, where rents continue to be strained, may easily be supposed; but that they are generally so, may fairly be doubted—seeing the state of improved and improving cultivation; but more especially may it be questioned, upon the single fact of the large stocks of wheat held over of the crop of 1834.

In December 1835, wheat reached the lowest point of depression. It was about two-thirds cheaper then it is now, or not much less. It was 34s. 11d. for the Winchester quarter. Select Parliamentary Committees were instantly appointed by the Houses of landed legislators. Their proceedings were noticed in this Magazine at the time. They could not, by any art, make out a feasible case of distress. Mr Tooke says—

The tenor of the information elicited by these committees was little calculated to bear out the views of the persons who had moved for them. The consequence was, that no report could be agreed upon by either House; and the evidence only was laid upon the table of each House, and eventually published. It seems, however, that the chairman of the Commons' committee had prepared a report, which, not being palatable to the promoters of the ultra-agricultural claims, was negatived.

While prices were thus reasonable, owing to fruitful seasons, trade and manufactures were also brisk. Mr Tooke quotes the wages of cotton-spinners in 1833, which, in relation to the then prices of wheat and meat, certainly look high; but the foreign demand for cotton yarn, for some years back, makes the wages of this class of workers no fair criterion of general

wages; and this, besides, was the most prosperous time of the spinners. We may remark the singular fact, that from 1831 to 1837, no foreign wheat was entered, save 150,000 quarters, and even that in consequence of the miscalculation of certain speculators. There were, in succession, six productive years, in which the native agriculturists had a virtual monopoly, an exclusive trade in corn; and yet, in the middle of that period, they cried out distress, and obtained Parliamentary Committees, though they were unable, with all appliances and means, to make out a plausible story, when they had got them. No Corn-Bill, or tax, or restriction on the importation of agricultural produce, can keep up prices in favourable seasons, to the desired pitch, though it is undeniable that they do keep them up.

Surely something more must be done for poor farmers, as a protection against good seasons, against too much warmth and sunshine, in our cloudy, humid island, and harvests too superabundant. Mr Tooke has not formally discussed the Corn-Laws, as an element affecting prices; and he reckons them, it would appear, of little if of any account. In his general summing up, he considers the causes of the comparatively low range of prices from 1814 to 1837, to be, first, a succession of very favourable seasons. From 1818 only, in five seasons, was the produce deficient; and, while agriculture was much improved at home, the bad seasons had not extended over Europe, as was the case at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century. The reductions of freights and insurance, cheaper and more easy internal carriage, a rise of the foreign exchanges, the reduction in the price of all imported commodities, and of the rate of interest, with improvements in machinery, chemistry, and the arts in general, are, he conceives, enough to account satisfactorily for the lower prices, without, having recourse to the cessation of war-demand or the currency. As Mr Tooke's work appeared before the results of the last harvest could be known, we regret that we must go without the benefit of his opinion or speculations on the prospects of the opening year. Though gloomy apprehensions prevail, there were never more contradictory opinions afloat as to the relative productiveness of any harvest for forty years past.

We would recommend Mr Tooke's valuable work to all who are in pursuit of information upon the important subjects of which it treats; but especially to those who are mystified, perplexed, or wavering in their opinions on the currency question.

MRS TROLLOPE'S WIDOW BARNABY.*

Let us hope it may be something else than the mere corruption of human nature which makes us always relish the works of this shrewd and lively authoress best, when, as the Yankee book-seller phrased it, she "Trollopizes a bit." She is nothing if not satirical, or little more than the herd of ordinary fictionists; while, in her own peculiar walk of design, she approaches an H. B.

The Widow Barnaby's portraiture is no doubt exaggerated into extravagant caricature, despite which, we fear, there is strong, true, and staring resemblance. The Widow's coarse rouge, laid on as with a trowel, and her prodigality of false ringlets, do not more outrage nature than many traits of her character; yet the real woman is there: not that nature is ever chargeable with producing so thoroughly selfish, heartless, and audacious a piece of femininity, though a certain concurrence of circumstances does, in a vitiated society, tend to form female characters in many points strongly resembling that of Mrs Barnaby, with her low ambition, her paltry pride, her impudent and palpable dissimulation, her intense, mean selfishness, her brazen audacity, her cunning and quick wit, and her falsehoods, gross as the mother that bore them. The adventures of so odious a personage must be cleverly and skilfully managed to prevent fatigue and disgust in the reader, in spite of the constant efflux of the amusing or the broadly ludicrous. Without contrast and relief, it might not be easy to proceed far with the Widow Barnaby, as the key to her mean and vile character is obtained at once, instructively and divertingly as she is afterwards developed in many a well-imagined incident. The relief is found in the sentimental involvements and adventures of the widow's niece, Agnes Willeughby, a heroine of the shy, timid, and fascinating Evelina cast, with the beauty of an angel, the voice of a seraph, a fund of latent enthusiasm under the meekest, simplest guise, and the power of fascinating every creature that comes within the sphere of her varied attractions, save only the hard and brazen Barnaby. That matchless widow is, however, the true heroine of the piece, and we have neither eyes nor ears save for her.

Miss Martha Compton was the daughter of the curate, and the belle of the pretty town of Silverton, in Devonshire—a place which, during the war, was always blessed with the presence of a battalion of some infantry regiment. Balls, racketing, the mall in the morning, and eating queen-cakes and buns at the confectioner's, with flirtations, singing, the band, and such other diversions, were the order of every day; but one battalion followed another, while very few proposals were made, and the affectionate mother of Martha and her pretty sister Sophy was often sadly puzzled to obtain finery for "her dear girls." Wonderful were her shifts, more

wonderful her invention, though both quailed before the superior genius of her elder daughter—the strapping, bright-eyed, high-complexioned, bold-spirited belle of Silverton—the future "Widow Barnaby." The most brilliant ball that ever had been imagined was at hand, and the affectionate mother set off in a hot sun, to beg a few pounds, to equip her girls, from their little, crooked, stingy, and rich old maiden aunt, Miss Betsy; who would not come down one farthing, but sent her nieces advice, that, if their dresses were so dirty and trumpery as their mother said, they had better avoid disgrace by staying at home.

Mrs Compton was proud of her daughters, and anxious for their establishment; and by "her needle and her shears," and stinting in every necessary—substituting brown sugar for white, and eating dinners of tripe thrice a-week, and lowering the quality of the home-brewed—she made the very most of an income of less than £400, and so contrived to obtain glazed calico slips, and long white gloves, with carnations for her dark beauty, and lilies of the valley for the pale one, to an extent that must have astonished many mothers. But, in prospect of the great ball, she was completely nonplussed by the point-blank refusal of that "ram's-horn, little, ugly, skin-flint sister-in-law, Betsy." Martha had a scheme of her own. "If I were you, mother, I would go to Smith's shop at once, and tell him confidentially that I want a little more credit till Christmas, when all should be settled." That would not do. Smith already held a doubtful bill of the curate's for thirty pounds; Smith would not again be caught napping in money matters;—and this produced Martha's debut as an intrepid swindler, keeping, however, without touch of the law. She sallied forth; repaired to that part of the little town where belles did most frequent, and red-coats congregate, in quest of Captain Tate, from whom she had parted only a half hour before.

Nor did she long wish in vain. When her tall person, straight ankles, and flashing eyes first entered upon the "High Street Parade," Captain Tate was swallowing the fourth spoonful of a raspberry ice; but, ere she had reached the middle of it, he was by her side.

"Oh! Captain Tate!" she exclaimed, with heightened colour and brightened eyes, "I did not expect to see you again this morning. I thought, for certain, you would be riding with the colonel, or the major, or some of them."

"Ah! Miss Martha! you don't know what it is to be ordered from quarters where—you don't know what it is to be torn heart and soul and body asunder, as I shall be in a few days—or you would not fancy one should be riding out of town, as long as one had the power of staying in it!"

"Oh, dear!—you won't mind it, I'm sure—you will like Plymouth quite as well—or perhaps better than you do Silverton:—we shall all remember you longer than you will remember us."

"Do not say so!—do not say so!—beautiful Martha!—you cannot think it."

"I'm sure I do," responded the young lady, with a very distinct sigh.

* London: Bentley. 3 vols.

It was exceedingly wrong in Captain Tate (yet all his family and intimate friends declared that he was as worthy a fellow as ever lived)—it was exceedingly wrong in him to offer his arm to Miss Martha the moment he heard this sigh: for in fact he was engaged to be married to his cousin, and the marriage ceremony was only deferred till he should be gazetted as a major; yet he scrupled not, as I have related, to offer his arm, saying, in a very soft and even tender accent—

"I know it is not the etiquette of dear, quiet little Silvertown, for the officers to offer their arms to the young ladies; but just at the last—at such a moment as this, not even the Lord Mayor of the town himself could think it wrong."

This reasoning seemed quite satisfactory; for Miss Martha's arm was immediately placed within his.

In this order they reached Smith's shop. Miss Martha took effectual care to shew that destined victim the terms on which she was with the stylish-looking officer, while she whispered of mull-muslin, and said, with an air of laughing embarrassment, and withdrawing her arm—

"Upon my word and honour, you must go, Captain Tate—I can no more buy anything while you stand talking to me than I can fly."

"Did not you promise me?" said the Captain, reproachfully, and not knowing what in the world to do with himself till it was time to dress.

"Yes, I know I did," she replied; "but the truth is," and she pressed both her hands upon her heart, and shook her head—"the thing is impossible. You must leave me, indeed!—we shall meet to-night at the Major's, you know—farewell!" and she stretched out her hand to him with a smile full of tender meaning.

The Captain looked rather puzzled, but fervently pressed her hand, and, saying "*Au revoir* then!" left the shop. The young lady looked after him for a moment, and then, turning to Mr Smith, with a look, a sigh, and a smile, not at all likely to be misunderstood, said—

"I suppose, Mr Smith, you have heard the news about me? There never was such a place for gossip as Silvertown."

And now Miss Martha became confidential with Smith. He saw how things stood. She wanted a few articles, on her own account, at this particular crisis, and Smith, careful tradesman as he was, could not resist a bride's appeal. "Was there ever such a girl!" cried her mother; and the Misses Compton were decidedly the best-dressed young ladies at the ball. Martha danced the last dance with Captain Tate, and the regiment marched for Exeter next morning. What could Smith do? She had been betrayed, jilted, monstrously used; but, after Martha had flirted with the officers of many other regiments, he was paid at last; for the handsome Miss Compton, now turned of thirty, deigned to accept the addresses of Mr Barnaby, the apothecary of Silvertown; and had, indeed, almost persuaded herself that it was nearly as good a thing to marry a middle-aged, country apothecary with a good house and a good income, as a beautiful young officer. In her maidenhood Smith had fought shy; but the lady of Mr Barnaby might now have had all the goods in his shop. Her feathers and frills were nowadays no sooner seen approaching any counter than all eyes and arms were in motion to serve Mrs Barnaby.

Any bride might have found matter for rejoicing in such a change; but few could have felt it so keenly as Mrs Barnaby. She was by nature both proud and ambitious, and her personal vanity, though sufficiently strong within her to form rather a conspicuous feature

in her character, was, in truth, only a sort of petted imp that acted as an agent to assist in forwarding the hopes and wishes which her pride and ambition formed. . . . Mrs Barnaby burned with ambition to find herself in a situation that might authorize her giving herself the airs of a great lady; and her pride would have found all the gratification it sought, could she have been sure that her house and her dress would be daily cited among her acquaintance as more costly than their own.

Mrs Barnaby had, moreover, a fine natural genius for stratagem and manœuvring, which made her aim at accomplishing her objects by any means save the simple and natural.

Her bridal triumphs and little parties were cut short by the death of her mother, whose illness, of a whole week, proved rather troublesome to her daughter's excessive sensibility; and though it "was a blessing," and "a happy release," Mrs Barnaby also knew that mournings never became her, and that her white satin and silver fringe would be yellow before she could wear them again. Her father, the henpecked curate, followed next, and then, suddenly, "dear Barnaby," a worthy, kind-hearted man, who had been fond of his bride, who, though no longer so slender and delicate as she had once been, looked, with a slight tinge of rouge, giving brilliancy to her eyes, almost as handsome as ever; while the total absence of *mauvaise honte*, peculiar to the experienced belle of a well-officered country town, had enabled her to preside at his supper parties, and act her part as bride, with a brilliancy which he had felt truly fascinating. He was, indeed, as his widow declared, "a perfect model of a husband," and made "such a fuss about her"—"quite spoiled her." Mrs Barnaby was really sorry for the death of her husband; and, between the death and interment, wept often, and with little or no effort; but she was not a woman long to despise the goods the gods provided. She was left sole executrix and legatee; and, proud and happy as she thought of her independence and wealth, she resolved to make good and immediate use of both. Never had her temper been so amiably placid, so caressingly kind, as in the first month of her widowhood; and, while she lamented her "dear lost Barnaby," she vowed to be a mother to his adopted child, the orphan daughter of her own sister, Sophy. The girl had been educated in a respectable clergyman's family, at the expense of that "little, crooked, miserly monster," Aunt Betsy. It was solely for the sake of her dear niece, Agnes, that Mrs Barnaby resolved to give up "the tranquil consolations of retirement," to go out into the world, *yea*, to lay aside her weeds, and introduce her niece into society in the manner she was entitled to expect. Agnes was sincere and straight-forward, yet she knew she must not give voice to the thought—"Pray don't pretend to lay aside your weeds for me; I don't believe you half so sorry for *uncle Barnaby's* death as I am;" and she only said "You are very kind, aunt."

By managing the young man who wished to succeed to "dear Barnaby's" business, the clever widow contrived to realize an income of £4

a-year from funded property—a handsome, if not large income—"which, with my person, if properly made use of, may lead to all I wish." She was resolved to marry high and fashionably, and to marry soon; and for neither was Silverton the proper place, nor her hatefully unbecoming weeds the proper dress. Dear Barnaby had a sister, Mrs Peters, moving in genteel life at Clifton; but it was impossible to appear at Clifton until the proper time for "lilacs and greys" had arrived. She, therefore, fixed on Exeter as her place of coming-out, but by no means of residence. She engaged as a "my maid" a gawky, charity-school girl, recommended by her great height, whose name of Betty Jacks she changed to Jerningham. Herself and Agnes inside the stage-coach, and "my maid" on the top, travelled forthwith to Exeter, where she endeavoured to astonish the head-waiter and chamber-maid of the hotel, by acting the part of "a real grand lady;" but the thing would not take. Smart Mrs Tompkins' first floor-lodging was secured, with a garret for Jerningham, for three months; by which time Widow Barnaby had resolved to leave off both greys and lavender. She knew not a soul in Exeter; yet was determined to make her way into its *beau monde*—not, indeed, as an apothecary's widow. To her landlady she told that her name was

"Barnaby!" with an emphasis that gave much dignity to the name. "I am the widow of a gentleman of large fortune in the neighbourhood of Silverton, and finding the scene of my lost happiness too oppressive to my spirits, I am come to Exeter with my niece, and only one lady's-maid to wait upon us both, that I may quietly pass a few months in comparative retirement before I join my family and friends in the country, as their rank and fortune naturally lead them into more gaiety than I should at present like to share."

Once rid of her "nasty gown and hideous cap," she had no fears; and she disdained all Silverton introductions.

"There can be no use, Mrs Tompkins," said the doleful widow, "do you think there can—in my going on wearing this dismal dress, that almost breaks my heart every time I look at myself?—It is very nearly six months now since my dear Mr Barnaby died, and I believe people of fashion never wear first mourning longer." Mr Barnaby, however, had been alive and well exactly three months after the period named by his widow as that of his death; and that, too, Mrs Tompkins knew as well as she did; but Mrs Tompkins's sister was a milliner, and family affection being stronger within her than any abstract love of propriety, she decidedly voted for laying aside the weeds immediately, there being "no yearly rent," as she well observed, "in any woman's going on breaking her heart by looking at herself in the glass." So the sister was sent for, and after a long consultation in the widow's bed-room, it was decided that the following Sunday should send her to the cathedral in a black silk dress, with lavender-coloured bonnet, fichu, gloves, mûcle, and so forth.

Some reason was yet to be given to Agnes for this breach of decorum; and the widow declared that, though mourning suited her niece very well, the sight of it on herself made her perfectly wretched. Thank God! no one in Exeter knew her; and it was like rebellion against the arrangements of Providence to punish herself with weeds.

"The dress of a widow is indeed very sad to look upon; no one can doubt that, Aunt Barnaby."

"Good Heaven!—then you also suffer from the sight of it, my poor child!—Poor dear Agnes! I ought to have thought of this before;—but I will wound your young heart no longer. This week shall end a suffering so heavy, and so unnecessary for us both; and I trust you will never forget what you owe me."

The widow kept her word, and was soon seen flaring-up in all the colours of the rainbow. It was a maxim with Mrs Barnaby, that *nothing* makes so great a difference in a lady's dress "as a profusion of good work;" so, when not parading the streets, or shewing off her finery in church, as Agnes could not do satin-stitch, her education having been, in this accomplishment, entirely neglected, the widow plied her own needle on collars, and cuffs, and pocket-handkerchiefs.

Agnes, in her weary existence, durst not speak of the hire of a piano-forte; but she took courage one day to ask if she might not go on with her French and Italian, while her aunt was at work. She was afraid, she said, that she might forget all she had learned.

"I am sure I hope not, and it will be very stupid and very wicked of you, Agnes, if you do. Your teaching is all we ever got out of that hunch-backed Jesabel of an aunt; and you must always recollect, you know, that it is very possible you may have to look to this as your only means of support. I am sure I am excessively fond of you, I may say passionately attached to you—it is quite impossible you can ever deny that; but yet we must neither of us ever forget that it is likely enough I may marry again, and have a family; and in that case, my dear, much as I love you, (and my disposition is uncommonly affectionate,) it will be my bounden duty to think of my husband and children, which would probably make it necessary for you to go out as a governess or teacher at a school. . . . I must say it was a most abominable shame in that Mrs Wilmot not to teach you satin-stitch, which, after all, is the only really lady-like way in which a young woman can assist in maintaining herself. Just look at this collar, Agnes;—the muslin did not cost sixpence—certainly not more than sixpence, and I'd venture to say that I could not get the fellow of it in any shop in Exeter for two guineas.—It is long before French, or Italian either, will bring such a per-centage as that."

The three months allotted to the intermediate state of Exeter, wore away, and Mrs Barnaby had made no acquaintances, save her dress-maker. But her wardrobe, her embroidery, were all ready for display at Clifton; and Betty Jacks, alias Jerningham, with her mistress's cast finery, and her two pounds a-year of wages, had learned to *iron out* tumbled dresses, and look like a disreputable young woman. Before the widow made her next grand move, an elaborate epistle was indited to her "dear unknown sister Margaret," her "lost Barnaby's" sister, whose friendship was her only glimpse of earthly comfort.

"My lost Barnaby's sister! Beloved Margaret! So let me call you, for so have I been used to hear you called by HIM! Beloved Margaret! Let me hope that from you, and your charming family, I shall find the sympathy and affection I so greatly need."

"Your admirable brother—my lost but never-to-be-forgotten husband—was as successful as he deserved to be in the profession of which he was the highest ornament, and left an ample fortune—the whole of which, as you know, he bequeathed to me with a confidence and liberality well befitting the perfect, the matchless love

which united us. But, alas! my sister, Providence denied us a pledge of this tender love; and where, then, can I so naturally look for the ultimate possessors of his noble fortune as amongst your family? I have one young niece, still almost a child, whom I shall bring with me to Clifton. But, though I am passionately attached to her, my sense of justice is too strong to permit my ever suffering her claims to interfere with those more justly founded. When we become better acquainted, my dearest Margaret, you will find that this sense of what is right is the rule and guide of all my actions; and I trust you will feel it to be a proof of this, that my style and manner of living are greatly within my means. In fact, I never cease to remember, dear sister, that, though the widow of my poor Barnaby, I am the daughter of the well-born but most unfortunate clergyman of Silverton, who was obliged to sell his long-descended estate in consequence of the treachery of a friend who ruined him. Thus, while the high blood which flows in my veins teaches me to do what is honourable, the unexpected poverty which fell upon my own family makes me feel that there is more real dignity in living with economy, than in spending what my confiding husband left at my disposal, and thus putting it out of my power to increase it for the benefit of his natural heirs.

"This will, I hope, explain to you satisfactorily my not travelling with my own carriage, and my having no other retinue than one lady's-maid. Alas! it is not in pomp or parade that a truly widowed heart can find consolation!

"Let me hear from you, my dear sister, and have the kindness to tell me where you think I had better drive, on arriving at Clifton."

The reader now begins to have a notion of Widow Barnaby. Simple Mr Peters, a wealthy Bristol clothier, was enchanted; while his shrewd, lively little lady read the epistle, and saw the whole case at a glance. The letter was canvassed at the breakfast-table, by an amiable and well-bred set of young people, after it had been read aloud by the son, who, as he proceeded very demurely, often sent laughing glances to his mother.

"That's an aunt worth having, isn't it?" said old Peters, standing up, and taking his favourite station on the hearth-rug, with his back to the grate, though no fire was in it.—"Now I hope we shall have no airs and graces, because she comes from a remote part of the country, but that you will one and all do your best to make her see that you are worthy of her favour."

"I will do all I can to shew myself a dutiful and observant nephew.—But don't you think, sir, that 'the lady doth protest too much'?"

"Oh! but she'll keep her word," replied his mother, laughing.

"Keep her word?—to be sure she will, poor lady! She is broken-hearted and broken-spirited, as it's easy to see by her letter," observed the worthy Mr Peters; "and I do hope, wife, that you will be very kind to her."

"And where shall I tell her to drive, Mr Peters?"

"To the York Hotel, my dear, I should think."

"Do you know that I rather fancy she expects we should ask her to come here?"

"No!—Well, that did not strike me. Let me see the letter again.—But it's no matter; whether she does or does not, it may be quite as well to do it;—and she says she likes to save her money, poor thing."

The father and son then set off to walk to Bristol, and Mrs Peters and her three daughters were left to sit in judgment on the letter, and then to answer it.

Mrs Barnaby cunningly put away all her greys, lavenders, and pink-whites on her first appearance before "Beloved Margaret."

"My life passes, Agnes, in a constant watchfulness of the feelings of others.—It was for your sake, dear girl, that I so early put off this sad attire, and the fear of wounding the feelings of my dear sister-in-law now in-

duces me to resume it, for a few days at least, that she may feel I come to find my first consolation from her!"

"Shew me to my sister!" said the widow, as soon as she had counted all her own packages; and with a cambric handkerchief, without an atom of embroidery, in her hand, her voice ready to falter, her knees to tremble, and her tears to flow, she followed the servant up stairs.

Mrs Peters came very decorously forward to meet her, but she was, perhaps, hardly prepared for the very long embrace in which her unknown sister held her. Mrs Peters was a very little woman, and was almost lost to sight in the arms and the draperies of the widow; but when at last she was permitted to emerge, Agnes was cheered and greatly comforted by the pleasing reception she gave her."

Mrs Peters shewed her sister-in-law to the door of her chamber at the hour of retiring, but was not permitted to escape without another sisterly embrace, and being held by the hand until the widow delivered a very long speech, ending thus:—

"I so much wish you to understand me, dearest sister!—I so long to have my heart appreciated by you!—Step in for one moment, will you?"—And the request was seconded by a gentle pulling, which sufficed to bring the imprisoned Mrs Peters safely within the door.—"I cannot part with you till I have explained a movement—a rush of sentiment I may call it—that has come upon me since I entered this dear dwelling. The time is come, is fully come, you know, when fashion dictates the laying aside this garb of woe; and as my excellent mother brought me up in all things respectfully to follow the usages of society, I have been struggling to do so in the present instance, and have actually already furnished myself with a needful change of apparel—never yet, however, dearest Margaret!"—and here she pressed her handkerchief to the eyes—"never yet have I had the courage to wear it. But, thank Heaven! I now feel strengthened, and when we meet to-morrow you shall see the influence the sight of you and your dear family has had upon me. And now, good night, my sister!—I will detain you no longer; but do explain to your charming family, dear Margaret! how this sudden change in my appearance has been wrought.—Good night! But where is Agnes?—Poor love! she will not sleep, even in your elegant mansion, till she has received my parting kiss. She perfectly dotes upon me!—Will you have the kindness to let her be sent to me?"

Next morning Jerningham underwent a strict catechising about the *style* of the family. There was a footman to be sure, and also a coachman, and a world of maids, and everything elegant.

"I dare say it is, Jerningham; and you must be very careful to keep up your own consequence, and mine too, in such a house as this. You understand me, Jerningham: I have already, you remember, given you some hints. You have not forgotten, I hope?"

"No, that I haven't, ma'am," replied the girl; "and—I mean to tell 'em"—But looking at Agnes, she stopped short, as it seemed, because she was there.

"Very well, that's quite right, and I'll give you these gloves of mine. Mend them neatly to-morrow morning, and never be seen to go out without gloves, Jerningham."

Observe, Agnes, I have explained to my sister all my feelings about my mourning, and you must take care to let the young people understand that you keep on with crape and bombasin some time longer, because you like it best.—And, by-the-by, I may as well tell you at once, my dear, that as you look so particularly well in deep mourning, and are so fond of wearing it, you had better not think of a change for some time to come. I am sorry to tell you, my dear, that I find everything as I come up the country a vast deal indeed dearer than I expected, and therefore it will be absolutely necessary to save every penny I can. Now the fact is, that my mourning has been taken so much care of, and altogether so little worn, that the best gown is very nearly as

good as new, and the worst has still a deal of wear left in it. So, I think the best thing we can do, Agnes, is to have both of them made up to fit you, that is, when your own are quite worn out;—and my bonnets, too, if I can teach Jerningham to wash the crape nicely in a little small beer, they will come out looking quite like new,—and they are so becoming to you!—and, in this way you see, my dear, a great many pounds may be saved.”

“Thank you, aunt,” meekly replied Agnes.

“Well, there’s a good girl; go to bed now, and be sure to make the young ladies understand that you go on with crape and bombasin because you like it.”

And so poor Agnes goes on, until her deliverance comes, to wear her generous aunt’s cast-off mourning, because it so particularly became her, and she had such a fancy, her aunt affirmed, to go in black. The clever, impetuous, and sincere little Mrs Peters contrived to get rid of her gigantic painted and plumaged sister-in-law next morning, and Widow Barnaby settled in pretty lodgings, where there was a closet in which Agnes—dear privilege!—could be alone. “For her niece’s sake” Mrs Barnaby subscribed to the library, and went to balls; and, with the occasional use of the Peters’ carriage, and Mrs Peters’ fashion and knowledge of life, fancied she had opened the Clifton campaign with great advantage. Her first promenade—taken with Elizabeth Peters, who, unlike her sisters, persisted in believing “Aunt Barnaby” a good kind of person, who meant to leave them her great fortune, and to whom they were very ungrateful—shewed her a gentleman, “tall, stout, gaily dressed, fully moustached, and with an eye that looked as if accustomed to active service in reconnoitering all things.” He bowed to Miss Peters. He was Major Allen, and the Widow declared him, “upon her honour,” a very fine, fashionable man. He kept, she learned from Miss Peters, a horse and groom, was no dancer, but played cards. “Then of course he cannot be a poor man,” said Widow Barnaby, who was disposed to lose no time. Nor was the bold and dashing Major Allen at all indifferent, though he liked to be sure. Mrs Barnaby having dipped deep in the books of a remarkably well-bred, obliging milliner, appeared at her first ball in much grander style than she had ever appeared before. Her blonde, her rouge, her feathers, her ringlets, and her scarf of real French blonde, cost hours in arranging, while poor Agnes looked, in five minutes, like an angel, in a crape robe, fashioned, by her own taste and industry, out of the widow’s old flounces. At the ball, the dashing Major Allen managed to have a little conversation with simple Elizabeth Peters, while she was separated by an accident from her party:—

“Good evening, Miss Elizabeth. You are just arrived, I presume. An excellent ball, is it not? I told you it would be. What an exceedingly fine woman your aunt is, Miss Peters! It is your aunt, I think?”

“Yes, our aunt, certainly; the widow of my mother’s brother, Major Allen.”

“Ay, I understood she was your aunt. She is a woman of large fortune, I hear?”

“Yes, very large fortune.”

“But she is in lodgings, is she not? She does not seem to have taken the whole house.”

“Oh, no; only quite small lodgings: but she does not spend the third of her income, nor near it.”

“Really?—then, I suppose, handsome as she is, that she is a little in the skin-flint line, eh?” and here the Major shewed his horse-like teeth by a laugh.

The Major put several more fishing questions. The property of the widow he ascertained was real, not income. He contrived to be introduced, and got the widow, with small difficulty, to allow him to make up a card-table. She protested prettily against high play—but, “at the table, Major Allen should have the honour of forming for Mrs Barnaby, the stakes were to be of her own fixing.”

“Ah! sure a pair were never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature,”

said the lively little Mrs Peters, as he led off the widow. And, as they gently won their way, thus they talked—

“And what may be the stake Mrs Barnaby permits herself?” said the Major, bending forward to look into the widow’s eyes.

“Very low, I assure you, Major!” replied the lady, with a wave of the head that sent her plumes to brush the hirsute magnificence of his face.

“Shorts and crown points, perhaps?” rejoined the Major, agreeably refreshed by the delicate fanning he had received.

“Oh, fie, Major! How can you suspect me of such extravagance? No, believe me, I know too well how to use the blessings of wealth to abuse them by playing so high as that. But, I believe, gentlemen think that nothing?”

“Why, no, my dear madam, I cannot say that men—that is, men of a certain fashion and fortune—think much of crown points. For my own part, I detest gambling, though I love whist, and never care how low I play—though, occasionally, when I get into a certain set, I am obliged to give way a little; but I never exceed five-pound points, and twenty on the rubber.”

Widow Barnaby was not to be easily done. She was the Major’s match, yet not, as it proved, a match for the Major. By means of Jerningham—fee’d with “the cap I wore yesterday, with the pink ribbons”—she instituted a prudent inquiry as to the means, fortune, and prospects of handsome Major Allen. They were ample, noble. William, his groom, vouched for it; and the Major soon afterwards related to the widow his own strange eventful history; while, in return, Mrs Barnaby gave him the tender confidence of her lonely heart, on the very day following the ball. On that happy morning, he did not arrive till the widow—properly dressed and set out, her pink-lined work-box open, and her album and her annuals displayed—had for three full minutes expected him:—

“I need not ask my charming Mrs Barnaby how she rested after her ball. Eyes do not sparkle thus, unless they have been blessed with sleep.” And the lady’s hand was taken, bowed upon, and the tips of her fingers kissed, before she had quite recovered the soft embarrassment his entrance had occasioned.

“You are very kind to call upon me, Major Allen. Do sit down! I live as yet, comparatively, in great retirement; for, during Mr Barnaby’s lifetime, we saw an immense deal of company—that old-fashioned sort of country visiting, you know, that never leaves one’s house empty. I could not stand it when I was left alone; and that was the reason I left my beautiful place.”

“Siverton or Silvertown Park, was it not? I think I have heard of it.”

“Yes, Silvertown. And do you know, Major, that the remembrance of all that racket and gaiety was so oppressive to my nerves, during the first months of my widow-

hood, that I threw off everything that reminded me of it—sold my carriages and horses—let my place—turned off all my servants—and, positively, when I set off for this place in order to see my sister Peters and her family, I knew not if I should ever have strength or spirits to enter into general society again."

"Thank God, dearest madam, that you have made the effort! Though the hardened and war-worn nature of man cannot melt with all the softness of yours, there is yet within us a chord that may be made to vibrate in sympathy when words of true feeling reach it! How well I understood your feelings! and how difficult it is not to envy, even in death, the being who has left such a remembrance behind! But we must not dwell on this. Tell me, dear Mrs Barnaby—tell, as to a friend who understands and appreciates you, do you regret the having left your elegant retirement? Or do you feel, as I trust you do, that Providence has not gifted you so singularly for nothing? Do you feel that your fellow-creatures have a claim upon you, and that it ought not to be in secret and in solitude that the hours of such a being should be spent? Tell me, do you feel this?"

"Alas! Major Allen, there is so much weakness in the heart of a woman, that she is hardly sure for many days together how she ought to feel. We are all impulse, all soul, all sentiment; and our destiny must ever depend upon the friends we meet in our passage through this thorny world."

"Beautiful idea! Where is the poet that has more sweetly painted the female heart? And what a study it offers when such a heart is thrown open to one! Good God! to see a creature so formed for enjoyment—so beaming with innocent cheerfulness—so rich in the power of conferring happiness wherever she deigns to smile—to see such a being turn weeping and alone from her hospitable halls, and from all the pomp and splendour that others cling to! What a spectacle! Have you no lingering regret, dearest lady, for having left your charming mansion?"

"Perhaps there are moments—or rather, I should say, perhaps there have been moments—when something of the kind has crossed me. But if I had not disposed of my place I should never have seen Clifton. My spirits wanted the change, and I feel already better in this delightful air. But, I confess, I do regret having sold my beautiful greys. I shall never meet any I like so well again."

"A set, were they?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Four greys—and all well matched?"

"Perfectly! Poor Mr Barnaby took so much pains about it. It was his delight to please me. I ought not to have sold them."

"It was a pity!" said the kind Major, with a sigh.

"Don't talk about it, Major Allen!" And here one of the widow's most curiously embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, delightfully scented with musk, was lightly and carefully applied to her eyes.

This is quite enough. We touch not on the Major's romantic Spanish adventures. The loves so auspiciously begun, flourished more and more, until one day, in badinage, the enamoured Major, being, lover-like, doubtful of his happiness, and wishing to make assurance doubly sure, pleaded for a written promise of the felicity already a million times pledged. The widow playfully demanded a similar proof of eternal fidelity, which was frankly and gallantly accorded. Late, very late, one night soon after this, when Mrs Barnaby returned from a party at the Peterses, who, detesting her bold vulgarity and audacious pretensions, were yet compelled to invite her for the sake of pretty Agnes, Jerningham was found from home—that favourite "my maid," whose talents for flattering and espionage now made

her a person of consequence with her mistress. Hours passed, Jerningham did not appear, and Mrs Barnaby discovered that she had been robbed—her money, her forks, her spoons, her cream-jug, and mustard-pot!—ruined, robbed!

Mr Peters found that the delinquents were Jerningham and William, Major Allen's groom; and, horror of horrors! the officers also dragged forward before Widow Barnaby and the bench of magistrates, not indeed Major Allen, but his faithful friend, Captain Maintry, he who had told her of Allen's large estates in Yorkshire, and who was found to be the accomplice of William, the groom, in the robbery. Horror of horrors! The widow recovered her money, her forks, and spoons; but how was she to get back that fatal promise of marriage, which the gallant Major, now at Bath, had safely in his possession? At the worst, she was not so foolish as to expose herself. When her business before the Bristol magistrates was done—

Mr Peters offered his arm to lead her out, and, with a dash of honest triumph at having so ably managed matters, said, "Well, madam, I hope you are pleased with the termination of this business?"

What a question for Mrs Barnaby to answer! Pleased! Was she pleased? Pleased at having every reason in the world to believe that she had given a promise of marriage to the friend and associate of a common thief! But the spirit of the widow did not forsake her; and, after one little hysterical gasp, she replied by uttering a thousand thanks, and a million assurances that nothing could possibly be more satisfactory.

At Bath, the Major, who could be very frank with his particular friends and associates in certain little matters, was one evening boasting of his late conquest—"Mrs Barnaby of *Silverton Park*." A young man present knew very well Mrs Barnaby, the widow of the Silverton apothecary. The Major took alarm. The park, the four beautiful greys had vanished, and he did not give himself time to reflect if anything solid remained behind them.

To say the truth, he rated his own price in the matrimonial market rather highly—had great faith in the power of his height and fashionable *tournure*, and confidence unbounded in his large eyes and *collier Grec*. It is true, indeed, that he had failed more than once, and that, too, "when the fair cause of all his pain" had given him great reason to believe that she admired him much; nevertheless, his self-approval was in no degree lessened thereby, nor was it likely to be so long as he could oil and trim his redundant whiskers without discovering a grey hair in them.

How was he to get back the promise of marriage? It was the very idea which occupied the widow; and the thing was managed in an admirably comic scene. Mrs Barnaby vowed that he might have shewn, given, her weak, fond, promise, in jest, to some rival.

"Good Heaven!" he replied, "what a moment have you chosen for the expression of this cruel suspicion! I was on the very verge of telling you that I had deemed such a promise unworthy a love so pure, so perfect as ours; and, therefore, if you would indulge my fond desire, you would let each of us receive our promise back again."

The Major was really and truly in a state of the most violent perturbation as he uttered these words, fearing that the fond and jealous widow might suspect the truth, and hold his pledge with a tenacity beyond his power to conquer. He had, however, no sooner spoken, than a

smile of irrepressible delight banished the frowns in which she had dressed herself; and she uttered, in a voice of the most unaffected satisfaction, "If you will really do that, Major Allen, I can't suspect any longer, you know, that you have given mine to any one else."

"Assuredly not, most beautiful angel!" cried the delighted lover; "thus, then, let us give back these paper ties, and be bound only by!"

The widow stretched out her hand for the document which he had already taken from his pocket-book; but to yield this, though he had no wish to keep it, was not the object nearest his heart; holding it, therefore, playfully above his head, he said, "Let not one of us, dearest, seem more ready than the other in this act of mutual confidence!—give mine with one hand as you receive your own with the other."

"Now, then!" said Mrs Barnaby, eagerly extending both her hands, in order at once to give and take.

"Now, then!" replied the Major joyously, imitating her action; and the next instant each had seized the paper held by the other with an avidity greatly resembling that with which a zealous player pounces upon the king when she has the ace in hand at "shorts."

"Now, Mrs Barnaby, I will wish you good morning," said the gentleman, bowing low as he tore the little document to atoms. "I have been fortunate enough, since I last enjoyed the happiness of seeing you, to discover the exact locality of Silverton Park, and the precise pedigree of your beautiful greys."

The equanimity of the widow was shaken for a moment, but no longer; she, too, had been doing her best to annihilate the precious morsel of paper; and, rising majestically, she scattered the fragments on the ground, saying, in a tone at least as triumphant as his own, "And I, Major Allen, or whatever else your name may chance to be, have, since last I had the felicity of seeing you, enjoyed the edifying spectacle of beholding your friend Captain Maintry, alias Purdham, in the hands of justice, for assisting your faithful servant William in breaking open my boxes and robbing me. Should the circumstance be still unknown to you, I fear you may be disappointed to hear that both my money and plate have been recovered. There may be some fanciful difference between Silverton Park and a snug property at Silverton; but I rather suspect that, of the two, I have gained most by our morning's work. Farewell, sir! If you will take my advice, you will not continue much longer in Clifton. I may feel myself called upon to hint to the magistrates that it might assist the ends of justice if you were taken up and examined as an accomplice in this affair."

The lady had decidedly the best of it, as ladies always should have.

From the time of Major Allen's perfidy, Bristol and all that it contained of "nasty, vulgar, and merchandizing," became hateful to the Widow. She had been bound over to prosecute Betty Jacks, which she felt would be awkward and inconvenient. For this and other good reasons, she resolved to shift the scene to Cheltenham, to take higher ground, to dash out, to give parties, which the unexpected discovery that Agnes had a superb voice, would be sure to render fashionable and attractive. Instead of the lost Jeringham, she resolved to engage a tiger; and Agnes, besides being *prima donna* at the musical parties, which were to bring all "the best men" to the feet of the widow, was to perform the part of lady's maid.

Behold the widow installed in a boarding-house at Cheltenham, with a separate drawing-room and a tiger, waited upon by the medical men, and compelling Agnes, who, she affirmed, was very bilious, to drink the nauseous waters that she might have an excuse for shewing her own person and morning dresses at the pump-

room and promenade, without swallowing the bitter draught herself. In the boarding house, Mrs Barnaby made the acquaintance of an exceedingly obliging Miss Morrison, an old maiden, and a regular visiter to Cheltenham, who was up to everything, in customs, manners, and characters belonging to the town, and who, the widow having first confessed, in strict confidence, that she did wish to change her state, gave her a *catalogue raisonnée* of the most eligible marriageable men of the season, with the best idea of their rents and expectancies which her industry could obtain. Mrs Barnaby assured her dear new friend that it was not for fortune she wished to marry, her own being amply sufficient for every luxury.

"But a widowed heart, my dear Miss Morrison—a widowed heart is a heavy load to bear, where the temper, like mine, is full of the softest sensibility and all the tenderest affections. Therefore, as I said, it is my wish to marry again; but God forbid I should be weak and wicked enough to do so in any way unbecoming my station in society—a station to which I have every right, as well from birth as fortune. No attachment, however strong, will ever induce me to forget what I owe to my family and to the world; and unless circumstances shall enable me rather to raise than debase myself in society, I will never, whatever my feelings may be, permit myself to marry at all."

Widow Barnaby's first great conquest was made in the sale-room. It was a flight beyond all her former imaginings. The wit of the auctioneer had afforded her an opportunity of being so energetic and animated that more than one eye-glass was levelled at the dashing newcomer; and—

The more the gentlemen and ladies looked at her, the more Mrs Barnaby talked and laughed; the more the gentlemen and ladies looked at her. Flattered, fluttered, and delighted beyond measure, the eyes of the widow wandered to every quarter of the room; and, for some time, every quarter of the room appeared equally interesting to her; but at length her attention was attracted by the almost fixed stare of an individual who stood in the midst of a knot of gentlemen at some distance, but nearly opposite to the place she occupied.

"Can you tell me, sir, who that tall, stout gentleman is in the green frock-coat, with lace and tassels? That one who is looking this way with an eye-glass?"

"The gentleman with red hair?" returned Mr Patterson, to whom the question was addressed.

"Yes, that one, rather sandy, but a very fine-looking man."

"That is Lord Mucklebury, Mrs Barnaby. He is a great amateur of beauty; and, upon my word, he seems exceedingly taken with some fair object or other in this part of the room."

The sight of land after a long voyage is delightful; rest is delightful after labour, food after fasting; but it may be doubted if either of these joys could bear comparison with the emotion that now swelled the bosom of Mrs Barnaby. This was the first time, to the best of her knowledge and belief, that she had ever been looked at by a lord at all—and what a look it was!

One proof of the youthful freshness of her emotion was the very naive manner in which it was betrayed. She could not sit still; her eyes rose and fell, her head turned and twisted, her reticule opened and shut; and the happy man who set all this going must have had much less experience than my Lord Mucklebury, if he had not immediately perceived the effect of himself and his eye-glass.

"Singleton," said his Lordship to his ever-

useful friend, Captain Singleton, "go and find out who that great woman is, in the green satin and pink feathers." The person interrogated by Captain Singleton, was so provoking as not to know.—"Gracious heaven! how provoking!" murmured Widow Barnaby; "he will leave the room without finding out my name." The unsuccessful messenger returned, and, for a few minutes more, the amused Peer continued his fascinating gaze.

And then, giving a signal with his eye to Singleton, that it was his pleasure to move, that active personage cleared the way before him; and the fat viscount, with his hands in his waistcoat-pockets, stalked out of the room, but not without turning his head, and giving one bold, final, open-eyed, steady look at the agitated widow.

"That man is my fate!" she softly whispered to her soul, as the last frog on the hinder part of his coat has passed from her eye.

They next met at a ball, where Lord Mucklebury, after staring at the widow with marked impertinence, begged to be presented, and forthwith placed himself on the sofa beside her, where, for full twenty minutes, he talked in a style which lapped her in Elysium. He then joined a group of fashionable men, who stood in a corner, quizzing the company, after the approved good custom of many high-bred persons. "Who and what is she, in God's name?" said one.

"Who is she? Barnaby! Bless her!—Miss Barnaby! What is she? A widow—darling creature! A widow, fair, fat, and forty—most fat!—most fair! and, oh! a pigeon, a dove, a very turtle-dove for kindness!"

"She is really handsome, though; isn't she, Mucklebury?" said one.

"Yes, upon my soul she is!" replied the Viscount more seriously, "and bears looking at too remarkably well, notwithstanding the pot-full of coarse rouge that it pleases her to carry about on each of her beautiful cheeks. . . . The history of our loves was in this wise. It is said of me—I know not how truly—that my taste in beauty tends somewhat towards the Blowzabella order. Be this as it may, it is certain that yesterday morning, between the hours of two and three, being actively employed for the good of myself and my country in Johnson's sale-room, I felt myself penetrated, perforated, pierced, and transfixed by the very bright eyes of this remarkable lady; whereupon, overpowering my constitutional timidity, Digby, I fixed my regards, eye-glass and all, upon her; but the result was astonishing. Did any of you, gentlemen, ever happen to watch the effect of the sun's rays when thrown upon some soft substance (a pound of butter for example) through the medium of a burning-glass?"

While the gentlemen were thus merry, the widow was in the third heavens. The flashy compliments and audacious eyes of the Peer, had already given birth to the most sanguine hopes, and the firmest intentions of Mrs Barnaby becoming Viscountess Mucklebury. But, in her wildest delirium of ambition, the widow never forgot the main chance, and the result of inquiry was perfectly satisfactory. His Lordship was a widower, as capable of settling a good jointure "as a widow's heart could wish."

Were the point submitted to us, of whether the fortune-hunter Major Allen, or the gay man, "in every sense of the word," Lord Mucklebury, were the greatest scamp, we should, as is always right, where it is possible, certainly give judgment in favour of the Peer; who fancied

the best privilege of the aristocracy, the leisure which they had for amusing themselves; and who, to an aptitude at probing the absurdities of his fellow-creatures, joined a most unshrinking audacity in exposing them. With Mrs Barnaby he was most successful. She, indeed, did more than half the business herself. The Widow was playing for no ordinary stake. She consulted with Miss Morrison, and engaged, for the season, a carriage, a footman, and a lady's-maid. Stock and more stock was sold, and the widow was at the high-topgallant of her hopes. One of the facetious Peer's modes of extracting amusement out of the widow, was writing her notes, which drew forth answers that threw him into ecstasy, and which he carefully preserved, to share with his friends under the title of "The Barnaby Papers." This went on for a few weeks, the Peer fooling the widow to the top of her bent, until the time arrived for his departure, and when his collection of "Barnaby Papers" was full enough even for his taste. He parted with her, on a Saturday night, with a thousand expressions of passionate admiration; protesting that he would be early on the walk, to look for her, next day. During the whole of that black Sunday, the widow, who had ordered yet another new bonnet, and another richly laced mantlet, roamed the public walks, "like a turtle whose mate had been shot;" and, sad, cross, tender, and angry by turns, it was not till the following Wednesday, that she learned from a London paper, that "the noble Viscount was about to set off for the Continent, and to spend the winter in Rome; but rather with the intention of kissing the hands of the beautiful Lady M—— S——, than the toe of his Holiness."

"*Mong Dew!*" exclaimed the confidential Miss Morrison, whose cue is to speak a mongrel dialect of French, or rather of French phrases.

"Gracious heaven! What is to become of me!" cried the widow. "Ought I to set off instantly for London?"

Miss Morrison thought not, as restive Lords are not easily held; but she thought better of an action of damages, and she had a younger brother, a clever attorney in London. Were there any proofs—any letter? Mrs Barnaby had lots of letters, and, if she obtained nothing else, she should have revenge!—and she was ready to shew Miss Morrison the letters, only she had a prodigious deal to do just then, and, moreover, she was thinking—

And very much to the purpose too. She was thinking, that though she had squandered about seventy or eighty pounds in trifling purchases, by far the greater part of the expenses her noble lover had induced her to run into were still in the shape of debts, the money with which she proposed to discharge them being as yet paying her interest in the funds. Could she contrive to leave the heaviest of these debts unpaid till she knew the result of her intended attack upon Lord Mucklebury's purse, it would be very convenient. Perhaps some vague notion that she, too, might visit the Continent, and thus escape the necessity of paying them at all, might mix itself with her meditations; but at any rate she very speedily decided upon leaving Cheltenham the following day, without mentioning her intention to her milliner, mercer, tailor, shoemaker, boiler, perfumer, livery-stable keeper,

librarian, or even to her hair-dresser. If she got damaged, she should return and pay them all with great *caut*; if not, circumstances must decide what it would be most advisable for her to do.

Our widow improves on us—she got dexterously away from Cheltenham, bag and baggage; leaving the tiger, the tall footman, and the lady's maid, to take care of each other.

The letters, the ground of action, were duly submitted to Mr Magnus Morrison; though the widow was obliged to regret that delicacy had made her—But she explained the matter charmingly herself, when the attorney hinted that such notes as this from his Lordship were shy proof:—

“*BELLA DONNA!*—Should I find the Barnaby disengaged in her saloon, were my audacious feet to bear me across its threshold this evening?” “*M.*”

Mrs Barnaby was most grateful for Mr Morrison's frank opinion—rejoiced to find herself in the hands of a friend rather than a lawyer. She would be equally frank with him, and she declared—

“I have loved Lord Mucklebury most sincerely!—loved him with all the pure disinterested ardour of my character; but the same warm heart, Mr Morrison, which thus surrenders itself without suspicion or restraint, is precisely of the nature most prompt to reject and forget a being proved to be unworthy of it. Therefore I may truly say, that this poor bosom” (pressing her two hands upon it) “suffers more from the void within it, than from tender regret; and I am greatly inclined, since I cannot benefit by your able services as a lawyer, to urge my friendship with your dear sister as a claim upon your kindness as a gentleman. Will you assist to cure the painful void I speak of by giving me your help in my endeavours to see all that is best worth looking at in London?”

The lawyer, without being in the least taken in, fell into the scheme of attending the widow to the Tower, St Paul's, and so forth: but the final attempt to melt the flinty spirit of Lord Mucklebury—“The bold measure”—was secretly undertaken by herself. A golden sovereign opened the way to the door of his apartment in Mivart's Hotel; the waiter durst not go farther than the door, and the Widow took courage to announce herself and her wrongs. The scene is very good, though, like many in this work, overdone. We shall quote the Widow's capital rally, after his Lordship's cool effrontery. It is, we think, her masterpiece:—

The widow was at a loss what to do or say next. Had he been rude or angry, or even silent and sullen, or in any other mood in the world but one of such very easy good humour, she could have managed better. But a painful sort of conviction began to creep over her that Lord Mucklebury's present conduct, as well as all that had passed before, was merely the result of high-breeding and fashionable manners, and that lords and ladies always did so to one another. If this were so, rather than betray such rustic ignorance as to appear surprised at it, she would have consented to live without a lover for weeks and weeks to come.

Fortunately Lord Mucklebury was really hungry, and he ate so heartily for a minute or two, that the puzzled lady had time to settle her purpose.

“Well!—I see how it is, my Lord,” said she; “I came here to ask you to do a commission for me at Rome, where the papers told me you were going; but you are too busy and too hungry to spare a moment to an old acquaintance.”

“No! upon my soul!” said Lord Mucklebury,

throwing some of his former homage into his eyes as he bowed to her. “There is no commission in the world you could give me, from New York to Jerusalem, that I would not execute with the fidelity of a western or an eastern slave. What are your commands, bewitching Mrs Barnaby?”

“Merely, my Lord, that you would buy a set of shells for me—as nearly like Lady Stephenson's as possible; and I dare say,” she added, very cleverly drawing out her purse, to avoid any misconception respecting the object—“I dare say your Lordship, who has travelled so much, may be able to tell me pretty nearly what the price will be. About ten pounds, I think.”

And ten golden sovereigns were immediately thrown from the purse upon the table.

Lord Mucklebury, perfectly delighted by this brilliant proof of the versatility of her powers, gaily took her purse from her hand, and, replacing the money in it, said—

“It is not so that I execute the commissions of my fair friends, Mrs Barnaby. I will note your orders in my pocket-book, thus—‘A set of the handsomest shells in Rome for the charming Mrs Barnaby.’ See!—I can hardly overlook it; and when I have the pleasure of presenting them, we will settle about the price.”

He replaced her purse in her hand, which he kissed with his best air of Cheltenham gallantry; upon which she wisely rose, and saying, with every appearance of being perfectly satisfied with her reception, “Adieu, my Lord!—forgive my intrusion, and let me hope to have the pleasure of seeing you when you return,” she took her departure, perfectly convinced that her new-born conjecture was right, and that lords had privileges not accorded to other men.

Mr Magnus Morrison had, for the present, become the Widow's *pis aller*.

Agnes pleaded headache, that she might not be her dashing aunt's companion in sight-seeing; and the Widow entirely approved her desire to remain at home in their lodgings in Half-Moon Street, while she roamed about with the gallant but cautious lawyer of Red Lion Square. After their daily perambulations, Mr Magnus generally partook of the Widow's nice little drawing-room dinners; at which there were rump steaks and juicy cutlets, and wine and a little brandy, and her favourite beverage, porter; and thus all things went merry as a marriage-bell.

The Widow was, meanwhile, meditating a trip to the Continent, partly to evade Cheltenham bills, unless the lawyer speedily shewed cause for a change of tactics. He was, in fact, no great temptation to her ambition in the way of matrimony, though he answered quite well for a temporary squire. Half her coarse selfishness, her impudent dissimulation, her harshness, and, at last, brutal tyranny to her angelic niece, we have not alluded to. Its repetition becomes tiresome at last; and one is often left with no feeling about the audacious Widow, save the desire to send her to the treadmill. Agnes is all this while involved in as perplexed and vexed a course of “true love” as ever bewildered poor heroine, on to nearly the end of the third volume. And when Cupid's old game of cross-purposes is at the height with this timid, sensitive, and most delicate of gentle-blooded feminine creatures, bitter upbraidings for ingratitude, and threats of being turned into the streets, are her hourly fate—hers who had just before nobly refused a most unexceptionable match with a high-born and most amiable young man, with seven thousand a-year!

Meanwhile, the delay of the jilted Widow,

who was to be only two days absent from her Cheltenham lodgings, had caused alarm in that town of gay birds of passage and sensitive tradesmen; and, to cut short our tale, the dashing Widow Barnaby was arrested in the streets of London, at the suit of the livery-stable keeper from whom she had her carriage! "You shall live to repent this treatment of a lady!" cried the enraged Mrs Barnaby; but the dogged livery-stable keeper heeded not; and the paltry Mr Magnus Morrison, when asked to be bail till Mrs Barnaby's broker could sell stock, took fright, and, forgetting all the steaks and cutlets, cheesecakes, brandy-cherries, and black wine he had swallowed at the Widow's cost, was "very sorry that it was out of his power." The Widow was now really in agony. In vain she assured the Bow-Street officer of the fact that she had thousands in the funds, which her broker could sell out at an hour's notice; he grinned in her face; and having rather impatiently waited Mr Morrison's reply, would delay no longer; so, the amiable, wronged Mrs Barnaby, scolding and entreating, was forced to submit to the degradation of going to the Fleet prison for one day. She instantly wrote to her broker, and knew it could not be more than one day. But, when the coach and the horse hire had been paid, other writs came forward, and the amiable widow was still held in durance. She wrote, ordering her niece to come to her, giving her minute directions as to the route; but the delicate Agnes could not venture to thread the streets of London, nor yet visit the prison where her coarse-minded aunt was detained. She had prudently applied for protection in this emergency to "Aunt Betsy," and she found it; and thus was Mrs Barnaby left to shift for herself, unburdened by her ungrateful niece.

One "charming man" Mrs Barnaby had seen in the Fleet, during her three days' detention, for it was thus long before her broker, by selling the seventh hundred pounds of her original stock, obtained her release. This "charming man" was Mr Patrick O'Donagough, the natural son of an English peer, by a poor Irish girl, named Nora O'Donagough; a very handsome man, about thirty, whom misfortune had sent to the Fleet prison more than once or twice. And no sooner was Mrs Barnaby left to soliloquize, after "crooked Aunt Betsy" had carried off the ungrateful Agnes, than she recalled the elegant, interesting man, whom she had frequently met in the passages, and whose eyes, as she said to herself, "spoke plainly enough what he thought of me." And "here am I," thought Mrs Barnaby, "six months on my travels, and seven hundred pounds poorer, and without having advanced an inch towards a proper alliance;" and then came the idea of Pat O'Donagough—

"Poor fellow! His being in misfortune ought not to produce ill-will to him in a generous mind! How he looked as he said, 'Adieu, then, madam! With you vanishes the last ray of light that will ever reach my heart!' And I am sure he said exactly what he felt, and no more. Poor O'Donagough! My heart aches for him!"

So, next day, the benevolent widow, less fas-

tidious than Agnes, took her way on foot to the Fleet prison.

We have gone along with Mrs Barnaby's clever biographer up to this point with great pleasure and no remorse, thorough-paced jade as the heroine is. But we can proceed no farther on amicable terms. The noble father of Mr O'Donagough had originally secured him a good appointment in the Customs, after the manner of kind aristocratic fathers. And Mr Patrick made money, which he as quickly squandered, with those gentleman-like "sporting characters" in the neighbourhood, who, moved by his fine person, good address, and half-blood, were inclined to grace him with admission into their society. Having lost his money, his appointment, his noble father's favour, and, moreover, his personal freedom, the peer was, on promise of repentance, once more moved to advance his profligate offspring £500, on condition that he went off immediately to Australia, and was never heard of more. The young man lost the fresh £500 at *ecarté*, in a very natural manner. The vessel sailed, and he was again in the Fleet, where, by the kindness of his stars, he met Mrs Barnaby—not, however, before he had been converted by an old friend, once, like himself, on the Turf, but now the preacher of an independent congregation, who assured him that, if he assiduously studied the calling of preaching, he would lend him a helping hand to turn it to account.

Mrs Trollope has completely marred the effect of her clever story, by the outrageous absurdity of her attempt to make another dead-thrust at the evangelical party, in doing which, she has not merely violated all decorum, but all probability; and excited disgust, where she either intended to create amusement, gratify a party, or convey instruction. There may be wild fanaticism, folly, absurdity, nay, gross hypocrisy, among the persons she tries to satirize and ridicule, but assuredly there was never one Mr Pat O'Donagough received as an angel of the church.

He loved change, novelty, and excitement, and manifested great talent in the facility with which he mastered the mysteries of this new business. He was soon seen rapidly advancing towards lasting wealth and independence: one of the wealthiest merchants in London had offered him the place of domestic prayer and preacher at his beautiful residence at Castaway-Saved Park, when an almost forgotten creditor, who had lost sight of him for many years, unluckily recognised him as he was delivering a most awakening evening lecture in a large ware-room, converted into a chapel, near Moor Fields. Eager to take advantage of this unexpected piece of good fortune, the tailor (for such was his profession) arrested the inspired orator in the first place, and then asked him if he were able to settle his account in the next. Had the manner of transacting the business been reversed, it is probable that the affair would have been settled without any arrest at all; for Sir Miles Morice, of Castaway-Saved Park, was one of the most pious individuals of the age, and would hardly have permitted his chaplain elect (elect in every sense) to have gone to prison for thirty-seven pounds, nine shillings, and eightpence; but being in prison, O'Donagough was shy of mentioning the circumstance to his distinguished patron, and was employed, at the time Mrs Barnaby first made acquaintance with him, in composing discourses "on the preternatural powers over the human mind, accorded to the chosen vessels called upon to pour out the doctrine

of the new birth to the people." There is little doubt that these really eloquent compositions would have sold rapidly, and perfectly have answered the object of their clever author. But accident prevented the trial from being made.

Yes, accident, happy accident, prevented this; for Mrs Barnaby threw herself in his way, and Mr Pat did not this time fly in the face of his good fortune. Even here, young and handsome as Pat was, and converted as Mrs Barnaby had been by one of his sermons or tracts, she never lost her senses. She heard the story of his noble father, of the probability of another outfit being obtained, and, through the kindness of Mr New-birth, a religious bookseller, the appointment of a missionary to Sydney; and on this she generously furnished the means—£37 : 10 : 8—of liberating her pious young friend, lest the appointment should be lost. She afterwards made the draught an even £40.

"The Reverend Mr O'Donagough" would look very well in the paragraph which she was determined should record her marriage in the Exeter paper; and being quite determined that the three hundred and twenty-seven pounds per annum, which still remained of her income, should be firmly settled on herself, she received her handsome friend, when he arrived at the hour of dinner, in a manner which showed he had lost nothing in her esteem since they parted.

Pious Pat forthwith waited on his noble papa, and represented to him that the very best thing he could do, would be once more to furnish the means of his departure from Europe.

"That you may spend it again at the gaming-table, you audacious scamp!" responded his noble but incensed progenitor.

"Not so, sir," replied the soft-voiced young preacher; "you are not yet aware of the change in my principles, or you would have no such injurious suspicion."

"As to your principles, Pat," replied his Lordship, beguiled into a smile by the sanctified solemnity of his versatile son, "I do not comprehend how you could change them, seeing that you never had any."

"Then, instead of principles, sir, let me speak of practice: it is now several months since I exchanged the race-course, the billiard-table, and the dice-box, for the course of an extemporary preacher."

This is too much. Suffice it, that Mr O'Donagough made his love known; and his noble progenitor, satisfied that the widow had enough of her own to feed his son, took especial care that her fortune should be fixed beyond the likely chance of any relapse of Mr Patrick. The bride-elect was forthwith introduced to the heads of the congregation at tea and prayers; having first, on the suggestion of O'Donagough, straightened her ringlets and paled her rouge; and she conducted herself with such dexterity that a leader declared "that any one going to Sydney, in the holy and reverend character of a missionary, with such a wife in his hand as this good lady was sure to make, would do more good than all the Bishops and Archbishops that ever were consecrated after the manner of the worn-out superstitions of bygone ages;" and immediately proposed the election of Mr Patrick to the important office. Very improbable, and not a little indecent, is the scene that follows; so we shall drop Mrs Trollope's satire and her odious heroine, till we find her at Bristol, about to embark with her pious young husband.

While a large dinner-party were one day assembling at Mr Peters', including Agnes, Aunt Betsy, and all the other *dramatis personæ*, more visitors were announced.

"Mr and Mrs who?" said Mrs Peters to Mary.

"Mr and Mrs what?" said Elizabeth to Lucy.

But, before the parties thus questioned could have found time to answer, even had they been possessed of the information required, a lady in sober-coloured silk, with little rouge and no ringlets, followed by a handsome young man in black, entered the room, and considerably before many who had seen that lady before could recall the name by which they had known her, or reconcile her much changed appearance to their puzzled recollections, Mrs Peters was enfolded in her arms.

"My dear sister Peters!" said Mrs O'Donagough, "you are surrounded by so large a party, that I fear these last moments which I mean to dedicate to the affection of my kinsfolk, may be more inconvenient than pleasurable to you. But you cannot, I am sure, refuse me some portion of your society this evening, as it is probably the last one we shall ever pass together. Give me leave, sister Peters, to introduce you to my husband, the Rev. Mr O'Donagough. Mr Peters, Mr O'Donagough; Mr James Peters, Mr O'Donagough; Mr O'Donagough, my dear Mary; my husband, young ladies; Mr O'Donagough, my dear Elizabeth and Lucy! Good Heaven! Agnes here? and my aunt Compton, too! Well, so much the better, my dear Patrick; I shall now have the pleasure of presenting you to more relations, and as I should be proud to introduce you to all the world, this can only be an increase of pleasure to me. Agnes Willoughby, my dear, I can't say you behaved very well to me when the cheerful sort of life I indulged in, solely on your account, was changed for sorrow and imprisonment."

But we have had enough, and indeed a surfeit, of Mrs Barnaby. For some months O'Donagough was the most popular and eloquent preacher in Sydney; but the old man was not vanquished, and one unlucky race-day, the ruling passion returned in pristine force. The reverend Pat took a bet with one of his congregation of more than he was worth in the world; mounted in a blue and yellow jacket, took a desperate leap, and left a weeping Widow, O'Donagough; who this time wore mourning only a month, because the death was accidental! The gay, handsome, and clever Pat, scamp as he was, had been far too good for her. After his death, she fell sadly off in her religious profession, met her true counterpart, Major Allen, who had come to Sydney in the course of his travels, and was able to expatiate to him on the handsome income which "my Lord," her father-in-law, had taken care to secure upon herself. We hope her third husband may contrive to outlive her, and outwit her too.

So ends Mrs Trollope's best novel, the History of Mrs Barnaby—the most odious, unredeemed, and unredeemable of all the heroines of fiction; compared with whom Moll Flaggon or Madame Duval—to take opposite extremes—are, if not respectable, yet amiable, female characters.

Mrs Trollope's grand and lofty perfection, Colonel Hubert, the lover of Agnes, is to the full as tiresome as many of our old acquaintances of the Grandisonian family. But she has produced an excellent group in the Peters family; and the character of "Aunt Betsy," with a spice of originality, is both clever and pleasing. Of the style of the novel, the reader is enabled to judge by our specimens. If chargeable with any fault, it is the affectation of being too easy and off-hand.

AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION.*

ALTHOUGH the South-Australian mania should be somewhat abated, which we trust it is, its consequences are not yet over; and, as the season of the sailing of "the regular *packets* for Port Adelaide" is again at hand, we return to the subject, in the hope that our warnings may save some unsuspecting intending emigrants from the consequences of their own rashness and credulity, and the delusions diligently propagated. There is evidently a strong reaction in the public mind. The system of *puffing* has been overdone; the colonial agents, and those absentee speculators interested, at least in the temporary vogue of the colony, are more discreetly silent; and even the book of the Colonial Secretary, Mr Gouger, steered clear of the gross and inflated misrepresentations and exaggerations which had so long been made.

Our former article on South Australia erred, we are inclined to think, upon the side of leniency and excess of candour. We received the statements of Mr Gouger too implicitly, though, through his elaborate showings up, we could not help perceiving the many drawbacks, temporary and permanent, attending the new settlement.

The work of Mr James, which we formerly stated that we had not seen, and which, indeed, we could not have seen, as it was not published, ought to be impartial. The author appears to have no personal connexion with any of the southern colonies, though a traveller in all of them; and of South Australia he tells only what he has seen with his own eyes. Before going into an examination of his book, we beg of our readers, and particularly of our Scottish friends, some of whose usually cool and sober heads are "in the bees" about this Land of Promise, to ponder the subjoined closing paragraph, and then, if our short analysis of Mr James's account of his residence in the colony, does not satisfy them, to turn to the original. The book is a dear pennyworth in one sense; but it states what may be worth fortune and happiness to some of those meditating emigration. The writer left the colony in June last, and consequently later than Mr Gouger, who has lately, we understand, returned to his official duties. Since the month of May, the Governor, Captain Hindmarsh, of whom Mr James speaks in the handsomest terms, has been recalled, and Colonel Light, the Surveyor-General, has thrown up his appointment. The colony has, in short, been revolutionized. He says—

Upon the whole, the Colony is getting on rapidly—perhaps too rapidly, and the existing disposition in England to emigrate to South Australia, can hardly be

termed anything short of madness. In another six months there will be bitter disappointments; and no doubt many gloomy accounts will be received from the Colony from parties who have gone out under strongly excited expectation. Five thousand people by this time, Christmas 1838—, are congregated in the miserable village of Adelaide, and without growing a potato, are dependent for every meal of victuals upon foreign supply. The chances are, therefore, for the present, greatly against the Colony; and it is to be feared, that in some articles of first necessity, scarcity may arise very much to the prejudice of the middling classes of the community—or that portion who have very little capital in money, and who are unused to labour.

Swan River was overdone at first by the same injudicious rush of settlers, emigrating principally from London; and a similar reaction will take place in South Australia, if some means are not adopted to check this eagerness for emigrating to what is very foolishly called "The Land of Promise."

So concludeth Mr Horton James. He, no more than ourselves, is so unreasonable or uncandid as to assert that South Australia will not in time become a fine grazing and wool-growing country, and that it may even now be an eligible resort for a particular description of emigrants; but that at present it is not eligible for the promiscuous hordes who are eager to rush into what has been characteristically termed "the New Utopia."

Let us turn to our author's first impressions. They were not delightful. Kangaroo Island is denounced as the "worthless and inhospitable island," where there is nothing worth seeing but the wreck and ruin of the Company's expensive machinery. He approached Port Adelaide:—

The shores resemble the worst parts of the Coast of Essex below the Nore, and at high tide the little mangroves are half covered with the water. You look out for a landing-place in vain, though the ship now anchors again, and you are at the end of your voyage. The boat is being lowered to put the passengers ashore, and you see two or three small vessels at anchor higher up the creek, which the pilot says have lately arrived from Van Dieman's Land with sheep, potatoes, flour, &c. &c. It is now ten o'clock, and unless you make haste you are informed there may be some difficulty in landing, as the tides are here very unaccommodating, being always low water in the middle of the day, which is a phenomenon not yet satisfactorily explained. You ask if this is Port Adelaide, and the answer is yes! You step into the boat with a number of other passengers, carpet bags, band-boxes, and parcels, and four hands from the ship shove off, and pull up the creek. The landing place is about a mile higher up, and you already see the bottom, and in a few minutes you stick fast in the mud.

We cannot follow the poor ladies in their best dresses, new shoes, and silk stockings, wading through the Slough of Despond, up to the knees in mud, and the sailors with the children on their shoulders, and heavy bundles in their arms.

One comfort, however, is, that there is nobody to look at you. The shore is an uninhabitable swamp, and the few people who are living in the wigwags at Port Adelaide, are too busily engaged in landing boards and rolling up casks, to take any notice of a party of ladies and gentlemen up to their knees in mud trying to reach the shore. This is at last managed, without the loss of either life or limb: but it is certainly anything but pleasant.

* Six Months in South Australia; with some Account of Port Philip and Portland Bay, in Australia Felix. By T. Horton James, Esq. London: J. Cross. 1 vol.

Emigration Fields: North America, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand. By Patrick Mathew, Author of "Naval Timber and Arboriculture." Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, 1 vol. 12mo.

ant. Arrived on the dry land—the party wash the mud off their legs, and put on their shoes and stockings, then carrying their trunks as well as they can, the sailors having all gone back to look after the boat and get her afloat, they all walk up the side of a little canal, as it is called, which brings them to the only spot of land at the creek free from inundations, which is called the Sand Hill, where one or two grog shops, made of branches of trees, are seen, a few native blacks stark naked, and a large iron store painted white belonging to the commissioners. This is Port Adelaide! Port Misery would be a better name: for nothing in any other part of the world can surpass it in everything that is wretched and inconvenient. Packages of goods and heaps of merchandise are lying about in every direction, as if they had cost nothing. Stacks of what were once beautiful London bricks crumbling away like gingerbread, and evidently at each returning tide half covered with the flood; trusses of hay, now rotten, and Norway deals, scattered about as if they had no owner—iron ploughs and rusty harrows—cases of door frames and windows that had once been glazed—heaps of the best slates, half tumbling down—winnowing machines broken to pieces—blocks of Roman cement, now hard as stone, wanting nothing but the staves and hoops—Sydney cedar, and laths and shingles from Van Dieman's Land in every direction; whilst, on the high ground, are to be seen pigs eating through the floor sacks, and kegs of raisins with not only the head out but half the contents; onions and potatoes apparently to be had for picking up. The sight is disheartening. What with the sun and the rain—the mud and the floods—the thieves with four legs and the thieves with two—the passengers hug themselves at the recollection that *they* have brought no merchandise for sale, glad enough to be able to take care of themselves. The sooner they get out of this horrid hole the better; so they inquire if there is any coach to the town—they are answered by a careless shake of the head, and so, like good settlers, they determine to set off and walk, carrying their light parcels with them and leaving the heavy things with a friend, who refuses to go any further. They ask for a drink of water, before starting—there is not such a thing to be had; but the bullock carts are expected down every minute with the usual supply! What! no water? exclaims our passenger. No, sir, but the commissioners are sinking a well, though they have not yet found any but salt water; but they are going to dig in another place, shortly, we understand.

The city of Adelaide, the beau-ideal of all possible cities, so elegant and vast in the design that one blushes for the comparative insignificance of London or Paris, Constantinople or Canton, is seen at last; and, as the bullock waggon with the water for the port are met by the way, every one obtains a refreshing draught in pursuing the warm and dusty, but agreeable journey. Glimpses of the mountain range are obtained; and a few huts and marquees begin to appear, with people walking about. The emigrants step across that famed river the *Torrens*, which makes so good a figure in ground plans and in Mr Gouger's book, without knowing it is a river. They inquire for the inn, and are directed to the Southern Cross Hotel, then kept by a German Jew of the name of Levy, considered the best house in this settlement; and here we will leave them for the present, hungry, thirsty, and fatigued—covered with dust and perspiration—and with feelings of shame and disappointment at being so taken in."

Mr James decidedly disapproves of the site of the capital, and prophesies that, unless it be speedily abandoned, or left as a village, and the headquarters of the colony planted at Port

Lincoln, speedy ruin must overtake the settlement. We do not pretend to decide the point; but, although Port Lincoln were the preferable spot, we can easily understand the injunction—"You must not say anything against the town of Adelaide till I have sold, or otherwise got rid of my town acres."

Those who have speculated in town lands at Adelaide, will not listen to any, the least breath of, objection to the beauty and suitability of that spot for a great commercial city. If you hint at the long walk from the port, or shew them the long bill sent in by Mr Cock or Mr Hack, for the carriage of goods or luggage—you are stopped immediately by a scheme of a joint-stock railroad or navigable canal-company. Where the money is to come from, in a little society that has not yet raised a potato, and much less a bushel of grain, they do not inform you.

For a canal, he demands, where is the water? Why, it is coming by Mr Hack's bullock waggons, which, in return take up goods from the Port to the city at the moderate rate of 40s. a-ton! Mr James cracks some hard jokes on the City of Promise. It was already eight miles in circumference, with a population of 3000. This he remarks, from persons who are all for concentration, seems strange; and the consequence is, that in the day-time people are constantly losing themselves; and dare not stir out at night alone, unless they make up their minds to sleep under a tree, in some place, which, on the map figures as a square or crescent, though at present you may

Lean against any tree in the city and exclaim—

"This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

And yet there are sprinkled up and down the place a few substantial buildings; one belonging to the Company, on an enormous scale—another good brickhouse to Mr Hack—another to the enterprising Mr Gilles—one to Mr Thomas, and a couple of new taverns. The rest of the dwellings are made of very slight materials, and the number of canvas tents and marquees give some parts of the settlement the appearance of a camp. Most of the new comers settle down on what is called the Park Lands, where they are handy to the little rivulet, and they run up a Robinson Crusoe sort of hut, with twigs and branches from the adjoining forest; and the climate being fine and dry, they answer well enough as temporary residences.

It is probable that there may yet be considerable loss on town-lands; but that concerns the speculators only, whose market for building-lots Port Lincoln would spoil. "Serve them right," Mr James thinks, for asking a monopoly price of respectable new comers:—and we say, Amen! These, however, are all matters that will right themselves with time, though they may bring ruin to hundreds in the meanwhile; and we shall leave them, to consider the permanent features and prospects of the colony. The climate is declared by Mr James to be, for eight months in twelve, as fine and salubrious as can be desired.

But from the latter end of November, all December, January, February, and part of March, the heat is oppressive and almost intolerable. I have seen the thermometer, in these uncomfortable months, in a dark room nearly closed up, and with a thick roof of thatch over it, as high as 96°! not once but a dozen different days; and if the instrument is hung upon a wall in the direct beams of the sun, it rises to 140°! This is a degree of heat I never remember to have felt in any part of

the tropics even; it dries up everything: not merely the few running streams that in winter come from the mountains, but all garden vegetation; and so pulverizes the dust in the camp at Adelaide, that it is reduced to an almost impalpable powder, and penetrates every article of clothing, from its extreme fineness; whilst as much caution is requisite in stepping across the road, as if a person were going through the muddiest part of Piccadilly or Whitechapel.

Of course the tiny little Torrens all but vanishes before such a sun; in the few places where it runs at all, there would be plenty of room for the whole of it to run through an Irishman's hat; and a far better river is made every day in the London streets when the parish turncock opens a plug. There are, however, several pretty good holes which have too much water in them to be entirely exhausted by the sun's heat, and it was on account of these water holes that the town was placed in this unfortunate situation.

Now comes ophthalmia, the worst disease peculiar to the hot but healthy climate.

And as misfortunes never come singly, the few wells about the settlement of Adelaide become dry—the scarcer the water the more you want it for washing; and the fine particles of lime-stone dust carried up in numerous whirlwinds about the plains, fall into one's eyes, and a three months' attack of ophthalmia is the frequent consequence. Half the people you see have got bad eyes, the dandies even wearing veils; but it may be very reasonably doubted whether they do not produce more harm than good. This is the only drawback to the climate.

The extreme aridity of the climate, and the want of rivers and of water, is, however, not unfavourable to sheep stock; and there is no doubt that, if the colony is to prosper rapidly, means must speedily be taken to economize water, and to preserve it in tanks and reservoirs, as in other dry countries. Mr James talks of the rivers of the province with great contempt; and true it is, that where there are few mountains, there can be but few streams. The Murray is the only river he thinks worthy of the name; but it is so far off from the present settlement, and so is the Glenelg,* discovered by Major Mitchel, as to be out of the question with *civilized* emigrants for years to come. The dryness of the climate has a favourable effect on health, though we cannot see much in the observation, that emigrants for a long time retain their English ruddiness, or that "even the children, when kept clean, a very difficult matter in summer, look plump and chubby." In the first place, Mr James cannot judge of the effects of long residence, as no one has been long in the place; nor is it wonderful that, in a climate so salubrious, in a Land of Promise, the children should look plump and chubby. Next to the want of water, is the want of fuel, and of timber for all useful purposes. There is already want of wood for fire and fences; and timber for building and furniture, &c. must be imported. In this important respect the other colonies, and especially the un-

lucky Swan River settlement, are superior to South Australia.

What figures as the *botanical garden*, in the puffing accounts of the colony, is, in the meanwhile, a much more sensible and useful thing—a garden for raising vegetables, and where cucumbers and very fine melons are raised. This garden belongs to the Colonial Government, and is skillfully managed by Mr Allan and his sons, who will, it is said, draw £10 a-week. This seems a great sum, though, if the gardener had to pay his workmen £2 each a-week, his profits might not be too large. Mr James thinks a hard-working practical gardener could do well; but then he must not depend on hired labour till it get cheaper, but work with his sons, like Mr Allan. Now, we cannot see why the labour of a gardener's sons, or of any workman's sons, should be counted as nothing, though it may be a great convenience to a poor man to have at first a command of this valuable sort of capital. Potatoes and pumpkins have not succeeded with Mr Allan; but all common vegetables, peas, beans, onions, &c., yield abundant returns. We would, however, rather hear of fine potatoes than fine melons. The latter, very fine, cost 5s. 6d. each; cucumbers, 1s. 6d.; cabbages, 2s.; no carrots or turnips; onions from 6d. to 1s. a pound; potatoes, when Mr James left in June last, cost 15s. per 112 lbs., which in the month of February had cost 50s! Indeed, all his prices of provisions shew a considerably higher rate than is exhibited in Mr Gouger's work. We shall enumerate a few. Common milch cows, £16—good, £25. Working bullocks, broke in, from £25 to £28. Young ewes from Van Dieman's Land, 40s. Small wethers (about 38 lbs.) 35s. Strong draught horses, £70. A strong cart or dray, £24. Light cart, £16. These come from Van Dieman's Land. The 4lb. loaf was 1s. 8d.; beef 1s. 4d. a pound; mutton, 1s. 3d.; pork, 1s. 8d.; fowls, 5s. to 6s. each; turkeys, 25s.; geese, 15s.; ducks, 7s. 6d.; fish, 7d., and scarce. These prices must fall, and so must the price of labour, and of all sorts of materials necessary to the erection of houses and the enclosure of ground; but just now, they are enormous, and present the most formidable obstacles to the settlement of small capitalists. Horse hire is at present 20s. a-day; the cost of bringing a ton of goods from the port to the city, as we mentioned, 40s. The hire of a gig and horse to the port and back, 40s. House-rent about 5s. per room per week; and everything else in the same proportion. Tea, sugar, and wine, and also salt beef and pork, had fallen greatly before Mr James left; and such fluctuations in imported goods may be looked for. It is more discouraging to find, that a person at Sydney, who, hearing bread was so dear in Adelaide, exported five tons of flour, at £18 per ton before it was sold in Adelaide, at an advance of 50 per cent. lost £6 by the transaction. Among the other expenses of sale, is £4:4s. to the Company's bank, for exchanging their own optional notes for specie; and £4:10s. landing charges at Port Adelaide.

* The Glenelg boundary river, on which there is no settler, and to which none will venture to approach, must not be confounded with the South Australian township of Glenelg, about which, Mr James says, "The surrounding country is low and sandy, full of swamps, misery, and mosquitoes, and contains a population of about seventy persons. It has, nevertheless, been dignified with the name of 'Glenelg,' and no doubt we shall soon see a ship laid on with emigrants, to be called the 'City of Glenelg.'"

The bank seems one of the Company's best concerns.

Yonder neat-looking low brick cottage is the Bank, and transacts all the business of the Colony in that way, and, as far as it goes, is a most thriving concern; it issues notes of all sorts and sizes, but they have all got the optional clause in them, [viz., payable in London.] They charge ten per cent. for the use of the sepiques of paper, and when you take them for payment, they charge you one shilling premium on every sovereign!

The Company would require to profit by something, though this does not mend the case of those needing their aid as bankers. Mr James trembles for the Company's dividends. After quoting a grandiloquent speech delivered by Colonel Torrens at a public dinner—and charity obliges us to believe that the gallant Colonel spoke in sheer ignorance, when he eulogized “the moisture of the climate, the mountain ranges,” the never-failing streams, the means of internal water-carriage, &c.—Mr James states that the speech was followed by great cheering; and then remarks—

It seems the greater the nonsense the more vehement the applause. “Great cheering” indeed! Why, dry as New South Wales is, it rains twenty-five days more than it does in the New Province—in the England of the southern hemisphere; and if it were not a more rainy country, how is it that it originates so many valuable rivers as the Colonel enumerates. Which are the rivers, and what their names, that rise in the New Colony? Is there one? For the little streams Hindmarsh and Kangaroo can hardly be designated as rivers. The Yass river is a puddle, and the Tumut a mere mountain torrent; and though both valuable in the highest degree in their several districts, can never be thought of in connection with navigation. Even the great “Murray” itself, and its thousand miles of navigation, according to the gallant speaker, will all end in disappointment. No, no; South Australia, though a beautiful sheep and cattle country, will never arrive at any very great commercial importance, nor can it ever maintain any dense population, for want of rivers, and therefore will never be the “England of the southern hemisphere.”

Since we are upon the subject of puffing, it may be as well to finish it.

It has been stated in print, that a “Steam Flour Mill” has been erected in Adelaide; and that a “Dock” has been opened at the Port, for receiving and repairing vessels; that sawing machinery has been set to work; and that a number of other useful matters are either in operation, or in progress; that a Literary and Scientific Institution has been established ever since 1835, and that an extensive library, and collection of philosophical apparatus, had been shipped for the Colony.

It is stated also, that a “South Australian Corresponding Colonial Society” has been established at Adelaide; Benefit Societies at “Kingscote;” and that pleasure towns, and watering places, for the East Indian Natives and invalids, &c. &c. &c.

Now, this would be all most gratifying and agreeable, if it were only true; but, unfortunately, it is not, nor is it likely to be true for many years to come; and philosophical and dilettanti societies are the last things wanted in a new community. This puffing is the more to be regretted, because the Colony is a very good Colony, if they would only let it alone, and not smother it with their ridiculous, inflated, and intemperate praises. There is no doubt that hard-working, industrious persons, who will not grumble at roughing it for four or five years, and powerfully attend to their sheep, and have nothing to do with the City of Adelaide, or the purchase of land anywhere, will make an independence. This is the best plan, and this is true; but nothing short of the wand of a magician could have accomplished all the fine undertakings just enumerated. The last we saw of the steam

flour mill, and patent slip, belonging to the South Australian Company, and which was stated gravely, in a report to Parliament in 1837, to have been erected, was lying fathoms deep in the sands in May 1838, rusting and rotting where it had been landed years ago, on the shores of Nepean Bay, in Kangaroo Island, without a thought or prospect of removing it from its “dread abode;” and the sawing machinery was lying by its side, subject every return of tide to a not very salutary wetting. As for the dock and patent slip, there is some talk of making an effort to commence these works.

Mr Gouger tells us, page 122, that “a literary and scientific association was founded in England, and a library collected and sent out.” What says Mr Horton James?

As to the library of books that was sent out to the Colony in 1835, for the use of the members of the “Literary and Philosophical Society of South Australia,” the whole concern was put up by Mr Charles Knight, of Ludgate Street, and consists of various works published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and when the discount was taken off, the entire cost, as per invoice, amounted to £14, odd shillings. This is no matter, because £14 even, small as it is, will go a great way in the cheap publications of the present day; but when the author was walking through the woods of Adelaide, and inquiring for the library and the “Philosophical Society,” he could find neither “books nor running brooks,” but was told that a case of books had been landed out of the ship “Tam o’ Shanter” at the creek, and that they were somewhere in Mr Surden’s store, though most probably by this time rotten and good for nothing.

Mr Mann, the advocate-general of the colony, has stated, in a pamphlet, that a valuable species of *flax* will soon be raised for exportation; and that castor oil, opium, gum arabic, and *silk* will all be supplied to England from her industrious youngest daughter: and he gives some very extraordinary reasons for this latitude of belief. What again says our author?—

Now, all this is not merely the sheerest twaddle of ignorance and impertinence, but it is false and mischievous, as every one must know by the time he has travelled the first hundred miles in the new colony. The great and staring want of all exports is one of the principal evils of South Australia; and to begin with the beginning, and a very humble article, it cannot supply the ships that sail away even with ballast. The next articles in the way of exports that one might very naturally look for in a great colony like this, are water and fuel; but no—neither of these primitive things are to be had at Port Adelaide! Fire wood of all things might be expected to abound in an infant colony; but, like water and ballast, it is not to be had. The only exports to be thought of for the next twenty years will be wool and oil, a few hides, and a little bark. To Van Dieman’s Land they may have an opportunity of exporting a little maize, pork, hams, and bacon, from the rich flats on the banks of the Murray, which of course will have to be shipped in Encounter Bay. But nothing more than this can be counted on for many years, and it will be well to accomplish this; but for Mr Mann’s flax, castor oil, silk, opium, and gum arabic, it is all balderdash, and not worthy another thought. The first step towards exporting, is to put an end to the ruinous imports of farm produce from Sydney and Van Dieman’s Land. Now, in the fifth year of its establishment, it is high time South Australia should leave off buying her wheat and flour, mutton, beef, and pork, from the adjoining colonies. Such cargoes after cargoes of these things, immediately emigration slackens, will drive every piece of money from the colony, and leave it comparatively without a shilling. What is to prevent their raising barley, oats, maize, potatoes, bran, onions, apples, currants, turnips, hay, boards, battens, and scantling, lath and shingles, soap, candles, beer, butter, cheese, tobacco, pigs, poultry, leather, &c. They should all be raised in the colony before exports are much

talked of, and not brought as they now are from the adjoining colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.

Among the other attractions of Adelaide, were *races*, and a theatre. Happily, the theatre, erected by a tavern-keeper, is already advertised to be sold. It may make a cow-house; and certainly would be much better occupied as such, for many a year to come. A cow-keeper or dairyman would indeed make money in Adelaide. At present this lucrative department is partly filled, like so many others, by the universal Mr Hack. He is a principal carrier from the Port. This sentence alone speaks volumes:—"All the bullocks and horses in the colony, instead of being employed at the plough, are employed at this, [carrying goods from the Port to the town,] which is a dead loss to the colony of £30,000 a-year."

To be placed against the many natural disadvantages of this colony, in the want of water, timber, stone, metals, &c., is the *soil*, which, so far as the country has been explored, is declared superior to that of the older colonies; that is, it does not appear to have so large a proportion of bad soil as compared with good. In New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, according to Mr James, on the average, out of twenty acres of land, one is good and nineteen bad. He does not state the proportion in South Australia, but, in general, praises the soil; and, what may assuage the ardour of emigrants, assures them that there will be plenty of good land for many years to come, and that it must get cheaper. It is not indeed to South Australia, but to South Australia in its present condition as a settlement for the class of emigrants who are hurrying off to the New El Dorado, that we object. Mr James illustrates the process of colonization very happily, by the laying of the foundation of a house. The first stones are carelessly thrown in, and any rubbish does to begin with, till, in process of time, if there be motive, money, and perseverance, up by degrees rises the fair and beautiful edifice; while the first stones, like the first settlers—the first sufferers—are covered over and forgotten. But this colony, unlike all others, was to be planted, as Sir Henry Steuart did full-grown trees, with their leafy honours suffering no diminution. Laying aside the immense expense, the thing is impossible. No early emigrant can promise himself to remain a fresh bloom or living spray on the transplanted tree; and it becomes those who do not choose to be overlaid and forgotten foundation rubbish, to think in time.

The most direct and useful part of Mr James's book, is his warning to emigrants; and it applies to nineteen out of twenty of those meditating emigration.

If the intending emigrant has neither capital in money, nor capital in his hands—is neither a sawyer, carpenter, or any of the trades before-mentioned, he had better stop at home, or go to some maturer place, some older colony; for in South Australia there are very few public appointments, the civil establishment of the colony being on the smallest scale, and these very inadequately paid; so that there is no chance of getting a government appointment, unless he carries it in his pocket; and it is not every one who would like to open a low grog shop;

but that is a trade which hardly ever fails; wine, beer, and spirits, are always wanted in new settlements, especially when it is so hot as in South Australia.

To many families what follows applies even more forcibly: those who propose carrying out pretty daughters, with a few of the superficial accomplishments of an old and luxurious society, to the wilderness, to make their fortunes by marriage. There may be husbands in Australia for dairy-maids, cooks, and laundresses; but there is, we fear, still a very limited demand for young ladies as helpmates.

The country is too new for respectable families going out without any fixed plan for their future means of support; they, if genteel at home, must descend a step or two; and when the author has had the question hinted to him whether young ladies are likely to get married in South Australia, he has always preferred, in such a very important matter as this, to say decidedly not—the young men out there are far from a connubial set, not from any want of inclination to lead a respectable and quiet life, but they are generally not doing well enough to make such an additional expense desirable, most of them indeed not having the means of furnishing a house just yet, whatever they may have hereafter. The thing looks very pretty in theory, but in settling in a wild territory, there is so much rough work to be done, that an equal number of the sexes is rather objectionable than otherwise, and far from being indispensable; and so it will be found out ere long. In after years, when the ground has been cleared, and the settlers get themselves houses, and are a little to rights, it may then be desirable to furnish them with wives, but not before; unless, as formerly observed, the parties have got some capital, and can afford to make themselves comfortable. But ladies don't do altogether under canvass.

A tent is a very bad substitute for a brick or *pisé* cottage. And yet I have seen happy and smiling faces peeping out from the doors of their tents in the plains of Cowandilla, who seemed to envy nobody.

Grog-selling, bullock-driving, milk-men, gardeners, will all fail in time; and the only permanently profitable calling will be sheep-farming.

The only thing it requires is ready money to begin with, and the strictest attention afterwards to the sheep, with personal superintendence and constant dressing when diseased. With this, and a good look-out after the wild native dogs, there is a fortune to be made in any part of South Australia by sheep-farming. The following statement of the increase in a large flock of ewes was drawn up by a friend of the author, and is nothing more than the true account, casualties excepted; but, as before mentioned, the casualties are to the careless. When deaths are heard of, it is generally, in nine cases out of ten, traceable to some neglect—either allowing the sheep to feed on improper pasture, not shifting the folds, or general system of bad management. Under such inattention, sheep property is the very worst property a careless settler could possibly dabble in, and they ought not in that case to be meddled with.

The statement is much the same as that which we published in December. Mr James continues his counsel to emigrants—

As the land about Adelaide is not calculated to make any very great return for the large capital that must be expended on it in fencing and digging water holes for the support of the cattle, I would counsel the settlers on the plains of Cowandilla, not to lay out their ready money in expensive fences, expedients for damming up the water, and other improvements, because, when once their money is gone, they will never see it again, unless it has been judiciously laid out in breeding stock, at moderate prices and under their own charge. Yes, if the settler will be satisfied to follow his own sheep, they will give him a good return, and he need have nothing to buy but stock, and then it is of no consequence to him whether the headquarters are removed to Port Lincoln or 1

There is plenty of grass at present in the interior, and grass costs nothing. With care and attention, and living the life of a hermit for five or six years, following, dressing, and shearing his sheep himself, buying nothing, building nothing, owning not a brick nor an acre of land in any part of the colony, such a young man will do. It is a great sacrifice, but nothing else will do, except labouring, as stated before, for those persons who will not help themselves. With a resolution of this kind, and never coming into the miserable town, or mixing in its miserable pursuits, success will be certain, though slow at first.

One pleasing feature of the new colony, is the importance and respectability of skilful, well-conducted working-men. Shepherds, and those having the care of stock, appear to be raised to their former elevation, in the good old times, when the English yeoman or the Scottish farmer sat at the head of the hospitable board, round which was gathered all his household; his old ploughmen and shepherds, and the whole establishment of domestics, forming no unimportant part of the family. In Adelaide, the author has seen this primitive custom, now almost obsolete in England, revived. "He has often dined with respectable residents, where the overseer, after washing his hands, drew in his chair among the company, and, not only with perfect propriety, but entertaining his master and guests with accounts of his day's work—the sheep and cows," &c. At present, working-men make more money than those who have acquired a profession; the labourers who carry the surveyors' chain, gain, by their daily wages, thirty pounds more in the year than the surveyors; and it is much more profitable to be a sawyer, or splitter of timber for fences, than a physician.

It follows, as a matter of course, that there is not much scope in the colony for the talents of educated men without some capital; and if persons have not got this capital either in their hands or their pockets, it is of little use having it in their heads. This is pretty much the case in all young colonies, but in none so observable as in South Australia. But either of these descriptions of emigrants will do well—the healthy labourer or mechanic, whose habits of industry and hard hands will obtain him a large remuneration, or the gentleman, even knowing no trade, provided he takes out money enough to buy a flock of sheep. But he must have nothing to do with land, and not buy an inch of it; rent as much as he pleases, but purchase none; leave buying to those who have more money than wit; good as the land is in many places, it is not worth more than five shillings per acre, and must ultimately be fixed at this price, and, even then, unless you select your purchase with so much skill as to command the adjoining run or vacant pasturage for ever, and in extent five times as much as you purchase, it would be madness to give so high a price as 5s. per acre; and no profits of sheep-farming, great as they undoubtedly are, would enable any grazier to give 5s. an acre for land, in a country which requires, on an average, ten acres to feed a sheep, which is the case all over New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. Buy a piece of building land in town if you fancy such a thing, by all means, though a sheep-farmer should be never seen in town, and therefore cannot want it; such purchases should be left to the merchants.

He frequently reiterates the advice against buying land.

Though I recommend every person to abstain from buying land in South Australia *for the present*, and until it is cheaper, which it is sure to be, I am, of course, aware that some land is necessary to begin even those small schemes of cultivation, which have been alluded to, as

promising a quick return. But the best thing any person can do before going out to the new Colony is, to go and agree with the Company in Blahopsgate Street to rent a section of 134 acres at £15 per annum, or half a section at £8 per annum. This is what I should do in preference to buying, were I going out again. The terms on which the Company treat are liberal, and from all I saw of the way their concerns are managed, over the water, it is very easy to see that they are doing more good for the Colony, than they are for themselves.

Mr James, as we have seen, considers the price of land far too dear, and he believes that it must be greatly reduced in price. This is done virtually by selling dear, but renting at very cheap rates. When he was in the colony, several sections of 80 acres, which sell in London for £80, were "hawked about the settlement at £70," a loss of £10, and two years' interest—and "no buyers even at that sacrifice." He continues—

It has been thought necessary to state this fact, as notorious as the sun at noon-day, to put English readers on their guard against improper statements and printed calculations, that all the rural land throughout the Colony is worth £2 per acre.* Now, in spite of these accounts, I can state, that, with one or two solitary exceptions of land taken adjoining the township, &c., none of the country sections are worth what they have cost. There is, and always will be, too much in the market for sale ever to command a high price, or even a profit to the purchasers who have bought at 20s. per acre. And with regard to the town acres, these being limited to one thousand, may rise, a few of them, in good situations, to even £200 per acre; but the bulk of them were obtainable in June 1838, when the author left, at about £30 to £35 each; but if the head-quarters are removed to Port Lincoln, they will fall rather than rise in value. The great cause of this high price of land in the town is, that it is held principally (at least one half) by absentees or monopolizers; either by persons living in London, or by the South Australian Company, Mr Hack, Mr Gilles, Mr Fisher, &c., so that the Government have no more to dispose of.

This monopoly of town land is felt as a great grievance. Emigrants of capital arrive with their wooden houses, ready to put up, and yet have not a piece of land to put them on, in a desert township sixteen miles in circumference, save at monopoly price.

It is hardly fair to those respectable parties, who are arriving in the colony day by day, and naturally wish to purchase a quarter of an acre to receive their wooden house, that the price of all the eligible building plots in the townships should have been raised, not by the improvements made on their lands by the absentee proprietors themselves, but by the industry of those who have built upon the adjoining lots, right and left.

One pound the acre for rural land, he often declares a great deal too dear. What is more—

It is thought in New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land to be the rock upon which the whole concern will be wrecked. People in New South Wales, where the price is five shillings per acre, calculate that sheep would not pay even at that, unless the purchaser command a large back run; and they prefer renting a section at twenty shillings yearly, which is about a farthing and a half per acre! Now, if the Commissioners had done wisely, they would have leased the land on seven years' leases, at one penny per acre, in square miles of 640 acres each, and this would have brought them a large revenue. They could have allowed also the renters to purchase the land at any time during the seven years' lease, at thirty years' purchase, which would have been two shillings and sixpence per acre. Because it is a bad thing to invite people to lay out their capital in the purchase of land, when the money is wanted for the purchase of stock.

* Gouger's "South Australia in 1837," page 76.

It will of course be objected, that this is entirely subversive of the very principles on which the Colony was founded—viz., concentration, and a high price of land to prevent dispersion; but in a country like South Australia, proved to be unfit for extensive cultivation, and only adapted to the growth of wool and the rearing of large cattle, how can such chimerical views of concentration be carried out? Though the grass is very fine in the neighbourhood of the mountains, the author having frequently brought home with him specimens of a sort of cocksfoot, six feet high, yet the general character of the country, as far as it is at present known, may be said to be such as to require from two to five acres to feed a sheep, and from fifteen to twenty acres to keep a cow, all through the year; therefore my advice to the emigrant is not to buy any land whatever, but rent it, till the price comes down, or at any rate till he is enabled, out of his earnings, to buy it of those who may have it for sale, at a discount, of which class of persons it is not difficult to predict that there are already many, and in a few years more the number will be increased. At Swan River, the author was the subscribing witness to a conveyance of some thousands of acres of land, where the consideration was only a *halfpenny* an acre!

The wages of labour are, no doubt, high; but this too is relative. Where rations are served out to those in the service of the Commissioners, the wages are 12s. a-week, though clothes, shoes, and comforts are very dear. There is a heavy duty on spirits and beer; and, in addition, the license to sell spirits costs £50 a-year, and that for beer £10. There are, however, notwithstanding these imposts, abundant sellers of both. The duty on cigars is 5s. a-pound, and on tobacco 1s. 6d. Of course there must be smuggling or evasion of so heavy a duty. The duty on foreign spirits is 12s. a gallon, and on colonial, when any malt shall be distilled, 4s. And the colonial government is sadly pinched for money; for, though the salaries and other expenses are moderate enough, there is not revenue to meet them, and a debt of £60,000, at ten per cent., is already incurred. This has given rise to amusing scenes; but the evil may still be remedied by a better scheme of finance.

There was, when Mr James was in the colony, and the population about 3000, plenty of work for the judge in the Court house of Adelaide. It is a wooden building of one room, and the busiest place in the township:—

Here, at ten o'clock, the worthy magistrate takes his place every morning on the bench, to dispose of the numerous cases that are brought before him for petty offences, assaults, and robberies; and on the Wednesday in each week he adjudicates in the Court of Requests, and decides summarily in all questions of debt which may be brought before him for sums under £20. After all is over, he acts, when the Supreme Court is sitting, as Solicitor and Barrister; and in this distracted Colony, where the vile spirit of party, led on by those pests of the place, Mr — and Mr —, is tearing the Colony to pieces, it is no small praise to Mr Wigley, the resident magistrate, to say, that all men concur in speaking well of him. . .

Here assemble most of the strangers, or visitors, from Van Dieman's Land or Sydney, and inquire the news—listen to the *deeply interesting* cases that are going forward before a hundred spectators who would be better employed ploughing, and then come away, praising the mildness, suavity, and justice of the magistrate's decision.

Then follows that account of a horrible and appalling execution which we formerly noticed, and which, from its appearance in many of the newspapers, led us to imagine that Mr James's book had been published some months since. Con-

victs are not allowed to be sent to the colony; and some of the old colonies would consider this a great hardship, as the necessary work of road-making and all public undertakings, are performed by convicts, and, consequently, at the cost of the mother country; though it would require one to be naturalized in New South Wales to join in this opinion. Convicts, or emancipists, have, however, found their way to Adelaide, though not yet in great numbers. They are generally men discharged from the whaling bands, who come to spend their money in the grog-shops, and remain as labourers. Runaways also arrive by the newly discovered cattle tracks; and, as they are handy fellows, and have a good deal of knowledge of colonial business, they are prized; and the police—for there is an armed police in the small community—look sharply after them and the natives.

We shall not trouble ourselves with the squabbles, the party spirit, and the bitter animosities which have disturbed the young colony. Of the *South Australian Gazette*, denounced by Mr Gouger and the other colonial functionaries, Mr James gives a very high character:—"The only thing that could be said against it was, that it appeared at very long intervals and with great irregularity, sometimes as long as three weeks intervening between the days of publication. But the best eulogium upon its fearless and independent character was, that it gave great offence to those who were turning their official situations in the colony to their own private advantage." The proprietors were lately prosecuted for a libel on Mr Fisher, the resident commissioner. The trial lasted six days! when a *special* jury, very oddly composed, brought in a verdict of guilty. The jury to try a libel case, gives one an idea of the colony. It consisted of three bullock-drivers, two carpenters, two stone-masons, a *wittaler*, (which we suppose means an innkeeper,) a tailor, a sawyer, a lodging-house keeper, and a publican. During the trial, the Supreme Court of Adelaide resembled a bear-garden. Though not very favourable to the liberty of the press when the press takes the liberty to tell unpleasant truths about themselves, some of the colonial functionaries are staunch democrats. One of them came into the office where a gentleman was employed in preparing blank forms of writs, summonses, and so forth, in the usual legal phraseology.

He exclaimed with indignation to the learned and gentle Jickling, "What's all this, sir?" hastily reading over the harmless words, "William the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain and Ireland," and so forth, "Pooh! Pooh! We want no nonsense of this sort here! Kings indeed! Out with it, sir!—this is South Australia." The quiet Barrister was in a tremble, and, getting up from his seat, and rubbing his spectacles, in the simplicity of his heart assured him there was no treason in the words—that he had merely inserted them because it was the practice of the higher courts at Westminster. But he was inflexible, and said, "Strike it out, we'll have no king here—if you must have a name to the papers, put in O. G.," meaning that active and enterprising colonist Osmond Gilles, Esq.

In May 1838, there were in the colony 1500 head of horned cattle, 220 horses, and 12,000

sheep. Besides the important circumstance which was noticed in our former article, of a herd of cattle having arrived overland from New South Wales, another has reached the settlement from Port Philip. The cattle-drivers on both expeditions were intelligent persons, and have made valuable geographical discoveries in the course of their long routes. Mr Eyre, who brought the lot of 300 head from Port Philip, was twenty weeks on the route, and lost six horses for want of grass and water. He discovered a fine fresh-water lake—Lake Hindmarsh—fourteen miles long and seven broad, just outside the boundary of the New Province.

With the excellent advice, on many points, tendered by Mr James to the South Australian Commissioners, we shall not intermeddle. Our sole object is the safety of *rash* emigrants, and especially those ill-adapted to a new colony.

He gives an interesting account of a ride of six hundred miles, from Sydney to Melbourne and Port Philip, through the Illawarra country. This young settlement he considers likely to prove a formidable rival to South Australia. The chief advantage seems proximity to the older colonies, which, at the outset, is immense; but, to counterbalance this, South Australia is nearer the European market for the future exports of all the colonies, unless the Pacific, from Panama, should yet be bridged by steam. As little is known of the Port Philip settlement, we shall cite the opinion of this eye-witness. Building timber he states to be scarce, and the supply of water in the interior scanty, though the town is well supplied. The harbour is good, and ships ride right before the windows of the settlers; so that Melbourne, though having last year no more than a thousand inhabitants, enjoyed a considerable trade. Trade without people is, however, not easily understood. But the great number of sheep, as compared with the larger settlement, may explain the cause.

There can be no question, therefore, that Port Philip and the town of Melbourne is altogether a very rising settlement, and, from the richness and fertility of the surrounding country, as far north as Mr Edden's old station, forty miles, and westward beyond the Campaspe, almost without limit, nothing can prevent its prosperity. Already the sheep amount to 200,000 head, and are rapidly increasing; and as the means of the settlers who own these sheep are increasing also, it gives employment to the artisans in the town of Melbourne, which is even now a very bustling place down at the wharf, where six or seven schooners of seventy tons are seen receiving or discharging cargo from the neighbouring ports of Launceston, Hobart Town, and Sydney. The trade is principally with Launceston, which is distant only two days' sail, and consists chiefly of passengers backwards and forwards, carrying sheep and lumber from Van Diemen's Land, &c. Handy men get £50 a year at Port Philip, with board and lodging; and mechanics, shepherds, builders, and all other tradesmen, likely to answer in South Australia, get ample encouragement. If the headquarters of the South Australian Colony should be decided to remain fixed where they are at present, in such an inconvenient, inland place, Port Philip will soon excel it in wealth and importance. For a young man, not afraid of bushing it, and determined to look after his sheep himself, I am inclined to think that he would make more of £1000 at Port Philip in five years, than he could in South Australia.

But the price of mutton is much higher in South Australia—and likely for a time to remain so—than in any of the other colonies. It is for the Commissioners and the great Company to weigh Mr James's recommendation about immediately shifting their quarters to Port Lincoln; and, if *town-lots* and buildings on hand do not personally influence many of them, it is probable the change will be made. The commissioners themselves (witness Colonel Torrens' speech) seem as ignorant on many important points as the credulous emigrants. They must, for one thing, have imagined the Torrens a fine river, running up from the harbour to the town; for, in their written instructions to the resident commissioner, they constantly speak of the *quays* which were to be. "There will never," quoth Mr James, "be any quay in the town of Adelaide;" and the projected railway to the Port is an undertaking too magnificent even for New South Wales, with its surplus revenue, or unappropriated balances.

In this notice of Mr James's book we have done our duty—if not to the author, to the public; and we conceive it the duty of all who have ignorantly and unintentionally helped, through the press, to foster the prevalent mania, to come forward now and retract their error.

This paper has drawn to such length that we cannot, at this time, advert to Mr Matthew's book entitled "Emigration Fields," and his detailed scheme of conquering and colonizing New Zealand—for his plan amounts to no less. He does not, indeed, go openly armed; but, like the beggar in "Gil Blas," states his demands to the New Zealand chiefs from behind the bush, shewing, at the same time, the least possible bit of his ready-cocked musket. His work was meant to be limited to New Zealand; but, as all the world is agog about emigration, the shrewd publisher suggested that Mr Matthew should survey the entire fields. This he has done ably, though in a cursory way, before entering upon New Zealand—the settling of which fine and promising field forms, at present, the most difficult problem in colonization. As little more than "foundation rubbish" is yet thrown into New Zealand, we can afford to lay that problem aside for a month or two, and shall merely in this article cite Mr Matthew's opinion of South Australia as an emigrant settlement.

South Australia answers to the lower part of the basin of the Mississippi, and the city of Adelaide to New Orleans, with this difference, that Adelaide appears to be a salubrious place, while New Orleans is the *wet grave*. There is this difference, however, in the rivers, that the Murray, about one thousand miles long, is navigable only by barges, and is almost dried up in the summer; while the Grand Mississippi is navigable by steamers of three hundred tons, at all seasons, for nearly three times that distance. Excepting in the vicinity of the Gulf of St Vincent (where the South Australian colonists have commenced operations), and along the Murray, almost nothing is known of the portions of Australia, which go to form the territory of South Australia. The district around the Gulf is comparatively a good sheep pasture country.

The coast of South Australia stretches south-east, with sea to the south-west, from whence the prevailing winds

blow (it is said for nine months in the year.) This will afford a moist and cooler air immediately on the coast, rendering it a rather favourable field for British emigration, being suited for a wool-raising country, and perhaps even for the raising of grain and cotton, and other valuable products; but from the absence of high land or mountains in the interior, from being surrounded on three sides by a great extent of hot arid continent, and from the sea being towards the pole, there is every reason to believe, that, excepting near the coast, there will be very little deposition of rain, as, though the winds from the sea be charged with moisture almost to the dew point, yet by reaching a warmer locality in the interior, they will acquire greater power of suspending the moisture, and give out none. *A priori*, we should therefore expect the interior to be extremely arid, and only fitting for an emigration-field for the Bedouin Arab, with his camel support. Even the districts near the sea coast exhibit features of great aridity of climate; the forest cover not general, but only straggled over the country in the cooler localities, and where the soil is deepest, and most capable of withstanding drought; the character of the tree-leaves, and the thin tufted nature of the grasses; the streamlets and rivers from the hills losing themselves when they come to the low country in marshes and stagnant pools, and only reaching the sea in winter: All these are signs which cannot be mistaken.

After noting the zeal and enterprise of those who projected and established the colony, he proceeds—and his hearsay statements should be compared with those of Mr James made on the spot:—

Upwards of five thousand persons are already at work, laying the foundation of what, in all probability, will be the future emporium of Australia—the city of Adelaide. The only plague-spot upon all this fine display of popular vigour, is that they have commenced by borrowing funds to carry on operations at ten per cent. per annum interest, a debt due by the colony, and which, it may be apprehended, will accumulate at compound interest faster than the wealth of the colony, and swallow up all. . . . In regard to the colony of South Australia, it surely would

be absurd to expect capitalists to resort thither to purchase a comparatively unproductive soil at one, two, or more pounds per acre, when they could obtain land in New South Wales and the United States at one-fourth the price.

Eighteen months since, the debt of the New Colony, by the admission of the Commissioner, Mr Hutt, was £60,000. It must, by this time, be £100,000, or more, if the Commissioners are conducting the necessary public operations with spirit. Here is already £10,000 a-year of interest of debt on a population of between five and six thousand souls, and no public works completed—few undertaken. This interest, with the salaries of public officers, slender as they are, and the other expenses of the Colonial Government, will, we fear, trench sadly on the Emigration Fund, which was devoted to procuring “abundant”—that is, cheap labour, to compensate capitalists for the high price of land. But, if labour is to be made “abundant” by means of this fund, what are to be the bright prospects of labourers in the colony?—or, if the fund is to be diverted from the original purpose, to pay the interest of the debt, what advantage will capitalists derive to compensate paying three or four times dearer for land than in the other colonies? It is needless to multiply words: capitalists need not be longer hood-winked unless they choose, and labourers and artisans would do well to make their bargains with the Commissioners and the Company before they leave their own shores. We can only repeat, that, if they are ensured for a term of years of a much lower rate of wages than that held out, with provisions at the prices of England, we shall be glad to see tens of thousands depart for “The Land of Promise.”

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

“For love, that comes wherever life and sense
Are given by God, in thee was most intense;
A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,
A tender sympathy, which did thee bind,
Not only to us men, but to thy kind.”—*Wordsworth*.

AFTER briefest separation,
First with welcome at the door;
Ever, to our home returning,
Herald! glad to run before.
Though I see him now no longer,
Busy Fancy shapes him still,
From the blank unending, weary,
Which his form no more may fill.

Solitary am I often—
Never used it to be so;
In the fields, nor in the wild wood,
By the fireside's cheerful glow.
Then, whoe'er might else forsake me,
Not of all was I bereft,
Still had I one true companion,
Still one faithful friend was left.

Little, in that pleasant season,
I for other being cared;
Cheerful thoughts were ever with me
If that friend but with me fared.
Then I felt no urgent impulse
From my weary self to flee;
Of my kind as independent
As the world could be of me.

Very happy days, and many,
Have we two together spent,
O'er the hills, and through the meadows,
By the flowery-kirtled Trent.
There, with him all blithe before me,
Where-soever I might come,
I'd the sense in all my wanderings—
The strong feeling of my home.

Well he read his master's purpose,
Long foreknew the coming walk,
And, alive with joyful gestures,
His whole body seemed to talk.
Favourite stations had we many,
Where he paused to bask when won;
These now, in my rambles lonely,
I must see with pain, or shun.

Though the frigid scorn such feeling,
Though vain men all praise engross,
By the sum of past enjoyments
Am I taught to feel my loss.
Of the past was he a portion—
Of domestic bliss a part—
And, with dearest household memories,
Will be honoured in my heart.

BLANCHE DELAMERE.

CHAPTER VIII.

Love Trials of the Teens in High and Low Life.

FORTUNE, omnipotent over mortal woman, will sometimes disconcert the best-laid and most prudent schemes, and as readily those of the Duchess as of the dairy-maid. The three spring months which the Lady Blanche Delamere had promised herself were to pass like a vision of enchantment, in the fairyland of Shakspeare and Spenser, and the brighter regions of her own young romance, began in disappointment, and ended in endurance, if not in sorrow. Three days fled on wings of rapture; but, on the morning of the fourth, the young tutor—so honoured, so trusted by the Countess, so affectionately and frankly treated by her granddaughter—had left the Abbey of the Holy Cross without leave asked or given! The immediate or alleged cause of his disappearance, as explained in a letter to the Countess, was the illness of his mother, who had expressed a wish to see him; and, with many grateful acknowledgments for her munificent designs in his favour, he respectfully declined her future patronage. The Church was not suitable to his views, and he disliked the Army. He intended to prosecute the study of medicine, of which he had always been fond; and had no doubt of turning his acquirements into the means of supporting himself until he was qualified to exercise the profession he had deliberately chosen.

The surprise and displeasure of the Countess were extreme. Here was respect!—here was gratitude! Dislike the Church!—dislike the Army!—not suitable to his tastes and views!

"How, indeed, should they!—both are the professions of gentlemen. So, Blanche, my dear—how very late you are, child, this morning!—this Mister Fredrick Leighton chooses insolently to decline my patronage, and the line of life I had selected for him. He is quite right; he is unfit for the profession of a well-born man. He chooses to be an independent apothecary—a compounder of drugs—instead of my chaplain and secretary, and probably a future dignitary of the Church of England."

Blanche had her own deep and peculiar causes of grievance this morning with her runaway tutor, to which her troubled brow and clouded eyes bore testimony, though one which, fortunately, her grandmother could not read; but she was too high-minded to be unjust, and she held a proud silence, not only then, but all through that day, brooding and moody, and at times retiring to weep alone. Not one word had she deigned to address to her *bonne*, who had sat with her, dejected and silent, after several attempts at establishing their ordinary happy and confidential intercourse.

"'Tis thy hour for bed," said the mild Quakeress, who had meekly and compassionately

borne the young lady's waywardness, in sympathy with her sorrow. "Thou art feverish and heated, dear lady. Shall I send Martin to undress thee?—or wilt thou permit thy grieved friend the pleasure of serving thee?"

"I'll have no Martin—I can serve myself, thank ye!" cried the young lady, proudly, though scarcely able to restrain her tears; and she broke forth—"You at least—you whom I have loved as a mother—revered as my better angel—you who, I believed, loved me—But 'tis no matter! Good night!—good night!" The Lady Blanche rose, and waved her hand.

"Nay, I will not leave thee thus. Thou knowest I could not sleep; and wouldst be sorry to-morrow."

Blanche was melted.

"Have I been very petulant?—sullen?—I fear I have—and I detest sullenness. And proud too?—but my pride is humbled to-day. How very condescending—yes, it was—how gracious and compassionate it was, in your nephew, Mr Frederick Leighton, to leave the message you delivered this morning to the vain, giddy, perhaps—yes, *perhaps*—the forward, unmaidenly person he must consider myself!—most generous to flee ere the forlorn or lovelorn damsel had farther exposed herself.—Oh, how I hate—how gladly I could kill myself—could I imagine that my heedless indiscretion had given this insolent, this most unparalleled presumption, but a shadow of cause!"

And scalding tears forced their way in torrents down the burning cheeks of the heiress. Her friend suffered this paroxysm of wounded pride and wounded affection to expend itself.

"And you—you won't speak to me—you whom I have regarded as my wisest and best friend!—struck dumb with pity, are you, for the love-sick girl whose silly, childish heart was given unsought, and flung back unprized?—How little all of you know her! No, truly—Mr Frederick Leighton need not have taken such deadly alarm. Oh! I could sink into the earth for very shame that he may have gone hence with so false, so humiliating an idea of my real sentiments. Surely, *ma bonne*, you who read my inmost heart, know that I am incapable of the most unwomanly weakness of giving, were it to a prince, my love unsought."

"I know it well, believe firmly—thou couldst not do aught unmaidenly;—thy faults are on the side of the pride which would die and make no sign. Wert thou thy grandmother's milkmaid, instead of her proud heiress, thou must be wooed to be won. Thou art under strange misconception, dearest; deeply dost thou in thy displeasure wrong poor Frederick; deeper still thine own noble nature, which will yet do him justice. He has followed the clear line of duty and honour, probably with no little sacrifice of vague hopes, idly and too fondly cherished;

and, in thy esteem, he will yet obtain no mean portion of his merited reward."

The tears of Blanche rained fast and faster; but their source lay deeper in her heart than the scalding drops which pride and indignation had wrung forth. Was it conscience barbed the arrow which, since the delivery of Frederick's complimentary and simple message, had rankled in her proud, and maidenly, and now desolate heart? Gentle as was the hand of the maternal Quakeress, she kindly and wisely forbore to probe that young bosom, quivering in its first-felt woman's agony; and when the more gracious and healing shower was spent, even Blanche had recovered herself. She dried her eyes, and half-smiled. "This is all very foolish; but, thank heaven, no one can guess save you. . . . If Mr Frederick Leighton must needs go home—if his duties here were become so unpleasant to him—though, once, he seemed to like to be with us—might he not have said so? Did he fear that, because I was childish enough to shew my satisfaction at the arrangement for my studies made by the Countess, his inclinations were to be forced?—or was it that he must kindly steal away lest the silly girl should not have fortitude to see him part?"

"Deeply thou wrongest him in thy proud speech, lady, to whom thy secret thoughts do more justice. Thou knowest the natural diffidence—the utter want of self-confidence and presumption—of him on whose spirit, nevertheless, the yoke of dependence would have pressed hard, though imposed by a lighter, more delicate hand than that of the Countess. In this matter, pardon me, thou art thine own accuser—thine own tormentor. Frederick's healthy, right mind pointed out the necessity of his going. If in the manner there was fault, that was mine:—I approved the measure, and I urged speed. He has dallied too long—been but too sensible to the pleasures and fascinations of a life to him enervating and perilous, and for thee, noble maiden—pardon that frank sincerity without which my friendship for thee were of no worth—for thee unwise—for me, thy friend, unworthy. That is done which time, which society must shortly have accomplished, but only when estrangement might have been more painful, when hopes, unwisely placed, but fondly cherished, might have made that death to thy presumptuous playmate which to thee had been sport."

"Sport to me the pain of Frederick Leighton! Nay, then, I have a right to blame you—you ill understand me. No hopes that he could have formed in relation to me—to my own self—me, the poor orphan Blanche—could I ever dare to view as presumptuous; impossible as I am aware their fulfilment might be, while the customs of society conspire against the happiness of all womankind, and most against those in the highest station—mine, whose seeming independence is but a mockery. But enough of Frederick; do not mistake me so far as to imagine that, notwithstanding the accident of my birth—and heaven knows that hitherto it has been no bless-

ing—I ever dared compare myself with man or woman but by the one standard of superior intellect or greater goodness. I require to reflect that I am placed thus high; and, do believe me, but very rarely feel it—and never when I am very amiable or yet very happy. Why do I esteem thee, in thy pinched coif, petulant and wayward as I have been to-day, far beyond the noblest matron in the land that I have ever seen, or am, I fear, likely to see?"

"I will not call thee flatterer," replied the gratified *gouvernante*, with her softest maternal smile, "but I will call thee dear, fond enthusiast, and pray that thy generous, expanding mind may guard, while it sustains, thy pure and ardent heart:—and now good night indeed. Thou hast forgiven Frederick Leighton? Many years may roll away, and change come to all of us, before we see him again. But thou wilt do him justice; for thine is a nature to sympathize with the noblest struggles of the inward warfare—and those have been his."

"Had he but suffered me to shew how *firmlly* I could have seen him depart—how frankly have cheered his honourable purpose; but it matters not;—and so farewell, Fred, whom I have liked too long, too young, and perhaps too well, ever to have been in love with; that was impossible, you know, in an intercourse so kindly and familiar, and, until these last days, so frank as ours."

The *bonne* half smiled. "Spite of thy rank and conventional relations, how true to thy sex's instincts art thou—to its haughtiest caprices, as to its deep tenderness!" were her secret thoughts.

Whatever poets and dramatists may have recorded, the dawning love of sixteen is rarely found dangerous to the lasting peace of its victim. The Lady Blanche, bravely as she had borne herself before the most trusted friend she had on earth, wept sadly enough for one half-hour when darkness and the bed-curtains had fairly veiled her weakness. She felt as if she must be miserable while life endured; and so she rose and re-perused in the moonlight the scene in "*Cymbeline*," which had formed her reading on the former evening, when her heart had thrilled so rapturously while her young tutor eloquently dilated upon the exquisitely feminine character of the heroine—and then she remembered, half-resentfully, how her *bonne* had abruptly put an end to the twilight reverie which followed the reading. She knew that it was idle to return to bed, as repose to her was impossible, however bravely she should bear herself during the day, so that not even *she* should guess how deeply her affections had been entangled. It was therefore with some vexation that the Lady Blanche awoke next morning, at the usual hour, after a long and profound slumber. No, no—the dawning, innocent love of the *teens* never yet cost enamoured swain or maiden a whole night's sleep; and, upon the whole, in wise and kind hands, like those in which Blanche was placed, is very easily manageable.

By active and varied in-door employments,

and out-door exercise, and frank and frequent conversations about the absent hero, those dreamy reveries which are the food of passion were prevented; and discussions on the duties and real difficulties of the manly part which Frederick had chosen, and by which he must abide in working his way to independence and distinction, dispelled illusion and cast down wild imaginations. He was to be a physician; and if possible, an eminent one—or his should not be the fault. Although the irritation produced by the reproaches of the Countess, by moving the generous ardour of Blanche's nature to the defence of her absent friend, kept him constantly in her mind, Mr Frederick might have been mortified to learn from his aunt's letters how soon any painful sense of his disappearance faded in that noble household. Other occurrences intervened, and other interests arose. The able organist from a distant town who had long been Lady Blanche's instructor, was ordered to come more frequently; and the rite of confirmation, to which she consented with great inward reluctance and with tears, flatteringly ascribed to the tenderness and warmth of her devotional feelings, was followed by several solemn festivals at the Abbey, and by a few visits, strictly *en famille*, as the young lady had not been presented at Court. The open profession of adherence to the Church of England, exacted from her, had endeared her to the Countess, whose original unreasonable dislike seemed changing into doting, superannuated fondness.

"What would Frederick say to my step of this day?" said Blanche to her friend, on escaping from the entertainment given to the Bishop, the Earl and Countess of Fanfaronade, and a small "distinguished" party at the Abbey, in honour of this important event in family annals—"to that step which we have so often debated—and which, save for my scruples, he seemed to regard as unimportant."

"What says thine own conscience—whose silent response is more to thee than the approving or condemning judgment of all mankind?"

"That I have taken my first downward step, and with my eyes wide open, venial as the wrong may seem, and pure as is the motive—to content my poor grandmother. On the rights of conscience—of my private *protestant* judgment—girl as I am, my mind has never wavered."

The subject was not stirred again, and weeks flew by serenely and happily, because busily and profitably to health and mind. Gradual relaxation had taken place in both medical and educational discipline. Lady Blanche in her studies required rather the rein than the spur, good Dr. Hayley said; and the Countess generally adopted his commonplaces, and used them until she fancied them the original inspiration of her own wisdom. The heiress in her long mornings was therefore left much to her own devices; and to her, sage and womanly as she had grown, few were more pleasant than getting beyond the Park walls, and passively renewing her acquaintance with the friends of other years. Among

these was Phoebe Waterton, the eldest daughter of the poacher. Of this dispersed and ruined family few knew anything and no one said good. The father was skulking from justice, helplessly lamed; the eldest boy had been transported for a petty theft; the mother had died of a broken heart; Phoebe alone, the fair, pretty, merry Phoebe, the joyous playmate of the Lady Blanche in her early escapades to the strawberry-pickers and weeders in the Abbey gardens, was doing well, and still living under the protection of her grandmother, who was one of Blanche's out-pensioners, through the ministration of her Quaker *bonne*. One day a visit was to be made to Dame Waterton, and Blanche also volunteered—"It is months since I have seen little Phoebe. I daresay she cannot leave her old grandmother, save when at work—field-work. I hope it will not make her ugly, she is so pretty now; I am sure I should like it myself—hoeing and hay-making—far better than scrubbing and dish-washing; but Phoebe fancies house-service genteeler, and I promised her a good turn with the housekeeper. If she could smuggle her into the laundry, or the dairy, grandmamma would never be disturbed with the sinful example of giving bread to a poacher's child.—That poor family! I cannot think of them without sorrow;—corrupted, dispersed, ruined. I know not whether aristocratic game-preservers, with their insulting, irritating, tyrannical laws, or the desperate invaders of those laws, are worst; but I know with which I sympathize."

The pony phaeton which Lady Blanche usually drove, was left within the Stoke Delamere gate, and with her friend she took her way to the solitary cottage of Dame Waterton, which was a little way beyond the village, and on the outskirts of one of the farms of him who, without the park walls, was often named Squire Grimshaw. It was about the hour when Phoebe might be expected to rest from her field labours; and there she was, sunk in a corner of the settle, weeping, and the old dame stamping on the clay floor, in great apparent wrath and excitement. As the light elastic figure of Blanche appeared on the spot where her presence usually made sunshine, Phoebe started up, half-screamed, and, drawing her shawl suddenly and closely around her, sunk down, and wept afresh.

"What is wrong, Phoebe? Dame, I fear the lady's visit is ill-timed," said the Quakeress.

"Grannie cross, Phoebe?" whispered Blanche, laughingly. "Oh, never mind. Mrs Martin will hire her, dame—very soon, too. One of the laundrymaids is going to be married—oh, to your old admirer, Stephen Duck, Phoebe; but don't despair for that, lass."

"O my young Lady Countess, who was always so good to the good-for-nothing quean! O Missus Thompson, marm, has she not shamed us all—there, where she sits, the vile, light hussey! I'll brain her! yes, I'll brain her!—to bring me to shame in my old days. Never will she get creditable place, never honest husband; the 'rection house is the place for her—and too good, too."

The wretched girl, taking her hands from her face, cast one wild, despairing look on her grandmother, and rushed from the house. Her slight and very girlish figure, and pretty baby face, contrasting with her enlarged size, too plainly told her story, without the angry commentary of the furious dame. Blanche, inexpressibly shocked, became suddenly faint, and leaned against the little mantel-shelf, which it had once been the pride of Phœbe to deck, and which yet shewed some of her own old toys.

"The vile, wicked slut!—her wickedness will kill my Lady too!"—

"Peace, peace, dame—fetch a cup of water, if you can—and not another word," said the Quakeress.

The dame, "sadly flustered," as she said, had not performed the duty when a village matron entered, screaming—

"Dame Waterton! your grandchild has drowned herself in Squire Grimshaw's pond! See what comes of your worrying the poor wench, as if she were the first girl in the parish had ever gone wrong, or would be the last either! Lor' bless me! my Lady Countess here, too!"

Her dreadful information acted as a restorative to Blanche, who sprung out of the cottage, and flew to the spot indicated. It was a little pond, bordered by willows and alders, and divided from the path to the cottage by a narrow strip of meadow. The despairing and maddened girl had darted across the meadow, and at once plunged into the water, from which she had been rescued, in less than a minute, by a labourer who was trimming the trees. She lay on the grass, completely drenched, but, by the time Blanche reached her, perfectly sensible.

"Thank your God with me, Phœbe, who has mercifully preserved you from a rash and fearful act." And, stooping, she took the girl's hand.

"O my Lady, do not speak so kind to me! It kills me worse, ten times, than grand-dame's scolding."

"She will not be so harsh to you again, poor Phœbe. I will beg her not. Here she is coming to you, poor old body, to comfort you. She was so proud of you, Phœbe."

"Oh, she will kill me—she will kill me—she vowed she would—if he would not marry me—and, oh, cruel! he won't. Why did they drag me out of the water, and not let me die at once, and never see the light again! Oh, if it were but dark to hide me!" And, wrenching her hand from the grasp of Blanche, she writhed in despairing anguish.

The party from the cottage had now come up; and the crone, relieved from immediate fear for her granddaughter's life, again began to pour abuse upon her, as if the strength of her righteous indignation were to atone to the bystanders for the girl's sins. The Lady Blanche stood the image of shame, horror, and grief. The Quakeress directed that Phœbe should be removed; and remonstrated, though in a gentle tone, with the clamorous grandame.

"Be merciful wi' the wench, dame," said the

labourer who had dragged Phœbe from the pond, "or thou'lt drive her far enough. . . . If the chap do not the handsome thing by thee, Phœbe, poor lass, the neighbourhood will cry shame on him."

"He wo'not, he wo'not," shrieked the dame. "Did not the wretch but now go down on her knees, and crawl like a yearth-worm before him, at the parson's honour's, who axed him and coaxed him to make the wench an honest woman?—and first he denied, the villain! the child was his, and then swore he wo'not marry an inch of thee, disgrace of me! Get thee gone to the work-house with thy brat—or to bridewell—for my roof shall fall on me ere it cover thee! Why, Robert, did ye take her out o' the pond, when she was well in it? The vagabond is looking after the smith's daughter, who has a portion will buy him a team! I ax a ten thousand pardons, my Lady; but that wench has put me mad—I was so proud of her—and she'll never hold up the head of an honest woman."

"This is a terrible scene for thee, dear Lady," whispered the Quakeress; "couldst thou not return alone to the gate, and so home, or else wait me there?"

"Dreadful indeed—but unavoidable—a dark chapter in woman's life; but I must now see to the end of it. I cannot feel it in my heart to leave the wretched creature with this outrageous woman, in the present temper of both—nor can I desert her. Say, could we not place her somewhere? The laundry—dear old sanctuary! No servant from high to low dare whisper against me."

The matron could not approve of this scheme, nor could she abandon Phœbe; and, trusting all to her intelligence and humanity, Blanche returned alone, on her request—and within the park gate sat long under a tree, ruminating deeply on those tales of woe and guilt which, even in this quiet neighbourhood, had reached her guarded seclusion, and upon the exposed condition of young girls in the rank of poor Phœbe Waterton. Her early regard for her old playmate, and recollection of the painful circumstances which had deprived Phœbe of a mother's guardian care, at the critical period of maiden life when it becomes the most necessary and valuable, deepened the interest which her fate inspired. Before Mrs Thompson returned, she had provided a respectable temporary house for the girl, and seen her seducer in presence of the clergyman and Mr Grimshaw. She described him in few words, as a very young and good-looking rustic—ignorant, selfish, and, perhaps, brutal. The power of marrying or not marrying—of deciding a fellow-creature's fate—seemed to have mightily augmented his self-consequence, especially since the squire and "the young Countess" had become parties in the affair. But the price of a team was his dogged ultimatum.

"So the unmanly boor, who has won her simple and affectionate heart, would graciously accept poor Phœbe on these terms," said Blanche, indignantly. "I would give her the price of ten teams if I had it, had she the sense and spirit to respect, in herself, fallen as she is, a far nobler creature,

and to despise this fellow. Can any good come of such a marriage?—I will talk to her myself.” Even the benevolent Quakeress was startled by the idea of Phœbe, were the offer in her power, refusing, by marriage, to solder up her broken reputation; although, in such a union, she saw no hope of happiness, and no foundation, warranted by ordinary prudence, for these two young, ignorant, and improvident creatures uniting their fate. She accompanied the Lady Blanche next morning on her visit to the forester’s cottage, where Phœbe had obtained shelter. They found her engaged in needle-work, which, blushing the deepest scarlet, she hastily concealed, as she rose tremblingly to make her little curtsy. Her work had been some sort of baby-clothes, which poor Phœbe was fabricating from her maiden finery.

Blanche looked upon her sad, pale, childish countenance, with deep compassion.

“Ah, poor Phœbe, you have been very foolish, and you have suffered, too,” said the Quakeress. “You have gone through a fiery ordeal; nor is the worst past.” And Phœbe, fancying this something very wicked, yet pitying herself, wept abundantly, while murmuring—

“I know I am very, very wicked; but, oh, I am very wretched too.” And her tears flowed faster.

“We are not come to upbraid you, Phœbe, my poor girl,” said Lady Blanche, whose heart was smitten. She knew her playmate to be untutored, vain, and credulous; but she was also sweet-tempered, affectionate, docile, and, in spite of her frailty, richly endowed with that native delicacy which seems the inheritance of the great majority of uncorrupted women, in whatever condition they may be placed. She made no complaint of her betrayer, cast no blame on him; though, far beyond all that she had suffered from remorse, shame, and the harshness of her grandmother, was her agonizing sense of the brutality with which he had cast imputations upon her modesty, and charged her, in rude vindication of himself, with misconduct, which the clergyman was moved to repel and indignantly rebuke. On this point only her feelings betrayed her into the expression of anything like resentment or indignation.

“He might have refused to marry me—perhaps I deserve to be no man’s wife; but to say, and before all the gentlemen, I was a light, bad girl—oh, that was wrong, that was cruel!”

The sense of injustice and unmanly dealing had cut her to the soul, wounded her trusting heart to the core, and beyond healing.

“Surely, then, poor Phœbe, you could not think of marrying the man capable of such base, unmanly villany?”

“Alack! he won’t have me,” murmured Phœbe. “I have no portion. The parson begged him, the overseer threatened, I went down on my knees, as grand-dame said, and he was only angry, or laughed at me, and said light, jeering things. Oh, if poor girls would take warning!” moralized Phœbe. “But, per-

haps, if my Lady or Squire Grimshaw ordered him, he might, though I am over bold to speak of it.”

“If we bribed him, forced the unmanly fellow to do you the poor justice in his power!” cried Blanche. “Oh, no, Phœbe. He does not love you; he never loved you; he is unworthy of you.”

Phœbe looked up in transient surprise.

“Him you must learn to forget, to despise—respect and love him as a husband, you surely never can.”

She turned to her friend.

“Those enforced parish marriages, how I loathe them! To me they seem unutterably detestable; and, to women, how miserable, how utterly degrading! Forget this man, Phœbe—avoid him—earn your own honest bread. Rear your infant in peace, if God give it life. Respect yourself, and you will be respected; and, as a well-conducted single woman, you shall, after all that has passed, never want a friend in me.”

Phœbe wept profusely, ere she murmured, artlessly—“But, my Lady Countess, I should never then be an honest woman.”

In spite of her habitual gravity and decorum, the Quakeress smiled at what she knew her pupil would regard as “the honest-woman fallacy;” and Blanche, who was too much interested and excited to sympathize in these mirthful feelings, replied, earnestly—

“What shall prevent? Other than an unfortunate girl you cannot be; but an honest and reputable single woman you may be. Look, then, Phœbe, for your redemption to yourself, not to the pitiful atonement which may be wrested from this young man, at the price of true womanly dignity and future peace.”

“Neither a maiden to have a suitor, nor yet a wife,” was Phœbe’s melancholy thought; while the Lady Blanche energetically addressed her.

“Phœbe Waterton, give me the satisfaction of rescuing you from the farther consequences of your folly, in a degrading and most unpromising marriage. Have the fortitude to encounter a brief shame, which cannot be worse than it is now, rather than a life-long, gnawing sorrow. I leave you now to your own reflections.”

The result was, that Phœbe reluctantly resigned her hope of marriage; while her rude lover, suddenly changing his mind, pressed his suit; and, though the clergyman was at fault, the parish overseer surprised, maids and matrons in consternation, the Lady Blanche resolutely maintained that Phœbe was in a better moral and social position nursing her unfathered babe in her grandmother’s hut, than as the “honest woman” into which, at the expense of a few pounds, or promises and threats, she might have raised her.—“I have but one regret,” said she, when her friend returned from her first visit to the young mother—“It is, indeed, hard that the innocent babe must bear a deeper stain of shame than the parents. There is nothing in Christian society more anomalous and cruel than the condition of illegitimate children.”

"Art thou prepared to say it may not be for the best—may not ward off greater evil?"

"That the heaviest or the longest punishment should fall not on the erring but the innocent? Oh, no, that cannot be right; yet it may be better that poor Phœbe's babe remain a stigmatized child, rather than the first of the offspring of an ill-assorted marriage, entered on with loathing, dragged on in strife and probably hate—the first of a family trained in misery unto all vice of temper, if not of life."

"Thou wilt not, then, approve of our patched-up parish marriages on the Delamere estates?"

"Quite the reverse. If I ever have power, I shall discountenance such alliances to the point of tyranny. How much happier, and, to my feeling, more respectable, may simple Phœbe become, an unfettered single woman, earning her own bread, than the partner on sufferance of that coarse-minded, ignorant fellow, and the mother of a wretched brood, whose first lessons might be their father's ruffianly upbraidings of their mother's shame?"

"But where the transgressors really loved, and wished to be united?" said the Quakeress.

Blanche reddened, as she gravely replied—"Such cases are beyond my jurisdiction—love, real love, must be a law unto itself—the parish and the lord of the manor are no more entitled to disjoin united hearts, than to bind together hating or uncongenial minds."

Squire Grimshaw had "come good to the parish" for the consequences of Phœbe's indiscretion, and, farther to conciliate the young Countess, had dismissed Phœbe's lover from his employment in a manner which precluded any one from hiring him. Phœbe was to be sent to the neighbourhood of Chester, to nurse her child, under the care of a sister of the Quakeress, who readily promised to look after her; and a load was removed from the heart of Lady Blanche. But the tale of Phœbe's undoing had, meanwhile, reached the ears of the Countess, through the ordinary medium of village gossip, her maid, Mrs Martin; and so outraged were her ideas of morality and parish discipline, that Mr Grimshaw was commanded to have the fellow fetched back from Lincolnshire, whither he had gone, and married to the worthless hussy at the point of the beadle's staff, although his own should be exercised on his bride's shoulders ten minutes thereafter. The Lady Blanche was almost sick with vexation. She took courage to speak to her grandmother—to reason with her. The Countess, though not made aware of one half the extent of her grandchild's knowledge or interference in this delicate affair, was petrified at the young lady knowing, or, at least, at her appearing to know anything whatever of so shocking and shameful a business; and the delicacy and womanly feelings of Blanche were deeply wounded by the tone of her censure and reproaches. She retired in tears to her own apartment; and a long while elapsed before she could unbosom herself to her *gouvernante*, which, at last, she did abruptly.

"Were ignorance innocence, I might deserve grandmamma's reproaches," she said; "but, alas, it is not!—I am very young to be sure—at least I am not old; but I have been born into a world of suffering and sorrow, as well as of grandeur and gaiety, and I can neither obliterate my understanding, nor put my senses of hearing and seeing, and power of involuntary thought, to sleep, because I am a young woman—a young lady. I cannot help reasoning on what I am compelled to feel. I hoped my strong, natural sense of justice and of female honour, and my true sympathy with poor Phœbe, might have supplied my want of experience, and yet not have exposed me to the suspicion of indelicacy. I am not satisfied that I have done wrong; but I begin to feel the world will be too strong for me: one by one I shall be forced to surrender whatever I consider good and right, that is opposed to its opinions, be they right or wrong, and become the slave of custom, like all womankind."

"Thou wilt not," said her friend. "The degree and activity of thy opposition may become a question of prudence; but thou wilt not allow thy understanding, thy conscience, the divine instinct of truth, glowing in thy young and pure bosom, to be either perverted or extinguished."

The Lady Blanche shook her head mournfully, yet half-playfully, replying—"These sons of Zeruiah be too strong for me!—yet I shall manfully give battle."

This battle of wild opinion and extravagant speculation, as he deemed it, was frequently maintained with Dr Hayley, and partly in fun and drollery. The Earl of Fanfaronade had been tried in these skirmishes; but he was found too dull for a butt. Her strange wild flights of thought and imagination often threw the worthy doctor into consternation, or left him, like Time with Shakspeare, toiling after the Lady Blanche in vain, while her bold doubts, and bolder questionings, sometimes half frightened him, not so much for her orthodoxy as her sanity. Her genuine, unaffected indifference to the advantages of her birth, and, as it often seemed, to life itself, shocked him yet more than her wild notions. It was unnatural, and, in one so young, almost revolting.

"Of what use is life to me, since of none to any one else?" would she say. "A pain—often a burthen. I have no power of independent action—my existence is without value, not alone to society, but nearly to any one human being."

"You are then, I presume, a *utilitarian* philosopher," said the Doctor, smiling.

"Yes—but one who holds dispensing knowledge, happiness—even innocent pleasure—the highest mode of utility; and feels herself of small account indeed."

"It is wrong—nay, almost impious to say so, Lady Blanche. Had Providence, who has been pleased to plant you in the highest station, no gracious purpose to advance in so doing?"

Blanche shook her head. "If so, I am unequal to it. But I doubt. My grandmother—has she fulfilled her high destiny? Or my great,

great grandsire, him called the wicked Earl; yet he who was far more powerful, and far more rich?—But if Providence allot our social position, then also that of the millions on millions around us, who live in misery, and perish in ignorance. Ah, no, no! Providence has blessed us every one with reason—and given us revelation; and we pervert the one, and act as if we believed not the other—which, in truth, we do not. Who believes with the understanding? Few, if any. Who obeys? Oh, not one!—and least of all, *I*.” This was said with deep emphasis, and in a tone of despondency.

“None are faultless,” said the good soothing-syrup Doctor; “few without blame, though surely, Lady Blanche, you judge yourself harshly.”

“Pardon the interruption, Doctor. I guess what you would say. I have been a safely, if not well-brought-up girl: I break no positive commandment—I do not kill—I do not steal—I do not swear; but do I not violate every day the purity of conscience, and live far, far below my own sense of right; immeshed in the evils of insincerity and selfishness, and enslaved by the tyranny of custom and false shame? Loving my Creator with my whole heart, where shall I find strength of mind, moral courage, to act as if I indeed loved my neighbour as myself, even while that love is burning in my human bosom?—where, with some power of knowledge, and probably one day to have much of fortune, fortitude to enter upon a life of resolute good?”

Doctor Hayley, even when arguments were at hand, often fancied it wisest to permit these morbid feelings and distempered fancies to exhaust themselves in combating each other. He was not afraid that the Lady Blanche would go abroad to the lanes and highways, or yet to drawing-rooms, to preach a purer or higher morality; nor that, in due time, the world, though it might not gain her judgment, would compel her obedience.

She was about to be put to the test; for Lady Blande claimed her promised guest, and Blanche finally left her grandmother and Holy Cross with deeper concern than she could well account for; and with more ornaments, directions, and injunctions than ever young lady carried to London before or since. The town physician was to correspond with the village Esculapius, and daily bulletins of health and adventures were to be despatched to the Countess and her now inseparable Doctor.

“Dr. W——’s duty is likely to be a sine-cure,” replied Lady Blande to the “more last words” of the Countess, touching her granddaughter’s health, and symmetrical perfection of figure.

“I have never seen Lady Blanche, always charming, look half so handsome as now. Even the tardy roses are budding through the snows at last.” And she gently tapped the delicate cheek, now wearing the softest tint of maiden blush. “Budding into richest beauty,” whis-

pered the graceful lady in her dulcet tones—“gather them who may.”

“My grandchild has improved wonderfully of late,” said the Countess, “both in health and person. She looks, indeed, almost too formed for her years—too womanly. Her Quaker governante has some merit in her training system:—and, by the way, Doctor Hayley, as well as myself, is of opinion that it should be persisted in, even in town, alternating with equestrian exercise—of which, Blanche, as a Delamere, is extravagantly fond.—Riding, and the love of horses and hounds, is, indeed, a hereditary passion in our family.”

Lady Blande was ready to promise for everything. Had swimming or ballooning been declared necessary, or a family propensity, she would have undertaken for Blanche enjoying those modes of exercise.

Until the eve of her departure, Blanche had never once spoken of Phœbe Waterton, now some weeks a wife, by her own glad consent at last, and to the delight of her grandmother.

“She ought to be the best judge of her own happiness,” said Blanche; “and, if apprehensive for her, and somewhat grieved, I am not offended. But to the point. My grandmother has quite enriched me to night—and Phœbe shall not want the *team* which would have made her acceptable once, and may be useful still.” She gave her new and well-replenished note-case to her confidante.

“Thy marriage gift may not be wanted now—yet needed in time—there is no present haste,” said the Quakeress.

“Yes, there is; she shall lose no chance of comfort in her new state that this small help can give her—you will do all that is proper for me; and, pray, don’t be niggardly—of your own property you never are; remember I shall be rich some time or other, and, if I may not have even the pleasure of doing a little good to an old playmate, of what value will wealth be?” She added, in a low and earnest voice—“My older, dearer, more unhappy playmate—have you made those inquiries which may give us a clew, yonder where we are going, upon the trace of her—Rosa?—Rosamond Weston?”

“I have—but, alas! with no success; and, although I had obtained some trace, I fear that poor lost one is far beyond your help.”

“Do not say it. Is it not singular, pitiable, that, of the very few young girls whom I have ever known and cared about, two—and those each in her own station the most gentle and amiable—should be thus the victims of their own folly, of their exposed position, and of that horrible licentiousness of which women dare not think, and which fills the world with misery surpassing my comprehension;—which makes me shudder and recoil when I should act. But we will seek out Rosa. You, dear *bonne*, have knowledge, goodness, and experience; I have a brave will, and I shall have power. I would have snatched poor Phœbe from a life of, I fear, wretchedness and degradation, and most certainly of poverty;

and I will, through your agency, rescue Rosamond Weston from the sin and slavery of a life of involuntary vice, if it be possible!" The young woman of whom Blanche spoke, was the daughter of an humble medical practitioner in Stoke Delamere, and had, as matter of grace and of necessity, been admitted to the Abbey with one or two more young persons of respectable family, when the heiress, on her first appearance in England, had been taught dancing. Rosamond Weston was some years older than the Lady Blanche, and a fair, delicate, and elegant girl, whose gracefulness and beauty of person, and sweetness of manners, the little Countess had admired with the passionate fondness which children often conceive for young women who are kind to them. The sudden death of her father left Rosa a penniless orphan; and to this hour the Countess continued to lament the handsome sum she had thrown away when a subscription was raised in the neighbourhood to place the girl at school, in order to qualify her for a governess. "Fifty guineas thrown away on so worthless and ungrateful a wretch—one of those vile creatures who employ their beauty and accomplishments, forsooth! to entangle and seduce thoughtless young men of family and fortune. Do you know, Doctor, I have been told that the Honourable Mr Horatio Devereux, the second son of my esteemed friend Lord Fanfaronade, the heir to his mother's pretty estate, and one of the members for the county——But why explain to you, who know Horatio so well—so rising and promising, and indeed so exemplary a young man—so much the pride of his family and his tutors—who made that fine speech, you know, on the Malt-Tax, and wrote that immensely clever pamphlet about something, which Hatchard sent down to me, with so eloquent a letter from the author? But, indeed, he was always one of my pets. Well," whispering, "there's a mistress in the wood, in that quarter, too. It is truly shocking; but so I am informed."

The Countess did not give up her authority—her all-knowing Martin, namely; and the Doctor, who heard nothing new, was duly affected.

"Some wretched creature, who has successfully woven her toils around even this well-principled, very clever, and highly moral young man. But it is all over now, I believe; nor have I, my friend, in any respect committed myself with Lord Fanfaronade. The character and connexion are, certainly, in every way unexceptionable. And, thank Heaven! in matrimonial alliance, the Delameres need care little for either title or fortune."

One might have fancied the Lady was herself meditating matrimony. The subject was not new to the Doctor, though her Ladyship had never before spoken so explicitly. He was well aware that her family vanity would be unwilling to sink the title of Delamere even in a ducal coronet, and that she would be much better pleased to bestow dignity than receive it. Besides, nothing could be easier than the united interest of the families obtaining that title for the Hon.

Horatio Devereux, which, in the event of his marrying the Lady Blanche, must, at all events, descend to their son. With his other advantages, the husband-elect of the Countess' fancy was not a mere penniless younger son. He was heir to his mother's snug estate of £7000 per annum, of which he already enjoyed above half the income. Had the Doctor spoken his inmost thoughts, he would have said that it would be all in good time to settle the matrimonial interests of the young lady some seven years hence. Indeed, he saw no great use or advantage in her marrying at all, which event would effectually disturb his little pleasant arrangements, and probably not contribute much to her own happiness; but, if it must be so, then Horatio was just as eligible as any other young man of rank. He contented himself with merely hinting that it would be as well not to disturb the young lady's education, and the confirmation of her recovery, by the introduction of a topic so agitating.

"Nay, nay—for that, you might trust to my prudence, my good friend," replied the gratified Countess. "My granddaughter, in one sense, is a mere child. But special circumstances create special cases, my good Doctor—and the extinction of an illustrious house is matter of no ordinary consideration. My project is, if it be the Almighty's will"—the Countess, when she had made up her own mind, was always very resigned—"to present my granddaughter at the last drawing-room of the season, and to marry her immediately thereafter; if her health be quite firm—for which I have now small fears. The young people may spend the honeymoon at Lady Fanfaronade's pretty little place in Staffordshire, a toy-thing in the way of a mansion, but which at her death will be Horatio's; and, I then intend that until Blanche is of age we shall form one family—though I shall not object to a town establishment."

Though the Doctor was far from satisfied, he had not a word to object; and he had a strong reserve of hope in the suspected contumacy of the young lady. That the Hon. Horatio should be insensible to his good fortune was not probable; and the long friendliness of the whole Fanfaronade family, together with the excessive *empressement* of Lady Blande, left him no doubt as to them.

CHAPTER IX.

Our Heroine in a New Scene.

It was certainly not the fault of her lively, agreeable, and thorough-bred hostess, if the visit of the Lady Blanche to London was not delightful to her. She was the distinguished and caressed inmate of a well-appointed and admirably-regulated establishment; where the most refined luxury seemed but to minister to taste and ease. Lord Blande was found an agreeable and high-bred man, less lively in parts than his Lady, but never in the way of social pleasure; though, beyond his graceful bow and smile, the joke of gentle dulness, and a faultless

toilet, he might not contribute much to the general stock of entertainment and enjoyment. There were two very pretty children, unspoiled and engaging; and Mr Horatio Devereux was, as Blanche speedily informed her *bonne*, one of the most gentlemanlike and agreeable persons she had ever seen—quite a new style of a man—with an ease and simplicity of manner which gave her a new idea of the boasted politeness of the fashionable world—a perfect contrast to the stiff dignity and elaborate courtesy of his father, and so much more simple, quiet, and self-poised than his sister.

"I may say of his manners," remarked Blanche, "as is said of the accent of the finest speakers, that he has no particular manners of any kind."

Mr Devereux had been the only dinner guest on the evening that the fair travellers reached London; and the ladies had not been five minutes in the drawing-room when Blanche remarked—"I am surprised, Lady Blande, that you did not mention your brother to me, among your other attractions; I have a sort of pre-adamite recollection, or rather knowledge of him, from hearing grandmamma and Dr Hayley celebrate his great talents and orthodox Tory principles. Once, indeed, at an election, I had a peep of him from the nursery-window, when he came to pay his devoirs to the Countess; but I am afraid I fixed my regards principally upon his beautiful horse"—

"Oh! Horatio!" replied Lady Blande, in a tone of easy indifference—"he is so much one of ourselves, or a second *myself*, that I never should have thought of marshalling him the way to your good graces. He is, indeed, an uncommon, a very superior man—a brother to be proud of; though I should not have fancied him at all likely to captivate Lady Delamere—but there is no answering for the caprices of old or young ladies."

"He does not seem in too good health, I fear," said Blanche.

"No, that detestable House of Commons half killed him last year, and he was again attacked with a low nervous fever at the beginning of this season. He is still a sort of invalid, though now much better; only prudently keeping out of society a good deal, and, I suspect, glad of an excuse. Indeed, he never liked our May-fair mobs;—he was always fond of literature—and latterly politics have quite absorbed him, though I doubt if he be quite the sound Tory her Ladyship gives him credit for. Horatio is, I fear, likely to break bounds some time or other; but he is a very good old young gentleman for all that. Do you know he is eight-and-twenty—quite a papa, a Methuselah, in your idea;—and so fond of my children, that I am sometimes jealous—if a mother could be jealous—that he haunts me as much for them as myself."

The gentleman spoken of appeared with Lord Blande, who, in compliment to his guest, did not go abroad; and an evening passed away, the most exhilarating, if not the most happy, that ever the Lady Blanche had spent in her life. The

conversation—gay, lively, and, if not absolutely witty, something better, glancing swiftly and gracefully on all subjects in that touch-and-go style which charms and yet leaves no distinct impression—was of a kind which bewildered while it pleased the young stranger. It was like nothing she ever had heard or joined in before. It was, she said, "the lightest *allegro* movement of conversation—champagne-talk;" and she apologized earnestly for having kept her *bonne* so late out of bed—perfectly astonished to find it was one o'clock in the morning before she had fancied it ten o'clock. Upon farther reflection, Blanche was at a loss to guess whether Mr Devereux was serious or in jest in maintaining her side of an argument, which had greatly amused Lord Blande;—namely, that it was the duty and happiness of every member of society to labour with head or hands, and to employ his talents as best qualified, for the common advantage; but he had seemed very earnest and sincere; and they had already discovered one common sympathy, in admiration of Handel's music, and for a style of music with which Lady Blande seemed entirely unacquainted, with which the spirit of Blanche had been imbued while a child, living with her Roman Catholic friends in Syria.

"Fancy me singing with any one save Fred, or good old Palmer the organist, or, at most, Dr Hayley!" said she. "Mr Devereux has, indeed, very little voice, but I am sure he has musical sensibility; the musical part of his nature, wherever that may lodge, has received the Promethean touch, wanting to ninety-nine in the hundred of accomplished musicians, so far as I know anything of them: besides, his love of my dear, old, magnificent, soul-swelling chants, might cover the multitude of musical defects. But it is time I were asleep now, and more than time you were. I wish to be in good looks to-morrow, that the new doctor may not inflict more than enough of professional penance upon me."

The "new doctor" was the most courtly and indulgent of London lady-curers. It was necessary to prescribe, as prescriptions are the seed from which fees spring; but the Lady Blanche was left entirely in the hands of her hostess, save as to late London hours. Dr W—— approved of everything that his provincial brethren had done, and also of everything in which they had been circumvented or tacitly opposed by Mrs Thompson. The patient was assured that she had nothing to do but keep good hours, repose till she was inclined to stir, take exercise till she was inclined to rest, and enjoy herself, to be quite well; and the Doctor went on his rounds, to tell his fair and fashionable patients what a magnificent, unbroken Arabian the future Countess of Delamere was, and to stimulate their curiosity to besiege the doors of Lady Blande to obtain a sight of a greater natural curiosity than any the Zoological Gardens afforded.

"Is it true, Doctor, that she preaches how we should all work, and that she can churn butter and get up fine linen herself?" asked one lady, a few days afterwards. The Doctor smiled sceptically.

tically. "Lord Blande says so. I wonder what his insipid Lordship would be fit for under the new order of things?—could he tie a cravat, or dress a lobster, or a salad perhaps, if that be work? For Mr Devereux, he can write books, or at least pamphlets: his fortune is made."

"It is really cruel, however, in Lady Blande," said another lady, "to shut us all out from the benefit of the young lady's philosophical lectures on our duties and privileges, in being raised to the dignity of usefulness, in the way of making loaves and milking cows."

The prohibition was rigid. Lady Blande heeded little the sneers and drolling of her acquaintances, and pleaded the delicate health of her young charge, and her own implicit promise to the Countess. In her house Blanche remained, therefore, in as effectual seclusion, in the heart of London, as if at the Abbey of the Holy Cross. Yet the most assiduous, kind, and considerate attention was paid to the comfort and amusement of so cherished and honoured a guest, and every morning produced a fresh scheme for the pleasures of the day. She had been *privately* at the theatres, and at the Opera House more than once, and had been disappointed; and she had also seen Exhibitions and Picture Galleries, and the shops, at hours too early for the encounter of the fashionable world; and, what was much pleasanter, she had spent some delightful May mornings in rural excursions; and one long day was passed at Richmond, and part of two at Windsor, with Lady Blande, her brother, and the children. Mr Devereux had occasionally been her squire, when she had no chaperon save her *bonne*, to whatever lion-shrine awakened curiosity in a rural bosom, and also to places of which the fashionable denizens of London had either never heard or thought of before—to a Quaker meeting—a synagogue—the Borough Road School—a Bible Society meeting—and an Infant School.

The amusement of Lord Blande at such visits was so much beyond his ordinary tone of good-breeding, though rarely indulged in the presence of Blanche, that his lady was obliged to chide his mirth; while her brother drily said—

"I begin to think that Mrs Thompson's taste in sight-seeing, or that of her lady—for it is between them—may be quite as refined, as it is undoubtedly more intellectual, than our own exclusive tastes."

"Are you bit, too, Horatio?—I fancy I may expect to see you all go off in a hackney coach to the Tabernacle some morning soon; or shall it be Greenwich Fair?—I could fancy it pleasant enough pastime squiring the younger lady there; but what do you make of that tiresome Quakeress?"

"I do confess that she is *de trop* sometimes," replied Mr Devereux. "Eleanor, could you not persuade this worthy matron that it is sinful to idle and gad about in this way."

"I am afraid it will become as needful to persuade her to forget that Mr Horatio Devereux engrosses a great deal more of the society of her

pupil and nursing than is quite proper. That tiresome, imperturbable woman does vex me. A hint is totally lost upon her. I must, however, congratulate you upon your increasing influence, Horatio: I will not say Blanche is attached; but she begins to fall into the habit of expecting you—of missing you—of reckoning on you in all our little plans."

"And I am falling into the habit of admiring her beyond all womankind; the freshness and strength of her character are a continual feast—even the eccentric and visionary nonsense which fills her exalted little head, and makes her sufficiently absurd at times, speaks nobility of nature."

"She is indeed a charming creature, and I prophesy will make a greater sensation in society than many a regularly-trained demoiselle of quality," said Lady Blande.

"Then, now is your time, Horatio," rejoined Lord Blande. "If she do not lecture, nor insist on setting us all to very hard and perhaps filthy work, I could not desire a more charming sister-in-law. But the sooner the nail is struck on the head the better," added the sagacious Peer. "I have a notion the young lady, like her father before her, has a will of her own, if it is fairly roused."

"No will at present opposed to Horatio's hopes, I am confident," replied the lady. "But I must not make you too vain. And let me add, that, if I did not believe you truly appreciate her qualities, and will make the best husband of any man in London to my young friend, you should not have my good wishes;—for she is truly a noble creature—with more frank, generous heart than would furnish the bosoms of half-a-dozen marrying misses."

"And more genius than would irradiate a galaxy of *blues*," said Mr Devereux.

The compliment was repeated to Blanche in a few minutes afterwards, as she attended Lady Blande's toilette. Her Ladyship was dressing for the greatest ball of the season, whither she went with affected and, perhaps, real reluctance.

"But I must shew myself at D—— House—no one would believe else that I had an invitation; and, heaven knows, they are as plenty as blackberries. Blande won't come, lazy fellow, till late, after you are asleep; and Horatio has cut the gay world altogether. Between them and the children you will be well amused—and how I shall envy you! The demands of society are the saddest penalty attached to a certain rank in life. Among your many reforms, pray do, dear Blanche, reform the system of London routs in the first place."

"I will, at least, place myself above its inflections."

They returned to the drawing-room, where all admired the splendid costume and brilliant beauty of the lady; and, in a sudden fit of gallantry, Lord Blande resolved to attend his wife himself. The Lady Blanche was thus left to the versatile powers of amusement of Mr Devereux, and the company, for a time, of the children. Other evenings of the same kind occurred, in

which talk about the excursions of the morning, or those planned for a future day, a little reading, a little music, a little chat, and a world of desultory but agreeable discussion, whiled away the time; and, at length, led a man, experienced in the female heart, to conclude, that

"A little love, when urged with care,
May lead a heart, and lead it far."

Blanche fell into musing fits. Her grandmother's anxiety for her early marriage was no secret to her, and had often excited the latent spirit of opposition.

"I must be married, not that I may be believed and happy, but that the world may have a chance against being visited with the overwhelming calamity of lineal heirs being wanted to the honours of Delamere!" she was wont to say to her nurse. "My uncle Yates, too, is most anxious for my marriage."

After her intimacy with Mr Devereux, the idea of marriage—if not entertained with the usual feelings of a young lady in love—became much less repugnant. To her bosom confidante she frankly owned that she thought Mr Devereux very pleasing, very well informed, and possessed of many of the qualities she should prize in a husband. Above all, were his domestic tastes, and the love of quiet and intellectual pleasures, and of music and literature. She had been exceedingly happy in his society and that of his sister, even in London; and liked them far better, in ordinary intercourse, than any persons of their rank she had ever seen.

"Thy heart is touched at last, proud maiden," said the Quakeress, half sorrowfully.

"Hearts!—what have grand princesses like myself to do with hearts, who must be married for the glory of our families and the advantage of our heirs! Were I even independent, is free choice permitted me? Below a certain rank, were any man, though a Plato or a Washington, to address me, the kind world—they call it 'the understanding of mankind'—would impute motives of mean ambition, or others more sordid still. I might suspect their existence myself:—and how could love, and reverence, and trust unbounded, harbour in the same breast with doubt of the beloved? While, on the other hand, how would the false world judge and brand the traitress to her rank, to the delicacy of her sex, her duty to her family and to society, who disgraced herself by contracting what it is pleased to call an unequal or *low* marriage, though with the man she loves and honours! Oh, no!—the world is in everything too strong for me; I must in the strife ever succumb at last."

"And if Mr Devereux has obtained the approbation of the Countess, must thy consent follow?"

"Why, so I presume; that is, if the princess must needs be married, which, however, she would rather decline. I see no one I like more. I could have fancied something so far different"—and Blanche sighed inaudibly—"but it was a girl's dream, a fond illusion of imagination; perhaps some broken dream of my pre-existing, some shadow of my future state of being. I am in the

world, and it claims its own. I will endeavour to bend my will to what it dictates as my duty so far as I am able; exalted happiness is for few, and certainly not for noble heiresses."

"She will be this man's wife," thought the Quakeress, sadly. "A blighted portion for so fair a nature—so lofty and yet so tender—so loving, and faithful, and womanly; yet will the world pronounce it blest and enviable; and she will strive to acquiesce in the hollow belief, and live, if not unhappily, yet far below herself."

"Does Mr Devereux's fancy accompany all the wild flights of thine?" asked the Quakeress, one evening, when Blanche was recounting a conversation on De Grammont's picture of the Court of Charles, in which they had differed in opinion—"does he comprehend all thy poetical and half-metaphysical nonsense?"

"Alas, no!—how should he when I but half understand myself?" said Blanche, laughing. "I must pardon him there, since his wings were not impeded in the East, nor yet full-plumed during a course of romance-reading under the beeches of Holy Cross, with a young poet, now a philosopher grave and erudite; but there are other points on which I have ventured to ring Devereux, and he has sounded hollow, or given no response. Our conversation, but lately, on that odious book which embodies the very quintessence of whatever is most false, heartless, and profligate in the mutual relations and obligations of the sexes, makes me fear that we entertain opinions, wide as the poles asunder, on points which men and women in society seem tacitly to have agreed to banish or bury, but which I cannot banish from my thoughts while I remember poor Phoebe Waterton, and, far more compassionately, Rosa Weston.—Is there no trace of her?"

"None; she was not one to blazon her shame; she has hid herself somewhere—but I have not yet given up inquiry or hope."

While this conversation was passing above stairs, Lady Blande was amicably rating her brother for, as she said, "rousing the Quixotry of Blanche about that trumpery book De Grammont. You men, with all your conceit, don't understand women half so well as we do each other. Blanche is new to life, and will, no doubt, yet learn to curb her thoughts, or, at least, to hold her tongue like other people. But just now her head, and I dare say her heart too, is filled with many wild vagaries and soaring notions about the purity, and honour, and rights of women—which, as mere opinions, no one would condemn;—but then I have a notion she is just the damsel to act upon them."

"Act upon them—certainly; can any lady entertain ideas too high of the honour of her sex?" said Devereux.

"Certainly not," returned the lady, coldly; "but Blanche is of a temper which would make her break off an engagement, even at the altar, with a man by whom she conceived another woman had been betrayed or wronged; on these

matters she has very peculiar notions. One thing candour compels me to say—you have evidently made a favourable impression upon her; she is, probably, as much attached to you as she is capable of being to any man, until the spirit of Plato is unsphered, or something in that grand way; but a breath might destroy your hopes."

"I conceive your meaning, Eleanor," replied the gentleman, seemingly shocked. "But satisfy yourself; that unfortunate, that infatuated business is completely at an end; Blande will tell you that it is now in the hands of my solicitors. The children"—

"Well, well—never mind," interrupted Lady Blande, eagerly, unwilling to hear more. "There," kissing him, "we are friends again; and now you have my cordial good wishes. Indeed, Horatio, it went to my conscience to have you under my own roof, dangling after my friend, and so fine a creature too, and so very eligible a match—and that unfortunate *liaison* hanging over your head. Now, to-morrow, pen a proper epistle to grandmamma, with a postscript to the Doctor; but be sure to secure Blanche's consent before the favourable answer comes."

Mr Horatio Devereux bowed acquiescence, and immediately took his departure; though soul-stricken and melancholy, yet resolved to pen the letter, to obtain the consent.

"Poor fellow, I pity him!" said Lord Blande. "Rosa was so devotedly attached to him; and it is so old an affair now: and really the children are very pretty creatures. Do you know the girl is very like you, Eleanor?"

"Don't mention it, I entreat. It is a dreadful annoyance, and from any other quarter would be insult. Thank God, it is over now, and my brother saved! It has gone near to destroy him. Conceive Horatio's pining for the death of that infant, as if its life had been desirable? I have no patience with such preposterous nonsense!—As much concerned as if it had been a lawful child!"

"Probably more, Eleanor; as Horatio may conceive that he has something to reproach himself with. And a man's child is still his child, whether it be his wife's or not," added the sapient Peer, while his Lady blushed angry, though virtuous, ruby red. "Besides, Horatio was really much attached to Rosa and her children. She, indeed, poor thing, bore her faculties meekly."

"Surely, my Lord, you forget yourself," replied the lady, sharply. "At all events, I don't suppose you would wish this fallen angel for a sister-in-law, and her babes for your children's cousins? Let Horatio make all the atonement in his power. My brother is a man of honour—and only too humane and susceptible where female frailty is concerned. He has properly left the affair to his solicitors, who are men of sense. And, I trust in heaven, Blanche will never hear of it; for I affirm again, she is just one of the high-flown damsels who would be off

at once. How shocking, to discuss my brother's misfortunes with my husband!" The lady withdrew in haste.

About four or five years previously to this period, Rosamond Weston—the money subscribed to finish her education having been more than expended—waited upon Lady Blande, in consequence of an advertisement for a preparatory governess, whom her Ladyship wished to engage for a friend in the country. Miss Weston called more than once, by desire, and both sister and brother were much struck with the beauty and elegance of the poor girl, whose soul seemed to hang on the response of the lady, and to sink into despair when a doubtful answer was returned to her modest application. Mr Horatio Devereux was a man of fine sensibility—all the world said so—and his feelings were deeply interested for the beautiful petitioner. To do him justice, he, in the first place, repeatedly urged his sister to do something for the girl. She was very young, very lovely, tolerably accomplished, and an orphan—strong pleas. Lady Blande promised; and, had she been a fairy, with the power of making fairy gifts and conferring happiness as easy as speaking, or by the touch of her wand, Rosamond Weston would have been relieved and protected. But she was, on the contrary, a fashionable lady, whose time, thoughts, and, above all, money, were fully engaged. She, however, kindly gave the girl hopes of better success; and her brother assumed the character of her ambassador to Rosa, certainly with no premeditated scheme of villainy; for he pitied, while he admired. Mr Horatio Devereux was not a rake—not a libertine. He was, as Lady Blande said, a man of elegant taste and quiet manners—fond of literature, of music, and of refined female society; and very delicate in all his feelings about the sex. The imprudent and friendless girl, unable to receive the visitor whose kindness and gentle courtesy had sunk so deeply into her desolate heart, agreed to receive messages from Lady Blande, sometimes real, sometimes pretended, at places of meeting agreed upon, which she could easily do in the search for situations upon which she was daily despatched through London by her school-governess. No dishonourable advantage was taken of these assignments—probably none was meditated; and, mutually enamoured, and forgetting, or never once recognising any rule of propriety or prudence, this desultory, unacknowledged courtship proceeded until, at the commencement of winter, Rosa, on a particular morning, came to the accustomed rendezvous all in tears, and informed her—she durst not give him any familiar name even in her thoughts—that an engagement in a minor theatre had been offered to her, and that the mistress of her school insisted that she should accept of it at once, or, at all events, leave her house. Her whole soul appeared to recoil from the idea of such a life—from the nightly exhibition of her person, her talents, and graces, and *allurements*, before a promiscuous or rude throng; and Mr Devereux warmly and indignantly partook of her feelings

and vowed that she should never go upon a stage. Her plan was to return to the north, where, perhaps, she might obtain a little work, perhaps some pupils for music; but she had no friends—none! and when Mr Devereux urged that she should try one more chance, remain one more month in London, and wait yet another letter from his sister, she was easily persuaded; for where her treasure was, there was her heart also! To remain at his cost was, she feared, very wrong—and it was very repugnant to her delicacy—but to go was death; and she procured a little lodging at Camberwell, and remained for the time specified, and for ever! It was an after consolation to Mr Devereux that he never had indulged any deliberate scheme of seduction. His stars were in fault, and Rosa's guardian angel had fallen asleep; but "it was all over now;" and no one in her unhappy circumstances was ever more delicately treated, or honoured with more respectful observance.

"It was very wicked and shocking," Lady Blande said; "but the girl must either have been a perfect idiot, or have thrown herself in his way; but it was all over now!"

And the *Maison*—to use one of those foreign terms by which English virtue reconciles itself to vice and cruel injustice—was even winked at by the elderly ladies of the family, and such of Horatio's sisters as had come to the years of understanding the world, as the means of preventing greater inevitable evils and more dangerous ties—or connexions with rapacious and extravagant actresses or ballet-dancers—until the protracted celibacy, and obstinate fidelity of Devereux to his mistress, begat fears of another kind—"either that he might never marry at all—though his elder brother had no family—or marry that artful creature." Though Mr Devereux had fashionable London lodgings—"convenient," as the Irish say, to his duties as a legislator—and an apartment in his father's town-house, when he chose to occupy it—far the greater part of his time, for the last four years, had been spent at what even his high-bred sisters jestingly termed his "country-seat," a cottage near Streatham, in which he had embowered "his Rosa" and their two children. Thither he was in the custom of riding out every Friday after the House rose, and in all weathers; and there he remained until *duty* and *patriotism* brought him back to town on Tuesdays.

At "the country-seat," in the enjoyment of life's best and sweetest blessings, no more embittered to him either by forethought or reflection than served to give zest and piquancy to sweetness which otherwise might have cloyed, he lived in happiness, whatever might have been the occasional remorseful feelings of that delicate companion whose mind he had cultivated, whose sensibilities he had cherished, and who, loving him with passion far more profound than in the hours of her girlish devotion, was told that she was to see him no more. Here, where he made a home, and planted its dearest joys and treasures, Mr Devereux was never again to appear. He was going to amend his life—he

was going to be married! Devereux had not, indeed, told her so himself. Accident spared him that pain.

Save a ramble on the Continent in the first months of their connexion, and a stealthy trip to the Isle of Wight, Miss Weston had hardly, even for a day, gone beyond the precincts of her sweet and sequestered, but most precarious and degrading asylum, save when, at hours not liable to remark, "her protector" had sometimes taken her an airing, or to see some celebrated spot in their neighbourhood. Neither the refined Devereux, nor his gentle mate, were of the intrepid order of sinners, who brave or defy the world's opinion; and, though the *respectability* of the neighbourhood at first hotly resented their settlement, they had conducted themselves so *discreetly*—that is to say, they had paid their bills so punctually, and been so unobtrusive in their manners—that the connexion was now as leniently regarded as anything of the kind could be by wise and respectable people. The beautiful and well-dressed children of the cottage were universally pitied, and sometimes caressed, by ladies when met walking with their nurse-maid in the lanes; and, by the less scrupulous villagers, "the darlings" were admired and praised. The death of the youngest child, a mere infant, had been followed by a long and severe illness of the mother, from which she was not yet recovered; and it had deeply affected the spirits of her "protector," to use another elegant and delicate English periphrasis.

We have said that Mr Devereux's "fine feelings"—his family and friends could never enough celebrate their trembling delicacy—were spared the pain of telling his unfortunate companion her destiny. On his final visit, gently sad and subdued in manner as he ever found her, until the joy of his arrival and the charm of his society had attuned her spirit to whatever might be the prevailing tone of his, there was this day melancholy change which could not be mistaken. After an ineffectual struggle to command her feelings, broken murmurs and irrepressible tears were the only reply to his constrained and chill, but courteous greeting.

His visits alone had ever brought sunshine and gladness to that lonely home; and the happy, unconscious children rushed to "papa," as at other times, and clung around him.

"Be well now, mamma!" said Horatio, the boy, a quick and affectionate child, whom his "young" papa had graciously honoured to bear his own honourable name, because it was the dearest name on earth to "poor Rosa."

"Go, sir! you trouble your mother," said Mr Devereux, peevishly, pushing back the child.

"Go, dearest Ho; go, poor boy," whispered the sinking mother, in a choking voice.

"Yes, mamma, since you bid me." And the boy led away his little sister.

"You are spoiling those children, Rosa," said Devereux, sharply, and after a painful embarrassing pause—and the over-stretched heartstrings snapped!—

"Those children!—*your* children—*our* children! Oh, tell us our fate, Devereux!"

Mr Devereux durst not trust him to look towards the unhappy young woman, who, with clasped hands, breathed these simple words in the low, thrilling voice of exquisite mental agony; yet was he pleased that probably the gossip of the servants had anticipated his "painful but most necessary duty." He had no friend to whom he could depute so delicate a task—and write he could not. A letter, he feared, might drive Rosamond mad, and lead to the most painful scenes, and perhaps to fatal exposure; and he knew his own power with "poor Rosa," and had resolved not to leave her until she had "come to reason, and was resigned and composed." With some effort, he worked himself up to sternness and displeasure at what he called her "impatience, and unreasonable nonsense." What, he at last demanded, though very mildly in tone, had she looked for? This refined and honourable Mr Devereux inquired, "What could she expect else?" and for a moment the wretched girl glared upon her former lover with an expression which made him quail to the inmost recess of his dastardly spirit. But this was not the natural mood of Rosa. She had felt as if a shot had passed through her brain—her flesh quivered and burned for an instant as with the thirst of blood—and then the strange feeling was gone—and, lowering her eyes, she replied, almost inaudibly, "Nothing—oh, nothing! For myself, I have never expected—never presumed. Hence my weakness—my incredible folly—my deep guilt—my misery, my most intolerable misery! I have long even foreseen this day—known it—felt it. It has been ever present with me—and yet I lived on."

The children were now heard returning with noisy mirth; they brought in fresh-gathered flowers and fresh water-cresses for papa—not gifts to propitiate love—of which they had neither doubt nor fear, though this time papa had forgotten to bring them any of the promised pretty things from London. He hastily rung the bell, and dismissed them. Not such had been their usual reception. It was a new agony for their mother; yet she said—

"Thank you for sparing me their sight. No, Devereux—for myself I expect nothing, deserve nothing. But these children!—how shall I henceforth think of them?—how look upon them, and endure to live?"

The feelings of Mr Devereux were anything but comfortable. Compassion, remorse, nay, affection, battled with ambition, or with what he wished, rather than succeeded, in thinking his paramount duty to his family—his father's, not his own—and, above all, to *himself*. Lord Blande was right in believing him even tenderly attached to "poor Rosa and her children;" only he loved himself—nay, his rank, his place in the estimation of that small section of mankind which he called society or the world, and the means of increasing his fortune and influence—a great deal better; and gradually, as the point was debated in his own mind, better and better,

until the appearance of the titled heiress banished every doubt, and left, as the only difficulty, how she was to be gained, and Rosamond to be most prudently, and kindly, and generously dismissed. Yes! Mr Devereux determined to be both delicate and most generous! Rosa's gentleness and devoted attachment merited good treatment at his hands. *Her* children—they were now *hers* only—should be sent to France to be educated, and their mother should have an annuity sufficient for her few wants. She would retire to some quiet, remote neighbourhood, where nobody could know her, and, perhaps, might marry.—But, no! he was almost sure she never would marry. Delicacy, love for himself—for deeply, fondly, devotedly had poor Rosa loved, and must ever love him—would prevent a step which, by a seeming incongruity, but a really natural sentiment, he thought of with jealous, angry pride at the same moment that he was meditating eternal separation. No, not eternal; perhaps, at some future time, in some change of circumstances—Mr Devereux could not premeditate injury to his future wife, or the violation of his own conjugal duties; but, while his ambition and his pride demanded the hand of Blanche Delamere, whom he certainly admired fully as much as he pretended, other, and softer, and habitually-cherished feelings made him reluctant to surrender for ever the heart of "his meek and endearing Rosa!" Mr Devereux was, in short, bewildered in a maze of sentiment and sensibility. He would have been both deeply mortified and hotly offended, had Rosa been able to hear of their separation—of her dismissal—without sorrow and despairing agony; and he was equally alive to the necessity of that event preceding his addresses to Lady Blanche. As he rode out that morning to Streatham, his consolatory thought was—

"I know poor Rosa loves me so much as to submit patiently to any arrangement I may shew her to be for my advantage and happiness. Whatever her weaknesses may be, no creature can be more patient and disinterested than poor Rose."

This very favourable opinion made Mr Devereux the more angry with her unreasonableness, even while thankful that she had divined the cruel purpose in his breast, and spared him the shame of revealing it.

But we have left Mr Devereux in the midst of an explanation which cost him such an effort.

"Speak not of me," continued his companion. "Tell me of these children. Once you seemed to love them—and I!—how shall I now dare look upon them, when already I shrink from the eyes of that poor boy!"

"And surely I do love them, and you too, Rosa, were you only yourself, and reasonable." And he attempted to draw caressingly towards him the shuddering and recoiling girl, between whom and himself a wall of separation had been raised which neither bribes nor blandishments would ever again overthrow.

"Please then to sit down, madam, till we

discuss the matter of your children," said the now incensed Mr Devereux; and he began to recount his wise and generous designs. "I am aware that it could be no more pleasant than right that you should educate the children. They will be carefully attended to, and you may occasionally hear of them. Of the boy there is no fear. If he conduct himself properly, he shall not want my countenance nor that of my family; and for the little girl"——

The explanation proceeded no farther; with a shuddering groan, the unhappy mother of the children fell into a fit, and Mr Devereux, though shocked, deemed it wisest, on the whole, to take advantage of her insensibility to withdraw.

The old gardener, who attended the cow, and trimmed the shrubs, and mowed the grass-plats, and defended the premises from rats and robbers when the master was absent, led out "master's horse," as in happier times.

"So Madam is to be sent off, your Honour, we hear," said old Robert, whom the fear of being thrown out of a good place had strangely emboldened. "Well-a-well; I should ha' got a warning though, too; and so should Molly, my wench—but I knowed it must come to this some time, when your Honour, like other grand gentlemen, turned off your Miss and married a lady. Well-a-well!—I reckons we'se get wages and board, Molly and me, to Michaelmas, any way—that's but justice. I'm cruel sorry for Madam, too; for, an' she were a ——, she was one of the best kind of 'em."

Every fibre, every drop of aristocratic blood, in the body of the Honourable Mr Horatio Devereux boiled and quivered to the sound of the contumelious epithet bestowed upon "his Rosa"—and old and new wrath, and a host of maddening and conflicting feelings were expended, in laying his horse-whip about the shoulders of the gardener, who, ignorant of the delicacies of gentlemanly feeling, had supposed he might use plain speech, especially after "Madam had been cast off."

"Dr'at the chap!" soliloquized Robert, after Mr Devereux had sprung to his horse and galloped off, as if justice were after him—"Dr'at the chap! but I ha' a mind to take the law on him, for striking me only for calling the poor wench leave that he made her his ownself!"

The Honourable Mr Devereux did not again trust himself at Streatham, nor yet change in one jot his fixed purpose regarding the inmates of his "country-seat." Again, "upon his honour," he assured his sister that unhappy business was for ever over. The children were to be sent to France as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made; and "their mother?"—to her Mr Devereux had penned a long letter of admonition and advice for her future conduct. She was still very young and very attractive, and might be exposed to the arts and temptations of man—if she felt, it should not be through the temptation of want.

While these gracious things were passing, Mr

Devereux was often as "low, and nervous, and nonsensical," as it provoked his sister to see and call him. But it was, thank heaven! all over now; and that day he had spent a long morning in Westminster Abbey, the sole attendant of the Lady Blanche. Her *bonnes* had gone to spend the day with some "Friends" in the country, and Lady Blande set down her fair guest at the Abbey, (whispering, "Just the spot to woo a heroine,") under "excellent care," and took her up when Mr Devereux—and he was not more rash nor more presumptuous than other gentlemen of his standing—flattered himself that he had only to speak and be accepted. He had done all but speak, and more than words could perform; and Blanche had not frowned, nor withdrawn her arm, nor reared her neck into her swan-like, unconscious, and involuntary, haughty attitude of superiority. At one time, indeed, when he gently upbraided her impatience for the return of Lady Blande, and imputed weariness of his society, she had said—"I am not tired of your society, Mr Devereux. So far from it, I find no one so entertaining, pleasant, and friendly." At his murmured, rapturous thanks, and sudden, passionate pressure of the very tips of her gloved fingers, she looked confused, and, as their eyes met, blushed and trembled, and walked away, and then stopped to question him of Nelson's tomb. Mr Devereux was skilled in the *pathology* of the female heart. That evening Lady Blande could not doubt that her brother and Blanche were heart, or—to her it came to the same thing—hand-plighted. They sat apart, talked together, sang together, and appeared completely absorbed in each other—Devereux in gay and exulting spirits, Blanche more softly, sweetly, and gently feminine than she had ever before appeared. Lord Blande went off to one of his clubs, tired, he said, of playing nobody in his own house; and, at a late hour, his lady, who had held out alone over a dull, fashionable novel as long as patience and eyes could hold out, playfully pointed to the *pendule*, and told her brother he must be off.

"How very late!" cried Blanche, rising, and blushing, as much at her own thoughtlessness as at the gallant, complimentary reproaches of her admirer, who, as he for the first time kissed her hand, after he had embraced his sister, craved leave to wait upon her next morning.

"Silence is maidenly consent," said Lady Blande, gaily. "Come to us as early as you will, Ho.; but go now." And she pushed him away. "Poor Mrs Thompson, who will not take slumber to her eyelids till she has seen her lady cared for, must be half dead by this time, with her early travels and her late vigils, and may, perhaps, have a word of exhortation to give," she added, archly.

Lady Blanche hastened to the comfortable apartment where her friend, as usual, awaited her—"Pray, don't scold me. I am punished by remorse; it was so heedless, so thoughtless, so selfish—as heedlessness ever is—to keep you waiting. And why wait? Yet I should have

been so disappointed had you been gone to bed! I have so much to unbosom. For how many years, now, has this unrobing hour been one of the happiest of my days? What would become of me, deprived of our confidential intercourse? I can never forego it."

Blanche, more from the impulse of an almost morbid delicacy, than any pride of personal independence, chose to be in many things her own lady's maid. She hated, she said, to have Martin, or any she did not both like and love, fiddling about her person, and annoying her with those offices of undressing and hair-brushing usually performed by servants. At this hour, her *bonne* ostensibly read to her, though more of the time was generally consumed in talking of the adventures and incidents of the day.

"I have a world to tell you of to-night," said Blanche to her very grave friend, whom she feared her tardiness had seriously displeased: "so very much, and wonderful, too, that I am sure, after you hear all I have gone through, done, and suffered, you will pardon me."

"I would have thee first listen to me, lady. I have to tell what, I fear, may grieve thee. Yet it must be told."

"What!" cried Blanche, while the idea of Frederick Leighton struck on the conscious heart, which first felt that it had that day been unfaithful, where fealty, though never claimed, was given. And she was glad that the thick, dark tresses hanging over her arm, to be brushed, veiled her deepened colour.

"A sad tale—yet one that it concerneth thee deeply to hear, while it is yet time. The man to whom thou hast all but pledged thy hand, to whom thou art unconsciously losing thy heart, is bound to another—bound by ties which the proud and the false may condemn, which man's laws may defy, but which the God who seeth in secret and judgeth his creatures in mercy and equity, regardeth." The Lady Blanche was effectually roused, and yet inexpressibly relieved. It was not, then, of Frederick—what but good could be heard of him!

"I have found Rosamond Weston! Her betrayer, the author of the life-long disgrace and misery which brings neither suffering nor shame to him—though her own passions, her own folly, should have been partly the cause of her betrayal—is the man who offers thee *honourable* addresses—thee, pure-hearted, high-minded maiden." The outline of the tale we have related, was rapidly traced; and Blanche listened earnestly, but with the entire composure which gave her anxious friend assurance that, however her delicacy or her pride might be hurt, there was no deep tenderness to wound, no jealousy to awaken.

"What shall I do first?" was her eager response—for she never paused upon the necessity of doing something.

"That I leave to thy heart and thy judgment, lady; to thy wise and just regard for thine own honour and happiness, and—may I not say it?—for the rights, if not longer the happiness of thy fallen sister-woman."

"I will drive to Streatham to-morrow before breakfast. On an errand of mercy, you will accompany me—mercy to myself. I have promised Mr Devereux an interview, which can never now take place. I will not consult Lady Blande; I will act by my own counsel in what so nearly concerns myself; I will see Rosamond; culpable she may have been—but how treated? Paley's '*Moral Philosophy*' appears to you English people, if not altogether canonical, yet a kind of supplementary Bible. What says the Rabbi of Craven in the passage you made me insert in my book of Canons, soon after poor Phoebe's misfortune? If I remember aright, it runs this way:—'*If we pursue the effects of seduction through the complicated misery which it occasions, and if it be right to estimate crimes by the mischief they produce, it will appear something more than mere invective to assert that not one half of the crimes for which men suffer death by the laws of England, are so flagitious as this.*'"

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Shelley's Poetical Works.

MRS SHELLEY edits the first complete edition of her husband's works which has appeared. It is published by Moxon, in a style of elegance worthy of the work, and is to consist of four volumes, to appear in succession. Mrs Shelley, in her preface, says, that the time is not come to relate the truth of her husband's private history, and that she rejects any colouring of the truth. No account of the events of his life has, she asserts, "ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others." And why she abstains from setting the world right can only be conjectured, since it is highly probable that the errors in action, committed by a man so noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he is personally concerned, be fearlessly avowed, by those that loved him, in the firm conviction that, "were they judged impartially, his character would stand in

fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary." For his fame and his happiness, Shelley would seem to have lived or died too soon. As a boy and a youth, he was cast among those who could neither understand nor appreciate his mental idiosyncrasies, nor manage his singular though highly-gifted mind with united wisdom and love; and he died just as his suffering and turbid spirit was, in its own strength, working itself clear of the haze and feculence in which its fine and noble attributes had been involved by some faults of judgment and temper, but much more, we fully believe, by circumstances adverse to their healthful and gracious development. We can fully believe, that his were the high and generous aspirations for human improvement, and the desire to free life of its misery and its evil, which his panegyrist affirms, without admitting that he either at first knew or took the best and safest road to his pure and exalted ends.

His editor is perhaps more to be trusted in her warm appreciation of his moral qualities than of his genius, and "the fast augmenting influence over mankind" which she ascribes to his achievements for the amelioration of the human race. If some of his mental aberrations may be fairly attributed to the want of knowledge and goodness in those who thrust themselves into harsh collision with so delicate and peculiar a mind, other causes may be found in the irritation of almost continual bad health. Many of Shelley's errors might perhaps be best resolved by Charles Lamb's humorous and fanciful theory of imperfect sympathies. Of the praise which his widow has lavished upon his memory, none is more truly deserved than the commendation of his *unworldliness*—that rarest of the virtues even among philosophical poets. See my—

Shelley possessed a quality of mind which experience has shown me no other human being as participating in more than a very slight degree. This was his *unworldliness*. The usual motives that rule men—prospects of present or future advantage, the rank and fortune of those around, the taunts and censures, or the praises, of those who were hostile to him—had no influence whatever over his actions; and, apparently, none over his thoughts. It is difficult even to express the simplicity and directness of purpose that adorned him. The world's brightest gifts, and its most solid advantages, were of no worth in his eyes, when compared to the cause which he considered truth, and the good of his fellow-creatures.

Happy and blest is the memory of the man who deserved such praise! The poems in this volume are "Queen Mab," mutilated—a questionable step, especially when we view the high ground taken by the editor in vindicating the purity and nobility of the motives and aims of Shelley in every line that he ever composed. Mrs Shelley has appended notes to each of the poems, narrating the circumstances attending the origin and history of each. "Queen Mab" may be styled the most distinctive and remarkable, though far from the greatest of Shelley's works, especially when it is learned that it was written at the age of eighteen. He had by this time been deeply imbued with the spirit of the speculations of Godwin and Condorcet; and he had suffered that academic persecution and disgrace, which, how necessary soever they might be to the maintenance of proper discipline, were anything, it will be allowed, rather than calculated to reclaim a culprit of this rare sort. The frame of mind in which "Queen Mab" was written is described as the most lofty and beneficent.

His sympathy was thus early excited by the misery with which the world is bursting. He witnessed the sufferings of the poor, and was aware of the evils of ignorance. He desired every rich man to despoil himself of superfluity, and create a brotherhood of property and service, and was ready to be the first to lay down the advantages of birth. . . . Ill health made him believe that his race would soon be run—that a year or two was all he had of life. He desired that these years should be useful and illustrious. He saw in a fervent call on his fellow creatures to share alike the blessings of the creation, to love and serve each other, the noblest work that life and time permitted him. In this spirit, he composed "Queen Mab."

It was written while he wandered through the loveliest scenery of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and while the mountain and lake were his home.

He never intended to publish "Queen Mab" as it stands—though a few copies had been distributed among his friends; but it was published surreptitiously while he was in Italy; and, in a letter to the Editor of *The Examiner* (at that time his friend Leigh Hunt) he regrets the publication for the best and strongest reasons. He remarks:—"I am a devoted enemy to religious, political,

and domestic oppression; and I regret this publication, not so much from literary vanity, as because I fear it is better fitted to injure than to serve the sacred cause of freedom."

"Alastor," the next poem in the volume, was the fruit of a mind more matured and calm, though still far from the cloudless serene. It was written under the oak shades of Windsor Great Park; and is considered, by his editor, as the most characteristic of his poems. "The Revolt of Islam," which may be said to embody Shelley's moral and political creed, and not a little of his history, completes the volume. The dedication of this poem is a morsel of mental autobiography. It was composed while he resided at Marlow, and in his boat, as he floated on the Thames, under the beech groves of Bisham, or during his wanderings in the beautiful neighbouring county. Mrs Shelley was now his domestic companion. After alluding to the beauty and richness of that fertile country, she remarks—

With all this wealth of nature, which, either in the form of gentlemen's parks or soil dedicated to agriculture, flourishes around, Marlow was inhabited by a very poor population. The women are lace-makers, and lose their health by sedentary labour, for which they are very ill paid. The poor-laws ground to the dust not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates. The changes produced by peace following a long war and a bad harvest, brought with them the most heart-rending evils to the poor. Shelley afforded what alleviation he could. In winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottagers. I mention these things, because the minute and active sympathy with his fellow-creatures gives a thousand-fold interest to his speculations, and stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race.

We look forward with interest to the forthcoming volumes; and hope that the sketches of biography may be even more copious than in this one.

The Comic Annual for 1839.

The world in general, and ourselves in particular, have great reason to complain of the tardy appearance of the Comic this season; nor can we see any better reason than that it was waiting the return of the *Inconstant*, for the matter of a preface. The leading card this year is political. The Stoke-Pogis Corresponding Club makes several good hits, and not a few misses; for many of the jokes are of a kind at which people are laughing, and are likely for some time to laugh, on the wrong side of their mouths. The manner in which the fair sex have lately come forward as political agitators, at Stoke-Pogis, as well as other places, is one of the most novel topics. The principal female Radical is Mrs Frisby, whose speech is fully reported in that inflammatory journal, not the *Glasgow*, but the *Pogian Argus*. Her unladylike conduct is duly condemned by Mrs Jones, in her epistolary communications, regarding the terrible outbreak and revolution in Stoke-Pogis, to her friend Mrs Humphries:—"Wat do you think," she says, "of Mrs Frisby sitting up for a Demy Gog; and mixing promiscuously in a tap-rum and spowting out her inflameable sentiments like a feiry dragon on the top of a Table? I only wish I was the Mare for her Sack, and she should Duck in a hospond. Howsumever, I have had the comfit to see her collapsed between two pelises, and pully halld through the publick streets with a hole tote of ragging and bob-tale to her deserts—namely, the Cage, wear she is instelling her pianus doctrines; the Bars to a complete rotundity of littel bq; the *Argus* reports Mrs Frisby fully:—"Mrs Frisby presented herself, and expressed herself very, concurred in all that had been said, and "

Some people thought that females had no right to their rights. Women knew where shoes pinched as well as men, and could be quite as oratorical. She was always pressing on her daughters the necessity of forming Unions. There was nothing like agitation; and a good deal might be done at home. She had agitated her husband that very morning; and, if every wife did the same, they would soon obtain their ends. . . . Ministers would never have been so badly advised if they had consulted the soft sex. Women could fight too like lions and tigers, when their sperrits were put up. There was Mary Ann Talbot that got the French. She wished all the Niggers at Old Nick. The humane and pious had been so diverted with African floggings and cruelties, they forgot the English ones. She liked white natives better than black ones. Then there was the Corn Bill. She had never been in a skirmish, but she thought she could let fly a blunderbuss. Justice wasn't justice any where. What had we done for the Irish, except taking all their pigs and butter from them? Why wasn't there a Poor-Law for the rich?" &c., &c. There are, however, better things in the volume than Mrs Frisby's eloquence; nor does Mr Hood succeed so well with political agitation as we have seen him do on such topics as "Animal Magnetism," "Modern Boarding-School Education," "Emigration," and other important topics. If graver in manner, the poetical specimen of the annual which we select is in better taste. It is an English Branger.

ALL ROUND MY HAT:

A new Version.

"Come, my old hat, my steps attend!
However wags may sneer and scoff,
My castor still shall be my friend,
For I'll not be a caster-off.
So take again your olden place,
That always found you fit and pat—
Whatever mode might please the race—
All round my hat!—all round my hat!

"All round the world, while I've a head,
However I may chance to be,
Without a home, without a shed,
My tile shall be a roof to me.
Black, rusty, grey, devoid of felt,
A shocking shape, or beaten flat,
Still there are joys that may be felt
All round my hat!—all round my hat!

"The Quaker loves an ample brim,
A hat that bows to no salaam,
And dear the beaver is to him
As if it never made a dam.
All men in drab he calleth friends—
But there's a broader brim than that—
Give me the love that comprehends
All round my hat!—all round my hat!

"The monarch binds his brows in gold,
With gems and pearls to sparkle there;
But still a hat—a hat that's old—
They say is much more easy wear.
At regal state I'll not repine,
For Kaiser, King, or Autocrat,
Whilst there's a golden sun to shine
All round my hat!—all round my hat!

"As yet, my hat, you've got a crown;
A little nap the brush can find;
You are not very, very brown,
Nor very much scrubbed up behind.
As yet your brim is broad and brave—
I took some little care of that,
By not saluting every knave
All round my hat!—all round my hat!

"As yet, my hat, I've got a house,
And dine as other people do;
And fate, propitious, still allows
A home for me—a peg for you.

But say my bread were but a crumb—

Myself as poor as any rat—

Why, I would cry, 'Good people, come
All round my hat!—all round my hat!'

"As yet the best of womankind
Continues all that wife should be;
And, in the self-same room, I find
Her bonnet and my hat agree:

But say the bliss should not endure—
That she should turn a perfect cat—
I'd trust to time to bring a cure—
All round my hat!—all round my hat!

"No acres broad pertain to me,
To furnish cattle, wool, or corn;
Like people that are born at sea,
There was no land where I was born:
Yet, when my flag of life is furled—
What landlord can do more than that?—
I'll leave my heir the whole wide world
All round my hat!—all round my hat!"

To those who have not yet seen the plates of the "Comic Annual," we propose, as an exercise of ingenuity and invention, the following questions:—How could you personify "Cambridge Butter?" How portray Lord Durham's return to the tune of "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" How a poor gentleman under "Circumstances over which he has no control?" How "Rising after the lark?" How "A Radical Demonstration?" How "Nobody's enemy but his own?" or "Plates done in stone;" or "Counter-irritation;" or "A Lion;" or "Off by mutual consent;" or "Portraits taken in this style?" and a hundred and fifty more, which may form capital subjects for guesses round the fireside, and be resolved with much cleverness, before the true, or rather the *Hoodish* interpretation, is known or suspected.

Among the poems, the best may not be by many degrees "The Assistant Drapers' Petition;" yet we—even we—are melted by it; and besides, from embodying a grievance, it is appropriate to a Reform periodical. Be it premised that the *Assistant Drapers* had prosaically discovered that the proper hour to leave off business is seven in the evening; or that this is the time to close the doors and clear off the *debris*, which, in spite of their industry and alertness, is accumulated during the day by the caprice of their fair customers.

"Pity the sorrows of a class of men,
Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity,
No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

"Oppressed, and discontented with our lot,
Among the clamorous we take our station—
A host of Ribbon-men; yet is there not
One piece of Irish in our agitation.

"Ah! who can tell the miseries of men
Who serve 'the very cheapest shops in town';
Till, faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
Knocked up by ladies beating of 'em down!

"But has not Hamlet his opinion given—
Oh, Hamlet had a heart for drapers' servants—
That custom is—say custom after seven—
'More honoured in the breach than the observance.'

"Oh, come, then, gentle ladies!—come in time;
O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves:
Torment us all until the seventh chime;
But let us have the remnant to ourselves!

"We wish to lay of knowledge in a stock,
And not remain in ignorance incurable;
To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke.
And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

"We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
And not to go bewildered to our beds;
With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
And pins and needles running in our heads.

"For, oh! the brain gets very dull and dry,
Selling from morn to night for cash or credit;
Or, with a vacant face and vacant eye,
Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

"Till, sick with toil and lassitude extreme,
We often think, when we are dull and vapoury,
The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
Because that Adam did not deal in drapery."

As it will be carried by general acclamation that Hood is the cleverest punster extant, it were desirable that he would occasionally take one of his lessons, and know "when to leave off."

The "*Character*" is a good household sketch, in which a female sharper, quite as particular about the sobriety, and especially about the strict honesty of a female servant, as was Lady Blarney about the character of the Vicar's daughters, contrives to carry off the gold repeater and silver tea-pot of Betty's simple mistress. There is both wit and fun in *Al Ben Nous*; and as for *Doves and Crows*, we charitably conclude, from it and former inditings, that there must be a good many admirers of the "Comic Annual" in the West Indies and the slave States of America.

The History, Rise, and Progress of the New Colony of South Australia. By John Stephens.

This is the second and enlarged Edition of a work intended to place the new colony in the fairest, if not in the most faithful light, of which the first edition was entitled "*THE LAND OF PROMISE.*" Mr Stephens has now taken a soberer name; but he has done the reverse in points more material. This work is, in plain terms, one enormous puff of South Australia. He is all for Adelaide and its Port, and nothing for Port Lincoln and Encounter Bay; and contemplates a road for bullock-waggons between the Murray and Adelaide. But, if the expense of transporting goods between Port Adelaide and the city of Adelaide be, as Mr James states, 40s. a ton, what will be the cost of bringing raw produce, or sending back supplies to the banks of the Murray? All that has ever been written or said in praise of the colony finds a place here, and not one word that has ever been said against it, save to be denied; so that, in these pages, the new province is a Land of Promise indeed. The flattering epistles of Messrs Hack, Morphet, Fisher, &c., &c., are reprinted. Senseless epistles some of them are, too, as it surely cannot be for "well-cooked dishes, claret, hock, and champagne, *Victoria cafes*," a "theatre-royal," and "sporting intelligence," or "the soothing strains of a piano," that people in their senses emigrate to any new colony.

This history finishes with what is called a "refutation" of the article in *Tait's Magazine* upon Mr Gouger's work. We need only refer to the article, and to Mr Gouger's statements. Though the Secretary of the Colonization is tied to it by every interest, every hope, and every sympathy, his work is much more candid and trust-worthy than the *History* before us, which, among other things, falls foul of Mr Gouger for his rash admissions, and alleged ignorance of the Company's affairs and successes in whaling, ship-building, &c. The author of the *History*—(ci-devant "*Land of Promise*")—states, that the argument used by the reviewer in *Tait*, in warning emigrant labourers against rushing heedlessly into the colony, is fallacious, as it applies to the small amount of population in 1837, when the numbers were about 3000. We do not know exactly what the present population may be. Mr James says about 5000; but were it 10,000, the warning given by us is equally applicable. It has been calculated that 5000 labourers went to the Swan River settlement. Where are they all now? Have they been prosperous—have they made fortunes—have they suffered no hardship?

The Boy's Country Book. Edited by William Howitt.

Edited by Friend Howitt, and written by him too, we opine, which is just so much the better. It is, at all events, a very pleasing book, and, whether exactly literal or not, certainly the *genuine* autobiography of a boy; and, moreover, a lively picture of rural manners and characters in an old English neighbourhood. Into this history is introduced all the adventures, and pastimes, and pursuits of boys in the country. There is also a minute and pleasing description of the great Quaker Seminary at Ackworth, where the little Friends, rigid discipline and broad brims notwithstanding, appear to enjoy themselves very much like other young gentlemen, and to partake considerably of the common tastes for the plum-cake and liquorice, the leap-frog and prison-bars, of the world's naughty boys. There are pleasing annals and reminiscences of other schools, and of boyish adventures, perils, and escapes of all sorts. *The Boy's Country Book* is, besides, very trim and neat in its exterior; and so prettily embellished with appropriate vignettes and tail-pieces, that the artist deserved to have his name blazoned on the title-page.

Janet; or, Glances at Life. By the Author of "Misrepresentation." 3 vols.

The characteristics of this novel are calm good sense, and an unpretending, spirited fidelity in delineating the homely personages of every-day life. The development of the passion of Envy is assumed as the groundwork of the tale, a passion whose homogeneity is very questionable. The character of Janet, the envious coquette—who, from the maliciously placing a flower or ribbon awry, to the highest interests of life, is true as the needle to the pole to her base feelings for her beautiful half-sister—does not remove our doubts. Envy is a quality entering largely into many minds; but, as a steady, animating principle, directing and regulating the whole course of life, it is non-existent, and if it *did* exist, would, under favour of Miss Baillie, be too odious for prolonged representation. But the novel succeeds in spite of the great failure, and its secondary aims become its highest performances. If never brilliant, never impassioned, and if it rarely touches the sympathies—for who can sympathize with envy?—it is always pleasing, and often very amusing; the slight degree of caricature being nothing more than the *rouge* which the player must wear to keep up the tone of his complexion to nature as seen behind the lamps, where the natural hue might seem flat or cadaverous. The most instructive part, the true *moral*, of this novel, is, not that Envy returns the poisoned chalice to the mixer's lips, or the exhibition of the canker at the heart, though hid under the most prosperous fortune and the most brilliant exterior of gratified ambition; but the paltriness, trickiness, meanness, misery, and crime which unavoidably mingle with the imagined necessity of women, in the middle, and even in the higher ranks, making good matches, or being provided for by marriage, and only by marriage. Surely the moral of ten thousand lessons to Mothers and Daughters will have some effect at last.

The Reclaimed Family.

A collection of short and plain moral stories, read by an amiable young daughter, whose virtuous example and lessons reclaim her father and mother from drunkenness, and produce the happiest effects on her younger brothers and sisters. They are very good in their own homely way.

English Wild-Flowers.

Miss Twamley has, with the first snow-drop, put forth an elegant volume, *genus annual*, under the above attractive title; in which the wild darlings of the English meadows, banks, streams, lakelets, hills, and valleys, are "familiarily illustrated and described." The new priestess of Flora has painted, as well as described; and the coloured plates of groups of wild-flowers are taken from her drawings. The framework of her familiar descriptions is an account of rural walks, in search of flowers, taken by a pleasant English family and a semi-old-maiden aunt, who is an artist and poetess, and, moreover, a very kind and delightful person, and quite the joy of her little flower-loving nieces. The volume altogether is a charming one, and will form an appropriate and desirable Easter-gift. "I have wreathed England's wild-flowers for England's children," says the authoress. "May they approve the gift!" We answer for them:—they will approve.

Bonnycastle's Introduction to Astronomy.

Of this work—in its own department a standard book for young persons—we have before us the *ninth edition*, with the corrections, additions, and *modernisations* of Professor Young of Belfast. The work is now altogether independent of the recommendations of the press.

Candolle's Vegetable Organography.

A translation of this work has long been a desideratum to the British botanist. One is now offered by Mr Boughton Kingdon, which, for the convenience of purchasers, is to appear in monthly 2s. 6d. parts. The work is well printed, and is illustrated by lithograph plates of the organs, and minute anatomical parts of vegetables. It is to be followed by a translation of Candolle's "Vegetable Physiology."

The Lady and the Saints. With Illustrations, by Cruickshank.

We wish Cruickshank's pencil had been employed to some better purpose. This is a volume written in doggerel verse, in ridicule of probably some very absurd personages; but it is altogether without discrimination, and in very bad taste—the small degree of talent by no means redeeming the indecency of the performance.

Minstrel Melodies: a Collection of Songs, &c.

If these melodies be not of the highest order of lyrics, they are at least pleasant enough "social songs for the hearth, and lays for Beauty's bower," where Beauty is not too impassioned in her feelings, or fastidious in her tastes;—and there is both plenty and variety of them. Some malicious sprite has tempted the Minstrel to attempt Scottish songs, in which we cannot congratulate him upon very moderate success.

Extracts for Schools and Families.

A well-selected book of scraps, in aid of the moral and religious training of children. The selections are in prose and verse. Some may fancy them too uniformly didactic, and desire a little more of the imaginative; but no one can object to them either in spirit or tendency.

The Obligation and Extent of Humanity to Brutes. By W. Youst.

The spirit of the age does not tend towards cruelty to brutes. Still there is much to amend, and much ignorance to reform, and thoughtlessness to warn; and the present work, written in a pious and humane spirit, will do its own part. The most atrocious cruelties recorded here are not, however, those perpetrated in knacker's yards, or by fishers, sportsmen, and wicked little boys, but by men of science.—Shame!

The Quarantine Laws.

Dr Bowring's broadside is here followed up by a letter from a gentleman who has been a recent martyr to the Quarantine Laws—Arthur T. Holroyd, Esq., who assures Sir John Cam Hobhouse that the contagion of the plague is all nonsense, and musters a formidable array of evidence. The writers on this question try to prove too much. It is enough that—whether the plague be contagious or not—it can be demonstrated that the harsh and troublesome sanitary regulations occasion far more mischief than they prevent.

An Outline of Ancient and Modern Rome, with an Account of Italy. By a Lady, for the use of her Children.

This little work is in the form of question and answer, and contains a great deal of good information of the kind largely administered to poor children, under the *cramming system*.

Catechism of the British Constitution.

One of Oliver & Boyd's series of useful Catechisms; containing a lucid and accurate account of that heritage upon which every British subject so justly prides himself, and also of the rights by which he holds it. It is a book for old and young.

Travels of Minna and Godfrey.

We were delighted with the first portion of this little work, which treated of Holland and Belgium. It was pleasing in style, original in plan, and accurate in information. The Travels are prosecuted up the Rhine, and through a part of Germany; and the continuation is, we dare say, equally praiseworthy; though we have not had time since its arrival to peruse it fully.

SERIAL WORKS.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures, &c. &c.

The Fifth Part of this popular and useful work is before us; so that it is now half done. The principal articles are flax-spinning, now become so important a branch of British manufacture, "Founding," "Gaslight," and "Lighting;" "Gin," "Glass-making and Cutting," and "Gold."

Heads of the People, No. III.,

Presents us with "The Spoiled Child," a very imp; "The Old Lord," who is not unlike Sir Francis Burdett; "The Beadle of the Parish," a truculent-looking knave in full costume, with a pot-belly and a sinister cast of the right eye; and "The Linen-Draper's Assistant." This last head, and that of "The Old Lord," are worthy of unequalled approbation; and the descriptive parts—the reading—are quite as good as the engraving. Satire and wit are made, as they ought to be—the ministers of philosophy.

Ward's Library of Standard Divinity,

Gives us Archbishop Leighton's "Theological Lectures to his Students," at very small cost.

The First Part of a work has appeared, entitled GREECE, PICTORIAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND HISTORICAL. The letterpress is by Dr Christopher Wordsworth, of Cambridge, whose name, connected with Greece, gives earnest of the high excellence of the forthcoming series. The work will form a very handsome book, independently of its literary merits. It is richly and profusely embellished by a number of the most eminent engravers and designers.

Part X. of the interesting HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS, treats of the Bunting, the Finch, and the Sparrow families. The plates are, as usual, extremely lively and pretty.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

WAGES AND PRICES.

WHOMVER first broached the doctrine that, if the prices of food fell by means of a repeal of the laws against the importation of food, wages would fall in like proportion, and that it is useless, if not pernicious, to agitate for a repeal of these laws till *Universal Suffrage* be obtained, ought to have a statue of silver erected to him by the Tory landed interest. No course of policy could so effectually prevent either an extension of the suffrage or the obtaining of cheap food. Judging of the capacity and intelligence of such of the working classes as are misled by demagogues whose honest means of living are not very obvious, and viewing the disgraceful and unfair conduct which some of the Universal-Suffrage men have exhibited at meetings called expressly to petition for a repeal of the Corn-Laws, both in England and Scotland, many of the upper and middling classes who have heretofore advocated an extension of the Suffrage will be induced to pause in their efforts for a time. Indeed, if public meetings cannot be conducted with more propriety and decorum than they have of late been, every person of respectability must refrain from attending them. There is no meeting, however numerous, which may not be interrupted, and its object frustrated by twenty or thirty bawlers, whose power of making noise is generally in the inverse ratio of the quantity of their brains. Till some general understanding be come to between the advocates of Repeal and the Universal-Suffrage men, and as long as the latter persist in interrupting the meetings of the former, we suggest that it is no more than reasonable that the latter should take upon themselves exclusively the burden of the poor-rates, of soup kitchens, and of the other means by which the middle classes are yearly in the practice of aiding distressed operatives and their families; for the Corn-Laws unquestionably produce the greater portion of the distress—not only by enhancing the price of food, but by curtailing the means of employment, lessening the demand for labour, and thereby inevitably reducing wages.

That wages must fall because prices fall, is, however, the dogma of some of the most ignorant of the operatives, and too valuable a dogma not to be inculcated by the organs of the landed aristocracy, Whig, Tory, and—sorry as we to say—Radical, at this their hour of peril. With exceptions too insignificant to be regarded, the whole land-owners and farmers of the three kingdoms are banded, w banding together, to keep up the Starvation Laws; not doubting that, if the present summer can be got over, if next harvest prove abundant, and prices fall, they can afford to allow the Chartists to amuse themselves with their theories for a quarter of a century to come. The aristocracy do not fear theories, but they hate practical questions; and, of all that the ingenuity of man can devise, free trade is to them the most hateful. To schemes for changing the ruling dynasty, for overthrowing the constitution of any monarchy, and for establishing even a Republic on its ruins, the titled oligarchy of Europe have always, in smaller or greater numbers, been ready to accede; but hardly an instance has occurred, where an aristocrat has joined any large body of the people for the purpose of increasing the general welfare, where there was any ground, however imaginary, to dread that the interest of his own class had any chance, even in the remotest degree, to suffer. It is pre-

cisely for the reason given by the Chartists for opposing the middle classes, in their attempt to repeal the Corn-Laws—it is precisely because we have a legislature almost entirely of landlords—that all, high and low, not of the land-owning class, should join together. The Chartists maintain that it is useless to petition Parliament to repeal the Corn-Laws: how do they mean to obtain the Charter?—Is it not by petitioning the same Legislature? And, if they expect that their own unaided efforts will succeed in causing a change of such vital importance as they contemplate, overturning, by the roots, the whole political power of the very men they petition, is it not certain that an union of all classes not connected with land, and which form, at least, two thirds of the population, could extort from the same men a much smaller matter

That wages will fall if prices fall, is daily bawled in our public meetings, and is daily reiterated by the Tory press; but any attempt to prove the assertion is most carefully avoided. Yet there cannot be a working man, of middle life, and possessed of ordinary observation, who must not on the slightest reflection know it is false. Times of high prices have, uniformly, been times of distress among the body of the people. It is needless to look back into history—for no one surely will pretend that a dearth was ever anything else but a period of suffering to the lower orders. We will rather take times nearer our own age, when we have authentic data to go on, which, on subjects of this kind, it is very difficult to obtain, statistics being a science yet in its infancy in Great Britain. We have, however, one authentic record of wages and prices. The accounts of Greenwich Hospital have been kept with much accuracy for a number of years, and they furnish not only the prices paid for articles of consumption in the various years, but also the wages of different kinds of artisans. We shall take two years, at a considerable interval from each other: one after a long-continued war, when, from the enormous waste of human life, men must have been in great demand, and wages comparatively high; and the other after a long period of peace. The population of the kingdom during the period increased at least thirty per cent., and the demand of men for the army had almost ceased; so that it might have been expected, not only that wages should have fallen with prices, but in a much greater ratio. But here are the facts.

Article.	Price.		Days' Labour.	
	1812.	1832.	1812.	1832.
Flesh, per cwt.....	£ 3 18 0	£ 2 6 2	13½	9
Flour, per sack.....	5 7 5	2 13 1	18½	10
Butter, per lb.....	0 1 3½	0 0 8½	½	½
Cheese, per lb.....	0 0 8½	0 0 3½	¼	¼
Pease, per bushel....	0 12 8½	0 8 9	2	1½
Salt, per bushel.....	0 19 9	0 1 8	3½	½
Malt, per quarter....	4 18 6	2 18 8	17	10½
Beer, per barrel.....	1 0 9½	0 13 1	3½	2½
Candles, per dozen lbs.	0 12 6	0 5 2	2	1
Shoes, per pair.....	0 5 6	0 3 4½	1	¾
Coats, per chaldron...	3 0 8	1 4 3	10½	4½
Stockings, per pair...	0 2 2	0 1 7½	½	¾

	1812.	1832.
	s. d.	s. d.
Carpenters, per day, . . .	5 6	5 5
Bricklayers, do.	5 5	4 9
Masons, do.	5 9	5 3
Plumbers, do.	5 9	5 6

We have given the wages of all the kinds of workmen to be found in the Hospital accounts, and the prices of all the articles admitting of a correct comparison. The columns fourth and fifth shew how many days' labour, or parts of a day's labour of a mason, purchased the quantity of the article of which the price is indicated in 1812 and 1832. For example, in 1812 it required $13\frac{1}{2}$ of his day's wages to enable a mason to purchase a cwt. of flesh, and only 9 in 1832; to buy a sack of flour in the former year, he had to labour for no less than nearly 19 days, in the latter only 10; and so on. We thus see, that, while the most material articles of consumption fell *one-third* or more, wages were reduced only *one-twenty-third part*! The last year for which we have these returns of prices and wages is 1835, and had we taken that year instead of 1832, the difference would have been still greater; for, while wages remained un-reduced, prices had fallen still farther; flesh to £2:0:7 per cwt.; flour to £1:11:0 per sack, &c. &c. If we take averages of years, we will find similar results. The average price of flesh for the five years, ending with 1814, was £3:16:8; the average day's wages of a mason, during the same five years, 5s. 8d.; so that $13\frac{1}{2}$ days' labour was required to purchase a cwt. of flesh. The average price of flesh in the five years, ending 1835, was £2:4:4; the average wages 5s. 3d.; so that less than $8\frac{1}{2}$ days' labour would have purchased as much animal food during the latter period, as $13\frac{1}{2}$ during the former. But, as we are talking of the Corn-Laws, let us take the price of flour during the two periods of five years we have mentioned. During the first, the average cost was 90s. per sack, during the latter, 45s. 3d.; requiring, at the respective rate of wages, about 15 days' work of a mason, to purchase a sack of flour, during the first period, and only about 8 at the latter. These results get quit of all grounds of uncertainty relative to the state of the currency, with which questions of this sort are generally embarrassed. It is a matter perfectly unimportant what was the value of gold, or whether the paper money was or was not depreciated at the respective periods; for our standard is not gold or paper, but flour and meat compared with a day's labour. We trust that we have now convinced every one who has read our statement with ordinary attention, of the fallacy of supposing that wages fall with prices. It must not also be overlooked that these results have taken place notwithstanding the scarcity of labouring men at the first period, occasioned by the army and navy, and the preparation of warlike stores and military equipments, at the hottest period of a war unparalleled for its extent, the immense sums of money expended, and the number of combatants engaged; and the great abundance of labour at the latter period, arising from the cessation of the war and the increase of population.

Nor is it merely in so far as regards articles of meat and drink, that the working man is in a better condition at this moment than formerly. All other articles have fallen in at least as great a proportion as those we have specified. Take for example the wholesale prices of articles of Birmingham manufacture, in the years following

	1818.	1834.
	s. d.	s. d.
Buttons, for coats, per gross,	4 6	2 0
— for Waistcoats, per ditto,	2 0	0 7
Gun Locks, each,	6 0	1 8
Plated Stirrups,	4 6	0 8
Shovels and Tonga,	1 0	0 7
Japanned Tea Trays, 30 inches,	4 6	1 4

There is only another point we shall at present advert to. An attempt is sometimes made to induce the working classes to believe that they are worse remunerated now than in former times, because they are paid at a lower rate for a given quantity of work than formerly; and because manufactured goods are much cheaper than they were. But this arises from two very well known causes—the great reduction of the price of the raw material, and the amazing improvement of our machinery, which enables an immensely larger quantity of work to be executed now than formerly, with the same labour. For example, cotton wool is only about one-third of the price it was no more than twenty years ago. In 1786, the sale price of cotton yarn, No. 100, was 38s.; in 1794, 15s.; in 1807, 6s. 9d.; in 1832, 2s. 11d.; and we believe it is still lower at present. Then, as to the improvements in machinery. In 1786, the expense of spinning a pound of No. 100, cotton yarn, was 10s.; in 1790, 4s.; in 1793, 2s. 6d.; in 1826, 6d.. All these reductions followed on new inventions in machinery, and the spinner positively earns more money at 6d. than when the price was 10s. We hope we have now said enough to convince every one who is not determined before-hand not to be convinced, that there never was a more groundless, and, as we firmly believe, a more dishonest argument set up than that the working classes would derive no benefit from the repeal of the accursed Starvation Laws, (for the preventing the import of foreign grain is but one of the innumerable evils they occasion,) because wages would fall in proportion to the fall of prices. Such an argument, if so it can be called, so far from being true, or having the least foundation in truth, is contrary to the uniform experience of mankind in every country and in every age.

THE GALLOWES IN CANADA.—“PIRATES” AND “PATRIOTS.”

“Rebellion lay in their way—and they found it.”—*Faust* ff.

WHILE packet after packet continues to inform us that blood still flows on the scaffolds of Canada, it does appear somewhat unaccountable that, in this land of benevolence—in this land whose philanthropists “survey mankind from China to Peru,” in search of objects for their compassion and protection—only *two* members of the Scottish press, and *not one* public meeting throughout all Britain, should have hinted disapproval! The execution of a murderer at home would draw more attention and excite more compassion than does the ignominious death of scores of men, for an offence which, in certain circumstances, is a duty and a virtue—a crime, the commission of which is Washington's glory and Sydney's renown! One Whig journal, in the north of Scotland, calls for “signal and sanguinary punishment!” another, in Edinburgh, “dares any man to deny” that these hangings are “essential to the stability of society!” and all the papers, Whig, Tory, and Radical, teem with such phrases as “pirates,” “murderers,” applied to the Canadian rebels, and their allies from the States. Their unanimity is, indeed, wonderful. Can absolutely *nothing* be said in palliation of the offence of these men? Can there not be preferred

one reasonable plea for mercy?—We shall attempt to say something in palliation, if not in justification, and venture to hint a few doubts of the *justice*, as well as the policy, of these sanguinary punishments.

It need not be said, at this time of day, that there are circumstances in which submission to a government becomes a crime and resistance a virtue. Swift, a Tory, and far indeed from either "theorist" or enthusiast, says—"As to what is called a revolution principle, my opinion is this—that, whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a change of government would not, in all probability, be so pernicious as the grievances we suffer under present power, then the public good will justify such a revolution." Whether or not the Canadian rebellion was justifiable on these grounds, they themselves are the best judges. That Canada, of older settlement and with a better soil, presents such a miserable contrast to the southern shores of the Lakes and the St Lawrence, can only be accounted for by ascribing it to *misgovernment*. Mrs Jameson (the most recent traveller there, and no favourer of the insurgents) says—"On one side is all the bustle of prosperity and commerce, and on the other side all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, helplessness. . . . There must be a cause for it surely."

. . . . Can you send some of our colonial officials across the Atlantic, to behold and solve the difficulty." Speaking of Sandwich, the principal place in the western district, and a county town with 400 inhabitants, she says—"The appearance of the place and people, so different from all I had left on the other side, made me melancholy. *What is the reason that all flourishes there, and all languishes here?*" Colonel Prince, M.P.P. for and proprietor of this wretched place of Sandwich, (the same humane conqueror who shot his prisoners in cold blood after the recent skirmish near his village,) in a speech to the U. C. House of Assembly, said, that "countless numbers of emigrants passed during the summer [1836] through Canada to the western part of the United States, and none could be prevailed on to stop and settle in these provinces, though the soil and all other natural advantages are considerably greater, and the distance saved from 600 to 700 miles." The number which passed that year was 200,000. This was before the rebellion.

Again, *the Canadians were a conquered people—they were made over to Britain against their will, as Poland was to Russia*; and a conquered people have a right to release themselves when they are able. Scotland was a conquered country when Wallace turned rebel. But what we call patriotism in Poland is piracy in Canada. Had Von Shultz—the gallant Pole whom we have hanged at Kingston—fallen when he fought at Warsaw, a short time ago, some future Campbell might, perhaps, have niched him into immortal verse; and yet, it does not appear very clearly why, if the rising at Warsaw was patriotism, that at Montreal should be "base and bloody insurrection." Had the Americans been unsuccessful in their rebellion, we must, by the same right, have hanged Kosciusko, who fought on their side. Kosciusko hanged by the countrymen of Campbell!

Still farther, *an immense majority of the people wished a change of Government*; and, when that is the case, they have a right to obtain it. Milton, on this subject, lays down the sentiment of a freeman—a sentiment deathless as his own renown:—"The people, as oft as they shall judge fit for the best, may either choose a king or reject him, retain him or depose him, though no tyrant, merely by the liberty and right of free-bron

men to be governed as seems to them best." That a majority of the people of Canada thirsted for a change of government appears even from Lord Durham's "Report;" and it is evidenced by the fact that, in Upper Canada, the "Radicals," whose known object was separation from the mother country, had a sweeping majority in the House of Assembly, till unconstitutionally swamped by Sir F. Head, in 1836, as admitted in Lord Durham's "Report;" that they had this majority in the Assembly of Lower Canada till the very last; that Papineau was, for a long period, and till the outbreak, Speaker of the last-named body; and that W. L. Mackenzie was an M. P. P. and Mayor of the metropolis of Upper Canada. The fact is admitted even by those most bitterly hostile to the Canadians. The Montreal correspondent of *The London Standard*, in *The Standard* of the 5th February, says:—"The Canadians will never be quiet till their majority is annihilated. . . . They are at this moment ripe for revolt, and would rise in arms to a man, if they had any prospect of success."

Besides all this, the Canadians were, probably, influenced by the precedent they had for their rising in the much-bepraised Revolution of their flourishing neighbours. It does not seem astonishing that they should think the cases parallel. Wherein lies the difference? The present United States rebelled against the claim of the mother country to tax them without their consent. The Canadas were by this claim equally affected. The "Congress," at Philadelphia, before the commencement of the struggle, sent an address to the inhabitants of "the province of Quebec," asking their co-operation. This call was not responded to, and the Canadians—the *Papist*, the *French* Canadians—remained loyal, while the *Protestant* and *British* part of America rose in arms. The malcontents were supported by the Whigs at home, then, as a Parliamentary party, numbering much about the same as the party who favour the Canadians in the present Parliament. Chatham warned the Government, that it was going to war with *three millions of Whigs* on the other side of the Atlantic. The number who supported him on the first division was *eighteen*! Who knows but that, if the Whigs had been out of office now, they might have chosen the better part of their progenitors? But, alas for their Chatham!—The Americans conquered—Chatham, Washington, Franklin, are household words over all the earth. Such were the circumstances of the American rebellion—what were those of the Canadian? Shortly this:—The Canadian constitution gave to the House of Assembly the power of stopping the supplies raised by the taxation of the province for the payment of the colonial officials. In the exercise of this unquestioned right, after many years of memorialising against their grievances, they stopped the supplies; and the British Government passed a *coercion act*, which authorized the Executive to take the money *forcibly* from the chests. The Americans were taxed without their consent—the Canadians were allowed to tax themselves, and then had the money taken from them, and applied to a purpose for which they had refused it. The Americans rose against a claim in making which the Government violated no *legal compact*—the Canadians rose against an infringement, by the Government, of their *guaranteed* constitution. Can it be made level to plain understandings, why, if the Americans did right, the Canadians did wrong?—why the former are "Patriots," and the latter "Pirates?" But let us not forget that, nine-and-sixty years ago, the American "Patriots" were as much vilified as the Canadian "Pirates" are

now! Not one term, not only of reproach, but of *contempt*, now heaped on the latter, but has its fellow, not merely in the common run of the writings of the pamphleteers and journalists of the time, but in the sage inditings of the very incarnation of sagacity.—Samuel Johnson!

Now, one word for the Sympathizers; for it may be said, that what defends the resident Canadians does not palliate their conduct. Perhaps, indeed, the Sympathizers had better have staid at home. It may be doubted if much good to liberty ever accrued from foreign interference. But why all this vituperation of the American Sympathizers alone? Let us be consistent, and condemn all Sympathizers alike. What was Colonel Evans in Spain but a Sympathizer—ay, and a Sympathizer who probably had his sympathy awakened, at least pretty considerably quickened, by the promise of good pay, and a handsome sum cash down? What was Lord Byron in Greece but a Sympathizer? What Lafayette and Kosciuszko in the American Revolutionary war? As much right as Evans had in Spain, so much right had Von Shultz in Canada. Why should we knight Evans, and hang Von Shultz? Von Shultz embraced a desperate cause without fee or reward, and set his life upon a cast; Evans took what seemed the stronger side, and stipulated for his reward in hard Spanish-dollars. The first was hanged—the latter knighted! “O world, thy slippery tricks!” One would think that the different fates of these Sympathizers were prophetically alluded to by Byron. Hear the noble Sympathizer addressing his brethren!

“When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbours;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knock’d on the head for his labours.
To do good to mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited:
Then combat for freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hang’d, you’ll get knighted.”

Though this be said lightly, it contains bitter truth. Why should we vilify Cabrera, and pass by Arthur? Why turn up our eyes in horror at the doings at Durango, and applaud or disregard those at Toronto? In the eye of justice, the guilt is the same of the Spanish General and the British Governor. They are under the same category—Legionites and Sympathizers!—Cabrera and Arthur!—Durango and Toronto!

But, if none of all this can either palliate or justify, may it not be doubted if the present sanguinary measures serve any good purpose? Is the ignominious death of so many men, among friends and neighbours who, more or less, sympathize in their crime, not more likely to exasperate than to deter? The first execution in Canada (last spring), was that of Mr Lount, M.P.P. for Simcoe county; and, in a few short months, his son appears in the situation of “Military Secretary” to one of the late foolhardy attempts! “Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son!” Dr Theller, who lately escaped from the citadel of Quebec, from whence he was to be taken to the gallows, was, when the last accounts left, actively getting together men for another rising. At the first outbreak this winter, the insurgents said, in their proclamation, they rose “to revenge the blood of Lount, and Mathews, and Morreau.” Confiscated fortunes and desolated hearths—the gallows and the torch—do not cause inactive despondency, but headlong despair—

“What though the field be lost,
All is not lost!—the unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.”—

During the very time that these executions are going on, do we not hear of mad attempts at insurrection almost in sight of the gallows which Sir John Colborne has erected, *in terrorem*, for the dispatch of forty persons at once? Surely a life-long exile to a penal colony, as it would more than exaltate their own crimes, might more effectually deter others from after attempts. This is certainly no slight punishment to such men as many of the rebels are; for even the one-sided press of Canada admits that many men of property and character are involved in the rebellion; and though the London papers say that the Canadian prisoners now in Milbank are all of the lowest order of society, such is not the fact—we happen to be aware that one of them, at least, is a young Scottish gen-

tleman, a gentleman by birth and accomplishments. But yet, not one of our religious denominations—not one of our societies for the abolition of capital punishments—has sent out a single petition for mercy! We have a society of the latter kind in Edinburgh, which gets up petitions even in the less heinous cases of murder—but not a word have they uttered, even to ask that these Canadians might pay the penalty of their *crime* (or their too generous bravery?) by a life of bondage, rather than a death of infamy! Where are our Wighams, and Erskines, and Greivilles? Is their philanthropy, which protects thieves and murderers at home, not expansive enough to include rebels across the Atlantic? Is intercession for the first, religious duty—for the latter, politics? Is their Whiggery stronger than their benevolence?

Some people are generous at the expense of their neighbours—it looks as if we were determined that our mercy and pity should cost us nothing. We *pity* the Poles at the expense of the Russians, the Greeks at the expense of the Turks; but, to shew mercy to the Canadians might cost us, we think, “a valuable colony.” We had better be merciful while we are yet strong. Though no poet’s lay consecrate the struggle—though the fall of hardy backwoodsmen in Canadian swamps and on Canadian gallows-tree—may not draw the romantic sympathy which flowed so freely for those who fell on the walls of Missolonghi, or on “Prague’s proud arch;” though hundreds of nameless Kosciuszko’s may fall unhonoured and unsung—yet is their cause not the less the cause of justice, nor its success yet altogether hopeless. Let not our present revenge be too cruel, nor our *Io Peans* yet too loud—

“Vain is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
That more to mighty hands than righteous cause doth trust!”

Let us not think alone of the blunders and braggadocio of their leaders, and their present miserable failure:—the American war raged through eight hot campaigns. Let us beware of contemning where we may yet have to succumb—remember Johnson’s contemptuous scorn of the Americans—remember Canning’s sneers at their “bits of bunting.” Let us make sure that the obloquy we so liberally pour forth is neither unjust nor premature:—Johnson called Washington and his compatriots, “incendiaries who wished to rob in the tumults of a conflagration.” Though the odds may seem desperate; yet, if the Canadians “have their quarrel just”—if their cause be the cause of freedom, and if they maintain it like freemen—not contempt, not defeat, not obloquy, not the sanguinary promptitude of Arthur, nor Colborne, with his forty-hangman power—can prevent its ultimate triumph. Time will do justice to all: to the nation which was oppressed—to the government which oppressed—to the British people who callously looked on; and let those now on their way to bondage and exile, though they think they now see their cause given up to disaster and defeat, and themselves to calumny and disgrace, draw comfort and hope from the assurance which supported the Scottish “rebels” two centuries ago:—“Truth is the daughter of Time; and although Calumnies oft starteth first, and runneth before, yet Veritie followeth her at the heels!”

PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT has again commenced its sittings, at the usual time, with the usual piece of pageantry, and with a Speech, as usual, devoid of meaning. How long is the highest personage of these realms to be used as a mere puppet—a mere mouth-piece of the aristocracy—one of their appendages, to be retained for show on state days, but to be kept devoid of any real power, even of that which the Constitution gives in terms the most explicit, the right of deliberating on and rejecting any bill presented to the Crown? What a mockery must that Constitution—that gloriously incomprehensible three-legged stool of Blackstone and De Lolme—be, when one of the estates of the realm has been, if not *de jure*, yet *de facto* exaucterated—when upwards of a century has elapsed since the monarch has been permitted to exercise the undoubted rights belonging to the regal office. It is full

time, now, after one of the essential prerogatives of the Crown has so long been trampled under the foot of our unprincipled aristocracy, that the mockery—insulting, as now conducted, alike to the sovereign and the people—of a Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament, should be dispensed with. Insult ought no longer to be permitted to be added to injury. Who, in ordinary life, and in the daily management of his own concerns, however trifling, would allow himself to be subjected to such an intolerable piece of tyranny as to be compelled to repeat by rote, as his own, sentiments which he possibly not only never entertained, but which he may throughout life have uniformly held in contempt, if not abhorrence? Who in ordinary life would submit to have dictated to him twice a-year, speeches to be delivered as his own, which, though utterly destitute of information, argument, or eloquence, were yet so incuriously, and, by so backward an apprentice in the use of language, put together, as to have two dozen of "I's," and one dozen of "my's" congregated in an equal number of lines!

As to the intentions of Ministry—as to their schemes for keeping hold of office during the session—we may say, we believe, with safety, in the words of Doctor Johnson, that, "as nothing has been decided, nothing can be known." That they are ready to do everything but relinquish their salaries, there is but one opinion. What their conduct on the most vital question that ever came under the consideration of any Ministry, in the present crisis of the country—the Corn-Laws—will be, we need not speculate upon: it is developing while we are writing. Lord Melbourne says, Corn-Laws have always been, with the Whigs, since they came into power, an open question—a statement which has been, without qualification and without contradiction, denied by one who had, at least, had as good an opportunity of knowing the fact. But what sort of a Cabinet is it that tolerates open questions? When the Sovereign appoints, when the people pay for their servants, the Ministers, it is, we imagine, expected that they are to do something; and what can it be for doing, but those things which the master and payers cannot conveniently do themselves? One of these things, for example, is to decide questions which the people, from their time being engaged in other occupations, from want of authentic data, from want of previous study of such matters, cannot settle satisfactorily for themselves. Government includes in its very notion that, not of opening but of closing questions, of deciding and not of discussing, of acting and not of talking. An open-question Cabinet is no Cabinet at all: it is unfit for the only work for which it is hired—deciding and acting; and the sooner it is turned to the right about, to make way for men of energy and decision—men who have made up their minds, or who, at least, are capable of quickly making up their minds on every question which harasses and distracts the Empire, and of acting without fear and without favour on the decision they have conscientiously come to—the better, not only for the country, but for itself. Let us figure to ourselves an open question in a court of law. Bad as these courts are, they have never gone the length of *not deciding at all*. Suppose two parties were to claim an estate, and the judges declared the question of right "open," who would get the estate? Would there not be a complaint to the Crown, and a petition that the judges should be turned out for incapacity? Suppose a jury left it "open" whether a man were guilty or innocent, what would be thought, and more especially in that country where it is a fixed principle, that, unless the whole twelve be unanimous, the matter has not been sufficiently discussed among them, and where, to punish their indolence or obstinacy, they are kept without meat or drink till they discover the truth, and prove they have done so by coming to an unanimous verdict. As we are not inclined to extreme measures where milder will serve the purpose, we recommend this course in future—viz, that, whenever a question is found to be "open," the Cabinet Ministers be shut up like the Conclave of the Cardinals when a Pope is to be elected, and kept from all intercourse, either with their Royal Mistress or with society, until the "open" question is made a closed one.

PHAGOPHOBIA, A NEW DISEASE.—A large proportion of the people of this country are at this moment under an apprehension, or rather a disease, which we do not believe ever existed in any other country at any period of the history of the human race. It is of so refined a description, though concerning a very vulgar matter—eating and drinking—that no man whose intellect has not been puzzled by a long course of mysticism, could by any means be made to comprehend the grounds or nature of it. We have it from the best authority that we are positively in extreme peril of being inundated—perhaps it is meant—choked, with cheap food by foreigners; not food poisoned with deadly nightshade, such as our ancestors sometimes served up to their foreign invaders, but good, wholesome loaves of wheat; legs of mutton and lamb, raw, roasted, and boiled; sides of beef; pork, hams, Dutch butter, Swiss cheese; and, in short, in culinary phrase, all the delicacies of the season. Then we are to have wine, brandy, and gin at discretion. Thank God, no one has yet told us that we are to get all these good things absolutely for nothing; foreigners, it is thought, may still be prevailed on to take something for them, though many wise heads are satisfied that no sort of persuasion will ever induce them to take anything like a half of what they at present cost among ourselves. But, although there is no immediate danger of our being fed for nothing by foreigners, those who have been abroad are confident that to that consummation matters must soon arrive. When it does happen, matters will be in a pretty state. Only think of a nation of well-fed gentlemen, having nothing earthly to do or think of, but run after foxes the whole year—for there will be no crops to stop the sport all the summer as at present; to shoot, gamble, skate, curl, eat, drink, and be merry! Only imagine a Marquis of Waterford in every parish—and there will be a dozen at least—and consider, what will watchmen's skulls, knockers, and bell-handles be worth! Not one night's purchase, certainly. How long will Muntz keep his beard? Not one week. Where will be the cabman not bribed to drink himself to death, or the "Boots" whose face will not be constantly blackened with his own brushes? But we forgot: there will be no watchmen to knock down, cabmen to fill drunk, boots' faces to blacken—because every one will be a gentleman; and there will be no such thing as a patriot's beard, for there will be nothing to agitate for. It is plain, whenever matters come to this pass, we must beg permission of foreigners to be allowed to hunt their foxes, shoot their game, knock down their policemen, shave their patriots, and so on; for there will not be employment in this country for one half of us in these important occupations. But, objects the patriot starving on sixpence a-day, and who never was proprietor of a wholesome leg of mutton in his life-time, "What will become of landlords, and what of rents?" Never fear, friend—we will be all landlords; the whole world will be our estate, to provide us with food; we will not be troubled with bankrupt tenants and arrears of rent—for there will be no rents, they will be neither asked nor given, because there will be no need for them, and nobody will be the worse for their non-existence. Not you, the sixpenny patriot, who never had any to receive, nor the tenant who has to pay them, nor yet the landlord who will not require them. We will be in precisely the same condition as they are in in the land of Cockaigne, where the trees have dollars instead of leaves, and loaves of bread instead of seeds; where the earth is moistened with wine instead of water; where the pigs run about ready roasted, with hot potatoes in their mouths, and knives and forks stuck in their backs, and, instead of the inharmonious grunt which they at present have with us, whisper to the passengers, in the most insinuating manner, "Come eat me."

SCOTLAND.

COURT OF SESSION.—We believe we were the first to point out, nearly seven years ago, that the business of the Court of Session was in a state of rapid decline. Our statements were regarded, at first, with incredulity, and afterwards with surprise, as no one seemed to have suspected that, while the wealth and population of the coun-

try had been increasing so rapidly for the last forty years, the business of the Supreme Civil Court of the kingdom had been progressively falling off during that time. The decline has, however, been proceeding, year after year, since we first published our statement; and matters are now in such a state, that, among the most observant, an opinion begins very generally to prevail, that the time is not far distant when the Court will, or at least ought to be reduced to a court of review of the decisions of the Sheriffs, and consisting of a single chamber of three or four judges. It is a little remarkable, therefore, that the present time should be chosen for bringing a bill into Parliament for increasing the salaries and retired allowances of the judges—these salaries and allowances having been fixed in 1808 and 1810, when every article of consumption, taxation, house rents, &c., were nearly one-half higher than they are at present. The increase of the retiring allowance from three-fourths to full salary is evidently a bait held out to the old judges to retire, in order that the vacancies may be filled up as long as the present Ministry continues in office; but where three or four Whig lawyers worthy of promotion to the Bench are to be found, will, we suspect, exceedingly puzzle the Home Secretary to discover. We trust that the Whigs will at length shew that the administration of justice in Scotland is not for ever to be sacrificed to party purposes. The weak state of the bar, and, perhaps, the declension of the Court in public favour, has arisen from the Tories, during their long misrule, promoting none but their own partisans to the Bench. Nobody complained of this so loudly as the Whigs themselves; but they have hitherto scrupulously copied the example set them. They cannot do so longer with decency; for, if three or four vacancies occur, at least two of them should be given to Tory lawyers, for they are best entitled to it, from their experience, talent, and knowledge of the law. But we hope that, before the House of Commons agrees to any addition to the salaries and retired allowances, they will make an investigation, whether there is any need for so many as thirteen judges. We have long maintained—as was indeed the opinion of the most eminent lawyers of the time—that the division of the Court into two divisions, in 1808, was a most injudicious step. It has led to nothing but contradictory decisions, delay, and annoyance to the suitors, advocates, and agents; for, so far from expediting business—the only ground on which the alteration was advocated—it has led to the reverse, owing to the continual jostlings of two courts, of co-ordinate jurisdiction and having the same body of practitioners, constantly sitting at the same moment. The Court only sits 114 days in the year, and the Chambers of the Inner-House very frequently not more than an hour a-day; and we are convinced that, were one of these chambers to sit only an additional hour a-day—114 hours in the year—it would get through more business, and in a much more satisfactory manner, than both do at present. We therefore recommend to the Whig Government, which, on originally assuming office, professed to rule without patronage, to abolish the Inner-House of the Second Division, by which £13,000 or £14,000 a-year will be saved to the public, and the efficiency of the Court improved. This will be a real saving—not a saving like those which have been made of late years, which will not come into operation for twenty years to come. The Lord Advocate, in enumerating the Courts which have of late years been abolished, (some of them, we think, very injudiciously,) and offices reduced, and in summing up the salaries saved, kept entirely out of view the compensations which are paid to the judges and clerks deprived of office, by which it happens that, instead of a present saving to the public by the reduction, there is in reality an additional burden created, which will terminate only with the lives of the existing generation. In illustration of this system, which has never been exposed, we will give an instance. The office of Extractor in the Court of Session has been abolished, and the business put on a new footing. There were formerly four Extractors and eight clerks, drawing altogether about £2000 a-year. By the new regulation, there are one Principal and one Assistant Extractor, with salaries of £500 and £300;

and, instead of £320 for writing-clerks, we will suppose that that head of expenditure will be reduced to £200. There is, no doubt, in this alteration, at first sight, a saving of £1000 a-year; but let us bring the compensations into operation. They are not yet fixed; but we believe we can guess pretty nearly what they will be:—

Two superannuated Extractors, £250 each,	£500	0	0
Eight clerks dismissed, £50 each,	400	0	0
Two Extractors who have been appointed to offices of smaller emolument, £75 each,	150	0	0
	£1050	0	0

And perhaps might be added to this, £300 for compensation to the present principal Extractor, who formerly held an office worth £800 a-year. It will thus be seen how fallacious is any statement of saving by reduction of offices, while compensations are kept out of view. Why every one who has once fingered public money should henceforth, during life, be kept by the public, is a matter that has always transcended our weak understandings; but so it is, and so we presume it must be, until some honest Ministry will carry into execution an old threat of Sir Robert Peel, to bring in a bill declaring that no one who is appointed to any office in a court of law shall have a vested interest therein, but be removable at pleasure, without any claim to compensation.

Supposing the bill for giving the Judges full salary after fifteen years' service is passed, it will be curious to observe which of the Judges will take advantage of it. The four to whom the bait is held out are well known. Now, two, if not three of them, are men of independent fortune; and the retiring allowance of the fourth, *under the existing law*, is no less than £3125 a-year. All that the two Judges of independent fortune—one a bachelor—would require to give up, is £500 a-year, they being at present entitled to three-fourths of their salaries. Yet rather than resign this fourth part of their official income, and probably an eighth or tenth part of their real incomes, the one is content to do all the duties of President of the Court at the age of nearly ninety, after having been no less than forty-six years a Supreme Judge, and almost three quarters of a century having elapsed since he was called to the bar. It has indeed been stated in Parliament, that he is so weak that it is absolutely necessary to support him by three men when he is delivering judgment. The other clings to office after experiencing one of the severest afflictions to which mankind are subject. The Judges have often told us of the laborious nature of their duties. We have here a simple fact worth twenty speeches. In what other line of life would men, broket down with years or disease, not accept of three-fourth of their salaries, and retire from their labours, even supposing that they had no other means of subsistence? What other inference can be drawn, whatever may be held out about the laborious duties of the Judges, and whatever extent of work is *pretended* to be shewn by Parliamentary returns, (and we know how these returns have been concocted,) than that, after all, the 114 days' attendance, at least in the Inner-House, is little more than an amusement?

AGRICULTURE.

A much larger breadth of wheat than usual has been sown in all parts of the kingdom, under the most favourable circumstances; and, owing to the mildness of the winter, it is forward and healthy in its appearance. Notwithstanding the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws, we are happy to say that the demand for farms steadily on the increase, and rents are rapidly rising. We have it from information on which we place the most perfect reliance, that, for one farm in the eastern part of Berwickshire, let within these few weeks, the were upwards of thirty competitors; that, for one of the best farms in Roxburghshire, which was rented £1600—a lease, as we understand it, of the ordinal endurance—£2650, or, by other accounts, £2750, has been given by a most respectable tenant, on a nineteen years' lease; and that, for another farm in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh, which the tenant threw up as not worth the rent of £200 a-year, £260 was obtained, within the month. "*Beati nimirum, si sua bona norunt agricola.*"

POSTSCRIPT POLITICAL.

HOWEVER the present Session of Parliament may close—if it ever come to a natural close—it opens singularly enough. The personages who perform the principal parts move so gingerly, are so afraid of committing themselves and of taking a false step, that no one can affirm more about them than that they are cautiously groping their way, themselves in the dark as to what a day may bring forth, and steady to nothing save the determination *Never to resign*. Up to the moment at which we write, the Government, we fully believe, have not resolved on the course they are to take with the most pressing questions of the day—the Corn-Law abolition, and the pacification of Canada. Accident must, as usual, shape the course of men who have not, so far as the world is aware, any one fixed or guiding principle.

We are not without considerable apprehension that they will, from discerning the trim of Sir Robert Peel, and the tack on which he lies, pluck up courage to resist the leading of evidence at the Bar of the House on the subject of Corn-Laws and Manufactures. Before this sheet is abroad, that point will be determined one way or the other, and we can barely anticipate anything so glaringly indecent as the opposition of the so-called representatives of the People, to the earnest prayers of the starving People, only that evidence may be heard; that the truth may be elicited and sifted on a subject affecting the vital interests and prospects of the empire, and coming painfully home at this moment to the household of every industrious family in it—for what is the mere handful of the aristocracy in the question of food and of national industry?

To come to the point:—If the petitions of the Corn-Tax payers are either scouted, or civilly shelved, by those who impose and profit by the tax, we would urge upon the Delegates not to lose an hour in leading Evidence themselves, with the concurrence and assistance of as many Members of Parliament as choose to support them; and to publish it from day to day, through the newspapers and every possible channel, to every corner of the empire. Their Report will excite universal interest; and, in the extraordinary circumstances, command as much attention as if issuing from that House which shuts its doors against them. Too little has been hitherto heard of the proceedings of the Delegates—they make too little noise; but their proceedings hitherto may be viewed as only preparatory, and as waiting the fiat of Parliament. The nation also waits, in the assurance that if it become necessary they will make themselves be heard; and assuredly they will be responded to. The circumstance to be lamented at this moment, above all others, is the very mistaken tactics of the Chartists. Not their final objects—not their principles—are objectionable; but the wrong-headedness which keeps them aloof, if not detrimental, when a common object is to be carried, and that with no loss to their cause. The contemporaneous sitting of two rival, and, we fear, hostile bodies of popular delegates, by more distinctly tracing the broadening line of demarcation between the great mass of the people and the middle class, fills every reflecting Reformer with grief. It is the worst new symptom of the social progress, the bitterest fruit of the Reform Bill. The Corn-Law delegates would appear to hold aloof from the Chartist delegates, in disdain of their ignorance and wrong-headedness; and the latter seem to scowl back defiance. Are there no catholic-spirited men among the Corn-Law delegates—such men as Ebenezer Elliott—to persist, day after day, in the attempt to dispel this fatal delusion, and heal that widening breach, of which the enemy of both parties will inevitably take advantage? The tone assumed by some of the Corn-Law abolition advocates to the Chartists, is, instead of wise and conciliating, absolutely insulting and irritating, as if intended to estrange them still farther. They are not assailed by arguments and persuasion, but by scoffing and ridicule. That they are the very same class whose generous self-sacrifices during the Reform struggle, and until every hope of good by the Reform Bill had vanished, it were as ungrateful as unwise to forget. Would they only act in the same magnanimous manner for a few critical months longer, the whole community would have cause to exult in cheap food and returning commercial prosperity, while their particular object would be incalculably forwarded. Cheap food would enable many working men to become householders; and it is through Household Suffrage that Universal Suffrage is to be safely attained, with all the other rights demanded by the Chartists. We almost despair of seeing this lamentable obstacle, more lamentable in its cause, surmounted. The Tories exult in the estrangement and hostility between the lower and middle-class Radicals; and a considerable section of middle-class Reformers, stanch on the subject of Corn-Laws, contemptuously think they can carry their measure without the help of the working-classes, which, to tell the truth, they would be glad to be able to dispense with on many occasions.

It is, we fear, idle to repeat to those determined to shut their ears, that cheap food would form a powerful instrument in procuring a greatly extended suffrage, which must in turn lead on in that right direction in which all true men are moving; differing, not even about the rate of speed, but about the stones and blocks to be first removed out of the path. How we should rejoice to see a deputation of the Chartists take the first step, and go to the Corn-Law delegates, saying—"To our constituents and yours cheap food is equally desirable: the juncture is singularly favourable, and not to be neglected. We will neither forego one jot, nor for a moment lose sight of our own peculiar object; but, in the meanwhile, we will, heart and hand, co-operate with you for yours, which is also ours. It shall not be said that the popular delegates of the English people have for one day stepped between them and the chance of immediate redress, in so vital a matter as their daily bread."

Next in importance, though at an immeasurable distance, comes the question of the settlement of Canada, which at present, by some general conglomeration, appears to be viewed as identical with Lord Durham. His Lordship has had the good sense and good taste not to mix up his personal wrongs, real and imaginary, or his petty resentments, with his suggestions for the pacification of Canada. He has recovered his temper in the meanwhile, and acted on our advice, so far as to say nothing about the past. He may recover his political principles, those which he disclaimed on

his return from Russia, and up to the moment that his famous Ordinance was disallowed; but, of all the cautious and gingerly movements of public men, those of Lord Durham, the temper of the individual considered, are the most gingerly. For what high destiny, to be achieved by what extraordinary means, is his Lordship secretly nursing himself? Let his *clique* say—for his late adulators begin to wonder and question.* Three-and-twenty years ago, his Lordship, it appears, was favourable to a modification of the Corn-Laws, though he has been silent on the subject during the long interval. We trust he is staunch now to the *total* repeal of every tax—every restriction on food. His individual interests point strongly this way, which is always a favourable circumstance when ordinary men and motives are concerned; though far be it from us to judge his Lordship by the vulgar rules applicable to ordinary men.

One present source of consolation is, that so experienced a man as the Duke of Wellington does not appear to consider the mincing, cinque-pace of official men and political leaders the true measure of that grand Movement which is sweeping all forward. The clear-headed, far-seeing old campaigner seems still afraid to lend a hand at ousting the Whigs, lest what he considers worse shall come of it. This is so far gratifying. But what are the Tory party to think or to do, if the wary Duke persist in following the same course in the present Session which he has done in the last two; critically interposing, in the hour of deadly peril, for the protection of the eminently lucky Favourite; one of whose most fortunate accidents is the position of the Duke; who, too old for the leader in active service, falls back upon the new, if not constitutional office of Supreme Umpire between parties? The Duke of Wellington has more real influence, though indirectly, in the Cabinet, than if the Tories were in power. They might afford to shew something like independence. But how do the Tories like the continuance of this state of things? Do they confess, with the Duke, the weakness of their party, or do they begin to grumble at the "Fabian policy" of their great chief? One or the other they must do.

The intrigue to get rid of Lord Glenelg, we pointed out at the close of last Session. It ramified on Ireland then, and it would have been carried farther long before this time, had the strength of the Premier in Parliament been equal to his will, and to his ascendancy at Court. But Lord Melbourne, notwithstanding the accession of the author of "Yes and No," cannot yet afford to expel the Finality Secretary, endeared to the Tories by his declarations against Reform, and to the whole aristocracy by his ardent support of the system of legalized plunder perpetrated through the Food-tax. There was, as we foretold last autumn, a set purpose of sacrificing Lord Glenelg; partly as the scapegoat for Ministerial unpopularity, but more to strengthen the Premier in a Cabinet which, wanting Glenelg, would have included one honest man the less. It has, however, so chanced, by Lord Melbourne's usual good luck, that, in this last piece of characteristic thimble-riggery, two birds have been hit by one stone. Lord Glenelg is got rid of, having left few abler, and certainly not one honester man behind him; and the raven down of Lord Durham's wrath may perhaps be somewhat smoothed by the sacrifice. Lord Glenelg, in the arrangement of the Cabinet, was thrust into the most onerous and invidious office of the State; crippled in power, circumvented in action, and, we can make no question, very ill-informed on matters that would indeed require the study of an official life, and the farther advantage of long practical acquaintance with the business details of the colonies. Really it would be much better in the present state of things, that the high families of Whigs and Tories should come to an understanding to take the government in turn, on a lease of seven or ten years each, than this perpetual changing of official men in the great departments, with the necessary ignorance and probable incapacity of each new Colonial Secretary, or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and the farther circumstance, that every new man has his fresh set of hungry clients to satisfy or glut at the expense of the people. The only fault that can be found with Lord Glenelg is, that, having accepted an important office, he had not, on sounding the hollow ground on which he stood, either manfully insisted for power corresponding to his responsibility, or had at once resigned. He was, moreover, the member of a Cabinet who behaved with the blackest perfidy to Lord Brougham, and very ill to Lord Durham; and now his turn has come, and we regret to see less expression of sympathy from any party, at his betrayal, than might have been expected; though the shameless conduct of his treacherous colleagues does excite indignation, and would excite more, save that the public are now so well accustomed to such things that they are looked on as mere matters of course. Lord Glenelg will probably give some explanation of the intrigue by which he has been ousted. It ought to be ample and unsparing. As a statesman in office, his career is probably closed; but another duty remains, to which his talents are fully equal, and for which the moral influence of his character renders him eminently fit.

Among the many intrigues and treacheries of the period, and the excessive caution of every one of the great leaders, the conduct of O'Connell is not the least inexplicable. The torrents of rage poured out upon Lord Brougham is a mere interlude; but what is the piece to be?—is it to be farce or tragedy? This, however, we will say—insult more deliberate and mortal was never offered to any public man, than the British Minister has studiously offered to O'Connell; and, if he forget or meekly brook it, he is not the man we take him for. How he has been restrained, even for one day, makes the affair look more portentous. Does Mr O'Connell deserve the reward the grateful Whigs are preparing for him, and of which we warned him long ago? Great Britain says he does; and much of the intelligence of Ireland confirms the judgment.

* Will any of the sponsors for Lord Durham's political consistency and reform principles, inform the public of his reasons for refusing to preside at a Great Corn-Law Dinner of the London Delegates and the friendly M.P.'s?—and farther, why, if such a Demonstration was considered necessary, it could not take place although his Lordship declined to join in it, or to give it the light of his countenance?

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1839.

THE LANDOWNERS *VERSUS* THE NATION.

NUMBER OF THE LANDED INTEREST.

It being now admitted by every one who has the least pretension to candour, that the landowners alone have any interest in keeping up the price of food—that it is a mere landlord's question—it becomes a matter of some importance to ascertain what are the real numbers and actual property of those for whom every other class of the community is to be sacrificed.

In his late speech in Parliament, Mr Cayley made the astounding assertion that, in the United Kingdom, there were no less than 600,000 land-proprietors, and that five-sixths of the whole population depended upon them; and this assertion was allowed to pass without remark in the House of Landlords; for, whether Repealers or Anti-Repealers, it was, no doubt, exceedingly gratifying to their vanity. Mr Cayley, however, has attempted to prove too much. If he be correct, the landed interest must be miserably poor; for it is well ascertained that the land rental of England does not amount to £80,000,000 of Ireland, to 10,000,000
nor of Scotland, to 5,000,000

Gross Land Rental of the United Kingdom, £45,000,000

The Irish Poor-Law Commissioners estimate that in Ireland one-tenth must be deducted for expenses and losses, and three millions for the interest of charges, making the net rental of Ireland six millions; and applying the same deduction (four-tenths) to the whole United Kingdom, we have the mighty landowners reduced to £27,000,000 a-year. The incomes arising from trade, commerce, and professions, excluding those under £50 per annum, have been ascertained, from the property-tax return of 1810, to be £30,000,000. (See Encyclopedia Britannica, art. France.) This exceeds the land rental of itself. But the landowners used to be fond of holding out that the land was the security the national creditors had for their money: and, hoping that they are quite ready and willing to pay off the debt, it will be found, on examination, that

the interest and the expense of its management are upwards of twenty-eight millions and a-half; so that it is not the landed interest—which, on this supposition, has ceased to exist in any other condition than in bankruptcy—but the national creditors, that will suffer, if the Corn-Law Repealers have their unholy will. And, in truth, it is difficult to see on what other principle than by succeeding to the soil of the country any one can be liable for the national debt. It was contracted by the owners of that soil, who are now where nobody will go to seek them, for the sole purpose of protecting their estates from being transferred to new and foreign proprietors—in much the same way as their own ancestors had acquired them—by force; or the loans were divided among themselves and connexions. On every principle, therefore, of common sense, law, justice, and morality, the burden should be borne by those who have reaped the benefit. We must, however, admit that it must be rather a humiliating reflection for the landed interest to find that, so far from being the only class in the state worthy of consideration, the holders of public stock alone are richer than themselves. Were we to compare them with the working classes, it would be seen that the wages of the latter exceed, by five-fold, their rentals.

If Mr Cayley's computation be correct, however, the clear rental of our landowners is considerably under fifty pounds each; which, of itself, shews he is in error, unless he includes every owner of an area a few feet square under the name of landowner. We must, therefore, look for some better authority on this subject than the honourable Member. Dr Beeke, whose authority in such matters is praised by M'Culloch, estimated that there are 200,000 proprietors in England and Wales; and the Secretary of the Central Agricultural Association, instituted in 1835, also a good authority, estimated them at 300,000 in the whole United Kingdom. We cannot help thinking, however, that these estimates are greatly over-rated; for, in Scotland, the whole number of estates was ascertained, under the property-

tax returns, to be 7,700; and, as the number in each county was returned separately, and some of our nobility have estates in above half-a-dozen counties, and many of our landed gentlemen in three or four, the number of proprietors must have been much less than that of estates. But there is another circumstance from which the small number of landowners in the kingdom may be inferred. In Scotland, under the old system of representation, hardly a proprietor of £200 a-year, or upwards, was to be found who was not enrolled as a freeholder. When the Reform Act was passed, the total county constituency of Scotland was only 3,211; and, on examining some of the counties with which we are best acquainted, we observed that at least one-half must be struck off, as enrolled in more counties than one, for life-renters and fiars twice entered on the roll, and for parchment-voters not having an acre of landed property. We, therefore, do not see how there can be anything like 100,000 landed proprietors—having £300 a-year, and upwards—in the three kingdoms; yet a class contemptible in numbers, and not to be compared, in point of income, to the labouring men alone, by means of banding together, keeps up a succession of governments which will not even listen to the complaints of the other classes; and, for fear of alarming them, forsooth, (because we observe the best-informed men in Parliament are satisfied the repeal of the Corn-Laws would do them no actual injury,) twenty-six millions are to be sacrificed. This is the way in which mankind are governed in the middle of the nineteenth century!

As to Mr Cayley's statement, that five-sixths of the population depend upon the landed interest, it may be averred, with much greater certainty, that nine-tenths of the landed interest depend upon the middle and working classes. How many of these lords of the soil could keep their estates, were the charges and mortgages secured upon them to be suddenly called up? And how would there be any rent at all, if the working classes did not purchase, from the wages of their labour, the produce of the soil? If the landowners say, they give the labourer his wages, we ask them, What would their land be worth without labour—without cultivation? A man may transfer his labour to another country. Can the landowners remove their estates? If their income enables them to do so much, are not the middle, the working classes, nay the fundholders alone, equally potent?

EXCLUSIVE TAXATION OF LAND.

One of the chief arguments in favour of what is called the Protection of Agriculture—that is, the keeping up of rents—is, that the land, or landed interest, is burdened exclusively with a variety of taxes from which other classes are exempt. This is a topic not only insisted on at all public meetings held for the support of the Corn Laws, but adopted in Parliament by the Tory leaders. In one of the late debates, for example, the Duke of Wellington said—"The existing Corn-Laws cannot be repealed without the repeal of many of the duties and charges now imposed on the land." What these were, his Lordship did not specify; but Sir Robert Peel was a little more explicit: he remarked—"Could he, in arguing it, [repeal of the Corn-Laws,] put out of view the land-tax, county-rates, the malt-tax, and other burdens, which pressed so heavily on the land?" Now, let us consider these various taxes. The land-tax can be traced back to the earliest antiquity: it was levied in the Saxon times, though under a different name. The landowners were then the sole military force

of the country. William the Conqueror divided England into knights' fees, of which there were 60,125; and for every knight's fee the proprietor was bound, at his own expense, annually, to attend personally on horseback the king in his wars for forty days. In Edward the Second's time, (1307-1327,) every one who held a knight's fee, which amounted to only £20 per annum, was obliged to be knighted, and attend the king in his wars, or fined for non-compliance. Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and Charles I., exerted the prerogative of making knights, as considerable fees accrued to the crown upon performance of the ceremony. In this manner there was, at all times, a large military force kept up at the exclusive expense of the landowners; and the burden must have been very severe, as it will be observed, that for every 20s. of land rent, a cavalry soldier for two days was required to be furnished. Making every allowance for the fall of the value of money, (and it has not been so great as in most other countries, the pound weight of silver at the Conquest being coined into 20s., and at present into 66s. of the same fineness,) we may easily imagine what a magnificent army the land rental of England and Wales, which now amounts to thirty millions, would furnish. The notion of our ancestors was, that property in land imposed *duities* as well as conferred rights; they never imagined that the influence that kind of property necessarily gave, was to be used, first, to free the owners from the obligation they had come under to defend the kingdom, and lay it upon others; and, secondly, artificially to diminish the supply of food, that rent-rolls might be increased. But, instead of being now provided exclusively by the landowners, the army costs the general revenue eight millions a-year, or more than one-half of the free revenue after deduction of the interest of the national debt. This obligation to provide for the national defence the landowners have never been relieved from. During the contest between King Charles and the Parliament, the land-tax was imposed, and at a rate varying from £35,000 to £120,000 a month, or one million four hundred thousand pounds a-year. Though termed land-tax in England, the Scotch term *cess* is much more applicable to it; for it is assessed upon individuals in reference to their real property, and in Scotland one-sixth of it has always been paid by the royal burghs. In England, it appears from the evidence given before the Agricultural Committee of 1836, that only about one-half is assessed on the land rental. In 1692, a new assessment or valuation of estates was made throughout England; and at the Union the proportion of the new land-tax was fixed at a trifle under two millions for England, and under £48,000 for Scotland. At that period, the total revenue of England was little more than five millions and a-half; that of Scotland was £110,694: so that the land-tax in each kingdom yielded considerably more than one-third of the total revenue of the country. Now the revenue of the kingdom exceeds forty-five millions; so that the land-tax, which has never been increased, does not, at present, yield so much as a twentieth part of the gross revenue—so careful have the landowners in Parliament been of their own interest. The land-tax imposed at the Union was calculated to amount to 4s. in the pound of the real rent; and, as it affects not only land but other real property, instead of yielding little more than two millions, as it does at present—allowing for about a third of it which has been redeemed—it would yield ten millions, were the same proportion of the rental drawn now as at the beginning of last century. The land-tax was also levied on pensions and personal

property; but the holders of the hereditary pensions granted to the heirs of the Marquis of Schomberg (who was killed at the battle of the Boyne in 1689) and the Duke of Marlborough, having complained, pensions were relieved from the tax a few years ago. There is nothing whatever in the Treaty of Union to prevent the augmentation of the land-tax; all that that treaty does is to fix the proportion. Ireland has never paid, at any time, the land-tax—why, it would be difficult to imagine; but this is one of the penalties we pay for the privilege of governing the Irish, not like subjects, but as conquered enemies, and for keeping up an established priesthood in that country. In France, the direct taxes, chiefly on land, amount to thirteen millions; so that our landowners have very little reason to complain of the land-tax, not more than one-half of which appears to fall on them. Besides, not one of the present proprietors is any more entitled to complain of the land-tax, or other burdens on his land, than of the tithes; because, his land having been always subject to them, he took it under that condition, if he acquired it gratuitously. If, on the other hand, he purchased it for a fair price, then, in estimating that price, the burdens were deducted, and the value estimated on the balance; so that, if these burdens were to be removed, it is not the present holders of estates, but those from whom they were purchased, who ought to enjoy the benefit of the removal.

The next burden on land specified by Sir Robert Peel, was the county-rates. These amount, in England and Wales, to about a million and a half annually, of which between a half and two-thirds only (688 in 1000) are paid by the land. The application of the assessment is very much the same as that raised in towns under the name of police tax—viz., the erection of jails and houses of correction, the payment of constables, the protection of property, the apprehension of criminals, &c. Why the landowners should not protect their own property but throw that expense on their neighbours in the shape of a Corn-Law, and, at the same time, complain of the rates they themselves voluntarily levy and expend for this purpose, is not obvious.

How the malt-tax and spirit-tax can be said to be burdens on the landowner, we cannot well understand. We know, indeed, that it is asserted they lower the price of barley and the rent of light soils; but we have seen no evidence of the assertion. Like the land-tax, however, they are of long standing, (the malt-tax having been first imposed in England in 1697;) and must, therefore, have been taken into consideration by the present landowners, when they acquired their estates. But the malt-tax and spirit-tax do not fall upon the landowner and tenant, but upon the consumer of the malt and spirits. This is the opinion of the most distinguished political economists. Adam Smith, for reasons which he has fully detailed, gives it as his opinion, that "the different taxes which have been imposed upon malt, beer, and ale, have never lowered the price of barley, have never reduced the rent of light soils, have never lowered the price of barley land. The price of malt to the brewer has constantly risen in proportion to the taxes imposed on it; and these taxes, together with the different duties upon beer and ale, have constantly raised the price, or, what comes to the same thing, reduced the quality of those commodities to the consumer. THE FINAL PAYMENT OF THESE TAXES HAS FALLEN CONSTANTLY UPON THE CONSUMER, AND NOT UPON THE PRODUCER." His commentator, Mr Buchanan, remarks on this passage—"A duty on malt never could

reduce the price of barley; because, unless as much could be made of barley by malting it, as by selling it unmalted, the quantity required would not be brought to market. It is clear, therefore, that the price of barley must rise in proportion to the tax imposed on it, as the demand could not otherwise be supplied." Mr James Mill demonstrates the same point; and the conclusion he comes to is, "that a tax upon corn, for example, would raise the price of corn as of any other commodity. It would fall by consequence neither upon the farmer nor upon the landlord, but upon the consumer." Indeed, if we look at the prices of barley and malt in any market, we will see that the duty falls on the consumer; for we will always find that the price of malt is, at least, by the whole amount of the duty, (20s. 8d. per quarter,) dearer than barley, although the expense of the manufacture is, in a great measure, paid by the increase in bulk—29 quarters of barley making 33 quarters of malt. Of late years, indeed, the price of barley has sometimes very little exceeded the malt-duty. For example, in winter 1835, it was selling at 26s. 8d. Will any one contend that out of this the farmer paid the malt duty, leaving to himself only 6s. a-quarter?

We have a decisive test of the incidence of such taxes, in what took place on the repeal of the beer-duty. That duty raised considerably above three millions annually; and, at the rates charged, a quantity of beer was made from a quarter of barley on which was paid about 30s. of duty. The duty on a quarter of malt is only two thirds of this, or 20s. 8d.; so that the former was considerably higher than the latter, and the two together (50s. 8d.) were much higher than the price of the barley. The amount of beer-duty collected, shews that upwards of two millions of quarters of barley must have been annually consumed in the manufacture of beer; and there does not appear any probability that the total quantity brought to market then exceeded five millions of quarters; for the whole British spirits charged with duty annually, at the same period, was twenty-two millions of gallons—a quantity which little more than a million of quarters of barley will produce. Had, therefore, the beer-tax, according to Sir Robert Peel's theory, been a tax on the landowner or farmer, the consequence of its repeal must have been to raise the price of barley at least two-fifths of 30s., or 12s. a-quarter. But what was the result?—*The price of barley, instead of rising after the repeal of the duty, positively fell*, as appears from the annual average price of the five years before and after the repeal, which took place on 10th October 1830.

Years.	Price.	Years.	Price.
1825	40s. 1d.	1831	38s. 0d.
1826	34s. 5d.	1832	33s. 1d.
1827	36s. 6d.	1833	27s. 6d.
1828	32s. 10d.	1834	29s. 0d.
1829	32s. 6d.	1835	29s. 11d.
5) 176s. 4d.		5) 157s. 6d.	
Average, 35s. 3d.		Average, 31s. 6d.	

being, instead of a rise of 12s., a fall of 8s. 9d. a-quarter, by a repeal of what was alleged to have been a burden on the farmer of upwards of three millions a-year. It would be a very comfortable thing, indeed, could a tax be imposed in so judicious a manner as to fall on the producer and not on the consumer. It would be the strongest argument ever adduced for free trade. But will anybody maintain that the French pay the mil-

lion and a half we annually collect as duty on foreign brandy, or that they and other foreigners pay the duties on wine and on the other articles we import from foreigners? How is it possible, for instance, that, out of 5s. or 6s. a-gallon, which the Frenchman gets for his brandy, he can pay our duty of 22s. 6d. a-gallon? The authorities and facts we have given shew completely how the farmers are deluded by the landowners. In 1836, when our agriculturists had had for many years a complete monopoly of the home market, the landlords, to avoid reducing their rents, held out to their tenantry, as a means of relieving their distresses, the repeal of the malt-tax; although they must have known, or shrewdly suspected, that the effect of the removal of that tax would have lowered the price of malt and not raised the price of barley.

Since the reduction of poor-rates, nearly one half, in England under the new poor-law, and the removal of thousands of families from the agricultural to the manufacturing districts, the landed interest seem almost ashamed to enumerate these as an exclusive burden on land; and neither do we hear much of tithes—for it is now pretty well understood that to complain of paying tithes, is equivalent to complaining that the landowner is not allowed to draw and retain for his own use the rent of 1000 acres of land, when he only purchased and paid for 900 acres.

It would indeed have been a very extraordinary matter if a Parliament which has always consisted of two houses, one of Lords and another of Landlords, elected almost entirely by the holders of real property, and in which the middle classes not connected with land, and the operative classes, have never been represented, should have imposed exclusive taxation upon themselves—that is, upon the landed interest. No such thing has occurred, nor, we may add, ever will occur, in the history of mankind. Had they not done the very reverse—had they not shifted every burden off themselves upon the unrepresented—it would have been wonderful; and we shall therefore now proceed to shew how they have exempted the land from taxation, and imposed exclusive burdens on industry and labour.

EXCLUSIVE TAXATION OF INDUSTRY AND LABOUR.

We might commence this enumeration by setting down, without much hesitation, the whole stamp-duties, amounting to nearly seven millions per annum;—for, except the duties on dice, cards, plate, race-horses, a small proportion of the advertisements, receipts, and stamp-duties on deeds—the landowner is hardly reached by that branch of the revenue. The industrious classes pay exclusively the following duties:—

Probates and Letters of Administration,	£900,000
Legacies,	1,100,000
Bills of Exchange,	500,000
Receipts, four-fifths,	150,000
Marine Insurance,	200,000
Stamp-Office Licenses, and Certificates to exercise Professions and Trades, (i.e., for permission to work !)	250,000
Fire Insurance (from which Farm-Buildings, Stock, Crop, &c. &c., are exempt.)	1,100,000
Stamps for Deeds and Advertisements, 4-5ths,	750,000
Auctions, (produce of land, &c., is exempt.)	250,000
Excise Licenses of all sorts, (Auctioneers selling produce of Land, &c., are exempt.)	900,000

Carry forward, £6,100,000

Brought forward, £6,100,000
 The Post-Office Revenue is £2,250,000 per annum. The nobility, and 658 Members of the House of Commons, are exempt from payment; we may therefore put down for the industrious classes, 2,000,000

£8,100,000

So that, besides the starvation laws, which impose a burden for behoof of the landlord, of at least ten millions, we have an additional taxation for the purpose of public revenue, pressing on the industrious classes exclusively, of EIGHT MILLIONS more ! !

We have not overlooked those taxes chiefly paid by the upper classes, such as those on servants, carriages, dogs, armorial bearings, game duty; but those duties, in so far as they press on the landed interest, are much more than compensated by the following, to which that interest hardly contributes, viz. :—

Stage Carriages, &c.	£400,000
Post Horses,	200,000
Hackney Carriages, &c.	50,000

Horses used in agriculture, shepherds' dogs, &c. &c., do not pay any duty. The house-duty was most unfairly collected; for, while the houses in towns and villages paid to the utmost, the mansions of the aristocracy were not assessed at one-tenth of their real value, and farm-houses were not assessed at all. In this way, nearly a million was annually drawn exclusively from the industrious classes.

The great branches of the revenue are the customs and excise; and the landowners, tenantry, and peasantry contribute to the payment of these in a very small proportion. The first two classes do not probably exceed one million, and the farm-servants and labourers are so miserably paid that they have nothing to spend on luxuries. In Scotland, they do not earn more than 7s. and 8s. a-week throughout the year, even when fully employed. In England, it may be more—say 10s.; but in Ireland, according to the evidence of the Poor-Law Commissioners, it is not more than from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a-week. It is therefore impossible that they can afford to live on anything but oat and barley meal, potatoes and milk. The Scotch peasantry do not, as we well know, consume anything else from year's end to year's end, even in the best countries, except upon rare occasions. It is therefore plain that the customs and excise must be paid, in a much larger proportion than their numbers, by those unconnected with agriculture or land; who form, as the population returns shew, two-thirds of the entire population of the kingdom. Mr Cayley's proposed amendment to Mr Villiers' motion, is an additional instance of the one-sided way in which the landed interest go to work—viz., "That under the heavy debt and taxation of this country, its productive industry and vested interests require to be protected from the *lightly taxed produce* and cheaper labour of foreign countries." Now, if the four words in Italics be taken out, it is a resolution which every manufacturer will assent to. The "cheaper labour" arises from cheaper food; and the object of repealing the Corn Laws, is to equalize the price of food. But how does it follow that, because a working man has to pay 3d. a-pound on his sugar to Government, he ought therefore to pay another 3d. on his loaf to the landlords? It is as complete a *non sequitur* as we have seen; for the obvious argument is, that precisely *because* he is taxed by the Government, he ought *not* to be taxed by the landowners.

THE CORN-LAW ADVOCATES.

One of the stratagems which the supporters of a desperate argument occasionally resort to, is what is called, in sporting language, throwing out a false scent; and, if the opponent is so weak as to relinquish the true trail for the false, the stratagem is successful. A stratagem of this sort was resorted to, in a letter lately published in an Edinburgh newspaper, by one subscribing himself an "East Lothian Farmer"—though any person who read the letter might easily have seen he knew nothing either of East Lothian or farming. The false scent was laid in assuming, *first*, that the repeal of the Corn-Laws would throw a great deal of land out of cultivation; and, to use his own words, *second*, that "the thin clays of this country, though capable of producing wheat of the best quality, cannot be laid down in permanent pasture, so as to produce grass for the sustenance of cattle or sheep; that the alternate system of cropping alone, gives to them a temporary capability of bearing grass; that, with all the culture you bestow on them, the manure you pour into them, the draining they receive, (though these means of improvement will doubtless produce a present flush of pasture grass,) the grasses on these soils, after the first year, degenerate and die out in the succeeding years; these lands revert to a state of utter unproductiveness, till they become unfit, I do not say for the feeding, but even for the subsistence of animals." The obvious answer to all this is, that, although the fields should become bare, it is no reason why the people should starve; and that a good dinner is a better prospect to a hungry man than a green field. But to the argument. The first assumption proceeds on another, that wheat can be imported into this country and sold for 24s. a-quarter. Now, as every one knows, Dantzic is the greatest port in the world for the export of wheat, and the price there regulates the market in all countries where free importation is allowed. We have, on the average, received more than one-third of our foreign wheat from that quarter. Let us see them, not on vague assertion, but on evidence to be relied on, what is the price there. Mr Grade of Dantzic furnished the Agricultural Committee of 1821 with a table of the average prices, free on board, in decennial periods, from 1770 to 1820. The lowest was in the period 1770 to 1779, 35s. 6d.; the highest 1800 to 1809, 60s.; and the aggregate average price of the whole forty-nine years, 45s. 4d. Another table was furnished subsequently by the British Consul, for the ten years, 1822-1831; and the lowest average was 23s. 8d., in 1824; the highest 50s. 2d., in 1831; the average of the whole period, 33s. 6d., and, adding shipping charges, 34s. 2d., free on board. But the cause of the low price during 1823-4-5 can be very easily explained. The average annual export of wheat from Dantzic, as we learn from Mr Jacob, for the whole period 1801-1825, was 200,330 quarters, of which more than three-fourths, 157,359 quarters, came to Britain. But we only imported from that port, in 1821, 39,258; in 1822, 21,528; in 1823, 4,635; which cessation of demand, of course, created a complete glut at Dantzic. It is in vain, therefore, to expect to be able to purchase wheat at Dantzic at less than 40s. We are quite aware that at Hamburg, wheat is occasionally lower than at Dantzic. It is, however, very inferior in quality; but, notwithstanding, the price, on the average of the ten years, 1822 to 1831, was 26s. 6d. per quarter. Then, about the freight, the most absurd notions prevail. The great bulk and weight of corn is overlooked. Four quarters of good wheat weigh

a ton. From Mr Jacob's statement, corroborated by others, it appears that wheat cannot be brought from Dantzic to London, all charges included, for less than 10s. a-quarter; so that Prussian wheat will cost, on arrival in London, 50s. Considering the perishable nature of the commodity, and the risk which always attends the corn-trade, we may allow 15 per cent. of profit to the importer, which brings up the sale-price in London to 57s. 6d., instead of 24s. Now, the average price of wheat, of late years, in this country, has been very greatly below 57s. 6d.; the average of the three years 1833, 1834, 1835, was only 46s.; and we cannot, therefore, see any probability of land being thrown out of cultivation by a repeal of the Corn-Laws.

But we shall be very happy if any one can convince us that foreign wheat can be imported for 24s., and still better pleased if it can be had for 10s. It would, in our opinion shew, in a stronger light than ever, the impolicy of the Corn-Laws, the oppressiveness of their nature, and the necessity for their instant and total repeal.

But, although land should be thrown out of cultivation, we deny that there is any difficulty in laying down any land which will bear good wheat, in permanent pasture. It is undoubtedly true, that, as the matter is at present managed, pastures, not only on poor clays, but on all sorts of soils, get thin after the first year; but this arises from farmers sowing only one species of grass, rye grass, out of nearly 300 species: whereas no old pasture can be shewn in which there are not, at least, twenty or thirty species of true grasses, besides hundreds of other plants. Where a proper selection of grasses and other plants has been made, the pasture has become as good in two years as it otherwise would have done in ten; and, so far from its being necessary to plough it up, it will improve for centuries, if properly managed. One of the most extensive proprietors in Berwickshire, celebrated for his knowledge of agriculture, who died lately, left an entail of his estate; and, as there were nearly 600 acres of pasturage on it, some nearly a century old, it is one of the provisions of the entail, that, if any heir shall plough up any part of that pasturage, he shall forfeit the estate.

But sorry are we to say that the landlords must not console themselves as to their pastures. The Corn-Law repealers mean to have some *kitchen* to their foreign bread; not only foreign butter and cheese, which they are allowed occasionally to have at present, but some foreign beef, mutton, &c.—prohibited articles—and which can be bought for 2d. per lb. in the retail markets of Prussia.

So much nonsense, however, is poured out from all quarters about the effect of the repeal of the Corn-Laws, that, were we to dedicate the whole Magazine to the subject, we would not have space sufficient for an answer. We shall therefore make only one statement, which will surprise those who expect such an inundation of foreign corn. Taking the annual consumpt of all kinds of grain in the United Kingdom at 60,000,000 qrs., and allowing each vessel to make two voyages a year, *the whole registered shipping of England, Scotland, and Ireland, could not import in THREE YEARS ONE YEAR'S SUPPLY.* So that, though we could get grain abroad for nothing, we must still grow it here, because it would be impossible to import the large quantity consumed.

It is now plain that the Starvation-Laws can be got rid of only in one way—that by which the Reform Act was carried—operating on the fears of the aristocracy. But, as long as the Universal-Suffrage men keep aloof

from the middle classes, the landed interest, as they do not affect to conceal, will hold both in contempt, and neither extension of the Suffrage nor any other beneficial measure will be obtained. Evidence appears to be daily accumulating, that, for the purpose of preserving the Corn-Laws, the Tories are secretly fomenting the division between the middle and working classes—a most dangerous policy, certainly, and which, sooner or later, will recoil on their own heads, with a fearful reaction. Meantime, the Repealers are not idle. They foresaw

their defeat, and are not discouraged; and the facts and arguments which have been brought forward in Parliament and by the press, and widely circulated throughout the country, will soon produce their natural effect, particularly if aided by another bad harvest. We have seldom had a worse seed-time than the present; and, if the weather does not soon improve, the lords and landlords may have something more than their rent-rolls to defend next winter.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

Suggested by Mr Harvey's picture, The Castaway, at present exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy.

THE shipwrecked sailor on the raft
Drifts o'er the wide, wide sea;
Of all the mates that sailed with him,
Remains now only he;
And he drifts away, alone, alone,
On the wide and desert sea.

The dog that watched with him is dead:
With his last strength he laid his head
Upon his master's knee;
And he looked with a piteous look,
That seemed to say, as 'twere a book,
"Good master, sinned or you or I,
That we are thus cast out to die
Upon the desert sea?"

O God! O God! for three long days
He drifted alone on the sea:
For three long weeks he had drifted on
With his mates, on the wide, wide sea.
It was a weary, weary fare!
A demon might have feasted there
To see such sights of woe.

Lean Hunger there, and pale Hope, fed
With long delay, did ply their trade
To lay each brave heart low.
They were torn with tortures, and gnawed with pains,
They were baked with heats, and washed with rains,
And yet their death was slow.
All, one by one, they dropt away—
A new dead man for each new day.
They had not strength to give a groan;
Like weak and wasted things they fell—
And he was left alone.

The shipwrecked sailor on his raft
Is drifting o'er the sea;
With his parched skin and staring bones,
A ghastly man is he;
And he holds up his bony hand,
And his arm so brown and bare,
And his hungry soul peers forth beneath
His black and knotty hair;
And, with a fixed and eager eye,
He looks into the air:—

"O Jesu Mary, save my soul!"
A ghastly man is he;
Alas! and yet for three long days
He shall drift on the wide, wide sea.

The first day was a scowling day:
The winds in angry gusts did bray,

The clouds were wintry black;
The light shone out with a loveless glare,
As a thing strange to the troublous air:
The waves boomed on at a giant pace;
And wild and swift was the eager race
Of the headlong-driving rack.

"I thank thee, God!" the sailor cried,
Rejoicing in the roar;
For three long weeks the sailor's heart
Had not rejoiced before.
"Blow, wind, and crack thy cheeks, if thou
Wilt blow my raft ashore!"

The second day was a sultry day:
There was no health in the sun's ray—
The sun was livid lead;
The air was hot and thick; the clouds
Seemed wearing Nature's choking shrouds;
You might have heard a spirit walk;
The busy waves that love to talk
Were silent as the dead.

"'Tis the siroc!—the hot siroc
Blows from no distant strand!
Welcome the Arab waste to me,
Or Afric's burning sand!
Crack Nature's joints with heat, if thou
Be harbinger of land!"

The third day was a joyful day:
The sun went forth with laughing ray;
A cheering west wind blew;
The frequent monsters of the deep
Plied huge their buoyant roll and leap;
Life was a-sport; the sea was mad;—
One only soul was silent, sad,
Amid the loud halloo.

And he did pray to God Most High,
An inward, voiceless prayer:
"O save me—save me, God Most High!—
Save me or here or there!"
And, with a fixed and eager eye,
He looked into the air.

"O God, the land!—I spy the land!
O God, the land!—the blessed land!"
The shipwrecked sailor cried;
But his thread was broke with that strong cry,
And with salvation in his eye
The shipwrecked sailor died.

J. S. B.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH'S PAMPHLET ON
THE BALLOT *

THOUGH the two hundred and twelve professed advocates of Ballot in the House of Commons are slumbering and sleeping, it is evident that the aristocracy are alarmed at the steady progress of the question in popular favour; and the friends of things as they are, feel themselves forced to attack a principle which is opposed to their usurpation and cupidity, cuts at the root of all the corruption and vice created by the present system, and gives the People an opportunity of using their franchise fearlessly and independently.

The Rev. Sydney Smith—the sleek canon of St Paul's Cathedral, formerly a preacher in an Episcopalian Chapel in the Cowgate, and one of the originators of *The Edinburgh Review*, subsequently Rector of Foston, &c., Yorkshire—has just published a violent attack upon the Ballot. The parson is one of those who profess liberal opinions, so long as they have no practical bearing upon their own pockets. He has lately shewn himself as a supporter of the abuses of the Church Establishment, and the prebendal gilding of the English cathedrals; and spares neither O'Connell, Hume, Melbourne, Russell, nor his Grace of Canterbury, though he plumes himself upon the name of Whig. The Ballot, he knows, would deprive the gentry of that undue influence which they now hold, and make them humble themselves so far as to render it necessary for them to *earn by their conduct the good opinion of constituencies*; and his pride revolts against a principle that asserts that a country bumpkin or city cheesemonger has as good a right to have an opinion as a squire or a pluralist.

We hail the appearance of Mr Smith's pamphlet with satisfaction; for it will have the effect of arousing public attention to a subject of the deepest importance; and the examination of the case will shew the people of the United Kingdom the flimsy pretences and the shallow arguments which the aristocracy have to advance against the Ballot. It will at once be admitted that it is of the highest importance to the interests and liberties of the People that we should have an *independent* House of Commons. The independence of the Lower House is the base upon which the whole fabric of our liberty rests; and, if it become subservient to the Upper—if, instead of watching with jealousy the two branches of the legislature that are independent of the People, it leagues with them, to perpetuate the subjection of the People and divide the spoil—we have no security for freedom. The British constitution is founded on the theory, that the Assembly of Commons are appointed to represent the nation at large, in opposition to the aristocracy—therefore, any system which tends to place the House of Com-

mons under the influence or in the power of either crown or nobility, is opposed to the constitution.

Now, the case of Ballot is this:—Does, or does not, the present system enable the aristocratic class to obtain a preponderating influence in the House of Commons?

Let the nation answer the question. Is it not notorious that the majority of the members of the House of Commons not only are selected from the aristocratic class, but obtain their seats by means of intimidation and bribery? Nobody, in his reason, can deny it. It is true, the borough system no longer exists; it is true that we are in the sixth year of what is called the Reformed Parliament; but, notwithstanding all this, is it not a fact that we have no more security for good government now than formerly?—that the aristocracy, by means of their gold and their influence, can bend the House of Commons to their purposes? The remark of Paine is still true, that it is wholly owing to the constitution of the *People*, and not to the constitution of the *Government*, that the crown is not so oppressive in England as in Turkey.

What has our Whig canon—this *great gun* of the church-and-state-abuses party—to say to this? He shirks the question. He was a Reformer. Parliamentary Reform meant the independence of the House of Commons—the control of that branch of the legislature by the *People*—an end to bribery, corruption, and the undue influence of the aristocracy. The Reform Bill has not answered these ends; yet he can see no evils, and but few inconveniences, in the present system; and is utterly opposed to change. He is even witty upon the subject. “Many honest men,” he says, “may wish for these changes. I know, or at least believe, that wheat and barley would grow if there were no Archbishop of Canterbury, and domestic fowls would breed if our Viscount Melbourne were again called Mr Lamb; but they have stronger nerves than I have who would venture to bring these changes about.” He says, in another place—“There is no end to these eternal changes. We have made an enormous revolution within the last two years; *let us stop a little, and secure it from being turned into ruin.*”

But how are we to secure the advantage gained by the Reform Bill? Let Mr Sydney Smith answer that. Let him shew us any other method than the Ballot to preserve the independence of the House of Commons, and put an end to the bribery, suborning, false-swearing, drunkenness, and debauchery, that are created by the present system. He advances none; he sees none of the evils which are visible to everybody else. His object is not to protect the liberty of the People, not to promote their happiness or elevation, but to defend the nobility and gentry, and protect their ill-gotten booty.

* The Ballot. By the Rev. Sydney Smith. Longman. 1839.

Who will believe him when he asserts, that he has "*very rarely seen a combination against any tradesman who modestly, quietly, and conscientiously took his own line in politics?*" The experience of every reader of these pages contradicts Mr Smith. No man at all intimate with the practices at our elections can be ignorant of the intimidation, the undue influence, in every variety of form, which is brought to bear against tradesmen and shopkeepers. In contested elections, no man exercises the franchise, unless he have virtue sufficient to disregard the seductions of money, independence to resist dictation, and moral courage to set the opinion of a violent party at defiance. At a late election in Yorkshire, one of the successful candidates declared on the hustings, with reference to the owner of property in the Ainsty of York, that he had driven the electors to the poll, against him, like *hogs* from his *ain sty*! Mr Sydney Smith gives us quite as revolting a statement of the vassalage of the tenantry. They have, he tells, no more predilection for whom they vote than *organ-pipes have for what tunes they play*; they pull off their opinions to their landlords *as easily as they do their hats*! Amiable priest! and yet you come forward to support a system that produces these results? Even Lord John Russell, although he has since thought proper to alter his mind, was so shocked, at the last election, at the extent of intimidation and bribery, that he declared that he was in favour of Ballot; and, as one of the framers of the Reform Bill, had conscientiously introduced it as one of "the constituent parts of that measure."* Mr Sydney Smith may crack his jokes over his port; but he may rest assured, that those who desire the independence of the House of Commons—who see, and know, and feel the tyranny practised under the existing laws, and the immorality that they engender—will not be prevented thereby from reiterating the call for Ballot. The great objection urged by this writer, as by all other writers against Ballot, (overlooking entirely the perjury, falsehood, and duplicity created by the system now in action,) is its alleged tendency to multiply false promises and false declarations. He says—"We should soon say, on deliberation, what David only asserted in his haste, that all men were liars." But this objection is ably disposed of by Mr Grote, in his speech in 1837. "Is it," asked the honourable Member for London, "intended that there should be no matters whatever discussed privately and confidentially, because false statements may be made concerning them, the falsehood remaining undiscovered? Are we to have no such thing as sealed correspondence by post, because a man may state one thing in writing to one person, while he communicates the direct contrary by word of mouth to another? The secrecy of the *post* opens a door to falsehood, just in the same way as the secrecy of the Ballot; but, if I were to name any

one act of despotic governments which excites peculiar abhorrence, it is the breaking of the seal of private letters, and the violation of confidential epistolary intercourse between man and man. And what, then, would be thought of the impudence of him who should claim the right to unseal his neighbour's correspondence, under pretence of taking security that no untrue assertions should be made to him about the contents of it? Such a claim, sir, would be scouted as frantic impudence. But in what respect, let me ask, is the pretension less impudent, when applied to voting at elections?"

Mr Sydney Smith admits—a thing that cannot now be well disputed—that it is possible for votes to be given without its being discovered for whom they are given; yet he assures us, that secret voting would not put an end to dictation or bribery. But what is his assertion worth, when opposed to matters of fact and common sense? Every man knows that he can, if he think fit, keep his own counsel. No man, ever so rich, would give a bribe under such circumstances; for one might take a bribe from one party, and vote for the other. No security could be given, and the venal could take bribes from both parties. "Oh!" adds Mr Smith, "the attorney (if such a system prevailed) would say to the candidate, 'There is my list of promises; if you come in, I will have £5000; and if you do not, you shall pay me nothing.'" Propose such a gambling transaction to one of the most adroit frequenters of Doncaster, Newmarket, and Epsom, and he would laugh at the proposition. The attorney, in the first place, should be a man who commanded public opinion in the place; and it is not likely that a venal tool could possess the confidence of his fellow-citizens, jealous of their liberties; secondly, the bribery could not be confined to the few who would turn the scale—it would be carried on more extensively, and the chances of detection would be multiplied. There never can be a free exercise of the franchise in these countries without the Ballot. Petty tyranny will, as long as the *viva voce* system lasts, continue to annoy the tenant and the tradesman; the independence of the House of Commons will, by degrees, be broken; the influence of the aristocracy will again become omnipotent; civil and religious liberty will be trodden under foot; taxes will multiply; spies, pensioners, and sinecurists will reappear, like the animalculæ among the galvanized powder of flint-stone; the Dissenter and the Catholic will be insulted by an arrogant priesthood, already, on the assumption of apostolical succession, (and what successors of the apostles!) claiming fresh funds for the endowment of the English Church, and the management of national education; we shall see the representatives of the people sleeping, in their collar, beneath the ministerial manger; we shall have a new war and a new debt; in a word, the government will return to its old ways of folly and corruption, (and our last state shall be worse than our first,) without—THE BALLOT!

* The editor of *The Era*, a London Whig paper, was present and heard this declaration.

ELLIS'S HISTORY OF MADAGASCAR.*

SINCE the occupation of the Mauritius by Great Britain, the most important epoch of the history of Madagascar has evolved, and a vast amount of curious information been added to our previous knowledge of that fine island. Of this information, the Rev. Mr Ellis has availed himself, in compiling the first general history of Madagascar which deserves the name. He has produced a work which, with some crudities and faults of arrangement, is yet the best which we can hope to possess for another generation, and one which has the merit of exhausting the entire subject.

Madagascar, whether we regard its extent, geographical position, or natural advantages, may be regarded as one of the finest islands in the world. Its inhabitants are a mixed race, consisting of two or more distinct races—the black, and the olive-coloured or Hovas; the former, supposed to be the more ancient, are of African, and the latter in all probability of Malay origin; which fact seems established by the similarity of language and customs. It is not long since the population, which is now estimated at five millions, was broken into fifty or more clans and tribes, each under a leading chief, and many petty chieftains. Amalgamation was produced to a considerable extent by the father of the late Radama, a powerful, warlike, and politic chief of the olive-coloured race, who, when dying, enjoined his son to complete the conquest of the whole island, which he had so successfully begun. The principality of this great chief was Imerina, the central province of Madagascar, and the country of the Hovas, though the black population of Imerina is as numerous as the olive-skinned race. The father of Radama had united all its tribes, and established his residence at Tananarivo, which is still the capital of the kingdom, if not of the island. This conquering chief, who is said to have been a man of great energy of character, wise, politic, a lover of justice, and a promoter of improvement and industry among his people, was, in 1808, succeeded by his son, the famous Radama, the Peter the Great, if not the Alfred, of Madagascar. Domestic slavery has been the immemorial practice of the island; and it has also, for a long time back, been a considerable mart for the slave-trade. The continual intestine feuds among the tribes, afforded a supply of prisoners of war for the traffic, and kidnapping was practised to some extent. Degradation to slavery is also the frequent punishment for minor offences; and debtors are liable to be sold by their creditors. Slaves were therefore the most important article of traffic among this half-civilized people; and the most intelligent of the chiefs (educated half-castes) were the principal slave-dealers, giving arms, ammunition, and other such civilized commodities, in exchange for human beings, and thus furnishing tools to prosecute the

trade farther in the interior. The slaves of Madagascar were generally sent to the Mauritius or the Isle of Bourbon, though both America and the West Indies have thence received occasional supplies. When, at the close of the war, it became an object to Great Britain to suppress that horrible traffic, long before solemnly abolished, the Governor of the Mauritius, Sir Robert Farquhar, to close one great mart, fixed his attention upon Radama, the most powerful and intelligent of the princes of Madagascar, whose dominions were, moreover, the principal seat of the traffic. Radama's conquests produced numerous prisoners; his capital of Tananarivo was the great mart of the traffic, and his principal Port of Tamatave the place where the victims were embarked. The Governor of the Mauritius resolved to send an embassy to this prince, to induce him to discountenance, and, if possible, to abolish the trade.

Radama, a very young man, was at this period the uncultivated chief of a half-civilized people, and, "in manners, dress, and superstitions, entirely the Malagasy; yet possessing a mind highly susceptible of improvement, and fired with the noble ambition of becoming superior to any of his ancestors." The government of Radama's territory may be described as a pure despotism, modified by customs and traditions, and "the wisdom of our ancestors," for which the Hova nation entertain unmeasured respect. Where there was no written language, there could be no fixed laws. Every case was determined upon its own merits, and the will of Radama was omnipotent over all, save prejudice and superstition. Popular assemblies were convened on great occasions, but rather to learn and approve the will of "the visible god" than to advise or remonstrate. Radama was high priest as well as king. The religion of the Malagasy presents an inconceivable jumble of superstitions, unmeaning in their character, but dark and cruel in their working. The most baneful of the national customs is the Tangena or poison-ordeal, by which all possible cases are tried, and which proves a fruitful source of fraud and cruelty, by which thousands of victims are every year immolated. It more closely resembles the old ordeal for trying supposed witches than anything we ever read of in history; but is carried to a far greater extent, as witchcraft is but one of many cases submitted to the Tangena. The English Residents and the Missionaries were in the knowledge of several murders effected by the Tangena, of which singular custom a minute and very interesting account is given in this work. The Tangena may be administered not only in cases of suspicion of crime, but by false accusation. If any member of a family is taken ill, all the slaves may be subjected to the ordeal, to discover which has bewitched the sick person. While Mr Hastie was British Resident with Radama, in 1822, about fifty female attendants of the king's second

* Fisher, Son, & Co. 2 vols. royal 8vo, with numerous plates. Pp. 1054.

sister drank the Tangena under a suspicion that the princess was bewitched. It chanced that not one of them died, which is presumed to have been by the management of those who had to administer the poison. It is obtained from a nut which grows abundantly in Madagascar. If the sovereign be taken ill, not only the slaves, but all in personal attendance, courtiers and judges, may be put to the test. During an illness of Radama, an old judge, devoutly attached to the Tangena and every other national custom, insisted that all about the person of the king should take the ordeal; and, among others, Prince Rataffe, Radama's brother-in-law, (who afterwards visited England,) and other members of the king's family. The Prince insisted that, as the judge was also coming about the king, he should drink like the rest. All drank; but the judge was the only individual convicted by the very equivocal test. He died, his property was confiscated, and his house razed to the ground without delay. The Tangena is a double or twofold ordeal. The person swallowing the poison is also made to swallow three bits of the skin of a fowl, with a variety of ceremonies; and, unless he vomit them, he is held guilty; so that, if he escape the effects of the poison, he may still be cruelly murdered for not disgorging the bits of skin. It seems a point of honour for the accused to submit eagerly to the test, in order to prove their innocence; and refusal is construed into an acknowledgment of guilt. Sometimes a whole district will take the ordeal at once, by order of the king. It is a source of great profit, which, no doubt, tends to maintain a custom which even the sovereign will of Radama durst not set aside. Whether acquittal or conviction follows the ordeal, there is always money to pay, and advantage to be reaped by the diviners. Radama, after his intimate intercourse with Mr Hastie and other Europeans, was no longer himself the dupe of the ordeal, for he noted the many cases at which it either proved false or failed. On one occasion, the wife of one of Radama's officers was sick. She had been, when too late, attended by Mrs Jeffries, the wife of one of the Missionaries. The woman died in a few hours, as Mrs Jeffries, when called in, had foretold; and the King remarked, that the people around her should have been more careful. This was felt as a reproach by her relatives. Their honour was affected; and the mother and sister of the deceased, her husband's mother, and two more near relations, who had all been most tenderly attached to her, and who were sunk in the deepest grief, requested permission to take the Tangena, to prove their innocence of any intended neglect or maltreatment of the person so dear to them. Radama told them they were fools for proposing the ordeal, as out of five some one must fall; but they insisted upon the lawful and customary means of establishing their innocence. They all fell victims to this feeling of honour, and not a tear was shed for them. Radama remarked, that the administrator of the potion had made it "a little too bitter." To infanticide, another

custom of Madagascar, the King gave a more decided opposition.

The Malagasy are fatalists; and infanticide, like more of their crimes, arises from their constant practices of divination, to discover lucky and unlucky persons, things, and days. Their mode of divination is termed *sikidy*, and it is elaborately worked by beans, straws, rice, &c. Its nature and responses, or results, are regarded as oracular, and it directs to the use of particular charms and incantations. Appeals are made to the *sikidy* on many occasions; and from the *sikidy* is learned how evil is to be averted, or good obtained. It determines what amulet is to be worn, or what sacrifice made. The natives of Madagascar are so peculiarly well endowed with all manner of superstitions, that theirs seem a combination of those of every semi-barbarous nation, and especially of the debasing and cruel.—They have many social ceremonies at births, betrothings, and burials, which are of a more kindly character, and they celebrate numerous festivals. Polygamy and concubinage are general, and are attended with the usual consequences of domestic discord and misery, and the degradation of women. Radama had twelve nominal wives. No one is allowed to have so many, save the sovereign, and two or three seem common numbers with the rich. The first wife obtains a donation in money from the husband when he takes a second, and the sovereign also receives tribute, or a present. Upon these, and, indeed, almost every occasion, divorce is easily obtained, and frequent. Among many other causes, a wife may be divorced for extravagance, idleness, and gadding about too much. A divorced woman may marry again in twelve days; but, by the usages of the country, which are its only laws, the husband, if vindictive, may divorce his wife in a form which precludes her from ever marrying. If the husband is guilty of any crime for which he is reduced to slavery, the wife and children share his fate.

The rite of circumcision is practised in Madagascar with endless ceremonies, occupying many days; and the custom of two persons pledging in brotherhood, by tasting each other's blood, is common.

The people of Madagascar cultivate rice, maize, yams, sweet potatoes, and, latterly, the Irish potato, and a variety of the vegetables and fruits known in Europe and the tropics. They have large herds of cattle; and, as food, use the flesh of the ox, sheep, goat, monkey, and hedgehog. Fish are used, and poultry is plentiful. Manioc and a species of arrow-root are among their articles of food, which, however, consists principally of rice—whatever is taken with the rice being termed *laoka*, a term equivalent to the Scottish and Irish word, *kitchen*. They make a sort of unleavened bread of Indian corn; but boiled rice is the great staple. Meat of all kinds, birds' eggs, and those of the crocodile dried, honey, locusts, and the chrysalis of the silk-worm, a singular dainty, all form the additional *laoka*. The meat is dressed with the

skin on ; and the skin of beef is, with the hairs, often boiled to a jelly, and considered a choice luxury by Malagasy epicures. They take only two meals a-day, one before noon, and the other in the evening. Their principal drink is water, though King Radama found it necessary to issue an edict against the introduction or use of spirits or wine, which were prohibited to every one else, to be abused by his Majesty himself, whose early death was hastened, if not caused by excess. The natives have long known the art of distilling a coarse spirit from the sugarcane, or from honey. They are fond of tobacco, which they cultivate, and use in great quantities in the form of snuff, which they place between the teeth of the under jaw and the inner surface of the under lip, and suck at their leisure, to their great contentment. A powerful stimulant, formerly used to a great extent, was the native hemp, which was smoked, especially before engaging in battle, and which roused the smoker to temporary madness. Its use has been prohibited under severe penalties ; but it is believed that it is still used as a means of intoxication in remote places. The Malagasy are a healthy and long-lived race, subject to few violent diseases, though the low swampy coasts of their island prove fatal to foreigners, who, at certain seasons, are sure to fall victims to the fever and ague of the country. By this fatal fever, every attempt to conquer or colonize Madagascar has been cut short. Radama once said, when threatened by France, that General Tux (the native name of the Madagascar fever) would be his best ally. Small-pox was a fearful scourge ; but Mr Hastie, among the innumerable benefits which he conferred on Madagascar, introduced vaccine inoculation ; and it has been renewed by the Missionaries, though it is too probable that, with their expulsion, this, with many other blessings, will be lost. The native remedies for the fever are emetics, followed by the vapour-bath, and fumigation with herbs, which often cut short the disease. Their vapour-bath is so simple and practicable in any locality, as to merit description. Seating the patient over a large earthen or other vessel containing water, and covering him with several large native cloaks, they produce the steam required by casting pieces of red-hot stone or iron into the water. A sort of rude shampooing is practised by the preparers and venders of medicine, who, by a combination natural in a barbarous state of society, are also the makers of charms to ward off disease. Particular idols have the power of preventing particular maladies or forms of evil. Before the reign of Radama, the first person seized with small-pox was either stoned to death or buried alive. The natives have a strong aversion to bleeding, though a rude kind of cupping is sometimes practised. In 1820, Radama, who had shortly before learned to ride on the first horse ever seen on the island, and a present from Governor Farquhar, had a severe fall from horseback. His domestics ran for the English ; and Mr Jones, the first Missionary

that visited Tananarivo, found the King lying on the floor, his face and neck covered with blood, and his attendants pouring the blood of fowls into his mouth, to make up for the royal blood wasted by the wounds. Mr Jones proposed to cease pouring in fowls' blood, and, on the contrary, to take a little more from the King. "What ! take away more blood, when the King has lost so much already !—let the *sikidy* be consulted." The King was not quite insensible, and he had faith in the proposed bleeding. He whispered in a low tone—"Bleed me—let the *sikidy* not be consulted—bleed me immediately." His attendants would not permit this, but still continued cutting off the heads of the fowls, and pouring the blood into the King's mouth. The English present effected the bleeding almost by main force ; the King fainted, and his native attendants were frantic ; but he revived, got better, and was put to rest. The *sikidy* was then consulted, and the diviner ordered that no one should enter, save Mr Jones, two other Europeans, and some attendants, with the King's mother, and three of his wives. The recovery of the King made some of his now converted nobles solicit to be bled, as a preventative, in anticipation of a fall from horseback.

Many of the funeral ceremonies of the Malagasy are indicative of strong and ardent natural sensibility, and warm domestic affections ; nor is it easy to reconcile those ceremonies with what is affirmed of their opinions respecting a future state.

The useful arts were not in a very forward state in the first years of the reign of Radama, though great improvements have since been introduced by artisans connected with the Missionaries. The professions are few. The highest office is that of judge and magistrate. These are appointed and removed by the king at pleasure. The keepers of the idols in different places, derive considerable emolument from the only office which seems hereditary. In every village, headmen or elders are appointed by the sovereign, with inferior officers under them. The makers of charms and medicines, the consultants of the *sikidy*, the administrators of the Tangena ordeal, and the discoverers of fate, or astrologers, are all distinct professions. Prophets or fortune-tellers, who foretell (only good) by looking in a man's face, are another class of professors. Soldiers are a distinct order ; and the rest of the people are divided into rice-cultivators, herdsmen handicraftsmen, and hucksters or pedlers. As there were, till very lately, neither roads nor animals of draught in the island, bearers or coolies are numerous. The rice grounds are, in many places, well and very neatly cultivated ; and the grain, though by rude and tedious processes, is well managed. Manioc is also carefully cultivated ; and Mr Hastie and the missionaries introduced wheat and oats. The latter thrive well in the highland provinces of Imerina. The natives viewed the plough and harrows, and the use of oxen broken in to cultivate the ground, with astonishment, but, on the whole, preferred

the way of their ancestors. They have long been able to smelt iron, which abounds in the island; and their mode, though rude and tedious, at least answers their purpose. The native smiths were exceedingly limited in their operations until 1822; but they have made rapid improvement under the instructions of English artisans. To prove how exceedingly valuable really useful knowledge may be to those sent to countries in the condition of Madagascar for other purposes than teaching the humble arts, we shall quote a passage from Mr Jones the first missionary:—

They made nails, but they were round, and not square. I was the first, I think, that taught them to make a square nail. Towards the end of 1820, a favourite horse, sent to Radama by Sir R. T. Farquhar, in the charge of Mr Hastie, in the previous year, lost one of his shoes, and there was no person in the capital who knew how to shoe a horse. Seeing the anxiety of the king, I said to him—"If you will trust me, I will nail on the old shoe." The king was exceedingly pleased, and wished me to do it. I made a model of a horse-shoe nail, and the native smiths made some nails exactly like the model. The horse was brought into one of the royal houses; and the king, his officers, smiths, &c., assembled, to witness the novel transaction. While I was driving the nails into the animal's hoof, the king frequently cried out—"Take care, take care; don't hurt the horse, don't hurt the horse!" I continued driving the nails, clinched them, rasped the foot, &c., and the horse was led out unhurt, to the great astonishment and delight of all present, who appeared, from this trifling circumstance, to attach increased importance to our residence among them. I should not have attempted it had I not often nailed on old shoes when I used to take my father's horses to the blacksmith's shop in Wales. After this, the Malagasy smiths made these sort of nails, as well as horse-shoes, and shod the king's horses, though they did it but clumsily, until the arrival of the smith sent out from England.

Formerly they had no locks; but Europeans, since the commencement of the mission, have taught the natives to make several kinds of locks. A very clever smith once borrowed a patent padlock from me, which he opened, and, having examined it thoroughly, made one exactly like it.

Mr Chick, an excellent artisan sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1821, was the first European smith who settled in the interior of Madagascar; and to him the natives, of Ankova especially, are indebted for their improvement in the art of working in iron. He reached the capital in 1822, and fixed his residence at Amparibe, where he erected his shop, and fitted it up in the European style, as far as circumstances would admit. Mr Chick was himself a powerful man; and the tools, the bellows, the anvil, and the large sledge-hammer which he used, filled the natives with the greatest astonishment. The report of his great strength soon reached the palace; and, shortly after he began his work, the king, with a number of his officers, paid him a visit. Mr Chick's boys were at work at an anvil of a middling size. A spare one, of considerable weight, was standing on the floor in another part of the shop; and the king, after looking about with admiration for some time, told his officers to lift the anvil that was standing on the floor. Each in his turn put forth his utmost strength, but could not raise it from the ground. "What!" said the king, "are you all conquered? Let me try." His majesty then laid hold of it with all his might, and tried to raise it from the ground, but with no better success than his officers. "Aoka izay," (said the king,) "avelao mba atao ny vazaha ankehitriny"—"Enough: let the white man try now." Mr Chick then lifted the anvil to a considerable height from the ground, to the great surprise of all present; and it is singular to notice the first impression which this evidence of the superior strength of

the Englishman produced on the minds of the king and his suite. They all concurred in declaring that it would be dangerous to fight with such men.

A number of youths were placed, by order of the sovereign, under the charge of Mr Chick, as apprentices, and were carefully instructed by him in the several branches of his art. When the king commenced building the palace, Mr Chick furnished the iron-work for it; while thus occupied, he had about two hundred and fifty native smiths employed under him, and from that time may be dated the improvements made in smithing by the natives. Mr Chick's work at the palace entirely ceased when Radama died. He was employed by the present government to furnish the iron-work for the mills erected by Mr Cameron at Alakaly, and had under him about two hundred persons, who had every opportunity of improving themselves, and learning the more difficult branches of the business.

Many of the native smiths are now able to make hinges, screws, and a variety of the most valuable articles of iron used in civilised life. They have also attained considerable proficiency in wire-drawing.

They have also unhappily learned to fabricate implements of war, far more deadly than their original javelin and spear. The native goldsmiths and silversmiths discover considerable ingenuity; and a Frenchman has lately introduced many improvements in carpenter work. He it was who, so late as 1821, first introduced the saw among five millions of people. Now they have lathes; and many natives have made respectable proficiency in building, carpentry, and joining, and in manufacturing leather. Long before they had seen any Europeans, the native women spun and wove cotton and silk, both obtained by native industry. The spinning was performed by the primitive spindle, the weaving in the rudest and slowest manner; nor have the wheel and loom sent out by the Missionary Society yet succeeded. The weaver died, and the people of Madagascar are still clothed according to the wisdom of their ancestors. They prepare indigo and a few dyes; and both the patterns and texture of their fabrics are said to shew attention, accuracy, and good taste. They are ingenious in weaving the mats which they use for bedding and for the covering of their floors, and in plaiting a variety of useful and elegant baskets. They make coarse earthenware, of all sorts, for domestic purposes, and of handsome forms. Their dress is uniform and simple, though European and Oriental costumes have of late been introduced at court. Even among the rich, children of all ranks run naked until they are five or six years old. The dress of all ranks consists alike of two, or at most three garments, which the poor fabricate from native hemp, cotton, or the bark of trees, and the rich from soft, costly silk, or imported cassimere, or broad cloth. A *salaka*, about a yard in width, and two yards long, is worn much in the fashion of the Celtic philabeg, and the mantle or *lamba*, which is worn by both sexes, and by all ages and ranks, is equivalent, and indeed very similar to the plaid. The royal *lamba* or mantle latterly worn by Radama was of fine scarlet English broad cloth, ornamented with gold lace. The rich have their *lamba* of substantial native or foreign silk, stripped in a variety of brilliant colours, and the poor of hempen cloth, or white

European cloth. Covering for the head is only lately introduced, and is still infrequent; nor was any protection for the feet known save the rude sandal of untanned bullock's hide, common to so many semi-barbarous nations. Shoes and stockings have now been introduced. Caps, or a sort of hats, are now used on the coast, made of common grass or rushes. Radama wore an ornamented cap of velvet; and a red worsted cap has been assumed as a piece of finery by secondary chiefs, while officers and courtiers now sport European cocked hats. European dresses and articles of luxury are in great request; and the government, besides large bands of builders, wood-cutters, smiths, and carpenters, now employ many tailors and sempstresses in making up wearing apparel. Few natives, however, appear wholly in foreign dresses. The present queen, upon the same principle which makes Queen Victoria order a quantity of silks from Spittalsfield, or poplins from Dublin, appears with the native white *lamba* spreading its ample folds over a dress of rich foreign velvet or silk. The natives are fond of ornaments, and wear as many necklaces, ear-rings, rings, bracelets, and chains, and ornaments on their forehead, and in their hair, as if they were a highly civilized, if not a very refined nation. Beads are used for a variety of ornamental purposes; and, of late, the women have acquired a taste for wearing feathers and artificial flowers at their dances. They are also fond of artificial perfumes; and the Hovas have discovered the use of cosmetics and dentifrices. Instead of black patches, the young Malagasy, to heighten their charms, paint minute pink spots on their faces. Formerly much time, even days together, were consumed in plaiting the hair; but one day the king, having first tried the experiment on one of his brothers, had his own hair cut in the European fashion, and immediately made the troops, and the scholars in all the missionary schools, follow the royal example. This daring innovation upon national custom produced a tragi-comical catastrophe. A number of discontented females held a meeting, or *tabary*, to express their disapprobation of the shearing of the plaits, and the alarming innovation made by combs and scissors.

Information of these proceedings soon reached the capital. About two thousand soldiers were immediately summoned; they renewed their oaths of allegiance, promising that whoever should be found guilty of creating a disturbance, even if their own parents should be implicated, they required but the king's order or permission to put them to death: after these assurances of fidelity, the soldiers were ordered to guard the capital. On the following day, four or five thousand females assembled at Ambatoroko, a village to the east of Tananarivo, and sent a kabary, or message, to the king, complaining of his having adopted foreign customs, and having allowed his people to be taught by Europeans. In reply, Radama went to ask them what were their grievances; if they were too heavily taxed, or if they were displeased at having their sons employed in the army; whether he were their king or not, and whether they had chosen some other king in his stead? They replied to these questions in the negative; but said, they were the nurses of the king, and complained because he had adopted the customs of the foreigners; had allowed them to teach him and his people; had changed the customs of his

ancestors; and, finally, he had cut off his hair, and drank spirituous liquors. Radama sent back a message to ask, if, being king, he had not a right to do as he pleased with his hair without consulting women; reminding them, it was the inalienable right of the twelve monarchs to do as they pleased, and added, that he would presently give them a proof of this, by taking care that their own hair should never grow again. Having ascertained who were the ringleaders, five of them were selected, and orders were given to the soldiers of their districts and families so to cut off their hair that it should never grow again. The order was mournfully obeyed, and they perished under the bayonets of the soldiers in sight of the multitudes of females, and a vast concourse of people from the town. His majesty immediately sent for the Europeans, told them that a number of persons who were fools, and wished to remain such, had created a disturbance. I have ordered five of them, said Radama, to be put to death; but don't you be alarmed. I am here to protect you.—The bodies of the five women who were put to death, remained upon the spot until they were devoured by the dogs and birds.

The rest of the women, after being detained for three days, guarded by the troops, and kept without food or shelter, were released upon their earnest prayers, and probably never again interfered either with the king's cut of hair or his drinking cups. As an imperfect, yet pleasing sketch, of the manners of the natives, we shall extract the description of the ordinary occupations of a day:—

The Malagasy rise early; and in order to do this, it is customary to have a cock roosting in the south-east corner of the house, that he may give warning of the first approach of the morning. He first crows about three o'clock, which is much too early to begin the occupations of the day in a country where there is but little twilight, and where the sun does not rise before six. He repeats his call, however, about five, when, if any doubt should exist as to the actual dawn of day, the master of the house or one of his slaves opens the door, and, after glancing towards the eastern horizon, exclaims, "It is morning." The necessity for doing this, arises from the circumstance of the house having no glass windows, and being therefore entirely dark, except where a ray of light is admitted by an accidental crevice. The door has no other fastening than a piece of stick, about four inches in length, stuck in like a wedge at the bottom, or let into a small groove made for that purpose.

As soon as the family has risen, the master, and other members of the household, squat themselves down beside the fire-place, or outside the building, and, stretching out their naked arms, call to a slave to bring them water. A slave then advances, carrying in his left hand an empty pitcher, and in his right a zingia, or bullock's horn, with a stick fixed into it for a handle. This is filled with water, which he pours upon the hands of his master, who rubs them together, and dashes some of the water into his face, while the slave holds the pitcher or wooden bowl beneath. In the same manner the rest of the family are attended upon, the zingia being replenished by dipping it into the sily-be, or large water-jar. The slaves then assist each other to wash in the same way, none using the napkin to wipe off the water, but some rubbing it off with the lambs, and others leaving it to dry in the sun. After this operation, the master dismisses his servants, or accompanies them to their respective occupations.

At home the mistress ordinarily employs herself in arranging her room, and weaving. There are ordinarily a greater number of servants than can be constantly employed where the wants of the people are so few. One of these, perhaps, will remove the pigs or other animals from the corner of the house, by driving them out; another will release the calf from the post to which it is tied within the house; while another milks the cow. These, and other simple employments, with long intervals of squatting on the ground, occupy the slaves until

the time of preparing for the first meal. This is not ordinarily taken until eleven or twelve o'clock, and the hour is computed by the length of the shadows on the ground.

Out-door labourers in Madagascar continue at work from the morning till sunset, when, about six or seven in the evening, thousands may be seen returning from the rice grounds, markets, and distant fields, bearing their spades on their shoulders, and bundles on their backs, sometimes cheered as they pass along by a native bard, who, seated on the ground, will chant his short but lively songs, descriptive of the pleasure of returning home after the toil of the day is over. On reaching their dwelling, another meal is spread, exactly resembling that of the morning; and while this is preparing, as well as after it is dismissed, the family amuse themselves with cheerful conversation. The day often closes with dancing and singing; after which they spread upon the ground their simple bedding, which consists of one or two mats, on which they repose until chanticler awakes them in the morning.

The occupation in which the people especially delight, is traffic carried on by hawking different things about for sale. Some go down to the coast, and obtain articles of British manufacture from the merchants. Others purchase articles manufactured by their own countrymen, in hope of realizing some profit by selling them. Perhaps no class of men gain less than these hawkers, certainly none endure greater hardships; yet none are so devoted to their employment, and so unwilling to exchange it for another. The native songs often describe the *mpivavotra* hawkers, sitting patiently all day at the market, or travelling from house to house until the sun sets upon their path, yet unwilling to cook a meal of rice until their hearts have been encouraged by obtaining some profit on their goods. To a corresponding feeling, in all probability, is to be ascribed the excessive fondness of the Malagasy for the public markets; these are the most favourite places of resort for all classes.

A great deal of haggling and cheapening is employed in making a purchase, the seller asking much more than he can expect to obtain, and the buyer offering less than he intends finally to give, if compelled. Nor is this peculiar to Madagascar.

Money-changers form a separate profession. They do not lend out at interest, but simply exchange, by weight, a number of parts of a dollar in cut money, for which the receiver of the entire dollar allows a profit, according to the rate of exchange at the time. Nothing is sold by weight save money—measure and the eye being the standard. In the interior, a bushel of best picked white rice may be had for a shilling, and red rice one-third cheaper. Eighteen or twenty fowls or ducks may be bought for a dollar, and the same money will purchase six geese and four or five turkeys. Sheep and pigs are about a shilling each; a bullock costs from three to eight dollars, a cow and calf three or four; twenty or thirty pine apples may be had for two or three pence, and a peck of grapes or bananas for the same money. Provisions have, however, risen rapidly of late; and near the coast the prices are higher than in the interior. Wages are correspondingly low. Twopence a day is a common wage for a labourer, with provisions. This is not so bad—not much inferior, indeed, to the rate of Irish labour at certain seasons. But many work for their rice alone, with an allowance of *laoka* or kitchen. Smiths and carpenters have about double the wages of

labourers. A master will often hire out the labour of his slave, for which the remuneration is about twenty shillings a-year, with clothes and food. The people are in the habit of assisting each other upon important occasions, such as building a house or constructing a tomb, and a feast is indispensable at all such *bees* in Madagascar.

The Malagasy have one or two rude musical instruments; and, though not gifted with pleasing voices, they are fond of singing. The sovereign had a band of female minstrels who accompanied him whenever he left the palace, either for an airing or a distant journey. Their songs were in his praise, or to the praise of his royal race. The inhabitants of the country villages have attained greater proficiency in singing than the Hovas and the people of the towns; and it gives a pleasing idea of their manners, to learn, that in the villages singing may be heard in most houses in the evening; and that, when it is moonlight, they often assemble and pass a few hours in singing, dancing, and clapping their hands, accompanied by whatever instruments the village affords. Radama used to delight in hearing the children sing the songs and hymns they were taught in the missionary schools. The natives have several athletic games and sports peculiar to themselves. A favourite amusement is hunting wild cattle upon dark nights. Bull-fighting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, are also favourite amusements. In 1824, when Mr Hastie accompanied Radama and the army in an invasion of the Sakalava country, they halted to hunt and dry-salt a stock of beef for future provision. The hunt was commenced with great solemnity.

Agreeably to the custom of the country, on the first herd being seen, the party halted, laid down their arms, with the muzzles of the guns and the points of the spears turned to the rear, and an aged chieftain implored for success on their enterprise in nearly the following terms:—"O thou great Rangora! master of these superb plains and herds, be it known to thee, that the mighty king Radama, attended by a formidable army, is thy visiter; and it will only be consistent with thine own dignity, and his exalted rank as governor of the earth, a king unequalled by any other king, that thou shouldst present him with a part of thy superabundant stock, for the use of his attendants. Be it known to thee, O Rangora! that the wants of the mighty king are bounded, but his liberality is without bounds; he is slow in accepting but lavish in bestowing favours. He comes not in hostile array, but, as thy visiter, in amity. O you *Kotsifotsy* and *Taihana*! guardians of your great master's innumerable flocks, let it be your care to do him honour in the selection of the presents that he may order for the use of his royal visiter, so that we, his attendants, may partake of such fare as will induce us to make favourable representations of your attentions to our mighty king, and hereby entitle you to his beneficent consideration. We again repeat, we are visitors in amity, and only claim your hospitable entertainment during our sojourn with you."

Before the troops returned, three hundred and forty six head of cattle were killed, besides the number wounded and followed by the spearmen: two days afterwards four hundred and thirty-one more were killed by the soldiers.

Upon another occasion, Mr Hastie saw six hundred head killed on the first day of the hunt. Fishing is principally left to the women, with

seek a supply of food in the rivers. Crocodiles and alligators abound in all the streams, and many native superstitions are connected with these creatures. A game peculiar to the Malagasy is termed "*kicking backwards*." The game consists in the opposed parties kicking at each other, in the same manner as horses, asses, and other animals. In this game the young men, by early training, become very expert, and hundreds at a time will engage in a kicking match, which is often attended with broken legs and ankles. Throwing bamboos, tipped with iron, at a target, is the method of teaching the young men to throw the spear, and is also a favourite amusement. Trials of strength are made by lifting and throwing stones; and young people play with pebbles in the manner of shuttle-cock. They have a sedentary game resembling draughts; and cards have, of late, been introduced by the traders.

Instead of pursuing this desultory outline of the manners and customs of the people of Madagascar, we shall now turn to Mr Ellis's account of their intercourse with the English, in what we have called the most important epoch of their history.

Radama was uniformly kind to the English Residents and the Missionaries, and they in return have probably placed his character in the fairest possible point of view. The best thing that can be said of him is, that his foibles, self-will, and caprice, were, when under the influence of a superior mind, capable of being turned to the advantage of his country.

When Captain Le Sage, the first agent sent by Sir Robert Farquhar, visited Radama in 1816, at his capital of Tananarivo or "the city of a thousand towns," he was, in dress, manners, and superstitions, entirely a Malagasy; and, though naturally quick and intelligent, powerfully influenced by the prejudices and customs of his native country. He was found seated on the floor of his house on his mat, clothed in his native lamba, and with neither chair nor table, in the palace, which shortly afterwards was furnished with many European accommodations and elegancies. He ate only from silver dishes, which, together with being carried in a sort of palanquin, were exclusive privileges of the sovereign. He was much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors himself, though he rigidly continued the prohibition against them, promulgated by his father. He had permitted no road to be made to his capital; and Captain Le Sage, arriving on the coast in the unhealthy season, suffered severely in making his way through the bakes, swamps, and morasses which lie between Tamatave and the capital. His party had nearly sunk under fatigue and despondency; and they at last reached the capital with that insidious disease in their veins, to which so many Europeans have fallen victims in Madagascar. While the embassy was advancing, frequent messages, with presents of food, were sent by the King to Le Sage; and it was received with great honour.

On approaching the capital, the party were agreeably

surprised by a fresh assurance of welcome, conveyed in a manner by no means indicative of a barbarous state of society. A company of persons, about eighty in number, suddenly appeared running towards them, divided into parties of twenty, and bearing on their heads rice, fruits, and different viands for the refreshment of the travellers, which all partook of on the spot, while the hospitable strangers danced and sang around them. They proved to be some of the most distinguished families forming the court of Radama. Their dress was very elegant, the women being adorned with silver chains, necklaces, and anklets, and their garments, consisting of a dark purple cotton lamba, wound round the body, and hanging in graceful folds so as to exhibit the knotted fringe in the most pleasing manner. The men wore on their heads a silver ornament somewhat resembling a coronet, and round the waist a belt, with a pouch for containing their amulets. They also had silver ornaments like the women, and were armed with muskets, many of which, instead of brass mountings, had silver ones, and stocks studded with silver-headed nails.

Dances and firing of cannon succeeded, until they reached the palace, when a strange ceremony followed. One of Radama's ministers first commanded silence to the crowd:—

He then addressed the people, saying, that Radama had given their country to his visitor; and on asking them if they consented, they answered, *Yes*. The minister then, with the same politeness, addressed Le Sage, telling him he was their king, and commanded their country and all that was in it; adding, that Radama commanded only at Mauritius. Le Sage placed himself upon a kind of stool covered with white linen, when Radama addressed his ministers and people to the same effect as his minister had done before, asking them if they consented that Le Sage should be their king; to which they all answered in the affirmative. He then told his guest that Madagascar was his, and his own country Mauritius. After some complimentary conversation, Le Sage then presented his credentials, which were read by one of the princes, when the king again assured his guest of the great pleasure his arrival afforded him.

Le Sage here observes of Radama, that his manners and conduct were totally different from those of any prince or chief he had seen in Madagascar. His address was extremely agreeable and prepossessing; and he was, even then, what might justly be termed a polite man.

The people of Madagascar long entertained the belief, that Europeans were *cannibals*; an opinion which originated in the slave-trade, and which is not yet quite exploded—"for what could the white men want the children but to eat them?" This opinion was renewed when Radama afterwards made the children be sent in great numbers to the mission-schools. They were then often concealed in the rice-holes by their alarmed parents, to save them from the "European cannibals." Two young brothers of Radama were, however, immediately after the visit of Le Sage, sent to the Mauritius, to be educated, and several of the chiefs visited Governor Farquhar about the same time. By their influence, and certain equivalents to be offered by the English Government, the Governor hoped to induce Radama to abolish the slave-trade.

Mr Brady, a non-commissioned officer in the British service, was left at the capital by Captain Le Sage, to instruct the troops of Radama in European tactics. He secured the good-will of the natives and the sovereign, and ultimately became a general of the native forces, and accompanied Radama in all his wars.

By a most fortunate arrangement, the two young brothers of Radama were, on their arrival in the Mauritius, placed under the care of Mr Hastie; and next year he accompanied them to the Court of Radama, over whose mind he acquired an influence almost unbounded, which he never once used save to promote the improvement and welfare of the country, and the respectability of the semi-barbarous prince. His going was nearly accidental, as he had undertaken to convey, in safety, a valuable present of horses, sent by the Governor to Radama, and the first animals of the kind seen in Madagascar. Horses are now becoming plentiful in the country of the Hovas. Mr Hastie was received with as much distinction as the British agent had been. The King was found dressed in a gay European costume, sent him from the Mauritius, and his house was furnished with chairs. He sent for Mr Brady, whom he introduced to Mr Hastie, telling him Mr Brady was now an officer. A crowd always surrounded the King, and whatever passed between himself and Mr Hastie, was interpreted to his captains and the people around, who uniformly agreed to whatever the King said.

The Resident, for such we may call Mr Hastie, though he was not yet appointed, enjoyed many opportunities of closely observing the character and dispositions of Radama, whom he appears to have thoroughly understood, and whom he soon moulded and wielded at his will, by the natural supremacy of a strong mind over a weak, but well-disposed one. Soon after Hastie's arrival, taking the proper precautions of wearing talismans and charms against accidents, Radama got on horseback, and, having conquered his first natural terror, he laughed loudly, screamed and danced, and declared that he had never been so delighted before.

As he grew more accustomed to the exercise, his enjoyment of it every time increased; and, like most learners who have attained a slight degree of proficiency, he evinced a consciousness of his own superiority, by wishing to see others placed in the situation which had lately appeared so perilous to him. Several of his officers were accordingly ordered to make the experiment, while he laughed heartily at their awkwardness. During the stay of Mr Hastie at the capital, several merchants arrived from the coast, for the purpose of purchasing slaves; but all were discountenanced by Radama. There were vast numbers of slaves at the capital, at that time, on sale; and it is not to be wondered at, that the traffic should have been encouraged by a people whose indolence induced them to give up all kinds of manual labour to this unfortunate class of their fellow-beings. The inhabitants of Tananarivo at that time never worked their grounds. Their land was tilled, their houses built, and their timber and clothing obtained by slaves. With regard to the abolition of this traffic, the king himself appeared, at an early period of the negotiations, to be won over by the arguments of Mr Hastie; but, though so absolute in his government, and his influence over his people, that every look and word of his was the subject of imitation, and the slightest command for silence obeyed in an instant by tumultuous thousands, there seemed to be a point to which he could not, dared not, lead his people—and this was, the abolition of the traffic in slaves.

Every morning, the principal councillors went to assemble in sight of the British agent, and, after long consultations, despatch two of their number to counteract all that Mr Hastie had

accomplished on the previous day. Still his influence was increasing. At this time he had a opportunity of witnessing the poison-ordeal at Tangena.

One of the king's sisters had been ill for several days; and on the 24th of August became slightly delirious. Her female attendants, four in number, were subjected to the following processes, in order to ascertain whether she had been accessory to her sickness. For one day she was confined in separate huts, without being allowed any food, and on the following morning they were brought out, each to have administered to them three bits of the raw skin of a black fowl; after which, they were obliged to drink warm rice-water until they began to vomit. If each vomited the three pieces of skin, and did not in straining fall with her head to the south, she was to be considered innocent. The pieces of skin were swallowed whole, and unfortunately only one of the four was able to prove her innocence.

The customary fate of those considered to be guilty, is instant death. In this instance it was delayed nearly an hour, as one of the unhappy creatures was a great favourite with the king's mother, who, while Mr Hastie was with Radama, went to her son to beg her life. He refused to grant this favour, and desired his mother to withdraw. The supposed criminals were then taken to a rock on the south side of the capital, and, having their fingers, toes, arms, legs, noses, and ears cut off, were precipitated from the rock, the children from the surrounding crowd amusing themselves for nearly an hour after with throwing stones upon their mangled bodies. The two young princes were seen thus employed; and such was the general indifference to the fate of the sufferers, that Mr Hastie, who did not approach nearer than forty yards to the rock, could not see one anxious countenance in the whole crowd, who thronged to witness the scene. The women were all young, and the favourite handsome. As a part of this system of injustice, the survivor was handsomely rewarded.

As may be supposed from what has just been related of the young princes, they were now fast returning to the ordinary habits of their countrymen, although Mr Hastie still acted as their preceptor, and did his utmost to inspire them with higher tastes and feelings. A few days after they had taken a part in this barbarous and inhuman pastime, the elder of the youths not appearing at the usual time in the morning, his tutor sent to request his attendance, and, on being told that he was still asleep, went himself to arouse his young pupil, prompted partly by curiosity to see the interior of his dwelling. He found him in a small and mean apartment, his sleeping-place within a yard of the fire-place, and presenting a picture of idleness and filth scarcely to be surpassed in the meanest dwellings of the common people. The tutor remonstrated with his pupil upon this deviation from the habits he had acquired in the Isle of France: to which the young prince could only reply, that dirt was warm, and the weather cold, and he chose the former because it was customary.

When the time for Mr Hastie's departure arrived, so great was Radama's desire to detain him, that he first endeavoured to persuade Mr H. it was the Governor's wish that he should remain to superintend the education of the princes; and then, when it was explained to him that this was a misapprehension, he offered to reward Mr H. for his trouble, if he would stay and continue to act as their tutor. Delays and hindrances were also thrown in the way of Mr Hastie, whenever he wished to prosecute any plan for the benefit of the king or his people, by the general belief in the influence of unlucky days; so that when Mr Hastie asked for bullocks, with the intention of training them to carry burdens, the lucky day for such an attempt was never found. When he wished to visit the iron mines, the same hindrance presented itself; and when he proposed returning to Tamatave, difficulties appeared to increase. He was not willing to depart without again reverting to the conversation he had previously had with Radama on the subject of the slave-trade.

After a short visit to Mauritius, Mr Hastie returned to Radama's court, and employed all his address and influence with his royal friend in accomplishing the abolition of the slave-trade. Radama was willing to give up selling slaves himself, to gratify "his good father" the governor; but he could not compel his people to follow his example. He was vulnerable upon one point, on which all kings are peculiarly susceptible; Hastie had only to tell him that "he was governed by his people instead of governing them," or that the princes and people of Europe would be shocked to hear of any particular piece of unprincipled conduct, to induce Radama to yield. He had chosen a *Reform* minister, whose character Mr Hastie approved; a bold, sensible, and intrepid young man, resolved that his master should be obeyed, and who was generally esteemed by the people. The trade was abolished, and for this concession, Radama was to receive yearly a thousand dollars in gold, a thousand in silver, a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, and cloth, with other presents. He, indeed, became, for a time, a sort of pet chief to the British Government; though General Hall, the acting governor of Mauritius, after Sir Robert Farquhar went to England, nearly threw away all the advantages of the treaty, by refusing the money and goods stipulated for as the equivalent for abandoning the trade. It was just when this breach of faith had been discovered by the indignant Radama, that the first two missionaries, sent out by the London Missionary Society, reached the coast of Madagascar. They experienced many hardships; and while Mr Jones with difficulty recovered, his companion, Mr Beran, and both their wives, fell victims to the terrible fever of the coast, before leaving Tamatave. Among other unwarranted acts of General Hall, subsequently disapproved by the British Government, was sending back to Madagascar six youths who had been taken to the Mauritius to be educated. "Why," said Radama,

"Would not your government at Mauritius permit these boys to be instructed, whom I had sent for that purpose? Although your government violated the treaty, and discontinued intercourse with me, I would gladly have paid for the education of the boys!"—an expression as characteristic of Radama as it was honourable to the chieftain of a partially civilized people.

The slave-trade was thus revived for a time, and only finally abolished by the influence and negotiation of Mr Hastie, after the return of Sir Robert Farquhar.

Radama had now several military Europeans in his service, and the superiority of disciplined troops was beginning to be understood. After a formal *kabery*, at which 20,000 persons assisted, a war was undertaken, which, instead of extending the conquests of the king, ended in defeat. The disciplined troops would not face the enemy. These disasters might have lowered his temper, for, when Mr Hastie was once more sent to him, to endeavour to atone for the ill conduct of Governor Hall, he was, contrary to expectation, very well received. In advancing from Tamatave (the great sea-port of Radama's dominions)

to the capital, Mr Hastie, still doubtful of his reception, was re-assured by a letter from the king's own hand. Radama had previously been able to write his native language in Arabic characters, but now he wrote in what is termed *Creole* French, which was his language in conversing with the English. "Come along," wrote Radama, "I shall receive you. Do not be afraid. I am glad that you are coming, my friend Mr Hastie, to see me again. Come along, fear not. I am not so ready to cut off heads as people say I am." The reception was most cordial. Mr Hastie was accompanied by Mr Jones the missionary, whom he had ventured to carry along with him, and whose subsequent feats in horse-shoeing we have already noticed. Though somewhat alarmed at bearding the lion in his den, Mr Jones was also well received. Things wore a very different appearance now from that which Mr Hastie had seen on his first visit to Tananarivo three or four years before.

"At four o'clock," Mr Hastie writes in his journal—"Mr Jones and I ascended the hill, several cannons having been fired since our arrival at noon. About half-way up the ascent, we entered between two lines of troops, well dressed and accounted, and drawn out in honour of our reception. Though I have had frequent occasion to witness the orderly appearance of these people under arms, and the evidence they afford of the indefatigable labour and skilful discipline of Mr Brady, I must confess I was astonished at their present appearance. The lines extended all the way to the palace (a building which in this country really merits the name;) the court-yard being crowded with drums, shell-blowers, and singing-women. As I reached the head of the lines, the king appeared, coming from the old court-yard; and he received me with joy. I introduced to his notice my companion, Mr Jones, to whom he gave his hand with pleasure, accepting the *hasina*, or tribute, from each of us according to custom; after which he led us to the palace, and we ascended to the state-room by a massive ladder. I could not conceal my surprise on entering this elegant apartment, which was furnished and decorated in a very superior style. The king was quite overcome with joy, and took such extraordinary means of shewing it as I never before witnessed. He hugged me in his arms, pulling me close to him, and burst into such peals of laughter that he was unable to retain his seat. He frequently called out my name in a most friendly tone, and then took hold of me, as if to ascertain that I was really present with him. After a little time the troops were dismissed, and an excellent repast served up, to which Prince Rataffe, Field-Marshal Rafaralahy, Majors Rameno, Ramanetaka, Ramananolona, Captain Ramarosikina, Mr Brady the English drill, Mr Robin the secretary, Mr Jones, and myself, sat down. The king, seated at the head of the table, ate but little, and was very attentive to his guests, repeatedly asking after his Excellency Governor Farquhar and his family, and our sovereign King George. About eight the party separated; and in returning to the house which had been prepared for our reception, I found it in excellent order, and decidedly the largest in the capital. . . .

On the following day, the king received Governor Farquhar's letter, and read the letters from him to the two princes; but made no comment upon the purport of either, evidently intending to give the matter his cool and deliberate consideration. With the present of plate from the governor he was much delighted, but most of all with one of the horses, which he mounted immediately; remarking, at the same time, that it was not a gift, but a part of the stipulated equivalent. He then invited Mr Hastie and Mr Jones to ride with him, and led them over three miles of excellent road, fit for any carriage; an improvement in the neighbourhood of the

capital truly astonishing to Mr Hastie, who had so often had cause to regret the want of such accommodation before. In the evening the travellers sat down, in company with eight persons, to an excellent dinner, served on the plate sent as a present to the king, and some manufactured in the island. A servant attended each chair, and there was as much formality observed as was consistent with the convenience of guests but recently accustomed to such habits. After tea, the king proposed to Mr Hastie a game at cards.

Many obstacles were, however, opposed to the renewal of the treaty for the abolition of the slave-trade. By Radama it had been observed with the strictest fidelity, until violated by Governor Hall. He had even put some of his nobles and relatives to death for infringing the law; and these executions, so unpopular among his subjects, now filled him with remorse, though an execution, more or less, does not seem to have affected Radama deeply. An assembly of counsellors was summoned, at which Mr Hastie pleaded the great national advantages which must result from abolishing the traffic, while the elders who opposed him inveighed against the bad faith of the English government. Many subsequent discussions took place, but the king carried his point. "Radama will be a king to-morrow," said the Resident—and Radama was a king! One of the conditions of the new treaty was, that ten of his subjects should be sent to Mauritius, and ten more to England, to be educated and instructed in the useful arts. The parents of the lads selected became alarmed; but Radama proceeded in his purpose in his kingly way. "A lad in perfect health yesterday," he said, "when called this morning was sick, and could not go. I soon found a remedy for his complaint: I gave orders he should receive fifty stripes, and be hoisted by the thumbs to such height on the flag-staff as that all the city may see the example." Radama, whatever were his motives, seems to have been most earnest and energetic in making the treaty be observed.

The French government became uneasy at the excellent understanding now established between Radama and the British. Presents, and the royal portrait, were sent to him by Louis XVIII. and he was dissuaded from admitting the missionaries into his territories. But, however indifferent he might be to their religion, he was now sufficiently enlightened to the value of their services as schoolmasters; and several schools had been established. The war was also renewed against the Sakalavas, a bold, black tribe, and was attended with success. On the morning when the army left the capital, Radama, as high-priest, sacrificed a cock and a heifer, and offered up a prayer at the tomb of the most renowned of his ancestors. The *sikidy* had also been diligently consulted as to the route to be taken, the water to be drunk, and the safest places for encampments; and the flight of birds over the heads of the troops was carefully observed as auguring good or bad fortune to the expedition. Radama was accompanied by Mr Hastie as his Talleyrand, and by his field-marshal Brady. His promiscuous army was exactly like a feudal levy. The people kept to their several clans; and each clan

had its own leader. Every soldier furnished his own weapons, whether a gun or the spear and shield. The city of the "Thousand Towns" seemed deserted save by women and children; and, upon the day when it was calculated that Radama would enter the territory of Sakalava, all the females of the capital rose by daybreak, and, forming themselves into parties, began singing their war-songs, in form of predictions of and prayers for the success of the king and the army.

They stood with their faces turned towards the west, the direction of the Sakalava country, holding rods in their hands, and which they brandished like spears, and endeavouring by every kind of warlike movement to excite themselves to enthusiasm. This practice was continued every morning and evening, and sometimes through the principal part of each day. The words of the song consisted chiefly of the praises of the sovereign, such as, "God is gone to the west," "Conquer wherever thou goest." The warriors were also supposed to be addressed, "Bravely use the spear," &c.

The expedition was crowned, we have said, with success. Vast numbers of slaves and cattle were taken, and prisoners of war captured, who were afterwards sold as slaves, but within the island. Yet Radama's people had also suffered much, particularly from sickness.

On the king's return with the people, they rested a few miles west of Tananarivo. There Radama and all his followers bathed, as a religious ablution on returning from the war; after which the king proceeded in pomp to Tananarivo, and alighted on the holy stone at Andohalo. The idols were then brought to bless him; and a bullock brought to secure benedictions on the people, and indemnify and purify them from all blame. The king recapitulated, briefly, the events of the expedition; and praised those who had been left in charge of affairs at home, for their fidelity and attention; nor were the females permitted to go unrewarded with thanks, for able performances in singing the war-songs, and thereby contributing, as was supposed, to whatever measure of success he attended the expedition.

Next year the Sakalava war was renewed by this African Napoleon. Before entering the Sakalava country, he sent a *kabary* to the hostile chiefs, ordering them to submit to his authority and they would be placed on the footing of his natural-born subjects; while, if they rejected his terms, he would teach them who was their master. The answer of the black men was worthy of warriors—"Tell Radama, we know he has powder, so have we; he has fire-arms, so have we. Radama has his own to seek, and we have ours; let him prepare well, and come up, as take our village if he can." Their village, built upon a rocky eminence of difficult access, and strongly fortified, was subsequently stormed though they made a brave defence.

When asked why they would not be friendly with Radama, the general reply was, "Because he is the *fohy* of the white men, and all the white men are deceivers, therefore we never will submit to him." Radama's expression in reference to what he had now accomplished, was, that it was mere play, in comparison with what he intended to do; and with this determination, he ordered a party of 2000 men to go with spears and hatchets, build a village on the spot where an engagement taken place, over which and the surrounding district appointed Rakizorivo governor. He then set out in search of Ramitraba, king of the Sakalavas, his taking different routes in the pursuit.

The war terminated by Radama marrying,

alimo, the only child of the king of Sakalava. On approaching his capital, he wrote Mr Hastie that he and his sable bride would dine with him on the day of their arrival at the capital.

To this Mr Hastie replied, that he should with the greatest pleasure receive the royal party, if Radama would consent to regard Basalimo as his only wife, for since he, Mr Hastie, could acknowledge but one king of Madagascar, so he could acknowledge no more than one queen. To this there was no objection made on the part of the king; and accordingly, on their arrival at the capital, the party repaired to the house of the British agent, where the nuptials were again celebrated. Radama was welcomed with every demonstration of affectionate loyalty. He alighted on the holy stone, and mounted the temporary stage as usual, where he received the congratulations of the people, and their *hasina* [tribute.] He then proceeded to his palace in a carriage which had been sent him from Mauritius, accompanied by his queen.

Those ministers of the king of Sakalava who had attended the new queen to Tananarivo were treated with the greatest respect, and taken to see all the wonderful things introduced by the English artisans; and Radama sent back some smiths and carpenters with them, to erect a proper house for their chief, his august father-in-law. They also received packets of seeds and plants, which they, however, very characteristically threw away on the road—observing, “Of what good are they to us?—we have plenty of plants in our own country.”

Notwithstanding the extreme jealousy of the natives, the missionary schools, warmly patronized by the king, were now in full operation; and many of the Malagasy youths were also receiving instruction in the useful arts from the intelligent and zealous artisans connected with the mission. Under the enlightened and philanthropic influence of Mr Hastie, King Radama became daily more liberal in his views, and more wise in his policy. The criminal code, if we may use the term, was modified and reformed in cases of minor offences; and the sumptuary laws, restricting the use of dress and food, were abrogated. The single exception to the abolition of all restrictions was, that the nobility alone were to be entitled to wear coral and gold in their hair. The removal of these vexatious restrictions caused universal joy. Many useful police and economical regulations were introduced, on the suggestion of Mr Hastie, a very remarkable man, and certainly the greatest public benefactor that Madagascar had ever seen, and, for a time, Radama appears to have been but a puppet in his hands, played for wise and beneficent purposes. Mr Hastie, however, found it impossible to effect the abolition of the poisonous, though he was able to shake the faith of the king in its truth and utility; and had the life of Radama been prolonged, there is reason to believe that this horrible scourge, and agent of fraud, injustice, and diabolical cruelty, would have fallen into disrepute.

About this time, Radama visited his sea-port of Tamstave on one of his frequent journeys of observation, accompanied by Mr Hastie and a splendid native military cavalcade, together with a vast host of irregular troops. He had now a

musical band, which had been instructed in the Mauritius, and which gave great brilliancy to his public appearances.

He at this time dined on board an English vessel, the *Ariadne*, commanded by Captain Moorsom. Radama was now about thirty years of age, short and thin, and looking not more than twenty. Captain Moorsom pays him the compliment of saying that he approached, in personal character, to Peter the Great. This gentleman endeavoured to make his frequent conversations with Radama of benefit to the semi-civilized king, who characteristically expressed his ardent attachment to his brother George IV., by saying—“I hail him, old boy!” He went, with a number of his followers, round to the Bay of Antongil, in the *Ariadne*, and, while on board, seemed to be impressed with the power which caused the rapid motion of the vessel.

“Radama,” says Captain Moorsom, “is an extraordinary man. His intellect is as much expanded beyond that of his countrymen, as that of the nineteenth century is in advance of the sixteenth. But his penetration and straightforward good sense would make him remarkable under any circumstances. With all the impatience of a despotic monarch, exacting the most prompt and implicit obedience to his will, jealous of his authority, and instant to punish, he is yet sagacious, and cautious in altering established customs. His power is founded upon popular opinion: his game is to play the people against the chiefs, and he understands it well; for these fear, and those love him.”

Female schools had now been opened; a printing press was expected; and refractory and hostile chiefs were gradually submitting, at least for the moment, to the king. Many improvements had been introduced, and reforms effected.

Radama was wont, at times, to go about among his subjects in disguise, like the renowned Caliph Haroun Alraschid, or James IV. of Scotland, to gather the opinions of the populace on his measures, and to make his own observations on affairs. The last important expedition in which Radama was accompanied by Mr Hastie, secured him the nominal dominion of nearly the whole island.

The king returned to the capital from his last campaign, very ill in health; and, at a public *habary*, gave, as usual, a brief account of the operations of the war, and eulogised the services of Mr Hastie, who had induced the chiefs of many portions of the newly conquered provinces to submit voluntarily to his government. We must quote the royal speech:—

He told the people that he had enjoined the same laws on those new parts of the kingdom as he had on them, and exacted the same taxes as in Imerina. “The whole island,” said Radama, “is now mine; it is governed by one king, ruled by the same laws, and must perform the same service. There are no more wars. Guns and spears may sleep. I am the father of the orphan and the fatherless; the protector of the widow and the oppressed; the avenger of evils and wrongs; and the rewarder of the good and just. Here are soldiers to suppress rebels, should any arise; and to protect you and your children, your lives and your property. With regard to yourselves, you must now work, cultivate the waste lands, and plant all you can,—rice, wheat, barley, manioc, potatoes, cotton, hemp, flax, and the newly-introduced silk.

Unless you work the soil, you will be like this little bullock before you, without father or mother, or any one to pity or care for you. Rushes grow from the earth, and gold and silver will not be poured down upon you from the skies."

About 2000 children were, by this time, under course of instruction; and, although the original jealousy of the people had not yet been wholly surmounted, the king supported the schools, though anxious not to advance too rapidly, or to offend the prejudices of his people, with many of which his own mind was still deeply imbued. The constitution of Radama, early impaired by excess, suffered in his frequent military expeditions, and he was in very bad health before he lost, in Mr Hastie, one of the truest friends that ever he or his country possessed. Of the value of Hastie, King Radama had the merit of being quite sensible; and, when that gentleman lay on his death-bed, he visited him frequently, and sent hourly messages of inquiry to his house.

"I have lost many of my people, many of my soldiers, most of my officers, and several of the Maroserana, or highest nobles; but this is nothing in comparison with the loss of Andrian-asy.* He has been a faithful friend; vady ny Madagascar—a husband to Madagascar: the good he has done cannot be too highly spoken of by me. He has surpassed every agent that preceded him; and never will any who may succeed him, prove his equal. Many may come here, but none will feel more interest in Madagascar than Andrian-asy. Many may boast much, but none will do so much as he has done, nor endure the toils which he has endured. May God spare his valuable life to us!"

Every testimony of respect was paid to the memory of Hastie, whose funeral, contrary to custom, was attended by the King and the royal family, as well as by the judges and officers, and a vast concourse of the people. There had already been several deaths among the English; but this was by far the most important to the public interest.

The private history of Hastie is, in some respects, remarkable. He was a native of Cork, and his parents were Quakers. By them, he was, after the manner of their sect, carefully educated and instructed in his religious duties. The hand of discipline was probably felt too heavy and strict: and young Hastie, notwithstanding the sobriety of his training, early discovered that taste for gaiety and pleasure which sometimes breaks out wildly in the youthful Friend. He, no doubt, half broke the hearts of his parents, by entering the army as a private soldier in the 56th regiment, in which he served during the Mahratta war. He gained the esteem of his officers, was promoted to the rank of sergeant; and, like Cobbett, kept the regimental books. In 1815 he arrived at Mauritius; and, by his extraordinary and daring exertions, fortunately saved the Government House, during a conflagration at Port Louis. His conduct on this occasion attracted the regard of Governor Farquhar; and to Hastie he intrusted the two young brothers of King Radama, while he recommended him for a commission in the army. For seven

years afterwards, Hastie was the agent of the British government in Madagascar, a country of which he proved the enlightened, indefatigable, steady, and most useful friend. Wild as his boyhood had been, the influence of his early moral discipline was strongly felt during his long and intimate connection with Radama.

In reference to the king, although he was clear and decided in his statements, inflexible and uncompromising in maintaining the truth, he always endeavoured to influence him rather by persuasion, and by suggestions which might find their way to his own judgment, and awaken and stimulate his own reasonings and wishes, than by any remarks which the king could deem intrusive or dictatorial. He knew Radama's vanity, and, without offering adulation, endeavoured to prompt and lead him on to exertion, by appearing merely to give the hint, and then allowing the credit of the measure to be appropriated by the monarch himself—thus in reality effecting far more than he could have done by direct proposals and urgent solicitations. He wished Radama to exhibit before his people, so far as he could, by his own royal example, a pattern of industry and improvement to his people—to be, in short, the principal builder, merchant, cultivator, planter, and gardener in the kingdom. His influence with the king increased rapidly from the time of their first acquaintance. Radama was cautious, but he shewed, in many instances, that he placed a confidence almost unbounded in the opinions and judgment of the British agent.

It would be fruitless to attempt anything like an account of the individual instances in which Mr Hastie endeavoured to promote the great work of civilization in Madagascar. The introduction of the first Protestant Missionaries to the capital; the wise, humane, and judicious counsels he gave to Radama; and the faithful, laborious, persevering efforts made to effect the abolition of the slave-trade, and the suppression of the piratical attacks on the Comoro Islands, have been already detailed. His successful efforts with the king to induce a commutation of capital punishments, by substituting hard labour in chains for death, is as creditable to his humanity, as the reduction of money from 70, 80, and 100 per cent. to 33, is to his sound policy, in a country where capital is small, and requires encouragement. Besides the good already stated, Madagascar is indebted to Mr Hastie for the introduction of the horse, and many other useful and valuable animals, and of seeds and plants of various descriptions. He had made arrangements with the king for the manufacture of sugar, and a short time before his decease, ordered apparatus from England for that purpose. He had also introduced two ploughs, a harrow, and some wheel-carriages, with various implements of industry; and to him the people were indebted for the method of training oxen for the yoke and to carry burdens. Though passionately and avowedly fond of amusements, he neither introduced nor encouraged them at Madagascar.

The Protestant Mission in Madagascar is deeply indebted to the support and countenance of Mr Hastie. He was not only ready on all occasions to sanction its labours when solicited, but voluntarily embraced every opportunity by which he could manifest the cordial interest he felt in its prosperity, believing it to be among the most important means for securing his favourite object—the civilization of Madagascar.

The high esteem in which Mr Hastie was also held by those traders at Mauritius who had commercial connexions at Madagascar, deserves to be noticed. During the period of his agency, he possessed the full measure of their confidence, for they knew that no exertions of his would be wanting to secure respect for their property.

Among Hastie's many useful acquirements was a respectable practical knowledge of medicine, and particularly of treating the Malagasy fever, which greatly increased his usefulness in the island, as both natives and Europeans had the utmost confidence in his skill.

* "Andriana," nobleman—a title of respect and honour; and Hastie contracted into "asy."

Although the missionaries were so much satisfied with Mr Hastie, it does not follow that he was always quite as well satisfied with them; but, as nothing of this occurs in Mr Ellis's work, neither shall we recur to it. His death was, within two years, followed by that of the king, who, in his last years, had given himself up to vicious indulgence. Both events were deeply injurious to the mission cause, and to the best interests of the nation. Radama was succeeded by the first among his nominal wives, Ranavalona, who, in this age of female sovereigns, now reigns in Madagascar. Though descended of a dynasty set aside by the father of Radama, and consequently a *legitimate*, she seems to have usurped the throne; but it is not easy to understand the law of succession in Madagascar.

The death of Radama was concealed until her intrigue was ripe; and some days had elapsed before it was announced that the King had "*retired*"—" *had gone to his fathers* ;" and that the successor appointed by his father was Ranavalona. The only acknowledged wife and queen was Rasalimo, the daughter of the black king of Sakalava, whose nuptials had been celebrated by a feast at Mr Hastie's, as we have noticed. Radama's only surviving child, the daughter of Rasalimo, is still alive, and is now about fourteen years of age. "His first child is said to have died; but grounds are not wanting for suspicion that cruel means were used to destroy the infant, in order to secure the succession to the crown for Rakotobe, the nephew of the king. The reigning queen, Ranavalona, has a son who is called the son of Radama, although born about twelve months after the king's death."

The accession of Queen Ranavalona was followed by the destruction of several members of the royal family. The missionaries fell gradually into disgrace; and not without cause became alarmed for their personal safety. Prince Rataffe and his wife, the eldest sister of Radama, were hunted in the woods with the royal blood-hounds, and both were cruelly assassinated, as their son, the nephew and favourite successor of the King, had previously been. The usurper, or the legitimate queen, and her counsellors, now returned in full tide to the idols and the "wisdom of their ancestors"—the old customs and usages of the Hovas. The treaty with Great Britain was annulled, though the slave trade was not resumed; and Mr Lyall, the Resident, appointed to succeed Mr Hastie, was, in the most ignominious way, driven from the capital, and yet in one exceedingly characteristic of the country. He had intimated his wish to proceed to Tamatave.

The answer of the government was, "He is to go, and his family with him." About a fortnight afterwards viz. on the 29th of March, he was alarmed by a large multitude of people coming to his house at six o'clock in the morning, headed by the keepers of the idol Ramahavaly, one of whom carried the idol on a long pole. One of Mr Lyall's servants had been seized and put in irons, himself and his sons were treated as sorcerers, and peremptorily ordered to leave the house, and proceed to the village of Ambokipeno, about six miles distant. He was not allowed to change his linen, to take any packages, or

even to enter his house to take leave of his family. The court-yard of his house was filled with serpents, large bags-full of which had been brought and emptied out on the ground. These reptiles are the imagined servants of the idol Ramahavaly, and the executors of his anger; and it was desired that the people should regard the number then brought to the immediate vicinity of Mr Lyall's dwelling, as drawn to the spot by the influence of the idol; and hence they were held up by the priests as indications of the power and anger of Ramahavaly. Mr Lyall was told that the idol had ordered him to leave, and was come to send him away; and thus he was rudely hurried off on foot, the priest refusing to allow him to ride to the village where he was to wait the further intimations of the idol's will. As he was led away, the keeper of the idol Ramahavaly walked after him, carrying on the top of a pole the idol, enveloped in a small covering of scarlet cloth; fifty athletic men, either the keepers of the idol, or the relatives of such, followed immediately after, walking two abreast, and having their bodies uncovered to the waist, each man bearing in his hand a serpent, which he held by means of a small quantity of grass or straw. They were attended by a great number of the votaries of the Ramahavaly—or spectators, whose attention had been excited by their novel proceedings.

The procession moved along in the most profound silence, the men carrying the serpents, frequently lifting up the hand in which the reptile was held, exhibiting it, as it had twined its slimy folds round his hand or arm, to the great terror of the spectators, who expected that this manifestation of what they were taught to regard as Ramahavaly's anger, would be followed by still more serious consequences to the British agent. . . .

The reason assigned for the outrage upon the person and family of the British agent was, that he had proceeded himself, and had allowed his horse to approach one of the villages regarded as sacred to the idol, and which no horse or pig was allowed to enter; and that he had further transgressed, by sending his servants to catch butterflies and serpents, which he was collecting for scientific purposes. Radama had encouraged naturalists from Mauritius and elsewhere, and no prohibition of these pursuits had been made public. The government pretended that the whole had been done at the bidding of the idol, and thus endeavoured to avert any unpleasant consequences that might result. . . . Mr Lyall proceeded to Mauritius, where he died shortly afterwards. The treatment that he received at the hand of the native government was severely censured by the Secretary of State for the colonies at the time, by command of the Prince Regent; and the authorities in Madagascar were warned against a repetition of their conduct. Mr Lyall's servant was liberated, after having been confined nine days in irons, as this was deemed sufficient to inspire the natives with the dreadful anger of the idol, and to shew that his restrictions were not to be violated with impunity.

The coronation of the queen, a show got up to amuse the people, and which took place shortly afterwards, was attended with as much mummery and ceremonial as if she had been crowned at Westminster. We shall give a small specimen of this solemn farce. After homage had been done to the idols,

When the queen entered the place of assembly, she was carried towards the sacred stone, which stands about one hundred yards north-west of the platform on which the sovereign usually appears. Alighting on the south side of the stone, her majesty ascended it, and stood with her face towards the east, being surrounded by five generals, each holding his cap or helmet in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, the band at the same time playing the national air. The queen, standing upon the sacred stone, exclaimed, "Masina, masina, v'aho?" i. e. "Am I consecrated, consecrated, consecrated?" The five generals replied, "Masina, masina, masina hianao!"—"You are consecrated, consecrated, consecrated!" Then all the crowd shouted, "Trarantitra hianao, Ranavalomanjaka!"

i. e. "Long may you live, Ranavalomanjaka!" The queen then descending from the stone on the east side, took the idols Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka into her hands, and addressed them, saying, "My predecessors have given you to me. I put my trust in you; therefore, support me." She then delivered them into the hands of their respective keepers, entered her palanquin, and was borne towards the platform, which she ascended by the east side.

The royal chair or throne, which was covered with scarlet cloth, richly adorned with gold lace, was placed at some distance from the eastern side of the platform, on ascending which, the queen proceeded to the royal chair, on which she took her seat. On her right hand sat her eldest sister, the mother of prince Ramboasalamarazaka; in front of the princess sat a major of the body guard, holding a large silk umbrella over the head of the queen. On her majesty's left hand stood the prince, heir-apparent; and on the right and left behind him, the members of the royal family sat on the platform. Behind these again, in the arms of her nurse, sat the only daughter of Radama. The wives, and some of the family of Radama, were also seen sitting among the wives of the judges below, on the north and the south of the platform. On the east and west sides sat the judges, civil and military officers, and the nobles. At each corner of the west side of the platform, the idols, Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka, were held up by their respective keepers. The idols themselves were covered as already described, and the greater part of the splendid cloth of scarlet and gold employed for this purpose, waving in the breeze, and viewed by the people with a degree of superstitious awe, added much to the impressiveness of the occasion and the scene.

It is supposed that about 60,000 people were convened in this vast assembly; of these eight thousand were soldiers.

After remaining a short time on the royal chair, the queen arose, the bands at the same time playing the national air. Her majesty leaned on her eldest sister, whom she requested to receive the *hasina*, or money presented from the officers, from heads of provinces, and of districts, from foreigners, &c., in token of acknowledging her supremacy. The queen then addressed the immense assembly to the following effect:—

"Veloma Zanadralambo, veloma Zanakandriandro-raka, veloma Zanakandriamasinavalona," &c., i. e. "I salute you," (different clans as named), and continued, "If you have never known me before, it is I, Ranavalona, who now appear before you." The people then shouted, "Hoo, hoo." Then she said, "God gave the kingdom to my ancestors, they transferred it to Andriampolimerina, and he again to Radama, on condition that I should be his successor. Is it not so, Ambaninandro?"—(my subjects). All replied, "It is so." Again she added, "I will not change what Radama and my ancestors have done; but I will add to what they did. Do not think that because I am a woman, I cannot govern the kingdom: never say, she is a woman weak and ignorant, she is unable to rule over us. My greatest solicitude and study will always be to promote your welfare, and to make you happy. Do you hear that, Ambaninandro?" All replied, "Yes."

Rainimahay, her prime minister, stood at a little distance west of the platform, and addressed the queen, saying, "Veloma hianao Ramavalomanjaka, veloma hianareo Ramirahavavy, veloma Rambosalamarazaka." He then turned to the people, and addressed them, saying, that they could put every confidence in the queen, and repeated to them the speech she had just delivered, with some appropriate observations on it. Then the first class or clan, called Zanadralambo, rose up, and one of their chiefs or heads addressed the queen, assured her of their fidelity, and presented to her, as their *hasina*, i. e. their mark of respect or homage, a Spanish dollar; then the next clan, Zanakandriamasinavalona did the same; then the Zanakambony; then the people of different provinces and districts, through their heads or representatives; then the Arabs of Muscat, who had but recently arrived with merchandises; then the Europeans; and, last of all, the generals, as the representatives of the army; Ravalonaslama, the oldest general, being selected to speak on behalf of the rest, assured the queen that the army would be

found faithful in supporting her throne. . . . The firing of cannon indicated the return of the queen to her palace. Having reached the court-yard of the Tranovola, the queen left her palanquin, and, standing near the grand tomb of Radama, took the flag of Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka into her hands, and offered up a short prayer to Radama, which she concluded by saying, "May thy name ever be respected."

The dress of the queen and her attendants was strictly national, but of the most splendid and costly description; and the Wellington and Melbourne of Madagascar topped their parts. The accession of the Queen was followed by the revolt of several of the provinces which had reluctantly submitted to the arms of Radama; and an expedition arrived from France which had been intended to act against him. Some time was spent in negotiation, and fresh troops arrived from Europe to supply those destroyed by Radama's General Tazo, (fever,) who fell in their turn. The enterprise was abandoned; and the natives displayed a spirit which will not tempt its repetition. "On one occasion, when the officers on the coast sent up a report of the claims of the French to a part of the territory, the nobles and chiefs of the principal districts in the interior were assembled; and when the demand of the French was made known, their reply was, 'No: before we will consent to give them one foot of land, we will face them ourselves, and, if needful, will send our slaves. If this be not sufficient, our wives shall go and fight against them rather than allow them a place on our shores.'"

Though thus daring and frank upon great occasions, the more civilized tribes of the Malagasy are remarkable for going about the bush—for servile flattery, manœuvring, and *blarney*. Duplicity is a conspicuous trait in their characters, as it is in that of every people not openly enslaved, and yet far below the dignity of free-men.

It is said to be often impossible to understand their object for an hour or more, as they will talk on the most apparently dissimilar subjects, but with a visible restlessness, until, after all the windings of plausibility are travelled through, they hit, as if by accident, on the point designed from the beginning. It is remarkable, that this characteristic equally distinguishes all public proceedings. Every petition to the sovereign is prefaced by a long prologue of flattery and servility, when the petition is made to close the address often in the following words:—"And since this is finished, since the introduction is accomplished, we have to beg and petition," &c. &c. Every answer to a proclamation of the sovereign asking advice of the chieftains, is commenced by an eloquent but hackneyed detail of their sovereign's royal pedigree, supremacy, equity, &c. The sovereign also usually smooths the way for any unpalatable declaration by little of the oil of flattery previously poured into the people's ears, calling them "*the ancient soot*," (which has adhered for generations to the house of their ancestors,) and the "under the day," the "under it

* The native houses in Madagascar having no chimneys, and the door and window affording the only means of escape for the smoke arising from the fires which are kindled on the floor of the house, the soot collects on the inner side of the roofs of their dwellings, where it is never disturbed by the people, who consider it a badge of honourable ancestry to have large quantities of soot hanging, frequently in long black shreds, from the roof of the dwelling.

sky," &c. to which many other illustrations might be added.

The accession of Ranavalona has been the era of a retrograde movement in many things, though perhaps much of the spurious or forced civilisation of her predecessor was like the gaudy blooms stuck into a baby's garden, which, having no root in the soil, speedily wither. The court and the government, who had returned to the *old regime*, became seriously alarmed at the innovating spirit of knowledge, and the levelling principles of Christianity. Gradually were the new converts and the schools discountenanced, until what had begun in suspicion ended in persecution. At first the queen had granted the same toleration for public worship and the administration of the sacraments, as Radama; but, the natives using wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, was found to be an infringement of the law prohibiting to every one the use of wine and spirits. An exception had always, indeed, been made in this regulation, in favour of foreigners; but the queen's subjects were not to be longer permitted to violate the laws by pleading the ceremonies of their new religion. The Missionaries compromised on this point, by substituting water; but other difficulties arose. One of the most eminent of the converts, who had originally been a diviner, but who was now baptized, and took the venerable name of Paul, was become so obnoxious to what is here called the "heathen party" in the government, that he was charged with witchcraft,* and obliged to submit to the ordeal of the Tangena. Fortunately, he escaped, to the joy of his friends, and the triumph of the cause; for, in his death, his new religion would have suffered. It was now evident that the mission was valued only for the skill and knowledge of the artisans connected with it, and its mechanical uses to the government. First, natives were prohibited from receiving the sacraments, and then, with a policy worthy of the slave States of the republic of America, an edict was issued, forbidding slaves to be taught to read, on pain of the master forfeiting his property in the slave, and being himself reduced to slavery.

A married pair arrived from England to open an infant school and instruct teachers; but, when it was found that they could neither teach the painting of portraits nor yet any useful art, and, in short, do nothing more than the missionaries, either in manufactures or handicraft work, their presence was not wanted. In the schools, a general conscription for the army had, among other causes, left the Missionaries with comparatively few pupils; while the people became more averse to the schools and all kinds of instruction, on finding that the boys sent to be educated or taught mechanic arts were pressed into the service of the government. Restricted in their spiritual labours, the missionaries occupied themselves in translating into Malagasy, and printing the Scriptures. No

foreigner is allowed to hold land in Madagascar and, by a law of the Hovas, permission can be granted to strangers to remain for ten years only. When Mr Griffiths, one of the missionaries, who had remained for this length of time, craved to have his permission of residence renewed, the peremptory message of the queen ordered him "to tie up his luggage and return to his native country;" and Mr Conham, another of the number who had originally come out as an artisan, but had left off work, was also ordered to depart at the end of the limited period. Yet all this while the labours of the artisans who were capable of teaching the people to work in wood and iron were very highly prized; and, while those who taught only *book* knowledge and religion were rejected, Mr Cameron, who had completed the erection of mills, was engaged to undertake the establishment of a foundry and a glass manufactory. The artisans were ever the main dependence of the missionaries in carrying out their special object; but this, too, failed at length. An edict was promulgated prohibiting all teaching except in the state schools—*i. e.*, those established by the government; and the Queen's three favourite ministers no longer disguised their design of expelling the missionaries. Formal complaints were laid against the native Christians, among which was this strange one, "that they were all of one mind respecting their religion." When blamed for speaking evil of idols and other native dignities, the native Christians persisted, for conscience sake, in their course, and the incensed Queen declared that "they would not stop till some of them lost their heads." She, accordingly, published another edict of a kind which, we imagine, those who admire the monarchical principle will allow she had full right to do, and which does not seem half so despotical as many Christian proclamations which we have seen or read of, directed against Jews, Poles, Huguenots, Covenanters, or Roman Catholics. We shall give the leading passages of this important Conservative state paper.

"And I also inform all you Europeans, that whilst you reside here in my country, you may, among yourselves, observe all the customs (religious observances) of your ancestors, and your own customs; and do not entertain any fears, for I do not change the customs of your ancestors, or your customs, for the disposition that you have manifested to my country is good: however, though I state that, if the law of my country be violated, the party is guilty, whoever he may be; nor is that done in this country only, but throughout the world—wherever the law of the country is violated, the party is guilty."

That which has been established by my ancestors I cannot permit to be changed: I am neither ashamed nor afraid to maintain the customs of my ancestors."

The missionaries respectfully remonstrated, and entreated that they might be allowed to teach their religion, together with the sciences. A great *kabary* was forthwith held, amounting to 150,000 persons; and 15,000 troops were marched to this *Wittengamote*, to demonstrate that the government would enforce the decrees promulgated in a third edict, of which we select one choice morsel:—

* What the people of Madagascar term *mpamasesavy*. In English there is no equivalent word. The Scotch say in the same sense, *uncanny* or *not canny*.

"As to baptism, societies, places of worship distinct from the schools, and the observances of the Sabbath, how many rulers are there in this land? Is it not I alone that rule? These things are not to be done, they are unlawful in my country, saith Ranavalomanjaka; for they are not the customs of our ancestors, and I do not change their customs, excepting as to things alone which improve my country. Now then, those who have observed baptism, entered into society, and formed separate houses for prayer (or worship,) I grant ye one month, saith Ranavalomanjaka, to confess, (to make self-accusation,) and if you come not within that period, but wait to be first found out, accused by others, I denounce death against such, for I am not a sovereign that deceives, and servants are not to be deceived.

"Remember it is not about that which is sacred in heaven and earth, that which is held sacred by the twelve sovereigns, and all the sacred idols, that you are now accused; but it is that you are doing what is not the custom of our ancestors; that I abhor, saith Ranavalomanjaka."

The queen was resolved to be every inch a queen, and, moreover, the supreme head of the church in Madagascar. Persecution was now let loose on the native Christians; fines were levied; they were obliged to give up public worship; and their Bibles and other books were taken from them. The far greater number quietly submitted to the queen's decree. Yet the conduct of many of the new proselytes has received the greatest praise from those who witnessed their steadfastness. Some were tried by the ordeal and murdered; none apostatized. The missionaries now gradually withdrew from the capital, and also the artisans, of whom the principal persons have since settled in South Africa; and when the last of them took their departure, the paternal government afforded every facility for their journey, as if heartily glad to be rid of them. The last of the number, Mr Johns and Mr Baker, remained until the summer of 1836, when they went to Mauritius, where they have since directed their especial attention to the natives of Madagascar residing on that island.

Since the expulsion of the missionaries, little is known of the internal condition of the country; but it is believed far from being secure or prosperous. The people have been impoverished by levies to carry on the various wars in which the queen has engaged, and oppressed with a military conscription. To avoid those oppressions, multitudes have fled from the towns and villages, and, settling in the forests, have become banditti, living by plundering travellers or seizing cattle. Nearly two hundred of these robbers or guerillas were, in 1835, executed at one time in Tananarivo. The success which at first attended the queen's arms has failed; and in the later expeditions, fraud, and the most barbarous cruelty, had taken the place of the courage and good military conduct which made Radama victorious over so many of the inferior chiefs. In one province, after the people had submitted to the queen and given up their arms, ten thousand of them were collected in a low, swampy place, under the pretence of "striking the waters," a ceremony employed in taking the oath of allegiance, and were massacred in cold blood! And no sooner was this wholesale butchery effected, than all the boys who might soon become capable of

carrying arms, were separated from their mothers and families, and, if found above a certain height, put to death. The rest of these miserable people, with their cattle and other property, were then driven to Imerina as slaves. This is but one chapter in the chronicle of the late sanguinary wars of the Queen of Madagascar. The chiefs of the southern provinces in 1837, sent an earnest application for protection to the British authorities at Mauritius, denying that they had ever acknowledged the right of the Hovas to their country.

Cultivation had been neglected while so many of the people were engaged in military services; and, in 1837, a great dearth of rice, the principal food of the people, if not an absolute famine, aggravated the general distress. In 1836, the queen sent an embassy to France and England. In London the embassy was well received; but nothing important followed, and the government of Madagascar seem to have been disappointed at the result, and to have, from that time, more rigidly than ever declined all foreign interference with its internal affairs.

The present condition of the native Christians and their future prospects is extremely interesting, and calculated to awaken the deepest sympathy in all Christian nations. In 1837, Mr Johns went to Tamatave, and had a meeting with some of them, and, although they had, in compliance with the royal edict, given up public worship, it is said that

These native Christians were accustomed to read the Scriptures at the hour of midnight in their own houses, or other places of concealment, and to meet in small companies for singing and prayer. They were also, at the capital, and in some of the provinces, in the habit of meeting together on the Sabbath, either in retired places in the forest, in caverns among the rocks, or on the summit of a mountain, for the reading of the Scriptures, and social worship.

Some of the native disciples had assumed the duties of spiritual teachers, and the missionaries retain the hope that their labours will not be in vain, and that a seed of truth has been deposited in Madagascar, which will yet flourish and bear good and abundant fruit. One female convert has already with her blood watered this little seed. Upon a Sunday in August 1837, a number of Malagasy Christians assembled on a mountain near the capital, for singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. They were discovered, and reported to the queen.

The premises of the suspected parties were searched, for the purpose of finding ground for accusation against them, and a box of books, viz. copies of the Scriptures, and other Christian publications, that had been given by the missionaries, being found buried near the house of that eminent Christian woman, Rafaravavy, who had been previously accused of reading the Bible, she was apprehended and imprisoned; her house, her entire property, was given up to plunder; her person secured, and her hands and feet loaded with heavy iron rings. She was menaced in vain during a period of from eight to ten days, to induce her to impeach her companions. She remained firm and perfectly composed; and was put to death by spearing on the 14th of August 1837. She had said repeatedly by letter to her friend, Mrs Johns, "Do not fear on my account. I am ready to die for Jesus, if such be the will of God." She was most wonderfully supported to the

last moment of her life. Her age at the time of her death was thirty-eight years. No feature in her Christian character appears to have been more distinctly manifested than her steadfastness and fidelity even to the death. Many, even of the old people, remarked they had never seen any one so "stubborn" as Rafaravavy; for although the queen forbade her to pray, she did pray, even when in irons; and continued to preach Christ to the officers and to the crowd that followed her for nearly three-quarters of a mile, from the place of public condemnation to the place of common execution.

This heroic woman had been previously discovered and threatened. She has left one orphan girl. Fifteen more of the converts have, with their families, been condemned to irredeemable slavery, and had their property confiscated; and, by the latest accounts, the severity shewn to the Christians had not been mitigated. Infanticide has, it is said, been revived in the country, though we should doubt if that crime had ever been wholly discontinued; but, the slave-trade has not been renewed, nor, if the policy of the government, which forbids all intercourse with foreigners, be maintained, can it be carried on save by pirates and banditti about the coast.

We have hitherto said much more of Madagascar than of the history of it. That the work was wanted, which skilfully lays open a country of great natural capabilities, already in an advanced state of civilization, and occupied by five millions of human beings, no one will question; and though it bears occasional marks of haste, and want of proper concoction, it must be received as a valuable contribution to the most important of all knowledge, that of our race. A large portion of the materials employed was furnished by the missionaries, for what was originally intended to form a "History of the Protestant Mission to Madagascar;" but the design extended, and other excellent materials were collected by Mr Ellis, besides those accounts of Rochon and Dury, and of Benyowsky's expedition, and the other works on Madagascar, with which the public is familiar. Access to the voluminous and interesting official journals of Mr Hastie was obtained from the Colonial Secretary. If these journals exactly correspond with the unpublished private diaries of Hastie, we are bound to say that, comparatively, very slender and imperfect use has been made

of them. The latter we have had the pleasure of perusing; and so complete a picture of the interior movements of a court, and of a sovereign prince, in a certain stage of civilization, but with all the instincts of royalty in full bloom, has, we believe, never yet been given to the world. These MS. diaries are the faithful transcript of the daily transactions of the Resident, and of his conversations with Radama. They give, besides, a minute account of his many journeys with the King, whether warlike expeditions or surveys and royal progresses. They are certainly elliptical and imperfect, leaving much to be guessed from the context; but they also contain many minute and graphic strokes and snatches of autobiography, with which Mr Hastie would not probably have troubled the Colonial Office. On this account we the more regret that Mr Ellis does not seem to have perused those papers. As a whole, they may not be of equal value, but they possess inimitable parts, that would have formed most appropriate additions to a history of Madagascar, in all its relations, and in its most important epoch.

Let us, however, be grateful for the excellent work we have obtained, and to which, in all matters under their particular direction, the publishers have done ample justice to the author. The engravings, if not fine, are true; and really illustrative of manners and usages; and we have a very good map, framed from the late survey of the coast, made by Commodore Owen. Mr Freeman, one of the missionaries, has given, in an appendix, an essay upon the Malagasy language, and an outline of its grammatical structure. The poetry, and the legends and fables of the natives, are illustrated, and the specimen of poetry given is certainly not that of a rude or unintellectual people. The translator may have adorned it somewhat; but he could not have added the high and abstract cast of thought and of contemplative moralizing. Suitable attention is also paid to the geography and natural history of this important island—the Great Britain of Africa; which, whether for weal or wo, must henceforth occupy a more prominent place in the world's annals.

MY FATHERLAND.

(From the Danish of *Jetsmark*.)

BY DAVID VEDDER.

"*Duftende Erge og kornvige vango,*" &c.

Our valleys and straths are bespangled with daisies,
We've silver-blue seas and a rich wooded strand;
Our maids are like graces,
With sweet smiling faces—
Oh, these are the riches and joys of our land!

Our sailors have furrowed each field of the ocean,
To circle the globe they have gallantly striven;
Our corn-fields up-heaving,
Are gloriously waving,
And glowing like gold with the bounties of heaven.

The graves of our heroes who battled for freedom,
Are hallowed for aye in each green Danish dell;

We've planted the pines,
To bloom o'er the shrines
Where patriots conquered and Tyranny fell.
Mighty our monarchs, with sword and with sceptre,
And stalwart the lances they had at command;
The skalds poured in rhyme
Inspirations sublime;
And Fame built her fane in our dear Danish land!
Deep-rooted and strong is the fair tree of Freedom;
It flourishes green 'neath our cold northern sky;
Whilst glory and honour
Await on our banner;
And Tyranny quails at our fierce battle-cry!

NOOKS OF THE WORLD.

NO. II.—A VISIT TO THE WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE proverbial credulity of John Bull is in nothing more miraculous than in the avidity with which he runs after quacks, and in the enormous deluge of their lethal, but legalised trash, which he pours into his stomach. To look at the portraits of honest John, one would not suspect, for a moment, that that "fair, round paunch" was with aught but "good capon lined," except the ancient and honourable staple of his table, roast-beef and plum-pudding, standing side by side with his cool tankard of "jolly good ale and old." Lord, what a mistake! It is a notorious fact, that John drinks physic, and physic of the worst kind, with greater eagerness than he does stout October; and that fair rotundity of corporation, and elephantine massiveness of legs, with which he is represented, may be more than suspected to be half drouthy dropsy and cumbrous disease. It would be a patriotic action for some one to obtain from the Stamp Office the amount of money annually paid for stamps on quack medicines, and thereupon calculate, as might readily be done, the sum spent every year, in this enlightened empire, on the vilest and most deleterious mass of death, in the shape of pill and potion, that ever was put together by impudence and conscienceless cupidity, and distributed, by the aid of patents, and the public and the private press,* through every channel of the community. The sum would be found to be enormous and startling beyond conception. I wonder the advocates of the Temperance Society have not opened upon this scent. I would wish most earnestly to put them upon it. They have decanted on the gin-palaces and the distribution of liquid fire amongst the poor, to good purpose; but are they not aware that an immense quantity of gin circulates under the disguise of quack nostrums, amongst the poorest of the poor? Do they not know that these have purposely all the allurements and all the effect of drams—the momentary stimulus—the sense of warmth and comfort—and then the sinking, sickening feeling, and the greedy, ravenous craving and inward cry of "More! give me more!" They have all this; with the far worse pretence and delusion of cherishing and curing, while they are killing. The tippler of gin—the squalid haunter of the gin-palace—does not pretend to believe, and the heartless vender of the destroying-fire-water does not pretend to tell him, that it does him any good. The wretch goes to his ruin and his grave with his eyes open. He knows that his daily, and, if he can get it, hourly dram is, to use his own language, "eating his inside out;" but the poor tippler of quack physic is persuaded by the daring puffs of the ven-

* Printed bills, containing puffs of quack medicines, are sent out by the wholesale patent-medicine houses to their customers, druggists, stationers, &c., by thousands, gratis, which serve to wrap bottles and small parcels, and thus get distributed into families.

der, and persuades himself, that his potion is putting him a new one in. The thing is, mind you, not a thing of odium and reprobation, a thing denounced and warned against, but it is licensed and legalized by the government. It has the stamp of its sanction, approval, and authority. "What!" says the poor but credulous man, "will you tell me that our great and learned legislators would stamp and recommend this medicine if it were not good? And will you persuade me that our patriotic proprietors of newspapers, who are every day crying for right and justice to the poor man, would fill their papers with advertisements and praises of those medicines, if they were not wholesome?"

"Patents must be bought;
Venders and puffers for the poison sought;
And then, in many a paper, through the year,
Must cures and cases, oaths and proofs, appear:
Men snatched from graves as they were dropping in,
Their lungs coughed up, their bones pierced through their skin;

Their liver all one schirrus, and the frame
Poisoned with evils which they dare not name;
Men who spent all upon physicians' fees,
Who never slept, nor had a moment's ease—
All now as roaches sound, and all as brisk as bees!"

I again earnestly call upon the influential members of Temperance Societies, and, indeed, upon all friends of humanity, to turn their attention to this subject. I would advise them to read the seventh Letter of Crabbe's "Borough," from which the preceding lines are taken, for a fuller and more accurate exposé of the quack-murder system than can be given here. They will there find what they will soon find confirmed in real life, if they will take the trouble to look into it—that, as to quacks—

"No class escapes them: from the poor man's pay
The nostrum takes no trifling part away.
See those square patent bottles from the shop,
Now decoration to the cupboard's top!
And there a favourite hoard you'll find within,
Companions meet! the julep and the gin."

A whole volume could not describe more completely the character and the career of the regular quack, than Crabbe has done it already. That character and career were drawn from the life, and *Neddy* may stand an everlasting type of his class. The lad, who was the zany of the school, happening to find in an old book the name of oxymel of squills, thereupon turned quack doctor, and succeeded.

"Now all the profit fell to Ned's control,
And pride and avarice quarrelled for his soul.
When mighty profits by the trade were made,
Pride built a palace, avarice groaned, and paid;
Pride placed the signs of grandeur all about,
And avarice barred his friends and children out."

Who could not point out at least half-a-dozen of these Neddies? In my own experience, could point to several who are now living in their palaces, while their puffs, with wood-cut at their heads, are going through every new

paper in the kingdom, in order to extinguish what little health remains in the squalid huts of the mechanics of crowded towns. It is true that the mischief is not confined to the poor ; it pervades all ranks ; and the silly rich have done no little to strengthen this destructive infatuation of the lower orders, by their pompous patronage of their St John Longs, animal magnetizers, *et hoc genus omne*. But for the aristocracy of fools I feel comparatively little compassion. It is one thing to kill oneself half by luxurious indulgence, and then the other half by an absurd credulity, from which station, education, means of better information, better advice, and better aid, ought to have been sufficient safeguards—to do this on a silken sofa, with our feet on Turkey carpets, and a table before us with every delicacy of the season upon it, and so to put ourselves out of a world where we are of no real use ; and another, and much more deplorable one, for the poor man, worn with excessive labour and despair, to be lured to his death in the hope of recovering his vigour, and that on his straw mattress, on his cold brick floor, with squalor and wretchedness surrounding him, in the shape of broken windows, fireless grate, empty pantry, and a wife and children who are deplorable objects of misery now, but who on his death, see before them only separation and unknown hardships in Union Prisons, and under severe taskmasters.

If any one think this a fanciful picture, I do not ask him to believe it, or to believe anybody that he may meet, and who may tell him that it is true ; but I ask him, if he lives in a manufacturing town, to take a few turns in its alleys and alley-courts ; and I tell him, and all whom it concerns, (and whom does it not concern, if we are not a little behind the generous heathen who said, “*Homo sum*,” &c., “*I am a man, and I think nothing indifferent which affects humanity?*”)—I tell them these few following facts from a dozen years of professional experience. The quantity of quack medicines consumed by the poor is not merely enormous, but has been steadily increasing for the last ten years. For this there are two causes—one is the increased facility for advertisements by the multiplication of advertising papers, and by the reduction of the stamp-duty on advertisements : but the great and frightful cause is the increase of distress amongst the working population. This is one of the many horrible ramifications of the Corn-and-Cattle monopoly, which, while it has restricted commerce, and thus reduced mechanics’ wages on the one hand, has, on the other, carefully hedged out, not only corn under a certain price, but every species of fresh meat at any price, and thereby driven the poor, not only to overwork themselves, but to seek to satisfy themselves by the most wretched and disease-inducing food ; and, even these failing in quantity, to seek to deaden their natural appetite by gin, tobacco, opium, and quack spirits, under the delightful names of Cordial, Balm of Gilead, Balm of Rakassir, and all kinds

of nectars and nepenthes. I have contemplated with horror the rapid increase of the consumption of opium, and its spirituous tincture, laudanum, within the last ten years. The ravenous fierceness with which opium-eaters enter the druggists’ shops, when want of money has kept them from their dose beyond their accustomed time of using it, and the trembling impatience with which they watch the weighing of the drug, (every moment appearing to them an age,) and the avidity with which they will seize and tear off their wonted dose, and swallow it—are frightful to be seen ; yet must have been seen by many on such occasions. The extent to which this drug is administered by poor women to their children, too, is another crying evil, of which the humane public has little notion ; and it is one for which there never will be found any remedy but the abolition of the abominable restrictions on the importation of food. The wretched mother, while her husband is thundering away in his loom, for sixteen hours a-day, and her older children are gone out to the factory, or elsewhere, to help to increase the scant family revenue, which, altogether, does not reach the point of sufficiency, and with, perhaps, two or three little half-clad and half-starved brats about her, has also one in the cradle. She has no snug nursery—she has no nurse—she cannot afford even to keep at home an elder daughter for that purpose ; but, on the contrary, she has to cook the family food, such as it is, to wash and mend the family clothes ; and, very probably, besides this, to take in washing or other work. While she is busy at the wash-tub, the child wakes and cries. What shall she do ? At night, while she and her husband should and *must* sleep, or they cannot go through their daily work, the child again wrangles and cries. What shall she do ? There is nothing for it but to go to the druggist’s shop for—A PENNYWORTH OF PEACE ; and what that is, anybody in Lancashire can tell you ; and, if you are not in Lancashire, I can—it is laudanum, or opium disguised in treacle, and termed in other places Godfrey’s Cordial. It is in vain to remonstrate with the poor on this practice—they always ask you what they are to do, and think it unanswerable to add—“*A pen’orth of peace is worth a penny.*” Thus are the constitutions of the poor sapped and stupified even in the cradle, and all the wisdom of England cannot point any remedy but that of taking off the violent pressure on the means of existence ; and, if that will not enable the poor of this country to live on bread and cheese and honest beef, instead of opium and quack medicines, then there will be nothing for it but their escaping to those new lands where they can.

In commencing this article, my intention was, as may be seen by my title, to have noticed merely a set of medical practitioners, who, compared with those I have alluded to, would be libelled by the name of quacks. They are country practitioners, who have taken up this profession of themselves, and who, however great

may have been their ignorance, were honest in their endeavours to benefit their patients. Amid the mischief which, in some cases, they must inevitably do, they, no doubt, did a considerable quantity of good. This class of Doctors has been put down by the regular medical men, who have obtained an Act for the purpose; and thus a very curious class of old English leeches, full of original character, has been annihilated, while the great evil itself of quackery has been permitted to go on and prosper on the vitals of the poor, under not merely the nose but the sanction of Government.

My readers may possibly some of them call to mind the trial of a man of this class, of the name of Warburton, in Staffordshire, some years ago, who was prosecuted by the medical men of his neighbourhood under the aforesaid act; and whose examination caused enormous merriment in the court. He professed to practice on the principle of the Whitworth Doctors, and, being asked in what doses he gave his medicine, whether in grains or scruples, replied he had neither grains nor scruples, but dealt it out by handfuls. Sir William Garrow, the judge, asked him if he doctored horses, and he replied—"Yes, and humans as well." The Whitworth Doctors, whom Warburton professed to follow, were, however, far superior in their knowledge and practice to him. They are indeed the most remarkable men of the class that ever perhaps appeared in England, and have accordingly become proportionably celebrated. For originality and eccentricity of character, there are few of those many varieties of singular personages with which the lower walks of English life have abounded, which may be compared with them. As this class of characters is therefore fast becoming extinct under the operation of the Apothecaries' Act, and as the descendants of the original Whitworth Doctors have been obliged to qualify themselves at our regular medical schools, it may be interesting to many to have on record such particulars of these singular men, as a visit to them twenty years ago, and what I have been able to learn of them from other sources, have furnished. It must, however, be kept in mind that this visit was twenty years ago, and that such matter as floats about in common conversation may require some correction. But, in the main, I believe the following relation will be about as correct as can be obtained.

Whitworth is a little village of Lancashire, about three miles from Rochdale. In this village, I suppose half a century ago or more, resided John Taylor, a farrier, and, most likely, originally a blacksmith. This man, who possessed a strong, rough, but sagacious character, was eminently successful in practice upon horses. It is probable that, seeing the beneficial result of his pharmaceutical and surgical operations on horses, like Warburton, he began to imagine that they would succeed on "humans as well." It is certain, however, that their efficacy was tried, and with such consequences that his neighbours began to have a great opinion of his

skill, and not only to put themselves under his hands, but to sound his fame abroad in the country. His patients increased to such a degree that "the humans" soon became more numerous than the brutes. John Taylor did not, on this account, however, despise and abandon the brutes; on the contrary, he continued to practice on "horses and humans as well" during his life; and it is said that, to the last, he gave the preference to, and had the greater pride in, the veterinary department of his business. Long after his death, it will be seen, as we proceed, that stocks for securing horses while any operation was performed on them, were standing before the door of the house, and may be standing there now, for aught I know—but they were, at the time of my visit there, not merely standing but in use. John Taylor's fame soon became preeminent for the cure of cancers, for setting broken bones, and straightening twisted and contracted limbs. For these and numberless other causes, people of all ranks flocked to him from all parts of England. He seems to have been a curious compound of rude independence and good nature. Whoever went to him, gentle or simple, lord or labourer, were treated just in one way. John was no respecter of persons, but he seemed to have strong feelings of the rights of man, and an unbendable sense of justice. It was with him, first come first served; as every one entered his dressing-room, or surgery, or call it what you will, he took his place, and was attended to in his turn, and no sooner. If he came in his carriage or on his bare-feet, it was all one—he would get no preference, and suffer no neglect. If any one, presuming upon his wealth and rank, attempted to claim prior attention, he was sure to get a rebuff that satisfied him on that head; and, if he chose to take affront and go away, why, so he might—John Taylor would neither seek to conciliate him, nor care about it.

Dr Radcliffe, of free-spoken notoriety, who told William III. that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms, or Abernethy of our day, could not be more rude and uncereemonious in their manners than John Taylor. He charged all alike, rich and poor; and such a charge!—hear it, O ye doctors!—eighteenpence a-week for medicine and attendance! It was plain he did not want to make a fortune; and yet, even at this rate, such was the immense numbers who flocked to him, he did make a fortune. The rich, it is true, who received benefit from him, often made him handsome presents; but, if they made these before they left, they got no better attention than they would have done without—for it was his principle to do all that his art could for every one; and, if the poor never paid him, as many never did, he never asked them for it; they staid as long as they pleased, and they went when they pleased. They had lodgings in the cottages of the village, and I believe that it was owing to the need of lodgings that the village itself sprung up. There was a subscription box kept to help such of the poor as could not support themselves; and

when John Taylor heard of any cases of great need amongst them, he would carry round the box himself amongst the more affluent of his patients, and contribute liberally too. It is no wonder that such numbers hastened to the Whitworth Doctor. The medical men of the neighbourhood, of course, exerted all their influence against the spread of John Taylor's extraordinary reputation, and carefully trumpeted about all the cases in which they could learn that he had been unsuccessful; and, no doubt, there were plenty of these, especially as almost every patient who went to him had been under the hands of a regular practitioner till his faith had failed; and a great proportion of them were such as had been dismissed from hospitals and infirmaries as incurable. But John Taylor cared for none of these things. It was his daily delight to deride the skill of the medical men of the country; and, sure enough, he had always before him plenty of instances of signal failures on their part. "Ay," he used to say, as he sat dressing his patients, and looking round on perhaps such a group of cripples and invalids as no infirmary in England contained, "the doctors call me a quack, and a horse-doctor; but who have been doctoring you, I wonder? What makes all you come to Whitworth, eh? if you have good doctors at home? I should like to know that. Can any one tell me that?" And then he would laugh, and tell them what had passed between himself and some of the neighbouring doctors. "A famous doctor of Manchester," said he, on one occasion—and naming a leading physician—"met me the other day as I was going along the street. 'Well, John Taylor,' said he, 'you go on killing as usual, I suppose.' 'Ay,' replied I, to humour the man, 'but at somewhat a cheaper rate than thou does.'"

That John did some signal cures there can be no question. It is probable that his clear, strong head, and a native turn for surgery, gave a precise knowledge of what his drugs and applications could effect, and that his boldness carried him through what more scientific hands dared not have undertaken. I knew a lady well who had been given up by the ablest surgeons of her neighbourhood as incurable. Her complaint was a cancer in the breast. Though living a hundred miles from Whitworth, she resolved, as a last resource, to go to John Taylor. When John had examined the breast, he looked at her, and said—

"What art thou come here for, woman?"

The lady, who was a woman of a dauntless heart, replied, "To be cured, to be sure."

"Cured!" said John in a stern voice; "not all the doctors in England can cure thee: thou may go home again, and *dee*!"

"I tell you, John Taylor," replied the lady, "I shall do no such thing. I am come here to see whether you are as much cleverer than other men, as you are represented. Try your hand, John Taylor, on me. You think I am afraid of being hurt, but you are mistaken; I can bear what you can inflict; and I say, try your hand—let it be kill or cure. I can but die at last."

"Thou art a brave lass," replied John, in evident surprise. "Then, I will try—and God prosper us both!"

The lady remained there six months, and, during that period, she suffered as much as it is perhaps possible for a human creature to bear; but she came home a sound woman, and lived thirty years afterwards. I have often sat, when a boy, and heard her tell what passed at Whitworth. Dr John, as he was called, had then two sons, grown up, who assisted him, George and James. George was married, and Mrs George acted as the compounder of his medicines; and the lady, who seemed herself to catch the spirit of the place, used to help her. The principal remedies used were, a diet drink to purify the blood; an active caustic, called by the appropriate name of "Keen," with which they eradicated cancers; a spirituous liniment, called "Whitworth Redbottle;" a black salve; a snuff, of wondrous virtues, for the head; and blisters. All these, Mrs George and the lady found abundant occupation in preparing, and in the most primitive manner. They used to boil a whole kettle of ingredients for the black salve; then mop the floor, and fling the salve out upon it while it was wet; after which they cut it into portions, and rolled into it little sticks. They made diet drinks by gallons; and made pills by the thousand.

Dr John was not only sought by patients of high rank at Whitworth, but he was, on several occasions, sent for to them to considerable distances. One of these journeys was to Cheltenham, to attend a lady of high rank—a duchess—where arriving, and finding her surrounded by a great number of people, he ordered all out but the husband and maid; and, ascertaining that the complaint was an abscess, with her permission he opened it, and gave her instant relief. This raised such an opinion of his skill, that George III., who was there with his family, afterwards sent for him to the Princess Elizabeth, who had a complaint in the head which resisted all the skill of the royal physicians. John Taylor gave the princess some of his famous snuff, and eventually relieved her. Of some characteristic passages which occurred then, we shall speak anon.

When I visited Whitworth, old John Taylor was dead, and his son James, and the two sons of George, (then dead, too,) were the doctors. I remember James as a stout man, in a blue coat, about fifty years of age, having much the appearance of a respectable farrier. The elder of the two nephews appeared a fine active young man of three or four-and-twenty; the other, a youth two or three years younger.

I well remember approaching Whitworth from Rochdale. The way lay along a very miry, winding road, which it would not have been easy to traverse on foot but for a raised footpath with one single row of flag-stones. The country round was of the wildest description; desolate moors and moorland hills, with scattered fields of the most neglected aspect, with banks with a

flag-stone here and there raised on the top of them, and a few bramble-bushes for fences. Winding round a brown moorland hill, I came to a sort of opening in the side of it, up which continued the causeway of single flag-stones. In this cove or opening of the hill, I found the village—a group of grey-stone houses, above which swelled away a great heathy hill, almost deserving the name of mountain, and, as I soon learned, called “Brown-Wardle.” The poor patients, such as lodged beyond the precincts of the village, were just coming away from the dressing-room; and never did I see such a sight on any other occasion. It appeared to me that the allegory of the “Mountain of Miseries” was here become a reality, and was pouring out all its evils in a bodily and human shape. A crew of the poorest and most emaciated creatures came hobbling along, some on crutches, and some on sticks, with shrunken forms and ghostly countenances, bearing in them all the signs of physical suffering. What rendered their wretched aspect still more wretched was, that most of them were clad in that coarse grey cloth in which the pariah authorities now generally array paupers. We found the village an assemblage of poor cottages, such as the houses of Lancashire weavers generally are, and the inhabitants living chiefly on dry oat-cake, milk, and potatoes. Such a thing as fresh meat, we were told, was rarely seen there, except at the doctor’s and the inn, or in lodging-houses where patients of some property were. The only barber in the village was a woman. Luckily we found the inn a tolerably good village public-house; and, more luckily still, we found two or three highly-respectable and intelligent people staying in it; part of whom were patients, and one a wealthy old gentleman of Leeds, who was in the habit of coming and spending some weeks there annually, from the grateful pleasure of having been there cured of a most formidable disease, which had baffled the most able surgeons of his own town. The inn was at the top of the glen, close under the foot of Brown-Wardle; the doctor’s house on the same side of the village, but lower down. Having established ourselves in our quarters, we soon issued forth to reconnoitre the place and see the Doctors. Of all the “Nooks of the World,” never was I in such a nook as this. All about the village were wretched invalids walking, some with patched faces, some with an arm or a leg bound fast to a board—I suppose, in order to straighten them; some with splints on their arms, shewing that they had been broken; others moving slowly along like spectres, in the lowest state of physical exhaustion; and others inwardly groaning as they passed, evidently from the torture they were undergoing from the *keen*. Dante might have there learned new forms of torture for his “Inferno.” The Doctors’ house was sufficiently pointed out by its larger size, and by the wooden machine standing in the street before it, for fixing immovably horse-patients when under their hands. On entering the dressing-room, a scene still more singular

than that without presented itself. In the village there were, at that time, more than a hundred patients. In this room there were at least fifty, waiting to be dressed or examined. They were all arranged in a row round the room, and in one corner sat James Taylor, with his surgical apparatus—such apparatus as, I suppose, was never seen in any other surgery. It was, in plain truth, the old shoeing-box of the blacksmith—such as, I presume, most of my readers have seen; an oblong, shallow box, with an iron handle, in the shape of a bow, rising over the middle of it, to carry it by—the very box, no doubt, which had served on many an occasion of shoeing a horse before doctoring became John Taylor’s trade. In this box were a few bottles and pots of their invariable remedies—“*keen*,” green salve, red-bottle, some blisters and plaisters ready spread, a large wooden skewer or two, and some hurds. The patients came in succession before the Doctor, and he rapidly examined and dismissed them. Some he sent to Mrs George for medicaments; to others he handed out a plaister or quantity of head-anuff; others came with a blister ready risen; on seeing which he took a skewer, wrapped some hurds round it, and with that desperate weapon flirited the blister straight off at once, gave the raw place a good rubbing with the hurds, and, handing the writhing patient a plaister, told him to go and put that on, and come again in the afternoon, when the same process would be repeated. Some were dressed with the “*keen*,” who, in the agony of it, darted out of the place full speed; and some with rheumatic contractions in the arms or hands were sent to rub the hand-rail of the stairs for half an hour. The whole scene was most singular; but nothing was so remarkable as the stoical endurance of pain by the patients. I suppose it was seeing how lightly pain was treated by the Doctor, that every one felt himself bound, before so many witnesses, to betray no effeminacy; but certainly endurance which, under ordinary circumstances never would have been dreamed of, there was general. That very morning I saw a stout blacksmith present himself. His arm had been broken, and had been set crookedly by his surgeon. James Taylor told him to sit down in a chair in the centre of the room, and, signing a strong man to go behind and put his arms round the patient, and hold him fast in the chair, he ordered another man to take him by the hand and pull out the ailing arm with all his might. He then laid his hand on the ill-set fracture, and, with a sudden pressure, crack went the bone; splints were at hand, and it was set again in a space of time that appeared but as a moment. There, thought I, that man has had enough for one day; yet in the afternoon I met this blacksmith walking about the village with his arm in a sling, and quietly whistling, as if at perfect ease.

The young George was the one who took the department of bone-setting, and he went all round the country, often to very great distances, for that purpose. He had a capital horse, and

rode anywhere to set a bone, at the simple charge of one shilling a-mile, operation included! A gentleman who had been there some time, told me that he saw this George have the arm of a strong man strapped to the iron palisades on the garden wall, and two strong fellows pulling at the man, while he himself took a run-jump, and struck the man on the arm, in order to break again an ill-set fracture, which was, however, too firmly knit to give way to any gentle means; and that, fearful as the operation appeared, the man's arm was soon reset and did well.

To complete the picture of this singular place, we must see, while these things are going on, numbers of patients walking about, having all the appearance of violent colds in their heads, the effect of taking the head-snuff; now and then a horse coming up to be doctored, which the Doctor would walk out to, leaving all his "humans" to wait his return within. The younger James, however, appeared, whilst I was there, to take the horse department. I saw him order a horse to be put in the stocks one morning, with his head fixed fast aloft, and, coming out of the house with a red-hot iron, he bored, very deliberately, five or six holes with it under the horse's jaws, and as coolly then said—

"Take him away, and keep him from any other horses; the disease is contagious, and he'll never be any better."

"If he will never be any better," I asked, "why put the poor creature to that torment?"

"Ah," said James, "but how did I know that till I had tried how far the disease was gone?"

This James might often be seen walking about before the house, with an old hat slung before him by a cord over his shoulders. In this hat he had a large lump of some compound, which he worked into pills as he went about. The hat was fairly saturated through and through with the drug, and appeared to have been used for that purpose for years. When he had made a hat-full of pills, he went and turned them into a box, took another lump of compound, and again commenced his walk and his pill-making.

These curious, primitive people, by this time were become very wealthy. The place, and a great deal of land round it, belonged to them. They kept a pack of hounds, and were very fond of hunting; and often would the Doctor leave the dressing-room without a word, mount his horse, and be off after the hounds before the patients were aware of his intentions. No doubt, it must have been a great relief to him, to get out of the fetid air, and from amongst the miseries of the dressing-room, and enjoy the freshness of the moors and the excitement of the chase; for, callous as the Doctors seemed outwardly, and blunt in their behaviour, there was no want of humanity in them. James used to sit as he dressed his patients, endeavouring to amuse them with all the local stories he could recollect. He often entertained them too with anecdotes of his father, Dr John; of which we may give an instance or two.

A gentleman of great wealth came to Whit-

worth. He drove up to the inn in his carriage, and with a very splendid equipage. He soon sent down a very smart and powdered servant, requesting John Taylor to wait on him. "Wait on him!—wait on him!" exclaimed John, in apparent astonishment. "Tell the man I wait on nobody—those who come here must wait on me. If he wants me, he must come to the dressing-room like the rest, and take his turn." This answer was so offensive that the gentleman, though suffering excruciating pain from a complaint pronounced by his own medical men to be hopeless, was, like Naaman, when the prophet told him to go and dip in Jordan, so indignant that he ordered his carriage out, and told the coachman to drive home again. His servants, however, prevailed on him, as it was of so much consequence to himself, to humour this Lancashire bear, as they called him. He did so, and when he entered the dressing-room—"Thou lazy dog," said Dr John, "what hast thou come here for? If it is not worth thy coming from the inn, it was not worth coming all the rest of the way, I think." The gentleman smothered his indignation, and John eventually sent him home a sound man.

At another time, a nobleman brought his lady to Whitworth. She could not walk, and was carried into the private dressing-room. John inquired what was the matter, and was told that she had been startled by a sudden fright; had fallen; and from that time had never been able to put one foot to the ground. John Taylor told her to try to walk. The lady, smiling, answered, that if she could have walked she need not have come to him. Nothing would satisfy John, however, but that she must try to walk. So, being raised up by her husband, and leaning on him, she made the attempt. As she stood in great pain, John went behind her, and gave her a sudden push with his knee. The lady gave a scream, and a start, and fell into her husband's arms. The nobleman, very indignant at the insult he supposed put upon his wife, asked the Doctor very fiercely what he meant. "Why," said John, "I mean to see what good that has done her. Let her try to walk again now." The nobleman was very angry, and the lady very much alarmed and agitated; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the Doctor could get them to listen any farther to him. "Why, if you are fools, ye are fools," said John. "Let the woman, I say, try to walk again." They were at length prevailed on to consent, when, to the astonishment of the lady, she found the power of her limb in a great measure restored, and was able to get across the room, leaning on her husband. The nobleman was now as full of amazement as he was before of wrath. "In the name of wonder," said he, "how came you to hit on that scheme?" "Why," replied the Doctor, "the woman's hip was out. It was put out in a fright, you said, and I thought a fright was just as likely to jump it in again. There it is, you see. She must have it well bandaged for a while, then all will be safe.

But you may go home to-day if you like." Of course, the joy of both husband and wife was not small. The nobleman, in his gratitude, pressed upon John a purse of gold; but he refusing to take more than his regular fee, the nobleman threw the purse on the table and left it.

James related this story of himself. He was in Staffordshire, near Lichfield, and, it becoming known, he was sent for to a gentleman who was in bed. When he got into his room, he found him surrounded with abundance of bottles of physic. He immediately rung the bell, and ordered the servants to throw all those into the yard; and to get up their master, and let him sit down to dinner with him. They all exclaimed, that was impossible, for their master had not been out of bed for some months. "Never mind," said James; "get us some dinner here; and bring your master a glass of brandy and water. What he is dying of is want of nourishment." With much persuasion the gentleman was got up; drank the brandy and water, and took some food. Next day, he felt a great deal better. James had him down stairs to dinner; and, in a very few days, had him out with him on horseback, and after the hounds.

James used to relate his father's visit to the Royal Family, to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth, with much gusto. The complaint of the Princess was a continued pain and stupor in the head. Of course, John Taylor immediately ordered her to take his snuff. This snuff is made of the powdered leaves of the *Assarabacca*, (*Asarum Europæum*), which has the property of purging the head, and of which plenty was grown in the garden at Whitworth. John, having given his order, and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and, seeing the Princesses all there, he clapped the Queen familiarly on the back, and said—"Well, thou art a farrently woman* to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses."

Charlotte took this unusual familiarity with a very good grace, smiling, and replying—"Yes, Mr Taylor, and I was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them."

John had not, however, retired from the presence of royalty very long, when he was sent for again in great haste. "Well, and what is the matter now?" asked he, on entering.

"Oh! the Princess is taken with such a continual sneezing, that we are quite alarmed."

"Is that all?" said John; "then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good."

John is said to have had the honour of completely relieving the Princess of her complaint. We must, however, give one more characteristic anecdote of him before we withdraw him from court. One morning, as he sat chatting with the Queen and Princesses, a draper's man brought in, by order, a number of pieces of Irish linen for the Queen's inspection. On looking it over, none was found to be so fine as was desired. The man was ordered to bring some much finer. He, of course, assured her Majesty that every effort

should be used to meet her wishes, but that he was doubtful whether any finer really was made. "Oh, dear, yes!" exclaimed both Queen and Princesses, "much finer than this, we are confident."

The man bowed and retired. When he was gone, John Taylor, who sat closely observing all that passed, said—"Now, do you expect the man will bring you any finer?"

"Oh! certainly!"

"Well," said John, "I don't."

"You don't? Why, Mr Taylor, what makes you think so?"

"Because," replied John, "I don't believe there ever was finer made than one piece amongst these. But I can tell you what the man *will* do. He'll go home and rest a while, and then he will come back with the finest piece of cloth, and put a good deal higher price upon it, and then it will do."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Queen Charlotte. "I am a better judge of linen than you give me credit for, Mr Taylor. Besides, the man dare not do such a thing—he would at once lose our patronage—he dare not do such a thing."

"Well," said John, "we shall see."

"Well, now," said the Queen, "we will see. You shall remain here till the man return, and be convinced."

He did so. The man, after a while, came back with a single piece. He assured her Majesty that they had sent all over the city, and had had the good fortune to discover this piece—certainly the most extraordinarily fine piece of linen which he had ever beheld. The Queen and Princesses, on examining it, at once joined in expressions of admiration of it. "That *was* fine, indeed! That *was* much superior to the finest of the former pieces!"

As soon as the man had withdrawn—"There!" said the Queen, turning triumphantly to John Taylor, "what do you think now, Mr Taylor? You will admit, I think, that you were mistaken."

"That may soon be settled," said John. "If that be the fine piece which the man had here before, there is the mark of my thumb on it; for I never saw finer linen than that in my life, and, expecting what the man must do, I privately wet my thumb, and rubbed it in the chimney, before I took hold of the piece."

There was an instant eager examination of the piece, and there, sure enough, was John Taylor's mark.

The country people in the neighbourhood had such an opinion of Dr John's ability, that they believed nothing was too difficult for him. James often told this story. A country fellow one day appeared before the house with a couple of wretched old horses, and asked to speak with the Doctor. John Taylor went out to him; and, on seeing the man's cattle, supposed he was come to sell them for the hounds. What then was his surprise when the fellow gravely told him that he got his living by carting coals with these two horses; that they were now nearly worn out; and that he was too poor to buy fresh ones; so

* Good-looking.

he would be much obliged if he would take them, and make him one *preatty* good 'un out of them. If he could not do that, he was a ruined man.

"One *preatty* good 'un!" said John, looking very grimly at the horses; "why, fellow, what *preatty* good 'un can be made out of two such bare-boned old dog-tits as those, thinkest thou? But, however, take them and turn them into the close by the barn there, and come again in a fortnight. I must try what I can do for thee."

With many thanks, the man made his bow, and took his leave. Duly at the end of the fortnight, to the day, the man appeared, and asked the Doctor if he had done the job for him. John Taylor called a man, and told him to go and bring the horse that he made the other day. Accordingly, the horse was brought from the neighbouring croft, and the fellow, looking him all over with the air of a judge, declared that the horse was certainly better than both of the old 'uns put together; "but," said he, "Doctor, you've made one mistake, and a great 'un."

"What's that?" asked the Doctor.

"Why," said the fellow, "it is a wall-eyed 'un; and, of all things, I canna abide a wall-eyed 'un."

"Get away, thou fool!" said Dr John, "thou shouldst ha' told me that before. It can't be altered now." So the man, walked his beast off the ground, never for a moment doubting but it was compounded of the two old ones. or thinking it at all wonderful that Dr John had done such a thing. The Doctor had plenty of horses on the moor, reserved for his hounds; and out of these he had picked the best.

One of the peculiar features of the place was in the strange things which wealthy people, who had received benefits from the Doctors, had sent them as presents—gewgaws, and things the most unlikely to be valued by such men, and which shewed more gratitude than judgment in the senders. I was astonished one day to find, in a house-trough, in a lane, a quantity of fine gold fish. On asking the Doctor why they were put there, he replied—"Some silly people had sent them, and he did not know what to do with them. He thought they were as well there as anywhere." Another present, of silver-pheasant fowls, found a better reception. George had them up at a barn above the village, and took great delight in them; and truly they were a most splendid flock of fowls indeed.

But we must draw to a close. Great changes time has made amongst the Whitworth Doctors, as well as amongst other people, since that day.

Old John had a sister married to a great manufacturer, of the name of Madon, at Bacup. A friend of mine once went with James there, to see his sister, and met with a most hospitable reception. He there saw an old woman of 105 years of age. She had lived in the Madon family 90 years, and nursed four generations of them. She had then a young child in her arms, and related to my friend the history of the family into which she had entered at the age of 15. Her wages were then sixpence a-week, which were afterwards raised to one penny a-day. She appeared at this advanced time of life still very cheerful, being allowed to do just as much or as little as she pleased, but still attending to the nursery, and retaining it as her peculiar task to clean an old-fashioned grate which no one else could keep bright enough for her. She had a daughter of her own, about 70, whom she jocularly called the old woman.

But not only has time swept away this patriarchal old nurse, but Dr John, and Dr James, and Mrs George, and one of the younger ones too. I have heard something of the two young men going out shooting, and one accidentally shooting the other; of the younger branches going to study and taking their medical degrees at the University; that one or more still remains at Whitworth; one practises largely, much in the old style, at Oldfield Lane, Manchester; and one is settled at Todmorden. The newspapers, in giving an account of the riots at Todmorden the other day, stated that the house of James Taylor, Esq., a magistrate, and one of the family of the famous Whitworth Doctors, had been entered by the rioters, and his family paintings cut to pieces. Can this be the James of the days of my visit to Whitworth—the slim youth of the old pill-manufacturing hat? If so, it is probable that the portraits of Drs John, and James, and George, of Mrs George, and all the famous Whitworth Doctors, are gone to destruction, beyond the art of their successors, or all the powers of "keen," red-bottle, or black-plaster, to restore them. The rascally rogues of Todmorden rioters! A cotton-mill might have been rebuilt; but who shall return to the world the likeness of honest John Taylor, who made nobles come to him as common men; who clapped the Queen of England on the back; and made, for a believing countryman, one "*preatty*" good horse of two bad ones? The loss is irreparable; and, perhaps, even this slight reminiscence may be the most palpable record of him remaining.

REMINISCENCES.

THE pleasure that from contemplation springs
Of nature's beauties, doth not quickly die,
But is a living fount of harmony,
To which the goddess Memory often brings
The wearied spirit: hopes and fears which lie
Within the daily round of common things,
Grow dim in distance, while the days gone by
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Float over us with joy upon their wings.
Calm as the light which in the summer sky
The placid moon doth round about her cast,
Pure as the thoughts which glisten in the eye
And speak in smiles of artless infancy,
Is the remembrance of a former joy,
Streaming in shapes of beauty o'er the past.

LAKE REMINISCENCES, FROM 1807 TO 1830.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

NO. III.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH—*Continued.*

It was at Alfoxton that Miss Mary Hutchinson visited her cousins the Wordsworths; and there, or previously, in the north of England, at Stockton-upon-Tees and Darlington, that the attachment began between Miss Hutchinson and Wordsworth, which terminated in their marriage about the beginning of the present century. The marriage took place in the north; somewhere, I believe, in Yorkshire; and, immediately after the ceremony, Wordsworth brought his bride to Grasmere; in which most lovely of English valleys he had previously obtained, upon a lease of seven or eight years, the cottage in which I found him living at my first visit to him in November 1807. I have heard that there was a paragraph inserted on this occasion in the *Morning Post* or *Courier*—and I have an indistinct remembrance of having once seen it myself—which described this event of the poet's marriage in the most ludicrous terms of silly pastoral sentimentality; the cottage being described as "the abode of content and all the virtues," the vale itself in the same puerile slang, and the whole event in a style of allegorical trifling about the muses, &c. The masculine and severe taste of Wordsworth made him peculiarly open to annoyance from such absurd trifling; and, unless his sense of the ludicrous overpowered his graver feelings, he must have been much displeased with the paragraph. But, after all, I have understood that the whole affair was an unseasonable jest of Coleridge's or Lamb's.

To us who, in after years, were Wordsworth's friends, or at least intimate acquaintances—viz., to Professor Wilson and myself—the most interesting circumstance in this marriage, the one which perplexed us exceedingly, was the very possibility that it should ever have been brought to bear. For we could not conceive of Wordsworth as submitting his faculties to the humilities and devotion of courtship. That self-surrender—that prostration of mind, by which a man is too happy and proud to express the profundity of his service to the woman of his heart—it seemed a mere impossibility that ever Wordsworth should be brought to feel for a single instant; and what he did not sincerely feel, assuredly he was not the person to profess. Ah, happy, happy days!—in which, for a young man's heart that is deep and fervid in his affections, and passionate in his admirations, there is but one presence upon earth, one glory, one heaven of hope!—days how fugitive, how incapable of return, how imperishable to the heart of all that a man has lived! Wordsworth, I take it upon myself to say, had not the feelings within him which make this total devotion to a woman possible. There never lived the woman whom he would not have lectured and

admonished under circumstances that should have seemed to require it; nor would he have conversed with her in any mood whatever without wearing an air of mild condescension to her understanding. To lie at her feet, to make her his idol, to worship her very caprices, and to adore the most unreasonable of her frowns—these things were impossible to Wordsworth; and, being so, never could he, in any emphatic sense, have been a lover.

A lover, therefore, in any passionate sense of the word, Wordsworth could not have been. And, moreover, it is remarkable that a woman who could dispense with that sort of homage in her suitor, is not of a nature to inspire such a passion. That same meekness which reconciles her to the tone of superiority and freedom in the manner of her suitor, and which may afterwards in a wife become a sweet domestic grace, strips her of that too charming irritation, captivating at once and tormenting, which lurks in feminine pride. If there be an enchantress's spell yet surviving in this age of ours, it is the haughty grace of maidenly pride—the womanly sense of dignity, even when most in excess, and expressed in the language of scorn—which tortures a man and lacerates his heart, at the same time that it pierces him with admiration.

"Oh, what a world of scorn looks beautiful
In the repelling glances of her eye!"

And she who spares a man the agitations of this thralldom, robs him no less of its divinest transports. Wordsworth, however, who never could have laid aside his own nature sufficiently to have played his part in such an impassioned courtship, by suiting himself to this high sexual pride with the humility of a lover—and, perhaps, quite as little have enjoyed the spectacle of such a pride, or have viewed it in any degree as an attraction—it would to him] have been a pure vexation. Looking down even upon the lady of his heart, as upon the rest of the world, from the eminence of his own intellectual superiority—viewing her, in fact, as a child—he would be much more disposed to regard any airs of feminine disdain she might assume, as the impertinence of girlish levity, than as the caprice of womanly pride. He would not, indeed, like Petruchio, have hinted a possibility that he might be provoked to box her ears—for any mode of unmanly roughness would have seemed abominable to his nature, with the meanest of her sex; but much I fear that, in any case of dispute, he would have called even his mistress, "Child! child!" and perhaps even (but this I do not say with the same certainty) might have bid her hold her tongue. Think of that, reader, with such lovers as I am placing in ideal contrast with these!

—image to yourself the haughty beauty, and the majestic wrath, never to be propitiated after hearing such irreverent language—nay, worse than irreverent language—language implying disenchantment! Yet still, it may be said, can a man forget—absolutely and in all moments forget—his intellectual superiority? You yourself, for example, who write these sketches, did it follow of necessity that the woman you loved should be equal (or seem equal in your own eyes) to yourself in intellect? No; far from it. I could not, perhaps, have loved, with a perfect love, any woman whom I had felt to be my own equal intellectually; but then I never thought of her in that light, or under that relation. When the golden gate was opened, when the gate moved upon its golden hinges that opened to me the paradise of her society—when her young, melodious laughter sounded in my too agitated ear—did I think of any claims that I could have? Too happy if I might be permitted to lay all things at her feet, all things that I could call my own, or ever hope to do so—yes, though it had been possible that by power divine I should possess the earth, and the inheritance of the earth—

“The sea, and all which they contain.”

What was intellect, what was power, what was empire, if I had happened to possess them all in excess! These things were not of the nature of, had no common nature with, did not resemble, were no approximation to, the sweet angelic power—power infinite, power deathless, power unutterable, which formed her virgin dowry. O heart, why art thou disquieted? Tempestuous, rebellious heart! oh, wherefore art thou still dreaming of things so long gone by, of expectations that could not be fulfilled, that, being mortal, must, in some point, have a mortal taint! Empty, empty thoughts! vanity of vanities! Yet no; not always; for sometimes, after days of intellectual toil, when half the whole world is dreaming—I wrap my head in the bed-clothes, which hide even the faintest murmurs yet lingering from the fretful day—

“The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day;”

and then through blinding tears I see again that golden gate; again I stand waiting at the entrance; until dreams come that carry me once more to the Paradise beyond.

If, however, no lover in a proper sense—though from many exquisite passages one might conceive that at some time of his life he was, as especially from the inimitable stanzas beginning—

“When she I lov’d was strong and gay,
And like a rose in June;”

or perhaps (but less powerfully so, because here the passion, though profound, is less the *peculiar* passion of love) from the impassioned lamentation for “the pretty Barbara,” beginning—

“’Tis said that some have died for love:
And here and there, amidst unhallow’d ground
In the cold north,” &c. &c. :—

yet if no lover, or (which some of us have sometimes thought) a lover disappointed at some earlier period by the death of her he loved, or

“Paradise Regained.”

by some other fatal event, (for he always preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of that “Lucy,” repeatedly alluded to or apostrophized in his poems, and I have heard, from gossiping people about Hawkshead, some snatches of tragical story, which, after all, might be an idle semi-fable, improved out of slight materials)—let this matter have been as it might—at all events he made, what for him turns out, a happy marriage. Few people have lived on such terms of entire harmony and affection as he has lived with the woman of his final choice. Indeed, the sweetness, almost unexampled, of temper, which, in her early and middle years, shed so sunny a radiance over Mrs Wordsworth’s manners, sustained by the happy life she led, the purity of her conscience, and the uniformity of her good health, made it impossible for anybody to have quarreled with her; and whatever fits of ill temper Wordsworth might have—for, with all his philosophy, he had such fits, though rarely—met with no fuel to support them, except in the more irritable temperament of his sister. She was all fire, and an ardour which, like that of the first Lord Shaftesbury,

“O’er-inform’d its tenement of clay;”

and, as this ardour looked out in every gleam of her wild eyes, (those “wild eyes,” so finely noticed in the “Tintern Abbey”) as it spoke in every word of her self-baffled utterance, as it gave a trembling movement to her very person and demeanour—easily enough it might happen, that any apprehension of an unkind word should with her kindle a dispute. It might have happened; and yet, to the great honour of both, having such impassioned temperaments, rarely it did happen—and this was the more remarkable, as I have been assured that both were, in childhood, irritable or even ill-tempered; and they were constantly together; for Miss Wordsworth was always ready to walk out—wet or dry, storm or sunshine, night or day; whilst Mrs Wordsworth was completely dedicated to her maternal duties, and rarely left the house, unless when the weather was tolerable, or, at least, only for short rambles. I should not have noticed this trait in Wordsworth’s occasional manners, had it been gathered from domestic or confidential opportunities. But, on the contrary, the first two occasions on which, after months’ domestic intercourse with Wordsworth, I first became aware of his possible ill-humour and peevishness, were so public, that others, and those strangers, must have been equally made aware of the scene.

Having brought down the history of Wordsworth to the time of his marriage, I am reminded by that event to mention the singular good fortune, in all points of worldly prosperity, which has accompanied him through life. His marriage—the capital event of life—was fortunate; so were all the minor occasions of a prosperous life. He has himself described, in his “Leech-Gatherer,” the fears that, at one time, or at least in some occasional moments of his life, haunted him, lest at some period or other he might be reserved for poverty. “Cold, pain, and hunger,

and all fleshly ills," occurred to his boding apprehension—

"And mighty poets in their misery dead."

"He thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in its pride;
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
Beside his plough, upon the mountain side."

And, at starting on his career of life, certainly no man had plainer reasons for anticipating the worst evils that have ever persecuted poets, excepting only two reasons which might warrant him in hoping better; and these two were—his great prudence, and the temperance of his daily life. He could not be betrayed into foolish engagements; he could not be betrayed into expensive habits. Profusion and extravagance had no hold over him, by any one passion or taste. He was not luxurious in anything; was not vain or even careful of external appearances—(not at least since he had left Cambridge, and visited a mighty nation in civil convulsions;) was not, even in the article of books, expensive. Very few books sufficed him; he was careless habitually of all the current literature, or indeed of any literature that could not be considered as enshrining the very ideal, capital, and elementary grandeur of the human intellect. It will be seen, further on, that, in this extreme limitation of his literary sensibilities, he was as much assisted by that accident of his own intellectual condition, which the Germans of our days have so usefully brought forward to the consciousness, and by which so many anomalies of opinion are solved—viz., his extreme, intense, unparalleled *one-sidedness*, (*einseitigkeit*), as by any peculiar sanity of feeling. Thousands of books, that have given the most genuine and even rapturous delight to millions of ingenuous minds, for Wordsworth were absolutely a dead letter—closed and sealed up from his sensibilities and his powers of appreciation, not less than colours from a blind man's eye. Even the few books which his peculiar mind had made indispensable to him, were not so in the degree which they would have been to a man of more sedentary habits. He lived in the open air; and the enormity of pleasure which both he and his sister drew from the common appearances of nature and their everlasting variety—variety so infinite that, if no one leaf of a tree or shrub, according to Leibnitz's principle, ever exactly resembled another in all its filaments and their arrangement, still less did any one day ever repeat another in all its pleasurable elements—this pleasure was to him in the stead of many libraries—

"One impulse, from a vernal wood,
Could teach him more of Man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can."

And he, we may be sure, who could draw,

———"even from the meanest flower that blows,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

to whom the mere daisy, the pansy, the primrose, could furnish pleasures—not the puerile ones which his most puerile and worldly insulters

imagined, but pleasures drawn from depths of reverie and meditative tenderness far beyond all power of *their* hearts to conceive:—that man would hardly need any large variety of books. In fact, there were only two provinces of literature in which Wordsworth could be looked upon as well read—Poetry and Ancient History. Nor do I believe that he would much have lamented, on his own account, if all books had perished, excepting the entire body of English poetry, and, perhaps, "Plutarch's" Lives."

With these simple or rather austere tastes, Wordsworth (it might seem) had little reason to fear poverty—certainly not with any moderate income; but meantime he had none. About the time when he left college, I have good grounds for believing that his whole regular income was precisely = 0. Some fragments must have survived from the funds devoted to his education; and with these, no doubt, he supported the expenses of his continental tours, and his year's residence in France. But, at length, cold, pain, and hunger, and "all fleshly ills," must have stared him in the face pretty earnestly. And hope of longer evading an unpleasant destiny of daily toil in some form or other there seemed absolutely none.

"For," as he himself expostulates with himself—

"For how can he expect that others should
Sow for him, build for him, and, at his call,
Love him, who for himself will take no thought at all?"

In this dilemma he had all but resolved, as Miss Wordsworth once told me, to take pupils; and perhaps *that*, though odious enough, was the sole resource he had; for, with all his immeasurable genius, Wordsworth has not, even yet, and from long experience, acquired any popular talent of writing for the current press; and, at that period of his life, he was gloomily unfitted for bending to such a yoke. In this crisis of his fate, possibly it might be—a fact which a mere accident once caused Miss Wordsworth to mention to me, in a whispering tone, and (as if ashamed of it) she never recurred to it—that Wordsworth, for once, and once only, became a martyr to some nervous affection. *That* raised pity; but I could not forbear smiling at the remedy, or palliation, which his few friends adopted. Every night they played at cards with him, as the best mode of beguiling his sense of distress, whatever it might be; *cards*, which, in any part of the thirty and one years since I have known Wordsworth, could have had as little power to interest him, or to cheat him of sorrow, as marbles or a kite—(*Scotica*, a dragon!) However, so it was; for my information could not be questioned.

The crisis, as I have said, had arrived for determining the future colour of his life. Memorable it is, that exactly in those critical moments when some decisive step had first become necessary, there happened the first instance of Words-

* I do not mean to insinuate that Wordsworth was at all in the dark about the inaccuracy and want of authentic weight attaching to Plutarch as an historian; but his business with Plutarch was not for purposes of research: he was satisfied with his fine moral effects.

worth's good luck ; and equally memorable that, at measured intervals throughout the long sequel of his life since then, a regular succession of similar but superior God-sends have fallen in, to sustain his expenditure, duly as it grew with the growing claims upon his purse. A more fortunate man, I believe, does not exist than Wordsworth. The aid which now dropped from heaven, as it were, to enable him to range at will in paths of his own choosing, and

" Finally array

His temples with the muses' diadem,"

came in the shape of a bequest from Raisley Calvert, a young man of good family in Cumberland, who died about this time of pulmonary consumption. A very remarkable young man he must have been, this Raisley Calvert, to have discerned, at this early period, that future superiority in Wordsworth which so few people suspected. He was the brother of a Cumberland gentlemen, whom I have seen ; a generous man, doubtless ; for he made no sort of objections (though legally, I have heard, he might) to his brother's farewell memorial of regard ; a good man to all his dependents, as I have generally understood, in the neighbourhood of Windy Brow, his mansion, near Keswick ; and, as Southey always said, (who must know better than I could do,) a man of strong natural endowments ; else, as his talk was of oxen, I might have made the mistake of supposing him to be, in heart and soul, what he was in profession—a mere farming country gentleman, whose ambition was chiefly planted upon turning up mighty turnips. The sum left by Raisley Calvert was £900 ; and it was laid out in an annuity. This was the basis of Wordsworth's prosperity in life ; and upon this he has built up, by a series of accessions, in which each step, taken separately for itself, seems perfectly natural, whilst the total result has undoubtedly something wonderful about it, the present goodly edifice of his fortunes. Next in the series, came the present Lord Lonsdale's repayment of his predecessor's debt. Upon that, probably, it was that Wordsworth felt himself entitled to marry. Then, I believe, came some fortune with Miss Hutchinson ; then—that is, fourthly—some worthy uncle of the same lady was pleased to betake himself to a better world, leaving to various nieces, and especially to Mrs Wordsworth, something or other—I forget what, but it was expressed by thousands of pounds. At this moment, Wordsworth's family had begun to increase ; and the worthy old uncle, like everybody else in Wordsworth's case, (I wish I could say the same in my own,) finding his property very clearly " wanted," and, as people would tell him, " bespoke," felt how very indelicate it would look for him to stay any longer ; and so off he moved. But Wordsworth's family, and the wants of that family, still continued to increase ; and the next person—viz., the fifth—who stood in the way, and must, therefore, have considered himself rapidly growing into a nuisance, was the Stamp-Distributor for the county of Westmoreland. About March 1814, I think

it was, that his very comfortable situation was wanted. Probably it took a month for the news to reach him ; because in April, and not before, feeling that he had received a proper notice to quit, he, good man, this stamp distributor, like all the rest, distributed himself and his office into two different places—the latter falling, of course, into the hands of Wordsworth.

This office, which it was Wordsworth's pleasure to speak of as " a little one," yielded, I believe, somewhere about £500 a year. Gradually, even *that*, with all former sources of income, became insufficient, which ought not to surprise anybody ; for a son at Oxford, as a gentleman commoner, would spend, at the least, £300 per annum ; and there were other children. Still it is wrong to say that it *had* become insufficient ; as usual, it had not come to that ; but, on the first symptoms arising that it soon would come to that, somebody, of course, had notice to consider himself a sort of nuisance elect—in this case, it was the distributor of stamps for the county of Cumberland. His district was absurdly large : and what so reasonable as that he should submit to a Polish partition of his profits—no, not Polish ; for, on reflection, such a partition neither was nor could be attempted with regard to an actual incumbent. But then, since people had such consideration for him as not to remodel the office so long as he lived, on the other hand, the least he could do for " people" in return, so as to shew his sense of this consideration, was not to trespass on so much goodness longer than necessary. Accordingly, here, as in all cases before, the *Deus ex machina* who invariably interfered when any *nodus* arose in Wordsworth's affairs, such as could be considered *vindice dignus*, caused the distributor to begone into a region where no stamps are wanted, about the very month, or so, when an additional £400 per annum became desirable. This, or perhaps more, was understood to have been added by the new arrangement, to the Westmoreland distributorship : the small towns of Keswick and Cockermouth, together with the important one of Whitehaven, being severed, under this regulation, from their old dependency, or Cumberland, (to which geographically they belonged,) and transferred to the small territory of rocky Westmoreland, the sum-total of whose inhabitants was, at that time, not much above 50,000 ; of which number, one-third, or nearly so, might be collected into the only important town of Kendal ; but, of the other two-thirds, a larger proportion was a simple agricultural or pastoral population, than anywhere else in England. In Westmoreland, therefore, it may be supposed that the stamp demand could not have been so great, not, perhaps, by three quarters, as in Cumberland ; which, besides having a population of 160,000, had more and larger towns. The result of this new distribution, was something that approached to an equalization of the districts—giving to each, as was said in round terms, a thousand a-year ; but, in more accurate terms, perhaps £900.

Thus I have traced Wordsworth's ascent through its several steps and stages, to what, for his moderate desires and habits so philosophic, may be fairly considered opulence. And it must rejoice every man, who joins in the public homage now rendered to his powers, (and what man is to be found that more or less does not?) to hear, with respect to one so lavishly endowed by nature, that he has not been neglected by fortune; that he has never had the finer edge of his sensibilities dulled by the sad anxieties, the degrading fears, the miserable dependencies of debt; that he has been blessed with competency even when poorest; has had hope and cheerful prospects in reversion, through every stage of his life; that at all times he has been liberated from *reasonable* anxieties about the final interests of his children; that at all times he has been blessed with leisure, the very amplest that ever man enjoyed, for intellectual pursuits the most delightful; yes, that even for those delicate and coy pursuits, he has possessed, in combination, all the conditions for their most perfect culture—the leisure, the ease, the solitude, the society, the domestic peace, the local scenery—Paradise for his eye, in Miltonic beauty, lying outside his windows, Paradise for his heart, in the perpetual happiness of his own fire-side; and, finally, when increasing years might be supposed to demand something more of modern luxuries, and expanding intercourse with society in its most polished forms, something more of refined elegancies, that his means, still keeping pace, in almost arithmetical ratio, with his wants, had shed the graces of art upon the failing powers of nature, had stripped infirmity of discomfort, and (so far as the necessities of things will allow) had placed the final stages of life, by means of many compensations, by universal praise, by plaudits reverberated from senates, benedictions wherever his poems have penetrated, honour, troops of friends—in short, by all that miraculous prosperity can do to evade the primal decrees of nature—had placed the final stages upon a level with the first. This report of Wordsworth's success in life, will rejoice thousands of hearts. And a good nature will sympathize with that joy, will exult in that exultation, no matter for any private grievances, and with a *non obstante* to any wrong, however stinging, which it may suppose itself to have suffered. Yet, William Wordsworth, nevertheless, if you ever allowed yourself to forget the *human* tenure of these mighty blessings—if, though wearing your honours justly—most justly, as respects A. and B., this man and that man—you have forgotten that *no* man can challenge such trophies by any absolute or meritorious title, as respects the dark powers which give and take away—if, in the blind spirit of presumption, you have insulted the less prosperous fortunes of a brother, frail, indeed, but not dishonourably frail, and in his very frailty—that is, in his failing exertions—and for the deficient measure of his energies, (doubtless too much below the standard of reasonable ex-

pectations,) able to plead that which you never cared to ask—then, if (instead of being 68 years old) you were $\frac{3}{4}$, I should warn you to listen for the steps of Nemesis approaching from afar; and, were it only in relation to your own extremity of good fortune, I would say, in the case of your being a young man, lavish as she may have been hitherto, and for years to come may still be—

“Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
Her audit, though delay'd, answered must be,
And her *quietus* is—to render thee.”⁶

But now, reverting to the subject of Wordsworth's prosperity, I have numbered up six separate stages of good luck—six instances of pecuniary showers emptying themselves into his very bosom, at the very moments when they *began* to be needed, on the first symptoms that they might be wanted—accesses of fortune stationed, upon his road, like repeating frigates, connecting, to all appearance, some preconcerted line of operations; and, amidst the tumults of chance, wearing as much the air of purpose and design, as if they supported a human plan—so much the more, also, to a thoughtful observer, as the subject of this overflowing favour from the blind goddess, happened, by the rarest of accidents, to be that man whom many of us would have declared the most worthy of that favour, most of us, perhaps, as in the case of Themistocles, would have declared, at the very least, second best. I have come down to the sixth case. Whether there were any seventh, I do not know: but confident I feel, that, had a seventh been required by circumstances, a seventh would have happened. At the same time, every reader will, of course, understand me to mean, that not only was it utterly out of the power or will of Wordsworth to exert any, the very slightest influence upon these cases, not only was this impossible—not only was it impossible to the moral nature of Wordsworth, that he should even express that sort of interest in the event, which is sometimes intimated to the incumbents of a place or church-living by sudden inquiries after their health from eager expectants—but also, in every one of the instances recorded, he could have had not the slightest knowledge before-hand of any interest at issue for himself. This explanation I make to forestal the merest possibility of misapprehension. And yet, for all that, so true it is, that still, as Wordsworth needed a place or a fortune, the holder of that place or fortune was immediately served with a summons to surrender it—so certainly was this impressed upon my belief, as one of the blind necessities, making up the prosperity and fixed destiny of Wordsworth, that, for myself—had I happened to know of any peculiar adaptation in an estate or office of mine, to an existing need of Wordsworth's—forthwith, and with the speed of a man running for his life, I would have laid it down at his feet. “Take it,” I would have said—“take it—or in three weeks I shall be a dead man.”

⁶ Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Well—let me pause : I think the reader is likely, by this time, to have a slight notion of my notion of Wordsworth's inevitable prosperity—and the sort of *liem* that he had upon the incomes of other men who happened to stand in his way. The same prosperity attended the other branches of the family, with the single exception of John, the brother who perished in the *Abergavenny* : and even he was prosperous up to the moment of his fatal accident. As to Miss Wordsworth, who will, by some people, be classed amongst the non-prosperous, I rank her amongst the most fortunate of women ; or, at least, if regard be had to that period of life which is most capable of happiness. Her fortune, after its repayment by Lord Lonsdale, was, much of it, confided, with a sisterly affection, to the use of her brother John ; and most of it perished in his ship. How much I never felt myself entitled to ask ; but certainly a part was on that occasion lost irretrievably. Either it was that only a partial insurance had been effected, or else the nature of the accident, being in *bome waters*, (off the coast of Dorsetshire,) might, by the nature of the contract, have taken the case out of the benefit of the policy. This loss, however, had it even been total, for a single sister amongst a family of flourishing brothers, could not be of any lasting importance. A much larger number of voices would proclaim her to have been unfortunate in life, because she made no marriage connexion ; and certainly the insipid as well as unfeeling ridicule which descends so plentifully from vulgar minds, upon those women who, perhaps from strength of character, have refused to make such a connexion where it promised little of elevated happiness, does make the state of singleness somewhat of a trial to the patience of many ; and to many the cruelty of this trial has proved a snare for beguiling them of their honourable resolutions. Doubtless the most elevated form, and the most impassioned, of human happiness cannot be had out of marriage. But, as the opportunities are rare in which all the conditions concur for *such* connexions, how important it is that the dignity of noble-minded (and, in the lowest case, of firm-minded) women, should be upheld by society in the honourable election they make of a self-dependent state of virgin seclusion, by preference to a heartless marriage ! Such women, as Mrs Trollope justly remarks, fill a place in society which, in their default, could not be supplied, and are disposable for duties requiring a tenderness and a punctuality that could not be hoped from women preoccupied with household or maternal claims. In another point, Mrs Trollope is right : few women live unmarried from necessity—few indeed. Miss Wordsworth, to my knowledge, had several offers—amongst them, one from Hazlitt ; all, without a moment's hesitation,

she rejected decisively. And she did right. A happier life, by far, was hers in youth, coming, as near as difference of scenery and difference of relations would permit, to that which was promised to Ruth—the Ruth of her brother's* creation—by the youth who came from Georgia's shore ; for, though not upon American savannahs, or Canadian lakes—

“ With all their fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Amongst the evening clouds”—

yet—amongst the loveliest scenes of sylvan England, and (at intervals) of sylvan Germany—amongst lakes, too, far better fitted to give the *sense* of their own character than the inland seas of America, and amongst mountains as romantic and loftier than many of the chief ranges in that country—her time fled away like some golden age, or like the life of primeval man ; and she, like Ruth, was for years allowed

“ To run, though *not* a bride,
A sylvan huntress, by the side”

of him to whom, like Ruth, she had dedicated her days ; and to whose children, afterwards, she dedicated a love like that of mothers. Dear Miss Wordsworth ! How noble a creature did she seem when I first knew her !—and when, on the very first night which I passed in her brother's company, he read to me, in illustration of something he was saying, a passage from *Fairfax's Tasso*, ending pretty nearly with these words—

“ Amidst the broad fields and the endless wood
The lofty lady kept her maidenhood”—

I thought that, possibly, he had his sister in his thoughts. Yet “lofty” was hardly the right word. Miss Wordsworth was too ardent and fiery a creature to maintain the reserve essential to dignity ; and dignity was the last thing one thought of in the presence of one so artless, so fervent in her feelings, and so embarrassed in their utterance—sometimes, also, in the attempt to check them. It must not, however, be supposed that there was any silliness or weakness of enthusiasm about her. She was under the continual restraint of severe good sense, though liberated from that false shame which, in so many persons, accompanies all expressions of natural emotion ; and she had too long enjoyed the ennobling conversation of her brother, and his admirable comments on the daily reading which they pursued in common, to fail in any essential point of logic or propriety of thought. Accordingly, her letters, though the most careless and unelaborate—nay, the most hurried that can be imagined—are models of good sense and just feeling. In short, beyond any person I have known in this world, Miss Wordsworth was the creature of impulse ; but, as a woman most thoroughly virtuous and well-principled, as one

* “The Ruth of her brother's creation :”—so I express it ; because so much in the developement of the story and situations necessarily belongs to the poet. Else, for the mere outline of the story, it was founded upon fact : Wordsworth himself told me, in general terms, that the case which suggested the poem, was that of an American lady whose husband forsook her at the very place of embarkation from England, under circumstances and under expectations, upon her part, very much the same as those of Ruth. I am afraid, however, that the husband was an attorney.

who could not fail to be kept right by her own excellent heart, and as an intellectual creature from her cradle, with much of her illustrious brother's peculiarity of mind—finally, as one who had been, in effect, educated and trained by that very brother—she won the sympathy and the respectful regard of every man worthy to approach her. All of us loved her—by which *us* I mean especially Professor Wilson and myself, together with such Oxford or Cambridge men, or men from Scotland, as either of us or as others introduced to her society. And many a time, when the Professor and myself—travelling together in solitary places, sleeping in the same bedroom, or (according to accidents of wayfaring life) in the same bed—have fallen into the most confidential interchange of opinions upon a family in which we had both so common and so profound an interest, whatever matter of anger or complaint we might find or fancy in others, Miss Wordsworth's was a name privileged from censure; or, if a smile were bestowed upon some eccentricity or innocent foible, it was with the tenderness that we should have shewn to a sister. Properly, and in a spirit of prophecy, was she named *Dorothy*; for, as that name apparently predestines her who bears it to figure rather in the character of aunt than of mother, (insomuch, that I have rarely happened to hear this name, except, indeed, in Germany, without the prefix of aunt,) so, also, in its Greek meaning,* *gift of God*, well did this name prefigure the relation in which she stood to Wordsworth, the mission with which she was charged—to wait upon him as the tenderest and most faithful of domestics; to love him as a sister; to sympathize with him as a confidante; to counsel him as one gifted with a power of judging that stretched as far as his own for producing; to cheer him and sustain him by the natural expression of her feelings—so quick, so ardent, so unaffected—upon the probable effect of whatever thoughts, plans, images he might conceive; finally, and above all other ministrations, to ingraft, by her sexual sense of beauty, upon his masculine austerity that delicacy and those graces which else (according to the grateful acknowledgments of his own maturest retrospect) it would not have had.

"The blessing of my later years

Was with me when I was a boy:
She gave me hopes, she gave me fears,
A heart the fountain of sweet tears,

And love, and thought, and joy."

And elsewhere he describes her, in a philosophic poem, still in M.S., as one who planted flowers and blossoms with her feminine hand upon what might else have been an arid rock—massy, indeed, and grand, but repulsive, from the severity of its features. I may sum up in one brief abstract the sum total of Miss Wordsworth's

* Of course, therefore, it is essentially the same name as *Theodora*—the same elements being only differently arranged. Yet how opposite is the impression upon the mind! and chiefly, I suppose, from the too prominent effect of this name in the case of Justinian's scandalous wife.

character, as a companion, by saying, that she was the very wildest (in the sense of the most natural) person I have ever known; and also the truest, most inevitable, and, at the same time, the quickest and readiest in her sympathy with either joy or sorrow, with laughter or with tears, with the realities of life or the larger realities of the poets! Meantime, amidst all this fascinating furniture of her mind, won from nature, from solitude, from enlightened companionship, Miss Wordsworth was as thoroughly deficient (some would say painfully deficient—I say charmingly deficient) in ordinary female accomplishments, as "*Cousin Mary*" in Miss Mitford's delightful sketch. French she might have barely enough to read a plain modern page of narrative; Italian, I question whether any; German, just enough to insult the German literati, by shewing how little she had found them or their writings necessary to her heart. The "*Luise*" of Voss, the "*Hermann und Dorothea*" of Goethe, she had begun to translate, as young ladies do "*Telemaque*;" but, like them, had chiefly cultivated the first two pages: with the third, she had a slender acquaintance, and with the fourth, she meditated an intimacy at some future day. Music, in her solitary and out-of-doors life, she could have little reason for cultivating; nor is it possible that any woman can draw the enormous energy requisite for this attainment upon a *modern* scale of perfection out of any other principle than that of vanity (at least of great value for social applause) or of deep musical sensibility; neither of which belonged to Miss Wordsworth's constitution of mind. But, as everybody agrees in our days to think this accomplishment of no value whatever, and, in fact, *unproduceable*, unless in an exquisite state of culture, no complaint could be made on that score, nor any surprise felt. But the case in which the irregularity of Miss Wordsworth's education *did* astonish one, was in that part which respected her literary knowledge. In whatever she read, or neglected to read, she had obeyed the single impulses of her own heart; where that led her, *there* she followed: where that was mute or indifferent, not a thought had she to bestow upon a writer's high reputation, or the call for some acquaintance with his works to meet the demands of society. And thus the strange anomaly arose, of a woman deeply acquainted with some great authors, whose works lie pretty much out of the fashionable beat; able, moreover, in her own person, to produce brilliant effects; able on some subjects to write delightfully, and with the impress of originality upon all she uttered—and yet ignorant of great classical works in her own mother tongue, and careless of literary history, unless where it touched upon some topic of household interest in a degree which at once exiled her from the rank and privileges of *blue stockingism*. The reader may perhaps have objected silently to the illustration drawn from Miss Mitford, that "*Cousin Mary*" does not effect her fascinations out of pure negations. Such negations, from the mere startling effect of their oddity in this present

age, might fall in with the general current of her attractions; but Cousin Mary's undoubtedly lay in the *positive* witcheries of a manner and a character, transcending, by force of irresistible nature, (as in a similar case recorded by Wordsworth in "The Excursion,") all the pomp of nature and art united, as seen in ordinary creatures. Now, in Miss Wordsworth, there were certainly no "Cousin-Mary" fascinations of manner and deportment, that snatch a grace beyond the reach of art: *there* she was indeed painfully deficient; for hurry mars and defeats even the most ordinary expression of the feminine character, its gentleness: abruptness and trepidation leave often a joint impression of what seems for an instant both rudeness and ungracefulness: and the least painful impression was that of unsexual awkwardness;—but the point in which Miss Wordsworth made the most ample amends for all that she wanted of more customary accomplishments, was, this very originality and native freshness of intellect, which settled with so bewitching an effect upon some of her writings, and upon many a sudden remark or ejaculation, extorted by something or other that struck her eye, in the clouds, or in colouring, or in accidents of light and shade, of form, or combination of form. To talk of her "writings" is too pompous an expression, or at least far beyond any pretensions that she ever made for herself. Of poetry she has written little indeed; and that little not, in my opinion, of much merit. The verses published by her brother, and beginning—"Which way does the wind come?" meant only as nursery lines, are certainly wild and pretty; but the other specimen is likely to strike most readers as feeble and trivial in the sentiment. Meantime, the book which is in very deed a monument to her power of catching and expressing all the hidden beauties of natural scenery with a felicity of diction, a truth, and strength, that far transcend Gelpin, or professional writers on those subjects, is her record of a tour in Scotland, made about the year 1802. This book, unless my recollection of it, from a period now gone by for thirty years, has deceived me, is absolutely unique in its class: and, though it never could be very popular, from the minuteness of its details, and the luxuriation of the descriptions, yet I believe no person has ever been favoured with a sight of it that has not regretted that it is not published. Its own extraordinary merit, apart from the interest which *now* invests the name of Wordsworth, could not fail to procure purchasers for one edition, on its first appearance. Coleridge was of the party at first; but afterwards, under some attack of rheumatism, found or thought it necessary to leave them. Melancholy it would be at this time, thirty-six years and more from the era of that tour, to read it under the afflicting remembrances of all which has been suffered in the interval by two at least out of the three who composed the travelling party; for I fear that Miss Wordsworth has suffered not much less than Coleridge: and, in any general expression of it, from the same cause—viz., an excess of pleasurable ex-

citement and luxurious sensibility, sustained in youth by a constitutional glow from animal causes, but drooping as soon as that was withdrawn. It is painful to point a moral from any story connected with those whom one loves or has loved; painful to look for one moment towards any "improvement" of such a case, especially where there is no reason to tax the parties with any criminal contribution to their own sufferings, except through that relaxation of the will and its potential energies, through which most of us, at some time or other—I myself too deeply and sorrowfully—stand accountable to our own consciences. Not, therefore, with any more intention of speaking in a monitorial or censorial character, than in passing, after dark, through Grasmere churchyard, and trespassing a little to the left, I could be supposed to have the intention of trampling upon the grave of one who lies buried near the pathway, and whom once I loved in extremity, do I here notice a defect in Miss Wordsworth's self-education of something that might have mitigated the sort of suffering which, more or less, ever since the period of her too genial, too radiant youth, I suppose her to have struggled with. I have mentioned the narrow basis on which her literary interests had been made to rest—the exclusive character of her reading, and the utter want of pretension, and of all that looks like *blue-stockingism* in the style of her habitual conversation and mode of dealing with literature. Now, to me it appears, upon reflection, that it would have been far better had Miss Wordsworth condescended a little to the ordinary mode of pursuing literature; better for her own happiness if she *had* been a blue-stocking: or, at least, if she had been, in good earnest, a writer for the press, with the pleasant cares and solitudes of one who has some little ventures, as it were, on that vast ocean. We all know with how womanly and serene a temper literature has been pursued by Joanna Baillie, by Miss Mitford, and other women of admirable genius—with how absolutely no sacrifice or loss of feminine dignity they have cultivated the profession of authorship; and, if we could hear their report, I have no doubt that the little cares of correcting proofs, and the forward-looking solitudes connected with the mere business arrangements of new publications, would be numbered amongst the minor pleasures of life; whilst the more elevated cares, connected with the intellectual business of such projects, must inevitably have done much to solace the troubles, which, as human beings, they cannot but have experienced; and even to scatter flowers upon their path. Mrs Johnstone, of Edinburgh, has pursued the profession of literature—the noblest of professions, and the only one open to both sexes alike—with even more assiduity, and as a *daily* occupation; and, I have every reason to believe, with as much benefit to her own happiness, as to the instruction and amusement of her readers: for the petty cares of authorship are agreeable, and its serious cares are ennobling. More especially is such an occupation useful to a woman without

children, and without any *prospective* resources ; resources in objects that involve hopes growing and unfulfilled. It is too much to expect of any woman (or man either) that her mind should support itself in a pleasurable activity, under the drooping energies of life, by resting on the past or on the present : some interest in reversion, some subject of hope from day to day, must be called in to reinforce the animal fountains of good spirits. Had that been opened for Miss Wordsworth, I am satisfied that she would have passed a more cheerful middle-age, and would not, at any period, have yielded to that nervous depression which, I grieve to hear, has clouded her latter days. Nephews and nieces, whilst young and innocent, are as good almost as sons and daughters to a fervid and loving heart that has carried them in her arms from the hour they were born. But, after a nephew has grown into a huge hulk of a man, six feet high, and as stout as a bullock ; after he has come to have children of his own, lives at a distance, and finds occasion to talk chiefly of oxen and turnips—no offence to him—he ceases to be an object of any very profound sentiment. There is nothing in such a subject to rouse the flagging pulses of the heart, and to sustain a fervid spirit, to whom, at the very best, human life offers little of an adequate or sufficing interest, unless when idealized by the magic of the mighty poets. Farewell, Miss Wordsworth ! farewell, impassioned Dorothy ! I have not seen you for many a day—shall never see you again perhaps ; but shall attend your steps with tender thoughts, so

long as I hear of you living : so will Professor Wilson ; and, from two hearts at least, that loved and admired you in your fervid prime, it may sometimes cheer the gloom of your depression to be assured of never-failing remembrance, full of love and respectful pity.

Here ceases my record of the life and its main incidents, so far as they are known to me, of William Wordsworth ; to which, on account of the important services which she has rendered him ; on account of the separate interest which, apart from those services, belongs to her own mind and character ; on account of the singular counterpart which in some features they offer to those of her brother ; and, on account of the impressive coincidence and parallelism in this remarkable dedication of Dorothy to William Wordsworth, with that of Mary to Charles Lamb—I have thought that it would be a proper *complement* of the whole record, to subjoin a very especial notice of his sister. Miss Wordsworth would have merited a separate notice in any biographical dictionary of our times, had there even been no William Wordsworth in existence.

I have traced the history of each until the time when I became personally acquainted with them ; and, henceforwards, anything which it may be interesting to know with respect to either, will naturally come forward, not in a separate narrative, but in connexion with my own life ; for, in the following year, I became myself the tenant of that pretty cottage in which I found them ; and from that time, for many years, my life flowed on in daily union with theirs.

THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

AWAY, dim twilight !—O thou star,
Lead all thy host to mourn !
Each eyeing, from his radiant car,
Pale Beauty o'er the urn.

Oh, he is gone !—the pallid flower
Is waving o'er his head,
Wet with a maiden's heart-wrung shower,
Low bending o'er his bed.

The soft breeze wafts the waving hair
Back from her dewy cheek ;
Her marbled hands are pressing there—
In wo she dare not speak.

Those ringlets on her bosom's swell
Have found a troubled pillow,
As when the night-wind breathes its spell
Low moaning o'er the willow.

The star-beams pour their fitful light
Full on her lofty brow ;
Where grief, amid its struggling might,
Has shed a hallowed glow.

Hark ! as the swelling of the breeze,
Love-laden, hurrying on,
Dies in low plaintive melodies—
Was it a mortal tone ?

Alas ! the leaf is red and sore,
And the hills in silence brood,
When winter, stealing on the year,
Sighs forth a low prelude.

Who now will shield thee, gentle one ?
Whose smiling look will cheer ?
Whose love, like the unfading sun,
Shall awe the world's cold sneer ?

Whose quivering lip and downcast eye,
Amid the stranger's hall,
Will glance in voiceless ecstasy,
As flits thy light footfall ?

When cold looks check thine eager eyes,
Oh, *then*, thou'lt think of *him*—
Though Love should smile, warm tears will rise—
It would not smile like *him*.

Oh, let the moaning of the brook,
As for its mountain shrine,
The waving bough, the heaven's sad look,
Blend sympathy with thine.

For thou art like the diadem
That brightens morning's eye ;
But frail as is the fragile stem,
That bends to every sigh.

BLANCHE DELAMERE.

CHAPTER X.

Rosamond's Bower!

THE bright-eyed morning of the still *vernal* summer wore its fresh dew and innocent beauty, when the carriage of the Lady Blanche Delamere drew up at a small green portal, which broke the high wall over which sweet-scented hawthorn sprays and blooms, and the gorgeous flowers of the horse-chestnut, were shedding a luxuriance of floral loveliness. It had cost the servants some trouble to discover the sequestered residence by any address that Blanche or her governess could imagine as appropriate to "the lady living under the protection of Mr Devereux." She could not be known as Mrs Devereux—nor, the mother of a family of children, as Miss Weston. In fact, the inmate of the pretty detached cottage, in former days playfully named, by Mr Devereux, "*Rosamond's Bower*," and known in his family as "*Frederick's country seat*," went by the most common and convenient of all names—that of "*Mrs Smith*." From the narrow precincts of her domain, of an acre and a half, or thereabouts, laid out in flower-beds, orchard, and lawn, the prying eyes of the curious and *vulgar* were as jealously excluded as if the cottage had been an aristocratic mansion, embosomed amidst "the pomp of groves and garniture of fields," in the lordly park of the Fanfaronades, over whose high walls even the prying eyes of the bagman, on the top of the fast coach, could hardly catch a passing glimpse, though straining his neck like a crane, that he might have the pleasure of telling, ever after, at dinner, how he had seen Lord F.'s "*cha'ming place*." 'Tis the worshippers make the idol.

The sudden opening of the green door in the bowery lane revealed a fairy scene, as the fairydom of gentility is imagined in England—a cottage, of the order *picturesque*, ornamented with French lattices and a verandah, and embosomed, or rather matted and *mosaicked*, by roses and honeysuckles, passion-flowers, fuschias, myrtles, and clematis—the latter disporting their vagrant fancies in a luxuriant entanglement of blossom and foliage. The bright, fresh turf of the trim, span-breadth lawn, was embroidered with violets, and primroses, and the wild blue hyacinth; and the folding glass door of the hall, thrown open beyond it, shewed, in tasteful confusion, skin mats, rustic seats, and baskets, and stands with plants in flower; with a few stuffed birds and animals, and fishing-rods and fowling-pieces, along up with garden rakes fit for a lady's hand. But the principal ornament of the saloon, was a large and handsome Newfoundland dog, stretched across the threshold, and basking sleepily in the morning sun, while a lovely little girl strewed his glossy, ebon coat with flowers from the stores in her lap. Her brother had been attracted from her side by the appearance of the ladies, whom the maid-servant now ad-

mitted with the fuss and bustle consequent on that wonderful phenomenon, the appearance of female visitors in a place where nothing that could, by any stretch of politeness, be called a lady, ever had appeared—save the poor sempstress who lost some of her best and most virtuous customers by making frocks and bonnets for Mrs Smith's children.

"How sweet a spot!" whispered Blanche to her friend—"how pure, and peaceful, and homelike!" She stooped to pat the child and the dog—the one giving her welcome by bright smiles—the other with a benevolent growl, and wag of his tail. "Were this indeed poor Rosamond's *home*—these *her* children—which yet are *her* children—how delightful our visit—how pleasant to renew early friendship—how gracious a continued intercourse with one amiable and affectionate—the mother—the *wife*—surrounded by all the sweets of home and family—and oh! more than all, enjoying the security, the self-approval, wanting which all else is without value, if not the source of remorse and unappeasable anguish! How dreadful for an affectionate-hearted woman to have placed herself in a condition in which she must be compelled to wish her children unborn or buried!"

The ladies were meanwhile ushered into a light and airy morning room, in which breakfast was set out. The sunbeams were dancing through the clustering foliage of the lattice upon its gay chintz furniture, and brilliant paper hangings, and airy draperies, and its few choice cabinet pictures, and well-stored Lilliputian bookcases. The whole scene, and every comfortable or elegant accessory, were so thoroughly domestic, yet so cheerful and happy—that Blanche, addressing the little girl who toddled after her, for a moment forgot her errand, and where she stood. Her recollection was instantly recalled by a portrait in crayons, which, as the most cherished ornament of the *home*, hung over the mantel-piece.

"That's papa," said the boy, following her eye. It bore, indeed, a striking resemblance to the alleged head of the household, if head it might ever be said to have. He was, however, the absolute master of the inmates; their sole hope and dependence—by whom and for whom they existed; the lord of their destiny. Other households have claims and rights; legal protection; friends, neighbours, sustaining social sympathy—that strongest bulwark of the security of families, which is bound up with the general weal of society: this little household was thrust beyond its pale. It had been drawn together for the licentious or selfish pleasure of one man—it had existed at his mercy—it was now to be annihilated by his fiat. With such thoughts passing through their minds, the unexpected visitors silently waited the appearance of Molly's "*Missis*," who, the handmaiden took upon

her to assure them, would appear "in a jiffy." As she disappeared, the boy informed the ladies that "mamma was not very well this morning."

"If you are from town, ma'am, perhaps you will see papa. He has not been down for some time. If I could write, I would send him a letter, bidding him come, for mamma is not able to write him now, she says—her headache is so very bad; and she cried so, when I would not let Mary put papa's flute away from mamma's pianoforte."

Twice had the quick ear of Blanche caught a faint rustle, as if a child touched the door-handle, and had then desisted as if afraid to venture in. At a third palpable attempt, the boy threw open the door, and the sad, pale, drooping, and trembling young woman staggered, rather than walked forward, and failed in an incoherent attempt at speech. It was not the innocent, happy, and buoyant Rosamond Weston of past times, though there were many traces of her in the tall emaciated woman, who, still in mourning for her infant, wore a dress somewhat resembling that of the Sisters of Charity. Lady Blanche advanced with a grave expression of sympathy and friendliness; and the Quakeress also advanced, with that air of mild and benign kindness and courtesy, which won all unsophisticated hearts. There was instant though silent mutual recognition.

"I may seem an unpardonable intruder," said Blanche; "but the motive of my visit must plead my apology." The words of the young woman, in reply, were unconnected and unintelligible; her eyes were downcast and brimming with tears; her voice tremulous. The boy pressed to his mother's side, in sympathy with those signs of distress, and took her hand—and the tears overflowed their bed.

"You are the Lady Blanche Delamere," she whispered at last; "and I can guess your errand—yet, for a few moments, spare me." She gasped as if for breath, and her colour went and came. Blanche turned away in compassionate sympathy, and busied herself in opening the lattice to give her freer air.

"You are very ill, dear mamma," said the boy, anxiously pressing his mother's damp hand.

"I will be better soon—go now, Horatio—go, dear boy. Take Eleanor into the garden, Mary, till I call you. I have business with the ladies." The boy had been trained in the obedience of love; and, though very unwilling to leave "poor mamma" and the strangers, about whom he was curious, he never thought of disputing her will. She hastily shut, and even bolted the door, and, rushing towards the Quakeress, threw herself on her knees before her, and gave way to the passion of sorrow and shame which she had struggled to subdue in presence of her infants. No words passed for some time; and Blanche, bending over the weeping Magdalene, kindly and respectfully pressed the thin hand, on whose white attenuated fingers the rings, forgotten by the wearer as by the bestower, though tokens of fond remembrance, if not troth-plights, yet glittered. And now Blanche almost embraced, in gently raising the feeble despairing creature, over whom

she leaned, while she whispered—"I am, as you guess, your former playmate, Blanche Delamere—but not here, Rosamond, to give you pain or sorrow—oh, no!" And she led her old companion to an ottoman, and sat down by her. "Since you remember me, and have heard of me, you may also have learned where I am living—whose attentions, and almost courtship, I have, in ignorance, been receiving. I have been in imminent danger of becoming the affianced bride, while another is, or ought to be, the wife of Mr Devereux."

"Softly, dear child!" interposed the Quakeress, alarmed at the impetuosity of her pupil, whose impulses, if always benevolent, were not always, she feared, under the restraint of cool judgment; but Blanche heard her not.

"Your claims, Rosamond, are of older date and of more sacred character than mine."

"Ah, no, no—alas, no!" answered the young woman; "I have no right—no claim—none which law sanctions—none which society allows;—to him alone I looked—to his love for us."

"What! are not your children his—is not this the home which he has given you, and shared with you for so many years?"

"Alas, yes!—my poor innocent children!—I have gathered the apples of Sodom—but, for them remain the ashes. Oh, could I be the only sufferer, I should ask no more!"

It was at last to the benign Quakeress that the unhappy girl was beguiled into confiding her whole story. From her young, rich, beautiful, and—as her still devoted, and, therefore, jealous heart whispered—her triumphant rival, she shrank with mingled shame and apprehension. Her feelings far more refined, and her heart as purely feminine as that of simple Phoebe Waterton, she also attempted no self-justification—permitted no reproach, no complaint, to escape her against the author of her misfortune. There was in her manner and her words, a degree of meek forbearance, of deep humility, which almost chafed the quick and high spirit of Blanche.

She spoke in French to her *gouvernante*, who perfectly understood, without ever allowing her lips to be polluted by pronouncing one word of that polished language of gallantry and sentiment, compliment and double-entendre.

"One might fancy this poor woman agreed in opinion with the generous world—that her seducer is the injured party, and she the only culprit, because he is about to be slightly whipped by the natural consequences of his pleasant vices—or from having to deal with a person so eccentric, for one in her rank, as my humble self, in her opinions of morality, religious obligation, and social rights—who, knowing it is my highest duty to love my neighbour as myself, cannot think it fit to marry my neighbour's husband."

The flushed cheek of the unhappy girl shewed that she understood the scope of this speech.

"You understand what I have taken the liberty to say," added Blanche, hastily. "Tell me, then, frankly, do you think you have no claims on Mr Devereux? Are your youth,

your affection, your womanhood, your honour and happiness, of no value, save the wretched, pecuniary recompense it is at his pleasure either to set upon them or to withhold?"

"Yes, alas!—sometimes, when despair has, for a moment, given way to indignation, and to that natural pity for myself which I may not deserve from the virtuous, I have dared, for a few moments, to think so:—but, oh! no! no! Me he could not now marry, without the disgrace I could never bring upon him, were he even willing to incur it for me. Is it for me—weak, infatuated as I have been, and now justly punished—to come between him and the brilliant fate which may yet be his?"

Blanche was not satisfied.

"Right, indeed, it must be," she said, in a tone of asperity, "that men decree that what in them is a jest—an amiable weakness, a venial trespass of youth—should on their frail partners, be visited with social proscription, ruin, misery, irreparable degradation and infamy, since women themselves can vindicate the opinions and rules which their masters establish for their own benefit, or to secure indemnity for their most cruel injustice."

"It is not for me, who have for ever forfeited the world's good opinion, to brave it now," sighed the afflicted woman. "The poor children, of whom he seemed so fond—save for them, I am resigned to everything. Mine, in my happiest moments, when Devereux loved me well, has ever been a troubled joy."

"Loved you!" exclaimed Blanche, scornfully. "Durst this man so profane the attribute by which God Himself chooses to be revealed to his creatures? How false, how shameless a mockery!—Loved you! while his every act degraded you in the eyes of your fellow-creatures and in your own. Thus the wolf loves the lamb, which he tears to glut himself with its tender flesh; thus the vermin loves the fruit in whose bosom it riots till it become wasted and loathsome."

She felt that she had spoken too strongly; and, considering the delicate situation and sensitive feelings of the unhappy object of her indignant pity, perhaps harshly; and endeavoured to soften the expression of her opinion, by adding—

"I do perhaps feel too strongly on those points; but it is because the world—even the virtuous part of it—seems so hardened as not to feel at all."

The delicate, but ingenious questioning of the Quakeress could not draw from the unhappy Rosamond that she had ever received any direct promise of marriage from her lover.

"I never demanded one," she said, with tones of pathos which thrilled to the heart of Blanche. "At first, while happy in his love, how could I doubt?—at last, how could I speak?"

It was too true. Mr Devereux spared himself and her on the past, and she never found courage to speak of the future, until the dawning intelligence of her eldest child alternately presented it in uncertainty, or dark-

ness and terror. After 'the birth of that child, with infinite pain and sorrow she made up her mind to separate from the man in whom her soul, with all its affections and hopes, was centred; but Mr Devereux, who had no other *serious* attachment, and who was not yet tired of his gentle and elegant companion, took alarm at the idea of his Rosa's desertion; and her wise and virtuous resolution was overruled by his remonstrances. The Quakeress considered this unwise submission a very great aggravation of the original error of the unhappy girl, whom she, nevertheless, sincerely pitied; but this severe opinion she suppressed; and, to afford a temporary diversion of feeling to her involuntary hostess, she begged for a cup of coffee, aware that poor Rosamond might feel it presumption, or impertinence, to offer her guests refreshments after their early drive. Breakfast was accordingly served, and slightly partaken—the children again appearing, and prattling to the kind strangers—to the *handsome* and the *good* lady—with all the captivating simplicity of their age, while the mother's eyes gushed over, and Blanche gazed pitifully on the lovely *Paria* family, sprung of English aristocracy. The little girl, Eleanor, what—as she grew up in beauty, and with the refined and sensitive feelings of her sex—were to be her sufferings and mortifications!

"Eleanor is papa's pet," said the little boy, raising to Blanche the candid brow which already said—

"Here, shame is ashamed to sit!"

What were to be his feelings when time revealed to him the ignominy of his birth, and the humiliation and wrongs of her who was now the angel of his life?

When the slight repast was concluded, the party went into the garden for freer air; and, while the children tumbled on the grass plats, or gambolled in the walks, the former conversation was resumed, in that bowery summer-house which, in fine weather, was the usual afternoon haunt of Rose and her protector. Blanche had whispered to her *bonne* that it would refresh her spirit could poor Rosamond only be roused to one burst of hearty, honest indignation against him; but all she obtained was one fugitive glance of joy, one bright gleam of rapture, when she energetically declared that, between herself and Mr Devereux, every tie was severed—that, whatever the world, or even the law might pronounce, she considered him an unmarriageable man, if an unmarried one; bound by the deepest obligations to his children, and with much to atone for to them, and very much to be forgiven. Tears streamed down the cheeks of Rosamond—a soul-relieving flood. All that she dared wish for was not to be separated from her children just yet, while they were still so very young; while, on the other hand, her judgment whispered, that the sooner the dreaded sacrifice was made, the better for them.

"The law, I believe, Rosamond, cannot deprive you of your children; in that respect you

are more happy, as a mother, than women whose rights it protects, as wives. Oh, no! Our masters, the law-makers, seek no power over those unhappy children whose existence only embarrasses them. It leaves children in the sole power of those women who are presumed to be vicious and corrupted, and who certainly are degraded and ruined in the world's esteem, and strips the virtuous married mother of all power over her own offspring! You smile, *ma bonne*, at my not *unusual* warmth; but there is something rotten in this our state of Denmark, and why should not I denounce it?"

"Whatever be my wishes or my rights, how can I oppose the decision of Mr Devereux, in disposing of my poor children? On his will they must depend for the very bread they eat, while my watchful care, my yearning love, can only bring blight and shame upon the dearest object of my soul."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Blanche, when again seated in the carriage, "that man's selfish vice and woman's weakness should thus convert the finest and sweetest feelings of a nature, even in its frailty so exquisitely feminine, into scorpions to sting her! What is to be the fate of her little ones? How often have I heard you descant on the many chances against the healthful growth and development of the moral principles and feelings of illegitimate children!"

The mother had not ventured to follow the guests, whose respectful sympathy and parting injunctions that she would take no step and consent to no arrangements until she heard from them, had fallen like healing balm on her crushed and desolate heart; but the joyous children followed to the green door, the boy requesting that papa might be sent down, and the little girl holding up her rosy mouth to be kissed, as, all glee and smiles, she lipied her pretty farewell.

On the homeward drive, the conversation naturally turned on the scene they had witnessed, and the condition of deserted women, with illegitimate offspring. Before they reached home, the *bonne* quietly inquired of her impetuous pupil what she meant to do? "Need you inquire? My kiss on the lips of that innocent child, is the seal of my covenant that through me no injury or injustice shall ever come to her or her unhappy mother." She was in the drawing-room ere the words were well uttered.

A note, left for Lady Blande, had merely stated that Lady Blanche was to drive into the country a little way with Mrs Thompson, to visit an old friend, but would be back early; and though there was a little wonder at the very independent manner in which the young lady often acted, and some doubtful augury at this capricious and ill-bred breach of a formal appointment, with a lover all but vowed, it was quietly set down to Lady Blanche's way; and her friend, embracing her, sportively exclaimed—"Ah, run-away! give an account of yourself directly. Here has Horatio been twice—and will soon be a third time—most lorn and lover-like, that you should choose to absent yourself on this particular morn-

ing. I set it down in my own mind to the true cause—dear caprice—vagrant virgin fancies; but would not so far impeach my late order as to own as much to him. But seriously, Blanche, why do you look so very grave? Where have you been?"

"I have been where I presume you never were, Eleanor—though there is much to be seen to interest your feelings—I have been to Streatham, and, farther, to visit the family of your brother, Mr Devereux."

Lady Blande coloured violently, and, with all her tact and use, became confused and at a loss what to reply to so blunt and home a thrust; but the thought was quick—this must be some wild flight of romantic generosity, indulged by a young lady who entertained very extravagant notions on many subjects, and especially on what she was pleased to consider her duties, and who, no doubt, having unfortunately heard of their existence, must have been seized with the crotchet of some imaginary duty, obliging her to adopt and educate the children of the man whom she was about to make the master of her fate.

"I do not affect, with your keen perception, to misunderstand you, my love; yet you astonish me. There was, I have understood—for you know little birds will sometimes whisper naughty tales, which ladies should not hear:—there was, ages ago, some vain and silly girl, and some boyish entanglement, which Horatio, who is the very fool of women's tears, found it difficult to get handsomely rid of, until his solicitors cut the gordian knot, in the ordinary manner, with a golden scythe. I understood there was a child or children, which made the matter much more unpleasant to my brother; but, on my honour, it is all over ages ago. You cannot imagine that I would sanction the attentions of my brother, dear to me as he is, to my guest and dearest friend, with the knowledge that any entanglement of this sort existed."

Blanche made no reply.

"I understand from Blande—for, of course, I cannot discuss such points with Devereux—that the young woman, who was quiet in her ways, and rather respectably conducted, is most grateful for his generosity to the children. But I am surprised, Blanche, you are not more shocked though much worse things are quite the order of the day among our lords and masters, and, I suppose, always will be. But come, tell me your adventures, dearest—make me your confidant—your only one—for I own that I am stricken dumb. I know that you possess that noble and magnanimous way of thinking which Devereux so fervently adores; yet, I confess, to visit these little wretches, would, in similar circumstances, have been too much for me. I might have hated the precursors of my own children; but, Devereux swears, magnanimity is the brilliant peculiar virtue of Blanche Delamere. I must, however, as an elder sister, assume the privilege of experience and knowledge of the world, caution you against either committing or encumbering yourself with the brats. The Counts

will, assuredly, not take such liberal views as her generous grandchild. Even mamma, though she adores Horatio, may take to the high ropes on the question of the decorous, if not of the right; nor need Horatio himself know the length your warm and generous feelings have carried you. All men, my dear Blanche, are more or less conceited. I must candidly warn the inexperience of my friend against my own brother. They are all apt to misconstrue our motives, and to resent interference with what they consider their especial or exclusive concerns; and, besides, no one has more refined—I may say more fastidiously absurd—notions about female proprieties than Devereux.—But hush!—is not that his voice? The woman and the children are entirely in the hands of the men of business; Horatio, I imagine, concludes they have long since left the country; and that is all as it should be."

During this long and hurried speech, Blanche had kept her eye steadily and gravely fixed upon the flattered speaker. At its conclusion, she silently turned away her eyes with a calm and stern expression, which, to those who could read her character, said—"Why expostulate with this woman? I never could make her understand me. Her worldly opinions and their hollow foundations I can comprehend; she cannot fathom mine."

Lady Blande, as the expected gentleman did not immediately appear, again resumed:—"Did Mrs Thompson learn why the creatures are not gone abroad, or to Wales, or Scotland, or somewhere—for I am certain Devereux not only wishes but believes it?"

"One reason of delay may be the very delicate health of the mother," replied Blanche. "She has had fever, and seems to me still hovering between life and death. Your Ladyship cannot be aware that Rosamond Weston was the loved and admired playmate of my childhood."

Lady Blande started, without any affectation.

"Such as I can remember her, lovely and spotless, kindly and amiable, must not I, with my whole heart, abhor the selfish being, calling himself man, who could steal the treasure of her young affections, and use his power over her devoted heart only to rob her of her innocence, to humble her maiden pride, and, finally, cast her forth to shame and sorrow."

"You talk with strange inconsiderateness, my dearest Blanche," whispered the lady. "Pardon me for saying so; and, for heaven's sake! for my sake! be silent, until we have more leisure to confer. This girl your friend!—and you are much excited. Had you not better retire, love. It is not from your lips surely, with your lofty ideas of maidenly purity and womanly dignity, that we are to hear an apology for an ill-conducted woman?"

Lady Blanche coloured with indignation, but she made no motion to retire; and Mr Devereux and his brother-in-law entered the drawing-room—the latter playfully questioning Blanche

about her stolen march, though unable by his jocularity to move her ominous gravity.

"I betted that you had gone to Hanwell, to study mad people in a philosophical way," said the jocular peer.

"Needed I have gone so far?" replied Blanche, coldly.

"Or else to the Friends' Meeting, in the expectation of some outpouring; or, perhaps, to the Penitentiary."

"You were nearer the mark there," replied Blanche.

"But why not carry Devereux along with you? The poor fellow has been fluttering about all the morning like a hen whose ducklings have taken the water."

The jest, such as it was, told on no one. Blanche rose, with an air of grave dignity; and, fixing her eyes steadily upon Devereux, said—

"I promised you an interview this morning, Mr Devereux, on a subject of the highest importance to both of us; but a higher duty called me to Streatham.—Nay, hear me! I have breakfasted, along with my friend Mrs Thompson, at your late residence there, with your lovely and amiable children, and their unhappy mother—once my own innocent and beloved Rosa Weston—that erring and culpable, but deeply injured, friendless, and helpless creature, whose greatest weakness has been forgetfulness of her own honour and happiness, from blind, unmeasured confidence in your honour and tenderness, and excess of infatuated attachment to the man—not to his rank nor to his fortune. Her years exceed mine but by some few; and, with a woman's warmest feelings, she is invested with the sacred character of a mother. But it is not my province, nor yet my inclination, to lecture or dictate to you, Mr Devereux. In many of our late conversations, your opinions on such topics seemed to be more just than those too generally acted upon by men—even when they are proclaimed in words. But let that pass. I have only to consult my own honour and happiness, and to follow the clear dictates of my principles, as a Christian woman—softened, it may be, in this instance, by my feelings, as a partaker of the same frail nature with that poor girl whose condition fills me with grief—the more profound, that her case, as the world views it, is beyond all help of womanly sympathy. I cannot restore Rosamond to innocence, and to the ever-grateful esteem of her fellow-creatures; but, while I protect myself, I can and will mark my indignant sense of the selfish and cruel system of which she is the victim. I need scarce, therefore, tell you, that we meet no more; and that, in Mr Devereux, I can henceforth only know either the husband, or the seducer of Rosamond Weston."

Before the petrified gentleman addressed could gain breath to attempt reply, she had walked out of the room in "unblenched majesty." Devereux turned his eyes on his sister, who looked the image of vexation, and of irritation with difficulty suppressed. Lord Blande first found his voice—

"What means all this, Eleanor? What prying, officious devil has put this heroic damsel on the scent of your little Rose, Devereux? It is a deuced unlucky *contre-temps*, to be sure! I fancied Mrs Smith and her babes in the Isle of Man, or some such asylum for love-families, long ago. Are you dumfounded, good folks?"

"Nothing was ever so provoking," exclaimed Lady Blande. "It must have been that busy, intriguing Quakeress: a very Maintenon she is, in her love of power and cool cunning." Mr Devereux was walking across the room with hasty steps.

"A cool thing enough in the young lady!" continued Lord Blande. "Conceive her audacity! A jealous, furious wife could not have done more than stormed poor Rose's retreat; and have put her to the question in the grand moral and philosophical style. It absolutely beats fiction. Have you lost your voice, Devereux?"

"You surely have your usual fine tact, Blande," cried his vexed and angry lady. "What is to be done, Horatio? Blanche is so strange, so singular a creature, that common rules, as I have often told you, do not apply to her. That odious Quaker woman, with her precise, puritanic notions, ferreting out that worthless girl, has done it all. No one else would, could, or durst have presumed to carry to Blanche such unwelcome tales of the man to whom, I may say, she was all but married; but I must follow her, and make the best of it."

"A thousand thanks, Eleanor!" exclaimed the brother. "From your admirable tact—your true sisterly kindness—I reckon on everything. —Yet what accursed meddling fiend can have done all this! Durst Rosamond complain?" And he knitted his brows in pale anger.

"Use your own wits, also, Horatio. I assure you, you will have need of them all in this emergency. Generosity—magnanimity—romance—these are your cue."

When Lady Blande, having tapped, found admission into the dressing-room of her guest, she found Blanche already unshawled and unbbonneted, and busy writing; while near her, Mrs Thompson, at whom her Ladyship looked scorpions and basilisks, was quietly pursuing her perpetual fine needle-work. She offered apologies for intrusion, and looked as if she wished the matronly friend away; who, understanding her meaning, and rather desirous to leave her pupil to entire self-reliance and self-guidance in this delicate crisis, quietly disappeared.

The clew which Lady Blande possessed to the feelings of Blanche at this time, was necessarily as imperfect as her knowledge of the rare character of her guest. She concluded that the proud and lofty-minded heiress might be, even more than the ordinary run of young ladies, shocked, jealous, offended, affronted; and she was ready to make every concession to feelings so natural, as she said, and so proper. She accordingly condemned, in good-set general terms, the usages of the wicked world, and the weak-

ness and wickedness of women, to which Mr Devereux had fallen a prey; but she also, in his behalf, pleaded, remonstrated, appealed to, and touched every passion, and every shade of feeling in the female gamut, so far as she could sound it, from the bottom to the top of the scale—from the maddening despair of the lover, to the dread laugh of May Fair.

It was in vain.

"Would you, Lady Blande, in plain terms," Blanche demanded steadily, "have me marry either the husband or the seducer of Rosamond Weston?—that is the true and narrow question on which you have, pardon me, wasted much needless eloquence."

"Nay, pardon me, dearest Blanche," replied Lady Blande, exercising that strong control over her feelings which proved that the passions of quick-tempered ladies are often more in their own power than they are sometimes willing to acknowledge. "You wrong your excellent understanding when you talk in this strain. You cannot mean to affront me, by alluding to the possibility of this unfortunate person—admitting that she has been faithful and well-behaved—becoming my brother's wife. I allow fully for your feelings—for your just indignation—though, believe me, you will outlive it. I blame only those who have secretly aimed a blow at your happiness, by reviving this piece of antiquated scandal, only to mar my brother's felicity, and disappoint all our hopes."

"And, pardon me, Eleanor; but those who imagine that I could, in the same circumstances, talk in any other strain, entirely misunderstand me. No question of right and wrong, which ever interested me, or was left to my own decision, has been more simple—it has no sides."

"Why, the Countess herself," returned the lady, evading direct reply, "would, I am convinced—notwithstanding her little prejudices, from mere knowledge of the world and of society—see this silly affair (magnified by malice into undue importance) in the true light; especially when matters have proceeded so very far between you and Devereux. You cannot imagine, my dear Blanche, that, flattering and delightful as this alliance is to all my family, but particularly to one who, like myself, so highly and warmly appreciates your admirable qualities, who so anxiously desires to obtain you for the sister of her heart, the second mother of her children—you cannot imagine that I have used any improper influence, direct or indirect, to forward the wishes of my brother; yet, the flattering encouragement with which his attentions have been received by you, can be construed only in one way. I would not offend your modesty—I would propitiate your very prudence, dearest Blanche; but you have given Horatio hopes, which, to disappoint now, is, I know, impossible with your feelings of probity and honour—laying the judgment of society out of account."

Blanche was covered with blushes at this

implied accusation. Though her judgment and memory of the past did not quite acquit Lady Blande of all participation in the hopes or schemes of her brother, she was unable to fix the blame of any specific act upon her. Lady Blande had done nothing unhandsome, or not more than was sisterly; and Blanche candidly confessed her precipitance.

"I may have too heedlessly, too lightly, both for his sake and my own, accepted the attentions of Mr Devereux. I am new to fashionable society, and know not well where rapid gallantry ends and serious courtship begins; and I will confess that the manners and sentiments of Mr Devereux—his opinions—must I now call them abstract, speculative—not such as influence, much less strictly regulate, men's conduct to women?—made a strong impression on me:—yes, I was imperceptibly beginning to love him—to listen to him with deference—to expect and rely upon his sympathy in my peculiar opinions—to do, in short, what every woman, who places her love happily, must do—look up to him with fond homage. Now I look down upon him! He is a man of great talents and knowledge, and I am but a girl, a weak woman—yet am I that man's superior!"

Lady Blande was again thrown out. The proud energy with which the last words were pronounced, was more intelligible to her than their import; and she still fancied Blanche only very angry and jealous; and, accordingly, said, in her softest and most cajoling tones—"Well, dearest, we shall sleep and wake on it. I am quite sure that, to-morrow, you will see the affair in the true light. I am content with any penance, however severe, that you may choose to inflict on Horatio, so that it be not extended beyond the season—that July realizes his hopes, and makes us all united and happy."

"There is but one light in which it can be seen—nor, till my nature is changed, can I ever view it in another; and I wish I could make you see it with my eyes, Eleanor; for the world and its false glare has not yet dazzled me. A mutual error (to view the conduct of your brother to this friendless young woman in the most lenient way) is, to her and her children, followed by ruin and infamy,—by even what you, Eleanor, must confess to be deep and lasting injury to one party, and that the weak and helpless—the trusting, the betrayed; while the other—But, no, I cannot speak of it. Yet some—even you, my friend—fancy that these transactions, and their consequences, should be no bar to your brother's prosperity and happiness, to his immediate alliance with a noble heiress—ay, pardon my candid pride, with Blanche Delamere."

"You cannot rate the pride and happiness of such an alliance more highly than I do, dearest Blanche. Yet, for heaven's sake, keep those very singular notions you have formed to yourself," said the lady, pettishly. "I do not pretend to vindicate many parts of the conduct which society, and women themselves, tolerate in young men of fashion—in all men; but that my brother has

brought any stain on his honour—done anything unbecoming the character of an English gentleman—no one will dare to affirm. His liberality to that indiscreet young woman, on whom the laws of society justly visit the consequences of her own folly and guilt, has even been cause of censure to more prudent persons—of praise, I grant, to those who, like you, think more charitably."

"This is no subject for debate between us, Lady Blande," returned Blanche, coldly; "you forget that I have seen this unfortunate person, and her tenderly-nurtured children only this morning—that I knew and loved her in happier times, though that does not far influence my judgment now. You will not permit me to allude to Mr Devereux, as the possible husband of Rosamond Weston, nor do I wish to force so repugnant an idea upon you; but the *seducer* of Rosamond Weston—I say it again, and for the last time—her *seducer* cannot be named or thought of as the husband of Blanche Delamere without the deepest offence."

This was said in a tone so decided that Lady Blande was silenced for a minute; and Blanche resumed her writing, concluded and folded the letter, and ordered her own footman to take it to the post-office.

"Cannot your epistle go in the ordinary way?"

"No—I am unwilling to lose a post. I am announcing my instant return to Holy Cross to my grandmother. I wish to spare her the pain and fatigue of a needless journey to London, on my account. It is now scarce worth while to say, that, in answer to Mr Devereux's application, my grandmother sanctions his addresses, since she informs me she has written him to that import."

"Good heavens! and that letter, so welcome, will probably be waiting Horatio at his lodgings. For God's sake recall your letter"—and she ran to recall the man herself, but he was gone. "Give, were it but one day, to reflection—let me entreat you, dearest Blanche—by your regard for me, give yourself time to think; conceive the grief of the Countess—the ridicule of society; spare me, spare yourself the disgraceful eclat of such an affair; let it, at all events, go off gently; and be assured that, though I had set my whole heart upon calling you sister, I shall never renew the subject; nor is Horatio—adoring, worshipping you as he does, placing the sole happiness of his future life, as he has told, on the dear hope you have allowed him to entertain, of calling you his—a man likely to urge any lady beyond the point to which her own feelings for him freely lead her; but spare me the open breach. You do not, dear Blanche, with all your acquirements, know wicked London society quite so well as I do. The breaking off of a match, in high life especially, merely because the gentleman has a discarded mistress, would positively render you the jest of all the clubs, the ridicule of all the coteries, for a month;—the men would absolutely combine against you—so atrocious a case of prudery would be condemned as utter indelicacy by the women—they would never pardon you, for knowing so

much of what it does not at all concern us women to know."

"Not concern us! The purity of the morals of our lovers—the fidelity of our husbands? You astonish me, Lady Blande—what then does concern us? The title—the diamonds—the settlements—the provision for matrimonial discord, hatred, and separation—all these concern us, and are cared for accordingly."

"I spoke not for myself, but others; yet ridicule, sneers, impertinent remarks, are not less certain in this case."

Despising herself for a conscious weak susceptibility to the threatened species of contemptible annoyance, yet unable to brave the idea of the laugh of "society" with indifference, Blanche reddened with vexation, even while she calmly replied—"I must, I find, if I mix much in what is called society, teach myself to bear, for the sake of my conscience and principles, persecution hotter than the passing flash of a fool-born jest."

Before the interview concluded, Lady Blande having learned that the letter to Holy Cross was a simple announcement of an abrupt return in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, extracted a reluctant promise that Blanche would take no farther measure for two days, with the understanding that she should not, in the interval, be intruded on by Mr Devereux, nor past occurrences be referred to in any shape. If she then still persisted in returning home, and would not fulfil the promised term of her visit, her noble hostess declared herself bound in honour to restore her, in person, to her grandmother, though in the middle of the season. This was a ceremony with which Blanche would gladly have dispensed.

This had been a day in which the high-spirited, but womanly-hearted heiress of Delamere had fulfilled a duty which demanded no ordinary exertion of moral courage and fortitude. At its close, she was far from happy, and not even satisfied with herself. How false and hollow, and teeming with sin and misery, seemed the world on which she was entering! and how powerless her efforts to amend the ills over which she grieved, even in one solitary instance! Her spirits had never been more low and desponding; and a secret, creeping, insidious, world-begotten sense of impropriety, if not of indelicacy, of conduct, although her conscience and her pride scouted the idea, had yet power to annoy her. This feeling was betrayed, rather than owned, to her friend at their customary hour of confidential talk.

"Grandmamma will, no doubt, be extremely angry when she learns that I have visited Rosamond; and with you, my friend, as much as with myself. It was heedless to implicate you; yet I should repeat my visit to-morrow and to-morrow, if I saw that it would be either useful or consolatory. I disdain the spurious female modesty which can smile on the seducer while it treats his victim with horror or scorn; yet this is the modesty of all the women around me—of the really modest, the truly amiable, as well as of the pretenders."

"There can be no imaginable impropriety in my visits to this unhappy one," replied the Quakeress; "and I will alone fulfil to her a duty to which my heart urges me. To reason about your continued visits is unnecessary—they might be fancied improper; and, what you will more readily feel, they might be painful to their object. Really penitent sorrow seeks few witnesses."

"I fear, indeed, poor Rose may not like to see me; perhaps I was *ungentle* with her? How unlike to you I am, even when not wrong in the main! What is worse, my warmth in her cause may have irritated her sultan, and done her injury where good was earnestly meant. I fear a *moral* reformer like myself," she continued, laughingly, "cannot always enact the mild and *gentle* maiden, which, to say truth, is rather foreign to my—my haughty Delamere blood, shall I call it? I don't see why blood should not be chargeable with a few of the faults of us aristocrats, as well as the fountain of all our virtues and honours. Do you think it possible that, if more dexterously and delicately managed, Mr Devereux might not have been induced to marry Rosamond?"

"Ask rather if I should, in the present state of opinion in England, think such a union desirable for either party; but, waiving this, I do not imagine such an atonement in the least probable:—he will never marry her. An English aristocrat is sometimes seen to marry the mistress of another man, or the wife of a man of his own caste, but rarely his own mistress. I do not understand the distinction—I merely note the fact."

"By the laws of Scotland, our educated, highly moral sister, and next-door neighbour, Rosamond, would be held his wife, and their children legitimate. Well, never shake your quilled coif at me; but the marriage laws of that unpolished country are—I will not say more merciful to women and children—to the weak and defenceless—for I want not mercy—I stand for justice; and *they* are far more *just* than our own."

"Liable to sad abuse though."

"Which abuse, however, never or very rarely occurs. You are a terrible Conservative at heart, *ma benne*:—the old objection to every law, new and good—it is liable to *sad* abuse. But what can we do for Rosamond?—that is the urgent question." And it was soon decided. Long after midnight, on this eventful day, and long after as many of the inmates of the cottage near Streatham as could sleep were wrapped in repose, the fevered ear of Rosamond, or her heart's quick sense, listened once more to what had so often been the glad signal to welcome and joy—the clatter of horse-hoofs in the lane, which, in her frequent lonely watchings, she had learned to distinguish, long before the gate bell was touched. The agitating events of the morning, and the low nervous fever which had for months been consuming her, aggravated by the silent but ever-gnawing sorrow at her heart, had produced an exacerbation of disease; and now the approaching footsteps—the very breathing, pain-

fully distinguished, brought a deadly pang of alarm, which seemed the messenger of dissolution. "He is come again—he brings my death-warrant!" was her agonizing thought. "He has learned the visit of Lady Blanche—he has borne the proud scorn of her he adores—he comes hither to wreak his anger and disappointment. Would that this hour were past!"

How it did pass, can never now be fully known on earth. At an inquest held two days afterwards upon the body of Rosamond Weston, *alias* Smith, spinster, &c. &c., held in spite of the interference, and almost direct interference of Lord Blande and other friends of Mr Devereux, the nurse-maid gave evidence that she had been awakened by her mistress, and directed to admit Mr Devereux, which she did. That her mistress had long been in delicate health, and was all that day particularly indisposed. She had dressed herself with some difficulty, and been assisted into the drawing-room, where Mr Devereux waited impatiently, calling more than once to learn if her mistress were not ready. That she herself retired to the nursery, and, being fatigued with her business during the day, fell fast asleep in her clothes, and knew no more till, wakened again by the furious ringing of Mr Devereux, she hastened back to the drawing-room, where she found her mistress a corpse, leaning in the easy chair, and Mr Devereux affectionately supporting her in his arms. There was nothing remarkable in her appearance. She looked then as placid as the corpse before the court; there was no perceptible difference, save that a few drops of blood were then oozing, or bubbling, from the lips. The witness stated, further, that Mr Devereux appeared exceedingly distressed and agitated; and it came out, on the examination of the old gardener, the father of the preceding witness, that Mr Devereux had dispatched him, on his own horse, to summon a medical gentleman from Epsom, much in his confidence, and who had sometimes attended Mrs Smith and her children; but with directions to send also the first surgeon he could find.

Mr Devereux was alleged to be too ill to attend the Coroner's Court; and *delicacy, consideration* for his feelings, was secretly pleaded against the delay, suggested by some sturdy John Bull sitting on the inquest, till the person so deeply implicated should be in a condition to be examined.

The evidence of two medical gentlemen, one of whom had examined the body of the unfortunate young woman not more than an hour after life was extinct, was consistent, clear, and satisfactory. The immediate cause of dissolution was the rupture of a blood-vessel in the heart. Agitation might have proved an exciting cause, but could not be the primary cause of the disease; and the verdict, given, after what was reported in the newspapers, as "a long and patient investigation," was—"Died by the visitation of God." The gentlemanly Coroner informed Lord Blande, who was present, that his

honourable relative, the Member for —shire, remained without a speck on his character.

"Died, or was hurried and tortured to death, by the injustice of man!" exclaimed Blanche Delamere, throwing from her the newspaper in which, spite of the efforts of the Family Compact, a detailed account of the inquest appeared. "We want a term for destroyers of life of this worst description. I must not call Mr Devereux a murderer, an assassin. I do not believe that he has used violent means to remove the object in the path of his ambition, or of his desires. I can even imagine him grieved and compunctious. What matters it? Were Rosamond alive again, in all her beauty—nay, in her first innocence—would he act differently?"

Notwithstanding the shock, the scandal, the very unpleasant *eclat* of such an affair, Lady Blande secretly felt pleased, and scarcely concealed her opinion that Devereux's mistress had done, though rather inopportunist, the very best thing possible in the circumstances.

"If she possessed the sense of virtue, and the refined feelings you attribute to her, my dear Blanche, surely, for herself, this is the most desirable consummation. Good Mrs Thompson appears resigned to a dispensation, shocking, but scarcely to be lamented. Now I can, with perfect propriety, look after my brother's children."

"To the care of my friend, Rosamond Weston has bequeathed her children. She has, at least, done what I feel equivalent to myself—besought my protection and kindness for their friendless, parentless infancy, and given us all the rights she possessed. We will not deceive her confidence. Mrs Thompson has gone, even now, to remove the children from the care of the respectable and compassionate neighbour, who could not hold any intercourse with Mr Devereux's mistress, but who took home his worse than orphans. She is to place them with a friend at Stoke-Newington. Yes, Lady Blande, the love of life is still fresh and strong in me; yet I, too, though mournfully, acquiesce in the catastrophe which takes from me an early, and a once much-loved, and still loved friend. For her the best refuge was an early grave. She is gone to just judgment:—we wait our turn."

Lady Blande was silenced. The event of Rosamond's death had procured her a delay in the departure of Blanche, whom she was still resolved to accompany, if she could not divert away the resolution. Her brother was indisposed, and meant to go to Paris for a few weeks; and matters looked black enough; still she was inclined to hope that the worst was past, and that Rosamond, the one great obstacle, fairly removed, the proud heiress might be won. She should be indulged in the absurdity of protecting the children. Fondness for them might prove a tie with the father; and, to work on the feelings of Blanche, her Ladyship permitted herself to exaggerate, while she affected to rail at the excess of concern which Devereux exhibited at this "untoward business."

In the meanwhile, the fashionable physician

who still occasionally took fees for Blanche, became, for a few mornings, of double importance, though he protested he could tell nothing.

"Oh, but you know the whole, though, of course, professional honour seals your lips," said the young matron mouthpiece of one fair bevy that baited the May-Fair Galen. "Mr Devereux had a most beautiful mistress—a Rosamond—a Rosa Munda!—of whom he was passionately fond. I know it. Lord Albert Seacote and Tom Jerningham often drove round by her cottage when at Epsom, to have a peep of her over the hedge. Well, this imperious heiress thought fit to fall in love with Devereux—too good a match for him to be slighted—and there was a violent flirtation—carried even to indecent lengths; for the young incognita was to be seen with him everywhere, without anything in the shape of a chaperon. But this was all very well—Lady Blande knows what she is about—until the little Tartaress heard of the beautiful mistress; when, down she goes by herself, storms the cottage, assails the poor woman like a jealous tigress; and, next morning, Devereux's beautiful mistress was found dead in the summer-house, with a vial beside her, labelled *Hydrocyanic Acid*! Since you will not tell us your edition of the story, doctor, you are welcome to ours—that which is circulating all over the town."

The doctor smiled his ambiguous smile of acquiescing incredulity, while he blandly whispered—

"The report of the Coroner's inquest in yesterday's *Morning Post*"——

"True; but what does it signify? Died, by the visitation of God—certainly—and not one word of the visitation of Queen Elinor. Nay, more, Lady Blande has this morning set off for the north, to convey the terrible creature to her grandmother's custody. I do not see, now, how Mr Devereux, or any man, could venture to marry her, with all her splendid advantages:—if not deranged, she must be worse."

This much of the tale was true: Blanche, attended by Lady Blande, had returned to Holy Cross.

With confusion, and a strong desire to disclaim the excess of filial tenderness ascribed to her, she heard Lady Blande dexterously, yet evasively, impute the real motive of the impromptu return, to fond fears and anxieties for "dearest grandmamma;" while, on the first absence of the heiress after their arrival, it was more than insinuated that the dignified delicacy of the heiress of Delamere required that, under the guardian and maternal eye of the Countess, in her proper home, was she to be wooed and to be won! The self-complacency of Lady Delamere was moved; her pride was gratified; her tenderness for her grandchild excited. "After what had transpired, Mr Horatio Devereux must be aware that his visits would be most welcome to the Lady of Holy Cross, and probably not disagreeable to its future mistress," the Dowager added, with gracious smiles.

"My dear Lady Blande, I am more than satisfied—I am proud of my grandchild's choice, which naturally waited on, and has followed my approval. The heiress of Delamere, in affairs of great moment to other young ladies though of the highest rank, can afford to waive certain considerations, and look alone to character, connexion, and inclination. Were Mr Devereux the first Duke in England, I could not more heartily approve the alliance."

Lady Blande was equally delighted. Dr Hayley, and every other kind, considerate friend, had kept from the knowledge of the aged Countess whatever might be supposed displeasing to her granddaughter or disagreeable to herself. The sister of Mr Devereux appeared, at this critical time, on the most intimate and friendly footing with Lady Blanche; and, whatever might intervene, there was little doubt of him being her accepted suitor and eventual husband. A word in his disparagement, though an honest one, would have been dreaded as high treason. Yet was Dr Hayley highly gratified to learn how the affair really stood, and that the misunderstanding—as Blanche, without much explanation, asserted—was interminable; for it rested on principle—on total dissimilarity of views and feelings, which time could not remove. She owned, in the saunter in the shrubberies to which she invited the ever-soothing, ever-indulgent *ci-devant* chaplain, that the art of Lady Blande in—without direct falsehood—lulling her grandmother in the belief that all was harmony between herself and Mr Devereux, did provoke her.

"But," she added, "I dislike annoying poor grandmamma. I was truly shocked to find her, though in great spirits, looking so changed on my return yesterday; and, for the time, was as much affected as Lady Blande alleged. Tell me all that has happened in our absence, to interest me? Is Phoebe's husband kinder than we dare hope? But you may guess how I long for home news. How do Squire Grimshaw's doings please you? How many poacher prosecutions had you at the Sessions? Above all, what think you of grandmamma's health—her mental health?—trust she has had no more faintings? Her appearance altogether, and her high, flighty spirit are not satisfactory to me."

Dr Hayley made light of those fears. The Countess was aged, no doubt of it. Time she slight respect to peeresses, though such in their own right. He did not indeed say this; he had permitted himself to imagine anything so levelling and audacious on the part of the old, irrevocably toothed inflexible. Lady Delamere, at all times excitable, had been of late, he said, worried applications, amounting to mysterious menaces from the next heirs to the estates and title of the Delameres; the family whose pretensions she had maintained against her grandchild, afterwards deserted in caprice, which amounted to positive dislike.

"'Tis the worrying she has had from this troublesome and importunate people has made

Countess so very anxious for your speedy marriage," said the Doctor.

"Importunate! Is it not hard though, my good friend, that this poor lad, between whom and these large estates and coveted titles there only interposes my silly self, should be half-starved, waiting for their possession? I am sure I cannot comprehend how the rights of this unknown twenty-first cousin are not about as good as ours."

"As yours!—Let me beseech you to take heed what you say, my child. There may be persons quite of your opinion, if it seriously be yours. The Countess has been so exasperated as to withdraw the allowance of £300 per annum, generously made to this ungrateful youth and his mother, for his education; and since then he has been going among the Irish tenantry, fomenting all kinds of mischief. There is a very bad spirit among those people. You alone interpose, as you say, between him and them, and most flagitious hopes."

"You don't imagine he will have them *ma-chacré* me," said Blanche, laughing.

"God forbid!—though they are fit for any wickedness. All this last spring there have been nocturnal disturbances—carding and turning up ground in the barony; and one horrible murder has been committed. They are incorrigible wretches, whom indulgence only renders worse."

"Another murder!" said Blanche, shuddering. "This might have been foreseen—those cruel ejectments—no wonder grandmamma is distressed."

"When the petitions of their priest were very properly referred back to the local agent, some of the wretched creatures had the wicked hardihood to send the Countess threatening letters, one of which, of shocking import, was thrown into the carriage as she was driving to church, and was unfortunately read to her Ladyship by Mrs Martin. We had—Grimshaw and myself—studiously kept back all such incendiary writings from her, with the knowledge and full approbation of Lord Fanfaronade, aware of their alarming effects on her nerves."

"Or on her conscience," thought Blanche, sadly. Compassion for the notorious Donegal tenantry had made her much better acquainted with their wrongs and their condition than was the good Doctor.

"I trust the last days of grandmamma's life may be blessed and gladdened by some effort on her part to improve the condition of her Irish tenantry; by making some atonement for the neglect of generations, and the oppression of later times."

"I tell you, Lady Blanche, it will be at the peril of her life, if the subject is again brought before the Countess," said the Doctor, with unusual energy. "That abominable letter nearly upset her mind; besides, it is too late now; most of the peasantry—a pestilent, lazy, filthy, rebellious, priest-ridden crew they are—have gone to America!"

"Or to their graves."

"Oh, heaven knows where! But a few desperate characters continue to loiter about the outskirts of the estate, boiling with designs of pillage and murder. You surely would not encourage such demoralized, unnatural wretches? It was a frantic beldame, the grandmother of a notorious band of them, named O'Hanlon—no good of characters with big O's before their names. Lady Blanche—who lurked about the park, till, when refused an audience of the Countess, she threw that incendiary letter into the coach."

"The handsome O'Hanlons! Sure you have heard grandmamma speak of that family hundreds of times. How different the Donegal estates must have been fifty years since, when she went to go over among the people, and when the loyal and enthusiastic race worshipped the very footsteps of their young *Ban Tierna*! When grandmamma, in the exuberance of her loyalty to the Bourbons, or hatred of the Jacobins, raised that famous Delamere Brigade, on her Irish estates, Widow O'Hanlon's three gallant sons were the first that flocked to her banner. It has been whispered that the young O'Hanlons would rather have fought on the Republican side than either under the French Princes or in the British army, but that the *volunteer* condition with the poor farmers, was either to send out their sons or lose their little farms. Alas! both evils have been incurred—the young men were first sacrificed, the parents then driven forth."

"Pardon me, Lady Blanche; you know well, or might know—for you have often been told—the kind of rude, lazy, husbandry practised by those turbulent, half-savage, Papist people. The property was every year deteriorating, and substantial tenants were offering. The Countess at last determined to adopt a better system; of which the first step was getting clear of those wretches. And how generously the Countess provided, or would have provided for them, in mountain farms or fishing villages! What sums, at all events, were lavished in attempting to settle them! But that wretched country, not alone to my patroness, but to Great Britain, is *Magormiasibid*—evil and a curse to herself, and to all around her!"

The usually calm, downy doctor was actually excited; and Blanche, though unconvinced, gave way so far as to keep silence. She could not, however, think, that the way to restore her grandmother to healthful quiet and equanimity of mind, was to conceal facts which might lead to some healing measure—to some degree of atonement; and she ruminated upon how she might introduce a subject always hateful to the Countess, unless she herself led to it, in discoursing complacently of her bright young days—the days of her patriotism and glory, when she had unfurled the banner of Delamere, and seen her peasantry rally around it with those proud feelings which exalted vassalage, and gave to serfdom a colour of sentiment. Her ruminations were ended by her grandmother inviting her to drive her *tête-à-tête* next day in the garden chaise, to inspect a lodge, or gamekeeper's

cottage, which she was erecting in a part of the Chase lately taken into the park. Lady Blande was to spend that day with her mother, and pass the next again at Holy Cross, previous to her return to town.

It was now near the end of June, and a day of resplendent, out-gushing, and steady sunshine; and Blanche and her grandmother, conversing affectionately, slowly drove on through the sweeping glades, and adown the stately and solemn avenues, until they gained the opener and more lightly timbered parts of the park, and more rapidly crossed those spreading lawns and pastures, where the fallow-deer were seen in groups, standing a moment at gaze, and then scudding off to the frequent copes and thickets, and hillocks of gorse and fern. No sight in that world of beauty was so delightful to the Countess, as the numerous young broods of pheasants, which, tame as domestic fowl, were seen at feed in the fallows, and among the newly turned up soil. The heart of the aged lady swelled with the proud feeling of *property*, not unmingled with nobler sentiments, as her grandchild's rapturous, broken exclamations—the almost incoherent expression of her exquisite sense of the beautiful with which earth and sky were bursting around her—fell on the ear of the yet sole proprietress. She began proudly to expatiate upon what *she* had done to embellish the demesne—on the thriving growth of the woods of her planting, and the flourishing state of the gardens, conservatories, and aviaries she had created or extended. Even the fine breeds of domestic animals on her estates—the horses, the cattle, the very poultry—had been improved by her vigilant intelligence and her public spirit.

"When I first remember Holy Cross, now more than sixty years since," said she, "there were in this part of the country much fewer pheasants than there are—thanks to the factories!—now poachers."

"That is no improvement," said Blanche. "But the yeomen, the labourers, grandmamma—have they improved like the breeds of cattle?"

"Improved!—degenerated they have; but, thank heaven, I have bought them nearly all out on my own borders; or those smoky, seditious towns have absorbed them; and the country, save for the poachers, is really much more orderly than I can remember. My tenantry are a very different kind of people from my father's; but then I have not one for twenty boers which, with their families, then ate up the estate. Could my dear father now see our improved husbandry—the farm buildings—the enclosures—the excellent breeds of cattle—the modern implements"—

"And the rent-roll," said Blanche, somewhat archly.

"Ay, child," returned the Countess, laughing graciously; "the rent-roll, indeed—quadrupled since my own time; while the value of the property has been so much increased, in timber, buildings, roads, and a variety of substantial and permanent improvements, I have been no un-

profitable steward of the family inheritance child, as you will find."

"But the Irish tenantry, grandmamma?" whispered Blanche, in tones scarce audible.

"The Irish tenantry!—the plague and curse of my existence for thirty years! Yet even on these estates, which I have sometimes wished sunk in the Atlantic, good plans, with resolution and firmness in executing them, have made their way. I have no hesitation in saying that the Irish estates are in a much better condition than I found them:—we have got rid of three hundred and seventy of the wretches this season—and the property is in rapid course of improvement. But what smoke is that near Dinglebrook? 'Tis late in the season for burning waste, and the new lodge smokes should not be in that direction."

Blanche was engaged with the reins. The steady, old, favourite north-country pony, *Beardie*, which the Countess often drove about the ground herself, had pricked up his ears, and showed symptoms of uneasiness, as they wound down the steep and narrow picturesque path which led to the little bridge over Dinglebrook. This brook, diminished, by the summer heats, to a mere runlet, windled among steep and very high banks, which, immediately on crossing the bridge, presented a natural pass, through which the road had been made by blasting the solid rock. The pass was bridged overhead, where there were walks, on a higher level, leading to other parts of the demesne; and, in the centre of the arch, was an iron gate, very rarely shut, but which might have blocked up the pass. Having gained the bottom of the dingle, and crossed the bridge, they were about to drive under the arch, while Blanche pointed out to her grandmother the luxuriant growth of ivy and saxifrage, and the many creepers and flowers which love the shade, which mantled the rocks and the arches overhead, and descended in long streamers and garlands, which she playfully caught with her whip.

"How deliciously cool and fresh!—and how lovely!"

"I have long resolved to have another ice-house here. It is rather distant from the house, to be sure; but, though I choose to-day to drive out with you, like a market-woman going to Chester to sell butter and eggs, I have horses and menials which mock at distance—I will have an improved ice-house here immediately."

"To cool your tongue, is it!" was yelled in her ear; and the gate under the arch swung close with a crash which awakened all the echoes of the glade, as a tall female, concealed in the dark cloak and hood of the Irish peasant women, jerked the reins from the hand of Blanche with violence, which made the pony start.

"Is it ice ye want, my Lady?—ye'll need it," continued the stranger; while her hood fell back, discovering the sharp, haggard features, and wild, scintillating eyes of partial insanity.

"It is *she*—the woman O'Hanlon—that terrible woman come again!" said the Countess, in a voice, and with a look, which doubly alarmed

Blanche. But, rallying her spirits, she said, firmly—"Let go the rein—who are you that dare thus interrupt us, and alarm the Countess of Delamere?" And she attempted to snatch the rein, which the other held the more firmly.

"Ye would like to hear, young madam, would ye, who I am?—ay, ye shall, too, whether ye like or no. . . . Let her who sits by ye tell who I am, and who I was when her cruel eyes fell on me first in my little cabin. Pat O'Hanlon's wife—the mother of three handsome and blessed boys. Where are they now? Murdered and crippled in the bloody wars, to please the pride of her who drove the heart-broken father and the orphan childer on the black world to beg their bread through it; and sould the truss of straw from beneath them, and burned the roof over the grey heads, and slacked the ashes on the hearth—*her*, I tell ye!—the widow's and orphan's curse upon her!"

"Let us pass, for mercy's sake!" cried Blanche, struggling to regain the reins with one hand, and with the other to support her sinking grandmother, who, violent as opposition usually made her, was now overpowered—acutely sensible to all that was said, but too feeble to offer resistance.

"Let us pass now," Blanche continued, soothingly and persuasively; "and, on my honour, your story shall be listened to—your wrongs shall be righted, so far as atonement is now possible. You cannot be inhuman! See how pale and ill the lady is."

"Is *she* pale and ill—the proud Lady-Countess of Delamere?—who came among us with the banner, and robbed us of our children, and then of our little farms. Perhaps it is *could* her ladyship is?—or hungry?—or naked?—and the Widow O'Hanlon did it on her—the desolate widow—whom they drove mad!"

The frantic laugh of the woman rang through the arches overhead in frightful reverberation—heightening, if that were possible, the nervous terror of the Countess, and the alarm of Blanche, who knew not whether to think the Irishwoman more mad or malicious. Their eyes met steadily for a moment—

"You cannot mean mischief to my aged grandmother," she said. "If you have had sorrows, she, alas! has not been passed by untouched. Do, pray, good, kind woman, let us go our way."

"Yes, go—go, Countess—to where your brother Dives waits to welcome ye. In this life, ye know, he had his good things, and our brother Lazarus his evil. But where, my haughty Lady-Countess—where, ye cruel and sinful woman, did he lift up his eyes? Will it be my Patrick will bring ye the cup of cold water, think ye?—or my Dermott, who died by your banner, when they feel how ye misused and oppressed the decent old couple they called father and mother."

"The Countess is innocent of much of this," said Blanche. "The agents—the exigencies of the time"—

"Tell not me of the agent's doings, lest I throttle her outright!" shrieked the woman, in

a wilder paroxysm than ever, while the Countess clung closer to her grandchild.

"Have you, who thus resent wrong yourself, no mercy?" replied Blanche—her spirit rising. "Have you no fears of the consequences of this violence?"

"Fear!" exclaimed the mad woman, laughing wildly, and throwing up her bare, bony arms. "What have I to fear? Can she and her agents do more than crush this miserable carcass?" And she tore open her handkerchief. "This was the bosom that suckled them—dry and withered now. Give me back my boys!—give me my children, woman, and keep your lands; and, och! that every stone and clod on them laid another pound to the load will sink ye to burning punishment!"

"This is too horrible!" exclaimed Blanche, relinquishing her grandmother, and springing to the ground. "Wretched woman! unless you would see Lady Delamere expire before your eyes, begone!"

The dark eyes of the maniac—for such she seemed, strange as was the method of her madness—scintillated and sparkled with gratified revenge; and then, after a moment, turning calmly to Lady Delamere, she slowly and emphatically repeated—

"Fear not him who can kill the body; but fear Him who can cast both soul and body into hell! Proud and hard-hearted woman, I summon you to meet me and mine at His judgment-seat—ay, or over that midsummer moon be at the full!"

And, raising her eyes to the pale crescent high in the sky, she threw down the reins, and disappeared behind the gate.

"She will not return—shall I go to seek help? Dearest grandmamma, have you courage to be left for a moment, till I can call a woodman, or one of the keepers?"

"Oh, no! I shall die, I shall perish, if you leave me here!" Blanche was able to bring a little water from the runlet; and she tried to comfort and sooth the frightened lady, while she bathed her temples and her hands. "I am better—yes, dear child, better. Hasten home!"

She spoke no more; and it was a full half-hour before Blanche was so fortunate as to see a forester croesing a distant path, whom she called, and dispatched, by the nearest way, for a carriage. "The Countess," she merely said, "had been taken suddenly ill;" and the man, who ran at full speed, told the butler—"My Lady was lying two-fold in the little chay, quite dead-like." Dr Hayley, and carriages, and all appliances, were in instant readiness; yet it seemed an age to Blanche—now driving on a few paces—now halting to look at and fondly address her speechless grandmother before they came up.

All the medical aid in the county was in speedy requisition. Her own physician suspected a return in a worse form of those apopleptic attacks, politely named fainting fits, to which the Countess was liable; but the medical

friend of the Lady Blanche's watchful and zealous Cousin Yates, spoke decidedly of serious concussion of the brain.

Days passed, and the real state of the Countess was known and revealed. There was no longer any violent sorrow displayed in the household; no keen anxiety; no deep regret. Even Mrs Thompson and Doctor Hayley took all calmly and tranquilly; and Blanche hid her own grief in her heart. Strange it seemed, even to herself, that she should thus feel for the Countess; and she sought no sympathy in her suffering, and struggled to suppress every outward symptom of sorrow, which to others, and even to those who loved her best, might seem far greater than the event justified. "Is it that mysterious force of kindred blood?" was her secret thought.

The night of the full moon found her a silent watcher by her grandmother's deathbed. The Countess had never freely spoken—never, save when violently roused by the medical men, given any token of consciousness since the adventure at Dinglebrook; but all this day, her high and painful breathing had been gradually becoming lower and more feeble, and, by midnight, it had ceased! The Quakeress, her regards fixed on Blanche, whose eyes were riveted on the dying Countess, perceived her colour change, and hurried her out to the same balcony where she had, in old times, paid graceful adoration to the beautiful luminary of night.

"The moon is at the full to-night," said her friend, following her upward eyes.

"I could be superstitious," thought Blanche, half shuddering as she gazed and remembered the solemn citation of the terrific maniac.

"A poor wretch—a half-mad creature—who has wandered hither from Donegal, to petition the Countess, has been found dead by Dinglebrook bridge to-day," said the Quakeress. And Blanche started violently. "The body was snuffed out by one of the keeper's terriers. It

is thought she had clambered within the park, at that lonely spot, in despite of orders; and, too feeble to get out again, has perished without help."

They passed into the chamber, and silently contemplated the face of the dying—

"'Tis all over," whispered the physician, who still tried the pulse; and, shortly afterwards, Lord Fanfaronade, as of right, entered the chamber to condole with, and lead forth "Blanche, Countess of Delamere."

Next morning a letter lay on her table, of mingled condolence and congratulation, from Sir Jervis Yates, with offers of every possible or impossible service to the "Countess of Delamere."

"So my plebeian cousin has got his nickname too," said Blanche, bitterly.

"Dear child, what means this? Dost fancy thy own proud title a nickname?"

"I know not well what I mean. But you—you are a very, *very* calm person—do *you* fancy me insane—of unsound mind—unfit to manage my own affairs?"

"Dearest Blanche—Countess, what is wrong? speak to me—to thy friend."

"If I be not yet mad, the Irish family, and the Grimshaws, are in a scheme to make me lunatic."

The Quakeress looked aghast. "Who has dared to say—who has imagined this wickedness? They abuse thy credulity."

"I have known it now for three days. Frederick Leighton has told me—warned me. Read his letter for yourself. Methinks they might have let me be nearer of age ere they had taken the trouble to make me out mad. But I go to give orders for the poor Irishwoman's funeral; will *you* be so kind as to attend it? *She* need not tarry the plumes and scutcheons of a Countess:—will she sleep less soundly?"

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REGISTER.

Lord Brougham's Dissertations on Scientific Subjects connected with Natural Theology.

PROPERLY speaking, there is no subject of science that may not be connected with Natural Theology, though the topics for dissertation which Lord Brougham has selected as the sequel to his work on this subject, bear more closely and strongly upon it than any others in the range of science. The principal subjects treated in the first volume, with immediate reference to Natural Theology, are *Instinct* and *Animal Intelligence*. These are discussed in a dialogue presumed to be carried on by the author and his friend, Lord Althorpe—a form which, without reference to its classical attraction, he considers peculiarly fitted for thorough investigation, and the unfolding and sifting of the subject under discussion. These dialogues, which bear a classic character, though without pedantry or stiffness, are relieved and enlivened by pertinent and sometimes playful allusions to public affairs, and to scenes in which the philosophical interlocutors have recently figured; and this is done with good

dramatic effect, in the keeping of the individual character of each party; Lord A. ever and anon calling "patience," and Lord B. rushing on to conclusions so clear to himself, if doubtful to the understanding of his slower-paced friend. These dialogues, together with a long and very curious and learned paper of Observations, Demonstrations, and Experiments on the structure of the Cells of Bees, fill the first volume. The second opens with a dissertation on the Origin of Evil, in which Lord Brougham, in spite of his boldness and acuteness, is condemned to walk in the same circle to which the greatest and brightest of human intellects have been limited, when discussing this most perplexing and tantalizing question. One merit of the Treatise is the clearness and precision with which the question is stated. This clearness of statement is, indeed, one of the distinguishing faculties of a mind ever secure of itself, from the consciousness of possessing a thorough knowledge of the subject handled. Whatever has been said on the cause of evil in the ancient philosophies, or suggested by modern

hypotheses, is succinctly and clearly brought out; while, in detecting and pointing out the fallacies and incongruities of every hypothesis, Lord Brougham displays his characteristic subtlety and acuteness.

He modestly sets out by predicating that no very satisfactory conclusion will ever be reached by the human faculties in our present state, either about the origin or the sufferance of what is universally admitted to be evil; and the result of his speculations and ingenious arguments, and of his illustrations, borrowed from the increasing lights of science, only serves to confirm this opinion. On this dark subject the philosophers have never got beyond the poets—

"One part, one little part we dimly scan,
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare to arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem," &c.

Lord Brougham speculates in a pious and cheerful spirit, dwelling on the happiest side of the argument; and where he cannot dispel the cloud, wisely descants on the probable brightness beyond it.

What is likely, if not to last the longest in these volumes, yet to be the most immediately useful, is a masterly analytical view of the researches of Cuvier and his successors, on *Fossil Osteology*, and the application of the extraordinary facts brought to light by them to Natural Theology; and a popular compendium, so to speak, of the most important portion of the "Principia" of Newton. The "Principia," which Lord Brougham, reverentially, and again and again, pronounces the greatest work of human genius—the greatest work ever produced by the human understanding—is, to the bulk of even educated men, a sealed book; and it is not the least worthy of his constant labours for mankind, to have thus brought Newton's sublime discoveries within the scope of the general understanding. The reception of the great work which Lord Brougham has laid open to every one desirous of examining for himself the evidence on which the Newtonian discoveries rest, who can read English, and possesses the pre-requisite of a moderate knowledge of the first principles of mathematics, was, notwithstanding the previous fame of the discoverer, cold and discouraging. Twenty-seven years elapsed before a second edition of the "Principia" was required, and thirteen years more before the third appeared, which, moreover, has sufficed to the learned ever since, or for about a century. It was, therefore, high time that Newton found a popular expositor.

Among the causes of the indifference shewn to the study of the great Newtonian discoveries, embraced almost universally by faith, though rarely comprehended by the understanding, Lord Brougham notices the difficulty which ordinary students must have experienced in following Newton's demonstrations, from his extreme conciseness, and also from his often leaving out steps in the demonstrations, assuming all his readers to be expert geometricians. But he has not adverted to what must have formed another very formidable obstruction to the mass of readers, and to thinkers who might not be classical scholars, from the "Principia" being printed in a learned language. Had it originally appeared, not in Latin, but in the mother tongue of the Franklins, and Ferrases, and Watts, its reception would, we apprehend, have been different, even in Newton's age. These subjects, with notes and brief fragmentary arguments upon topics all more or less connected with the main subject of discussion, constitute Lord Brougham's new work—a work which will make no inconsiderable addition to the literary and scientific fame of its eminent author—proving the first

statesman and orator of our age to be also one of the small number of our originally-minded philosophical inquirers. It is the more grateful to Lord Brougham's intelligent admirers—and, not only in this country, but wherever the English language is spoken and understood, they are numerous—to reflect that an accession of honour and fame, springing from the noblest source, is gained after his indefatigable enemies, and his not less indefatigable good-natured friends, had hinted, whispered, or boldly asserted, that his great intellect was shattered and prostrate; and that, if not absolutely imbecile, he was then certainly crack-brained!—but, at all events—and this was coming to the true point—that he was totally, and for ever, unfitted for public duty! Within this same remarkable period of his alleged mental eclipse, have been accomplished many of Lord Brougham's proudest feats as an orator and a statesman; and his power of giving effect to public opinion, and even of swaying senates, has never been more forcibly displayed. Gaining votes, however, in the British legislature, as at present constituted, is a very opposite affair to persuading understandings. This is somewhat irrelevant, though, as we happen to be enrolled by some of our friendly contemporaries among the blind worshippers of Lord Brougham, we must naturally be gratified by any opportunity of finding that there is some reason for the hope that is in us.

The volumes are to be followed by an Analysis of the *Mécanique Céleste* of La Place, and of the remaining books of the "Principia." The facts illustrative of the nature of instinct, and of the intelligence of the lower animals, and the ingenious and lively reasoning on these facts, will probably form the most popular portion of the work; and they certainly afford the most inviting specimens for extract; but, as our space is limited, we propose to draw upon what bears more immediately upon contemporary affairs.

About the close of the general election of the first Parliament of Queen Victoria, Lord A., on his way to the north, to shoot, visited his friend, Lord B., in Westmoreland; and there those discussions were renewed which had engaged them while Lord B. had been at Wiseton, and which had subsequently formed the topic of a correspondence—in which, probably, most of the letters issued from the north. He says,

The weather being fine, we ranged somewhat among the lake scenery, and by the rivers and through the woods which variegated our northern country. There was not much to tempt us in the aspect of public affairs, which, if not gloomy for the country at large, was yet not very flattering for the liberal party, among whom the single object seemed now to be the retention of office, and who might say, with the Roman patriot, in the decline of liberty, "Nostris enim vitilis, non casualiquo, rempublicam verbo, retinemus, reapse vero jam pridem amisimus." Nor, indeed, on these matters, was there a perfect agreement between us two; for, while we augured as little favourably the one as the other of our prospects, we ascribed to different causes the condition of affairs which gave rise to these forebodings—he tracing it to the great natural weight and influence of the Tories throughout the country, both in church and state; I relying more on the energies of an improved and active people, provided the Government had acted so as to merit their support, but lamenting that no pains had been taken by them to shew any superiority of popular principles, or make the country feel itself better off under their rule than they would have been under the adverse faction, while I perceived sufficiently plain indications that the accession of Court-favour in this new reign, would have the effect of lessening rather than promoting any popular tendencies which might still exist. Altogether, therefore, the state of the Commonwealth was a subject less suited to engage our conversation; and we naturally dwelt little upon passing and unpleasant topics, as unsatisfactory, transitory, and fleeting—"Ista quæ nec percontari nec audire sine molestia possumus."

So they sat them down, like a couple of ancient philosophers, in the cool shade, in an island of the river, and held profound colloquy—classic in form, but lively, familiar, racy—upon, in the first place, the nature of instinct. A. interrupted B. in an attempt to define this singular faculty, or power, or gift—or what shall we call it?—and the check produces this sally, and lively snatch of not irrelevant talk:—

B. Patience, good man!—patience! What is this to what you have gone through? Fancy yourself once more in the House of Commons, on the Treasury Bench, listening to ———.

A. God forbid!

B. Or suppose yourself again in Downing Street, with Drummond announcing a succession of seven deputations, or of seventeen suitors?

A. The bare possibility of it drives me wild! Why, to convert you to the most absurd doctrine I could fancy—to make you swallow all the zoonomia whole, and believe that men derive their love of waving lines and admiration of finely-moulded forms from the habit of the infant in handling his mother's bosom; or even to drive you into a belief that the world was made by chance—would be an easy task compared to the persuading any one suitor, at any one of the offices, that you had any difficulty in giving him all he asks, or convincing any one of those seven deputations that there exists in the world another body but itself.

B. Or to convince any one man who ever asked any one job to be done for him that he had any one motive in his mind but the public good, to which he was sacrificing his private interests. I remember M. once drolly observing, when I said no man could tell how base men are till he came into office—"On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue; for I now find that no man ever drops the least hint of any motive but disinterestedness and self-denial; and all idea of gain or advantage is the only thing that none seem ever to dream of." But, now, compose yourself to patience and discussion, take an extra pinch of snuff, walk about, for five minutes, a distance of five yards and back, with your hands in your breeches' pockets, and then return to the question with the same calmness with which you have listened to a man abusing you by the hour, in Parliament, or with which you looked an hour ago, in the castle-farm, at the beast you had bred, and which, by your complacent aspect, I saw you had sold pretty well."

A reference to the modern Freethinkers or Encyclopedists of France, and an allusion to the hypothesis of Helvetius, that human superiority is solely owing to the form of the hand, introduce Monboddó, and this ingenious and hopeful, if not conclusive nor quite orthodox apology for his nonsensical theory:—

Professor Robinson, [Robison?] in his attacks on the French school, is nowhere more severe upon them than where he impeaches them of endeavouring to lower the dignity of human nature; and, undoubtedly, such attempts may be made in a manner to hurt the interests both of religion and of morals.

A. Has not Lord Monboddó given great offence of the same kind, and in the same quarters?

B. Possibly he has; although, from his station as a judge, and a man of most loyal political opinions, and also from his being an orthodox believer—at least as far as professions go—he has been less blamed than the rest. He was an admirable Grecian, such as modern Scotland has very rarely produced. There is an infinite deal of ingenuity and subtlety, as well as learning, in his writings, with a constant display of most correct taste, in judging of the ancient controversies. But his theory has subjected him to great ridicule—not so much from holding that there is a gradation in the whole scale of beings, and that the mental faculties of men are found in the minds of brutes, as from his denying any specific difference, even in body, and holding that originally men were fashioned like monkeys, and lived, like them, wild and savage.

A. I could much more easily understand this doctrine giving offence and scandal as heterodox, than the other; for it seems not reconcilable either to our religion, or, indeed, to almost any other received amongst civilized nations.

B. I consider it a thing just as little supported by the facts as it is repugnant to all known systems of theology.

But my objection to it is really not founded upon its tendency to lower human nature. On the contrary, I doubt if it does not rather exalt our faculties beyond all the ordinary doctrines, and draw a broader line of distinction between us and the lower animals, than that which it was intended to efface; for, surely, if we have not only, by our intelligence, made the great progress from a rude to a refined state, from the New Zealander to La Place, and Newton, and Lagrange, but have also, by the help of the same faculties, made the progress from the state of monkeys and baboons, while all other animals are the same from one generation to another, and have made not a single step for sixty centuries, and never have attempted, in a single instance, to store up for after times the experience of a former age, our faculties must needs be immeasurably superior to theirs. In short, the only question is as to the nature of the difference.

Some of the facts given in the discussion of instinct are, we think, of questionable authority; though the observation of living persons could furnish many more instances, equally striking, especially of animal intelligence. The singular fact gravely stated about the instinct of newly-farrowed pigs, when the litter is so numerous that each suckling cannot appropriate a teat to its sole use, must, we presume, be a type or political allegory; the farrowing sow signifying the present Whig party, which, not being able, all at once, to provide sustenance for its numerous brood, leaves a part to amuse themselves by sucking their cunninger neighbours' tails, till they die of inanition; unless their political fathers, like human nursing mothers, contrive a few supplementary teats, named Commissions, &c., to which the sustaining fluid may be copiously supplied by that good and useful milch cow, the Commonwealth.

We have said that Lord Brougham, in the Discourse on the Origin of Evil, sets out by asserting that mere human faculties can never resolve the problem—in other words, that no second Newton can arise to explain and reconcile what appear mortal inconsistencies, by shewing them to depend on general and immutable laws; and that, failing to perform completely what appears impossibility, Lord Brougham philosophizes on the mysterious subject in a pious and cheerful spirit. In support of this opinion we select our concluding extract:—

The mere act of creation, in a Being of wisdom so admirable and power so vast, seems to make it extremely probable that perfect Goodness accompanies the exertion of his perfect Skill. There is something so repugnant to all our feelings, and also to all the conceptions of our reason, in the supposition of such a Being desiring the misery, for its own sake, of the beings whom he voluntarily called into existence, and endowed with a sentient nature, that the mind naturally and irresistibly recoils from such a thought. But this is not all. If the nature of that Great Being were evil, his power being unbounded, there would be some proportion between the amount of ills and the monuments of that power. Yet we are struck dumb with the immensity of His works, to which no imperfection can be ascribed, and in which no evil can be traced; while the amount of mischief which we see, might sink into a most insignificant space, and is such as a being of most inconsiderable power and very limited skill, could easily have accomplished. This is not the same consideration with the balance of good against evil, and inquires do not seem to have sufficiently attended to it. The argument, however, deserves much attention, for it is purely and strictly inductive. The divine nature is shewn to be clothed with prodigious power and incomparable wisdom and skill,—power and skill so vast, and so exceeding our comprehension, that we ordinarily term them infinite, and are only induced to conceive the possibility of limiting, by the course of the argument upon Evil, one alternative of which is assumed to raise an exception. But admitting, on account of the question under discussion, that we have only a right to say the power and skill are prodigiously great, though possibly not boundless, they are plainly shewn, in the phenomena of the universe, to be the attributes of a Being who, if evil-disposed, could have made the Monuments of Ill upon a scale resembling those of Power and Skill; so that, if those things which seem

to us evil be really the result of a mischievous design in such a Being, we cannot comprehend why they are upon so entirely different a scale. This is a strong presumption, from the facts, that we are wrong in imputing those appearances to such a disposition. If so, what seems evil must needs be capable of some other explanation consistent with divine goodness—that is to say, would not prove to be evil at all, if one knew the whole of the facts. But it is necessary to proceed a step further, especially with a view to the fundamental position now contended for—the extending to the question of Benevolence the same principles which we apply to that of Intelligence.

The evil which exists, or that which we suppose to be evil, not only is of a kind and a magnitude requiring inconceivably less power and less skill than the admitted good of the creation; it also bears a very small proportion in amount, quite as small as the cases of unknown or undiscoverable design bear to those of acknowledged and proved contrivance. Generally speaking, the preservation and the happiness of sensitive creatures, appears to be the great object of creative exertion and conservative providence. The expanding of our faculties, both bodily and mental, is accompanied with pleasure; the exercise of those powers is almost always attended with gratification; all labour so acts as to make rest peculiarly delicious; much of labour is enjoyment; the gratification of those appetites by which both the individual is preserved and the race is continued, is highly pleasurable to all animals; and, it must be observed, that, instead of being attracted by grateful sensations to do anything requisite for our good, or even our existence, we might have been just as certainly urged by the feeling of pain, or the dread of it, which is a kind of suffering in itself. Nature then resembles the lawgiver, who, to make his subjects obey, should prefer holding out rewards for compliance with his commands, rather than denounce punishments for disobedience. But Nature is yet more kind—she is gratuitously kind; she not only prefers inducement to threat or compulsion, but she adds more gratification than was necessary to make us obey her calls. How well might all creation have existed, and been continued, though the air had not been balmy in spring, or the shade and the stream refreshing in summer! How needless for the propagation of plants was it that the seed should be enveloped in fruits the most savoury to our palate; and if those fruits were some other purpose, how foreign to that purpose was the formation of our nerves, so framed as to be soothed & excited by their flavour! We here perceive design, because we trace adaptation; but we, at the same time, perceive benevolent design, because we perceive gratuitous and supererogatory enjoyment bestowed. Thus, too, see the care with which animals of all kinds are tended from their birth. The mother's instinct is not more certainly the means of providing for her young, than her gratification in the act of maternal care is great, and is also needless for making her perform that duty. The grove is not made vocal during pairing and incubation in order to secure the laying and hatching of eggs; for if it were as still as the grave, or were filled with the most discordant shrieking, the process would be as well performed.

The same train of reasoning is pursued with equal felicity of illustration and beauty of style; but we must stop short, having already exceeded our bounds, and under the entire persuasion that Lord Brougham's greatest and most enduring work—for such we consider these volumes—will be duly appreciated, without any elaborate introduction from the periodical press.

The Religions of Profane Antiquity, their Mythology, Fables, Hieroglyphics, and Doctrines, &c., &c., founded on Astronomical Principles.
By Jonathan Duncan, B.A. London: Rickerby.
Pp. 367.

A work of great value to the classical student, the philosopher, and the theologian, is here presented in a form so unpretending, and in a manner so unobtrusive, that it stands a chance of being for a time overlooked. In a very modest preface, the author states that one object of his work is to furnish young students with a key to the scattered fragments of oriental mythologies, and systems wield in the pages of Hesiod, Homer, Ovid, and Virgil,

of which he rightly believes few lads studying Greek or Latin have any perception. A higher object of the work is religious. The author imagines that a knowledge of the Cosmogonies and Theogonies of Paganism might be rendered useful to the Missionary cause, particularly in Eastern countries. He thinks that Missionaries visiting those countries ought to be acquainted with the general principles on which the prevailing heathenism is founded, and that more progress might have been made had they been aware of the nature of the prejudices and superstitions which militate against the introduction of Christianity. But this work itself shews how every system has been corrupted and distorted—what was originally pure and exalted philosophy degenerating into gross and depraving superstition; so that Christianity has not suffered more from priestcraft, than the systems invented by ancient philosophy from the corruptions engrafted on them by the sacerdotal order. One of the best achievements of the work is to present the original doctrines and opinions of Pagan philosophers free of the distortions, encrustations, and defilements which have grown upon them. Much curious learning and speculation is employed in the task of laying open the original Purgatory and the Elysium of Plato—the first ideas of the soul of the universe, and the soul of man—its fall and recovery—the origin of evil, and those other lofty topics which have in all ages exercised the highest intellects. The exposition of the Astro-theological machinery of the ancients, and the astronomical solution of their fables connected with the zodiacal signs, the constellations, the metempsychosis, idol worship, mysteries, and initiations, display a vast fund of curious learning, and open fields of speculation which are rarely traversed in this country. A more popular portion of the work will be that where the author shews Paganism imperceptibly gliding into a corrupted form of Christianity; the Janus of Ovid, or rather of Heathen mythology, assuming the form, attributes, privileges, and functions of the Pope. The coincidence, if it be no more, is remarkable. We shall cite but one sentence—"The outward symbols of authority attributed by Ovid to Janus exactly correspond with those of the Pope; for Janus is represented holding the cross in the right hand, and the key in the left. Ovid also calls him the key-bearing god—*Clavigerum Deum*." The successor of St Peter holds the keys of Heaven and Hell; and Janus possessed equal power, being propitiated with frankincense to permit homage being paid to the gods by the worshippers. The history of purgatory given by our author shews, in a striking light, the manner in which doctrines may become corrupted. It is traced to the Phœnicians, a commercial people, who, by an indelible law, denied funeral-rites to fraudulent debtors. Greece was colonized by Phœnician navigators, who introduced Sabeism, their own religion; and Greece in turn transmitted the faith of Sabeism, but exceedingly perverted, to the Romans. Among other perversions, the original moral purpose of refusing funeral-rites was forgotten—and in the "Æneid," Palinurus is described as being in the intermediate state of punishment, or purgatory, for no fault of his own, but simply because his body had not received the sacred rites of sepulture, which his shade implores Æneas to bestow upon his remains. The Romans had thus lost sight of the original use of the doctrine, and merely held it as a tradition or religious truth communicated by their ancestors. Now we cite the author:—

But if the pagan Romans merit censure for having

perverted the original idea of purgatory, the modern Catholic Church deserves severer reprobation. It is well known that all comedians are excluded from the rites of burial in consecrated ground by the Romanists. The reason was this:—In the early ages of the church, sacred dramas were performed, called *Moralities* and *Mysteries*, by actors employed by the clergy, who appropriated to themselves all the profits over and above the salaries of the performers. . . . This impious mummery was a rich source of profit to the Church. . . . In progress of time, however, the spirit of the age was altered, and some bold speculators ventured to dramatize profane subjects. A competition thus arose between the old and new theatres, by which the receipts of the ecclesiastical monopoly were largely curtailed. To extinguish their rivals, the Catholic Church decreed that all comedians who performed in profane dramas should be denied burial in consecrated ground; and thus alarmed their opponents by the horrors of purgatory. In this manner a doctrine useful on the banks of the Nile, became absurd and cruel on the banks of the Tiber.

The *Moralities* and *Mysteries* of the Church, if less original and interesting than the author's solution of pagan fables and superstitions, will afford us a more popular specimen of his work; which, by the way, is more commendable for matter than arrangement, as if he were still more of a scholar and student than a literary artist.

So late as 1327, these exhibitions took place at Chester. The fall of Lucifer was represented by the tanners; the Deluge, by the dyers; Abraham, Melchizedek, and Lot, by the barbers; the Massacre of the Innocents, by the silversmiths; the Purification, by the blacksmiths; the Temptation, by the butchers; the Holy Supper, by the bakers; the Last Judgment, by the weavers; and many other Scripture subjects were dramatized at the expense of different corporations and trades. When the mystery of the Deluge was acted at Chester, the animals contained in the ark were painted on pieces of paper, and brought forward as the prompter called their names. To represent the Holy Ghost, a white pigeon was attached to a rope, and gradually drawn down upon the person who represented the Virgin Mary. . . . Mysteries were performed in the churches as a part of religious worship. In 1449, a canon of the Council of Cologne, prohibited these pious representations in nunneries, because the actors, by their profane and secular gesticulations, excited the voluptuous passions of the nuns. Performers were sent from the cities to the provinces; and the remission of sins was promised to all who frequented the mysteries. In all those pieces the principal part was allotted to the Devil. His horns, his enormous mouth, his fiery eyes, his clubbed feet, together with his tail and pitch-fork, produced a powerful impression on the ignorant and timid audience. The Devil was always accompanied by *Vice*, who was the *gracioso* of the piece. *Vice* pursued the Devil with a wooden sword, beat him, and made him *blush*, to the great edification of the devout spectators.

Numerous interesting extracts, present themselves in the course of the exposition of Pagan creeds; but, instead of any of them, we shall borrow our author's assertion of the universality of the religious sentiment as an ingredient in humanity. At that epoch in the progress of civilization when astronomy began to be cultivated, Sabeism, or the astro-theology of the ancients, took form, and was established. The institution of the sacerdotal order followed the imperfect development of the religious sentiment, and at once assumed its proper character, of kindling the passions, and working upon the hopes and fears of the vulgar, for its own advantage, and the maintenance of its authority; those hopes and fears growing out of the universal conviction which man has always felt, of his need of being upheld and protected by some superior, invisible power. Our author rebuts the opinion of the philosophers, "that fear first created the gods;" and he proceeds—

It is here contended that man is not religious because he is timid, but because he is man; in other words, that the religious sentiment is part and parcel of humanity, inseparable from its very nature, and essential to its exist-

ence. It is an indestructible principle; and so long as the nature of man remains unchanged, he must necessarily be a religious animal. The experience of history proves the position. Various systems of belief have existed and have perished, but man has never been divested of the religious sentiment in its essence; he has merely changed the outward form. He has never felt himself wholly independent of the external and invisible world; he has never fancied his own unaided powers sufficient to secure happiness; but, on the contrary, he has always been conscious of his own insufficiency, and has never ceased to entertain a feeling, however vague, crude, or indistinct that feeling may have been, of his entire dependence on some unknown and superior intelligence. . . .

Man, then, must be considered as an essentially religious animal, among the first and eternal laws of whose nature may be perceived a desire after happiness, and a dread of misery, accompanied by a lively and restless sense of hope and fear. These feelings have influenced every condition of society from primitive barbarism to final civilization; they lie at the root of all systems of heathenism, and form, as it were, a common centre towards which they all radiate. That the modifications of heathenism are various and dissimilar in their development, is true; but these relate to the superstructure, and not to the base of the edifice. Sacerdotal corporations never created the religious sentiment; but, on the contrary, the religious sentiment created sacerdotal corporations. The cosmogonies and theogonies of heathenism, the sacred fables, the doctrines, mysteries, and ceremonies, were certainly the inventions of the priesthood; but these must not be confounded with the religious sentiment in the abstract, which, in its essence, is an independent principle, co-existent with our very being. . . .

The priesthood could no more have originated the religious sentiment than created the circulation of the blood which circulates through our veins; their power was limited to the control and direction of it in its development. To accomplish their object, they rendered the religious sentiment subservient to those first laws of our nature which prompt us to seek happiness and avoid misery, while, at the same time, they kept alive the principles of hope and fear. In order to derive the greatest and most permanent advantage from this policy, they laid it down as a fundamental rule, that no direct communication could ever take place between man and the gods. The intercession and intermediate agency of the priesthood was declared to be indispensable, without which no blessing could be obtained, and no curse be averted. . . . The desire of escaping out of the boundaries of finity and limited duration, and attaining to the knowledge of infinity and eternity, and thus solving the grand problem of life and death, obtained for the priesthood the exclusive privilege of mediating between the creature and the Creator. The germ of this feeling may be detected even in that early stage of society when the juggler and magician pretended to control the occult powers of nature, by sacrifices and incantations. Man was easily persuaded that what he could not obtain for himself, another could secure for him. He anxiously desired a mediator between himself and the invisible powers, and that very desire created a priesthood.

The origin of this order our author assumes to be coeval with the first notions of astronomy. Sabeism, or astro-theology, which he has taken so much pains to expound, he considers the most grateful and elevated of the endless varieties of heathenism—as natural to man, unaided by the light of revelation, must necessarily have based his belief on some system of materialism; and there is nothing in nature so calculated to excite wonder, admiration, and reverential awe, as the starry heavens producing, on the one hand, the most exalted idea of the Governor of the universe, and, on the other, the most humiliating conviction of human insignificance. "Hence astronomy became a sacred science, and formed the chief study of the ancient priesthood. . . . In the progress of time, astrology became blended with astronomy. Then it was taught, that the destinies of individuals, and the fate of nations, depended on the stars. The three kingdoms of nature were subjected to their influence; cosmogonies were invented; theogonies were framed; sacred fables were composed; rites and ceremonies

were instituted; and the whole of them were intended to illustrate the varied phenomena of nature."

These views open up the subject, and prelude a work, which, though sufficiently popular in style, may yet be one rather for the few than the many. The author acknowledges his obligation to several eminent continental theologians and scholars, and modestly intimates that, if there be any personal merit in his volume, it is "in the arrangement and simplification of so complicated a subject, and not in invention." Even the secondary merits of the volume, as a treatise on classic mythology, must secure it a favourable reception among scholars.

Life and Times of Bunyan. By the Rev. R. Philip, author of "The Life and Times of Whitefield," &c. &c.*

Bunyan's new biographer has not only brought the highest veneration and the warmest love to his task, but enthusiasm for his hero which borders on idolatry. The tinker of Bedford he appears to regard as the greatest among uninspired men. And Bunyan's is indeed a character and genius to beget enthusiasm, especially where there are many congenial feelings and sympathies. Here there are so many as sometimes to run fairly away with the sober judgment of the author. It may be concluded that, at this time of day, very few new facts could be gathered respecting Bunyan; the materials for whose biography would be exceeding meagre, save for the rich ore imbedded in his writings. Even in this secondary respect, the industry and research of the biographer have effected wonders; for he has gone to work in somewhat of the spirit which leads a Catholic devotee to the Holy Sepulchre, or a follower of the Prophet to Mecca; and the *Bunyaniana* which he has succeeded in collecting—the anecdotes, traditions, relics, and wit, make at length no inconsiderable figure, in addition to the information of former biographers. This, however, is but a subordinate feature in this new *Life*. Its main charm is a fervid, lively, and imaginative style, and the congenial feeling with which the complete portrait of Bunyan is worked out from his own materials—from his experiences, his confessions, and narrations.

The author has raised many conjectures, sometimes more plausible than well-supported—such as that Bunyan must have been a thief or pilferer in his heathen state; and woven most ingenious hypotheses, apparently sometimes for the mere pleasure of pulling them to pieces again. But the hypothetical and conjectural history, and these presumed powers of mind and influences from a variety of external circumstances and spiritual agencies, which often supply Mr Philip with a key-note or a text for speculation, are not the least racy and original of his incubations. Such speculations abound everywhere. Indeed the volume is half-filled with them. To make our meaning plain, we would refer the reader to the presumed influence of Bunyan's first wife in awakening her husband to serious thought, and winning him to a holier life; and we shall cite as a specimen, though a meagre one, our author's theory of those moods and aberrations of mind, which Southey calls "the hot and cold fits of Bunyan's spiritual ague."

The dreamer seems to have been, especially in early life, "of imagination all compact," swayed by every the slightest impression. Under the happy influence of his wife, Bunyan had become a much more respectable character in a few years after his marriage. Some said he was become "an honest man," others that he was "godly." A "fa-

mous" alteration was visible in him; and to hear of these things pleased him well; and he talked "bravely" about religion.—But we must go deeper into a story, in which Bunyan's historian becomes quite as personal to the reader as Bunyan himself, and displays idiosyncrasies which establish his aptitude to explain certain peculiarities in his hero's mental constitution, where more sedate biographers have failed. While the reformed Bunyan was living in the state of a Pharisee—though an unconscious Pharisee—he began to question the lawfulness of his favourite amusements of bell-ringing and dancing; and from an active ringer, he would now only look on. One day, he was lingering, looking at the ringers, when he began to think, "What if one of the bells should fall!" Then he placed himself in safety; but, again, he thought "If the bell fall with a *swing*, and then rebound on me, it may kill me." So he retired to the door of the belfry; for the delight of witnessing the ringing, in which he durst not perform, was not to be easily surrendered. But next came the thought—"If the steeple should fall?" and he was forced to abandon his sinful enjoyment altogether by this fourth and final alarm. In this anecdote, Mr Philip imagines he has found the key to Bunyan's hot and cold fits—his spiritual ague. He was sure to examine and scrutinize everything that interested him, and almost as sure to look longest at the darkest side, so far as it concerned himself; and now for the author's full explanation:—

Bunyan was not, indeed, a slothful man, to invent lions in the way, nor a nervous man to suspect lions; but he was a mighty and moody magician, to conjure them up, at all times, and in terrific forms. For let it ever be remembered, that it was the same powers of mind, all unknown to himself as talents, and all unbalanced by knowledge or example, that played the fool and the madman alternately with scraps of Scripture in early life, which afterwards invented "The Pilgrim's Progress," with the tact of Shakspeare, the wisdom of Plato, and the precision of Locke. The powers which created that work were sure to run wild while they knew not their own strength, and had no guide, and nothing delightful enough to satisfy their cravings when they concentrated their exercise."

This may not be very clearly laid down; but one knows which way the writer is groping, and fancies it may be in the right direction. Under the section, "Bunyan's Conflicts," we find a characteristic passage, which, moreover, explains what is a mystery to two-thirds of mankind, in a very rational manner:—

Every Christian has his childhood, during which he both thinks and says childish things, and gives way to childish hopes and fears. He is no philosopher who can laugh at this weakness. . . . It is a case of spiritual infancy in general, and often aggravated in its weakness by ill health and low spirits. It is not, however, a bad thing for any man to go through some process and degree of mental anxiety at his outset in religion. He would not be a better nor a wiser man without it. Personal religion is more than a new line of moral conduct. It is that; but it is also a new train of ideas, desires, and motives. It is a new line of conduct chosen for new reasons, and pursued for eternal results. The mind cannot, therefore, adjust itself at once to such that is new, noble, and solemn. It is thrown at first inevitably into some confusion, as well as ferment, by the vastness and variety of eternal things. To wonder at this is worse than foolish. Why, any great change of temporal circumstances, or even the transition from a small trade to a great one, will throw the mind into both ferment and confusion. . . . I have seen more men at their wit's end by worldly embarrassments than I ever saw by spiritual; and few have been brought into wider contact than myself with the inmates of the cells and wards of Doubting Castle. Who has not seen men on 'Change, and at their desks, as much confused, and agitated, and panic-struck by the vicissitudes of trade, as Bunyan was by the vicissitudes of religious hope and fear? I do not plead for and apologize for all his hot and cold fits in religion; but while both hot and

* London: Virtue. Royal 8vo, with portrait, &c. Pp. 566.

could fit as so common in trade, I will not silently hear him called fool or fanatic. . . . It will be quite time enough for the world to *fling gibes* at the anguish of timid and tempted Christians, when her own bankers, brokers, shipowners, and merchants take panics and reports coolly. In like manner, it ought not to be a very amazing thing in a world where returned bills and bad debts make men sleepless for a time, if unanswered prayers or unsuccessful struggles to "keep the heart right with God," create some wearisome nights and days to recent converts.

Proofs are brought of this, not in the best taste, perhaps, although the cases were as well authenticated as they are apocryphal.

As we turn up the book, this pregnant sentence catches the eye :—

It is somewhat curious, as well as lamentable, that neither Wesley nor Whitefield saw, when they revived the doctrine of regeneration, that a *child-like spirit* is what the Saviour chiefly means by the New Birth. . . . How can preachers on regeneration answer to God for quoting this maxim so seldom?

There is some very curious speculation about Satanic agency in the chapters entitled "Bunyan's Relapses," and "Bunyan's Temptations;" and we could fancy ourselves reading a black-letter volume, composed some centuries since, in falling upon such passages as—

It will be allowed by every thinking man, that, if there be a Devil, John Bunyan was just the man he was likely "to sift as wheat." It was worth his while to keep him out of the Church of Christ, if he could. It required no great sagacity [in the Devil] to foresee that such a man would be a host in himself, whatever side he might espouse in the contest between Truth and Error. Bunyan could be nothing by halves. Besides, whatever he was or wished to be, he could not conceal it. Out it came by day or by night! He both thought and dreamt aloud. He talked to himself whenever he was alone; and had dreamt of Satan and his angels from his youth up. Satan had thus no great difficulty to find out the talents and taste of Bunyan. . . . He saw his weak side at a glance, and poured "fiery darts" into it without delay. Satan was more afraid of the *Trinker* than the *Poet*. He let Milton alone, but came in like a flood upon Bunyan; well knowing that a real Allegorist was more dangerous to the kingdom of darkness than even the Prince of Epic Poetry: and that the Apollyon of the Pilgrim would awe more than the Lucifer of the "Paradise Lost." I do not mean, of course, that Satan anticipated either picture of himself, but that he could easily guess how the two artists would paint him, and thus complete their comparative influence upon his own power in the world. It may be unusual to speak in this straight-forward way of Satan, but thus he should be spoken of if we would think of him or resist him as the Scriptures teach.

We own that it is very unusual. A chapter is devoted to "Satan and his Angels"—a singular one, whatever sober judgment may be formed of it. In speaking of the fall of man, and the first Satanic Temptation, he remarks—"No one can prove that even our first parents would not have sinned and fallen, if they had not been tempted;" and that Adam was actually not so tempted—the woman being the agent in his temptation. A train of hypothetical reasoning about the fall, not tending greatly to edification we think, is thus boldly wound up:—"It is worse than puerile, it is inexpressibly contemptible, to speak or think of Eden being lost by eating an apple. There is an awful though guilty sublimity in the ambition which ruined Adam and Eve. They fell from human perfection, by attempting to reach divine wisdom. They were angel-like in knowledge; they wished to be god-like in it too. Thus, it was for no trifle they periled soul or body."

A sturdy defence is made for Bunyan not ceasing to preach at the command of the authorities—the powers that were—and persisting in attending conventicles; nor is Dr Southey spared for his sophistical vindication of a tyrannical government, which would be quite as

justifiable in hauling Mr Philip out of his pulpit next Sunday, and thrusting him into prison, as in persecuting and imprisoning Bunyan then. The time was different; but the principle of the acts is the same. Bunyan would not yield either from favour or fear.—"If I fly," he said, "the world will take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the gospel." "Although still but a tinker, he had more influence as a minister," his biographer remarks, "than the Bishop of the diocese. His hammer had more moral weight than the crozier, and his bit than the mitre." He vindicates Bunyan's assertion of the right of conscience, Bunyan's disobedience to tyrannical laws, and his seditious contumacy, to the utmost. Bunyan's prejudices against the Liturgy.—Mr Philip uses the term prejudices—"will not prove him to have been," he continues, "a high-minded or hot-minded man, in the sense Dr Southey has called him so. He was too high-minded to submit to dictation as to *how* he should pray, or *where* he should preach; and too hot-minded to heed the ban of a bench, or the opinion of the squirearchy in matters of conscience and duty." Our author waxes warm on this subject; but his is an honest zeal. Of the acuteness and power of reasoning shown by Bunyan in his defence before the magistrates, we must give one instance. He was reminded of what is never forgotten on such occasions—the obedience to magistrates enjoined by the Scriptures. He confessed that Paul did own the powers that were in his day to be of God; and yet he was often in prison under them for all that:—"I hope you will not say that either Paul or Christ were such as did deny magistracy, and so sinned against God in slighting the ordinance. Sir, the law hath provided two ways of obeying; the one to do that which I in my conscience do believe I am bound to do actively; and, where I cannot obey actively, there I am willing to lie down, and to suffer what they shall do unto me." He was, as is well known, kept twelve years in prison. We should have liked to gather a few of "Bunyan's *shame-devils*"—his graphic denunciations of oppressive and persecuting landlords, unscrupulous dealers, and forestallers, and cheating hucksters. "Bunyan's Anecdotes," or many of them, are less to our taste. His prison amusements form an interesting chapter; and, spite of his oppressors, his long confinement must have been a season of tranquillity, and often of positive enjoyment. He had his Bible and Concordance, and the "Book of Martyrs;" he had a sand-glass and a rose-bush; his jailor was kind; and his cell commanded a view of the river and the road; and, while he *tagged* the laces which his wife and his blind child worked and sold for the support of the family of five children, he spiritualised, and allegorized, and typified, in prose and verse, and gradually and unconsciously prepared himself for his noblest performances. The fate of this blind daughter was the sharpest trial of his faith, the heaviest and bitterest of Bunyan's prison-thoughts. "My poor blind child lay nearer my heart," he writes, "than all besides. Oh! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might go under would break my heart to pieces! Poor child, thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow on thee." The examples of Bunyan's power of sarcasm, are happier than those of his humour. He did not spare the regular clergy of his age—the "*trencher-chaplains*" and "benefice hunters."

Would the people learn to be covetous, (he says,) they need but look to their ministers, and they shall have a *foety*, or rather a *deadly* resemblance set before them, in their riding and running after great benefices and parsonages, by night and by day: nay, they amongst themselves will *scramble* for the same. I have seen, that so soon as a man is departed from his benefice, (as he calls it,) either by death or out of covetousness for a bigger, we have had one priest from this town, and another from that—so *run* after these tithe-cocks and hand-fuls of barley, as if it were their proper *trade* to hunt after the same.

No small part of the value of this volume, is the embodying, in this way, the spirit of Bunyan's miscellaneous writings, and especially such passages and traits as reflect light upon his individual character, and the bent and peculiarities of his genius. The homely and quaint manner in which this is sometimes accomplished, is more in harmony, in truer keeping with the subject, than a more chaste and elevated style might have been; and, altogether, this rough but vigorous and animated biography of the most popular of religious writers, is one we should like ill to part with. Where other biographers have dug and neatly raked, Mr Philip has deeply trenched the soil, and brought out all its richness and vitality.

Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire
By Robert Montgomery Martin, Esq.

These Statistics have been drawn up with great pains and care, and from the best and indeed the only authentic and trustworthy sources. The "Statistics of the Colonies" bear immediately upon Mr Martin's previous studies and researches; so that he must have possessed a mass of valuable systematized information before the papers of the Colonial Office and the India House were, by the liberality of Lord Glenelg and the Directors, made accessible to him. For a series of years the Colonial Office has received from each Colony what is technically termed a *Blue Book*, in manuscript, containing a variety of information, statistical and general, for the use of the Home Government. From these *blue books*, Mr M. Martin and his assistants have drawn the information which Government decline to metho-dize and publish, on account of the heavy expense of examining, condensing, and printing the information scattered through such a mass of documents. A work is thus produced by individual talent and enterprise, much fuller and better than any abridgment of official papers could have been, from combining their essence with the knowledge derived from more extensive sources;—a work, moreover, which will be found invaluable and indispensable to the statist and legislator, and whoever desires to become accurately acquainted with the state and prospects of the Colonies. The work, of course, contains numerous tabular statements connected with each Colony, and also a variety of historical and miscellaneous information. This book should be consulted by persons intending to emigrate.

Nature Displayed; being an Easy Introduction to Natural Theology, &c., &c.—By M. Pinnoek, Author of the Catechisms, &c., &c.

Mr Pinnoek seems to hold the opinion advanced by Lord Brougham in his new work, "That the form of dialogue appears eminently suited to the thorough sifting of a subject confessedly extremely difficult." This is accordingly the method adopted by Lord Brougham, and followed by Mr Pinnoek in his very meritorious little work. The dialogue is carried on by the Reverend Mr Beauchamp, and his pupil, Lionel; and seventeen Conversations give room for a rich variety of scientific illustrations of the important theme handled,

The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art.

A useful and careful selection of such facts, in the different departments of Science and Art, as have appeared in the newspapers and periodical publications at home and abroad, principally during the last year. The design of "The Year-Book" is worthy of commendation. It is embellished, among other engravings, with a portrait of the late Dr Bowditch of Boston; and, if we may trust physiognomy, a most venerable, intellectual, and benevolent philosopher he seems to have been. The head and the expression of the countenance will bear comparison with those of any sage of antiquity. The facts in "The Year-Book" are well-arranged. As a specimen of the contents of a really useful volume, we shall copy a cheap and simple invention, of which the inhabitants of Edinburgh, at least, never stood more in need than this year :—

SIMPLE WATER FILTER.

The charcoal must be perfectly well burnt, and kept from exposure to the atmosphere. A test of good charcoal is, that, when pulverized, it sinks rapidly in water. The charcoal must be supported on an indestructible material, as a plate of burnt clay, perforated with holes. The filter may consist of a common garden-pot, or similar vessel, with holes at the bottom. The lower part may be filled with round pebbles, then smaller pebbles, then some coarse sand, and finally a stratum of pounded charcoal of about three or four inches in thickness. It is a great mistake to place any material, as sand, above the charcoal, with the view of arresting the grosser particles of impurity, as the sand will quickly stop up and be impervious to water.* A filter, prepared as above directed, will render water perfectly clear and sweet for many years.—M. J. T. HAWKINS.—*Proceedings of the British Association.*

Such is the homely, but useful matter which fills a considerable space in "The Year-Book."

Turnbull's Sketches from Real Life.

The Rev. Mr James Turnbull, a respectable Dissenting clergyman of Edinburgh, has produced a volume of life-like, and, indeed, we have no doubt, *true* stories, for the moral and religious instruction and improvement of his readers. They have numerous merits, and only one blemish; which it is, however, probable the writer may consider their highest merit. They are not merely serious, they are cheerless—more for warning than encouragement. However grave and earnest the preacher may be, the successful story-teller must condescend to amuse; and to study, as far as may be compatible with the higher aim, to "accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind." But, although the stories, being from *real life*, are generally of a gloomy character, some of them are eminently entertaining in their details. There is, for example, Crabbe-like truth in the story of "The Imprudent Marriage," and a good deal of quiet humour; and also in the opening scenes of "The Fortunate Old Soldier." In the name of humanity, we would offer thanks to any author, but especially to an orthodox Calvinistic minister, who composed a tale in the spirit which pervades "The Suicide." "Scenes in the Woods," a story of Scottish settlers in Canada, is another of our favourites. It is full of truth and trial; but it is, at the same time, healing and refreshing. We should imagine that the Scottish Dissenters, in the first place, will not be slow to appreciate the worth of this volume.

* To the above, we suggest a large piece of sponge laid over the charcoal, so as to fill the aperture through which the filter is supplied with water; which sponge, if washed now and then, will keep the implement in better order, and make it last for many more years.—*E. T. M.*

Letter to the Earl of Durham on Paying Members of Parliament, &c.

MARVEL REDIVIVUS, the writer of this letter, has, we presume, placed Lord Durham's name on his pamphlet, to ensure it some degree of attention. He is a Radical Reformer, going much farther than his Lordship, even on the one point which he discusses—namely, the propriety of paying Members of Parliament, which is, moreover, the *fifth* demand of the Chartists. Paying Members will not be conceded by the legislature one jot sooner than any of the other demands. But what forbids independent constituencies taking the matter into their own hands, and reviving a custom which, though fallen, like many other good, old, and constitutional practices, into desuetude, has never, we imagine, been disallowed by act of Parliament? We should rejoice to see Southwark, for example, revive the good old custom, and pay its able, independent, and indefatigable representative, so far as it is possible to requite services such as Mr Harvey's. Though far from approving of much of the course Mr O'Connell has steered for the last few sessions, we belong to the very small minority who approve the principle of the O'Connell Rent—unable to perceive how the means of life can be more honourably earned, either in the military or civil service of the Government, than in the more immediate and direct service of those for whom alone Government exists, and for whose interests only all its functionaries are supposed to be employed and paid. Of course, we limit this to periods like the present, when such services are eminently required, from the legitimate functionaries either failing in their duty, or acting in direct opposition to the interests of the people.

We carry this idea so far as to believe that the People have quite as good a right to indulge in the luxury of keeping a pensioner or two, as the Crown; and we imagine that the People's pensioner will, in every case, be chosen for reasons as fitting and as honourable to the individual. If Mr O'Connell discharged his duty to his country as he professes to do, how could the poorest peasant in Ireland more wisely contribute his mite to public purposes than in maintaining—nay, in enriching Ireland's friend and advocate, who refuses to accept of any other office, that he may be free to hold this, which, in these times, is the highest post of all?

The Gift for all Seasons. Edited by Wm. Anderson.

The Editor disclaims the name of Annual for his neat and pretty volume, as the design of it is higher than the amusement of the mere passing hour. But, if not an Annual, it is the likeliest thing possible to those favourite productions. It consists, like them, of tale, essay, and poem, and is embellished by pretty plates. Among the plates is yet another portrait of the Queen. The binding, too, is in the gay style of other gift books. In the literary and poetical departments we find contributions from Lady Emmeline Stuart, Campbell, J. Walker Ord, the Rev. Dr Morehead, Miss Pardoe, and others; and the editor, already known as the author of "Landscape Lyrics," and several volumes of fugitive poetry, has contributed his full share of prose and verse. Our brief specimen of this Easter gift-book shall be the song by J. Sheridan Knowles.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

"I send thee a wish, love! a wish send I thee,
Of love too true the token:
'A joy for each pang thou hast given to me,
A whole heart for the one thou hast broken.'

Wherever thy footstep lead thee by day,
May the cherub of peace hie before thee!
Wherever, at night, thy soft cheek thou shalt lay,
May the angel of sleep hover o'er thee!

"I'll tell thee what love is—thou taught'st it to me!
'Tis to love when thou'rt forsaken,
When the throb of the heart that's existence to thee,
For thee no more shall awaken.
Strong, strong was the light of thy smile; but, oh!
I'll tell thee, sweet, what's stronger—
The love which more bright than at first can glow,
Though 'tis fed by that smile no longer."

The Bouquet, or Ladies' Flower Garden.

This little volume is devoted to a description of the most common of those hardy or green-house plants which flower in rooms; and it contains a few remarks upon the best manner of treating plants in large towns, with their sunless and smoky balconies, and ill-aired sitting-rooms. The plants are taken in the order of their flowering, from January to December. Ladies will receive many useful hints for the in-door management of their favourites. Camellias, it seems, fail so frequently from too high a temperature, but above all from an unequal one. But how is it possible to preserve an equal temperature in English apartments, with open fires? The author recommends that camellias be kept in rather cold rooms, while the buds are swelling, and notices that *over-watering* at this period is the frequent cause of the flower-buds falling off.

The only Security against Popery.

This is a discourse lately delivered in this city, by the Rev. Andrew Marshall, one of the great guns of the Secession, and published by the Edinburgh Association for Promoting Voluntary Church Principles. Mr Marshall states that his discourse is the *exposé* of the principles of the Dissenters, regarding the Roman Catholics, and that from it Churchmen may learn how the Dissenters "wish to deal with the Papists, and how with themselves." "The truth is," he says, "we view Churchmen and Papists, and have all along viewed them, in nearly the same light. We have much cause to dislike both, and some cause to fear both, as long as they are Compulsories; and, for our own safety, and the public good, perhaps we might also say, we would at least divest both of their compulsory power." This is, at all events, plain speaking. The learned preacher sees security against the spread of Popery, in the Voluntary System only. Were all creeds placed on a level, he has no fear that the *puissant* will prevail. "The Establishment alone makes Popery formidable. Let that Establishment continue to exist, and it will probably pass, and at no distant day, into the hands of the Catholics." Had Mr Marshall limited his alarming prediction, or induction, to Ireland, we should be cautious of gainsaying him. He tells the Establishment they have cause to fear Popery; it has beaten them, and will beat them again—that is, unless they abandon the compulsory system. To this vigorous discourse are appended several important notes on the great controversy which shakes our land in its length and breadth, and on that new form of Popery which is openly rearing its front in the head-quarters of Church-of-Englandism—Oxford.

The Rev. R. Montgomery's Poems.

The first volume of a new and small, but very neat edition of these poems has appeared in Glasgow. "Satan," the first, and, we presume, still the most popular of Mr Montgomery's poems, occupies the volume. It has been carefully revised by the author, and is improved accordingly. We are glad to see Scotland once more sending forth such reprints.

California. By Alexander Forbes, Esq.

California, or, at least, its extensive northern division, (Upper California,) is destined one day to become a populous, productive, and highly-civilised country. The author of the volume before us, imagines that the dawn of that day has arrived, and that, if a canal, not much deeper than the Caledonian Canal, but sufficient to receive large merchant ships, were cut across the Isthmus of Panama, steam navigation, in all its power and magnitude, would commence in the Pacific, and that the colonization of California by the British might at once take place, and under highly favourable auspices. Even without this great desideratum, he considers colonization practicable.

The province is in a state of revolt against the Mexican republic, of which it is a nominal part; and our author thinks it probable that that government might be induced to cede this troublesome and anarchical portion of its nominal dominions to its English creditors, and that the latter ought to accept the ceded territory in lieu of the fifty millions of dollars, which there is but a slight prospect of obtaining in a hurry from any more feasible source. For the speedy occupation of California by the British, Mr Forbes offers many reasons. The Americans may advance from one quarter, and the Russians have already effected a settlement within the limits claimed by Mexico as the boundary of the territory of the republic. By far the greater part of the volume consists of a history of California, compiled from former writers, and from Beechey and recent navigators. As a piece of book-carpentry or joinery, it is well enough, and the account of the natives and of the Catholic missions, interesting reading upon the whole; but all that is of pith or moment in the work—the probable consequences of steam navigation on the Pacific, and on the practicable colonization of California—might have been put into a small pamphlet, and would then have better answered the desired purpose, if that be to awaken attention to the capabilities of another promising *emigration field*, the repayment of the Mexican debt, and the checking of Russian ambition. Would, however, that Russian enterprise never took a worse direction! Out of their own country, it is not without some truth that the Russians receive the compliment of being the Americans of the Old World—an active, restless, but intelligent people.

These gentlemen—we cannot at present call them fortunate gentlemen—who have speculated too deeply in Mexican securities, will lend a greedy ear to the suggestions of Mr Forbes, even while their hearts despond. He is of opinion that, if California be ceded for the English debt, the company of creditors ought to exercise rights of sovereignty, somewhat in the manner of the East India Company. Mr Forbes, like many other summary amalgamators and disposers of nations and tribes, never appears to doubt the right of Mexico to make such a transfer, nor to consider that there are, or ought to be, two parties to a bargain, though here there would be three; and the most important of all, the Californians, whether Indians or Spaniards, are to have no voice. The new emigration field—the slight, though, we fear, fatal objection, surmounted, of whether the people would admit British settlers—does look inviting.

For the comfort of Mexican bondholders, and as a specimen of the book, we cite the following eulogy:—

Taking every circumstance into account, perhaps no country whatever can excel, or hardly vie with California, in natural advantages. Its geographical situation is such as

one would point out if he was desired to select the most favoured situation in the world. Its topographical relations are also most favourable. It stretches along the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and it enjoys all the manifold advantages of a maritime country. By its great extension from north to south, settlers have the option of selecting a climate suited to their health and views.

After a small side-thrust at other emigration fields, Mr Forbes continues:—

Some countries, although they are placed in the same geographical relation, are sandy deserts or inundated marshes; others are uninhabitable mountains or impervious forests; some are destitute of ports and rivers; while others are surrounded or possessed by savages, or bordered by shoals and unapproachable shores."

Having thus disposed of the Canadas, the Western States of America, and of Australia and New Zealand, for the above summary comprehends them all, our author proceeds with his own projected paradisiacal place of settlement.

"California, on the contrary, enjoys natural and local advantages equal to its geographical situation. Its soil is of the most fertile description, capable of producing the choicest fruits and grains in the greatest perfection and abundance. Its coasts are bold and free of danger, washed by the placid Pacific Ocean, and possessed of ports of the first order. It is also watered by abundant rivers; and there is nothing in the configuration of the surface of the country to forbid the eternal spring which its situation promises. There is found a temperature equally removed from heat or cold; and the range of hills which bound the maritime part of California to the north-west, shelter it from the only winds which might be apprehended seriously to injure the fruits of the soil, or to incommode the inhabitants. The situation of California for intercourse with other countries, and its capacity for commerce—should it ever be possessed by a numerous and industrious population—is most favourable. Its western shores on the Pacific, possess capacious ports. The port of San Francisco, for size and safety, is hardly surpassed by any in the world; and it is so situated as to be made the centre of the commercial relations which may take place between Asia and the western coasts of America. . . . It appears as if California was designed by nature to be the medium of connecting, commercially, Asia with America, and as the depot of the trade between those two vast continents, which possess the elements of unbounded commercial interchange—the one overflowing with all the rich and luxurious commodities always characteristic of the East—the other possessing a superabundance of the precious metals, and other valuable productions, to give in exchange. California is also admirably adapted for carrying on a trade with all the new republics bordering on the Pacific; and as its productions are of a different description from those of the countries chiefly situated within the tropics, it is capable of furnishing them with articles of indispensable necessity, which hitherto they have been obliged to procure from Europe, at an enormous expense, and often, from the length of the voyage, rendered useless, by the damaged state in which they arrived. California could furnish abundantly all those countries with flour, potatoes, salted provisions, hides, tallow, butter, cheese, wine, brandy, oil, olives, raisins, apples, and other fruits; as also with hemp or cordage, flax, wood, pitch, tar, &c. . . . Another commercial field appears to be gradually opened in the numerous islands scattered in the Pacific Ocean, with some of which, particularly with the Sandwich Islands, considerable dealings are already carried on by foreign vessels, and also by those under the Sandwich Island flag.

Even without a great canal cutting across the isthmus, or a railroad, our author imagines, that if a liberal and enlightened government were properly to encourage the attempt, California might be reached with little more difficulty than New Holland. "Tis a far cry to Loch-awe," as the Campbells say.

Letters of an Egyptian Kafir, on a Visit to England in Search of a Religion.

These letters, discussing the duty of theological inquiry, and the morality of human interference with religious opinion, and purporting to be written by a heretic or apostate from the faith of the Prophet, can hardly be considered genuine, though a preface, by an alleged English editor, asserts as much. They enjoin toleration, religious charity, and unbounded freedom of inquiry. If the writer, who directly attacks only the Koran, in which he proclaims his disbelief, had another though covert object, it will not, we think, be forwarded by the round-about scheme he has devised.

England and its People.

A popular history for young persons and children at school; professing the praiseworthy object of telling less about the mere kings and nobles, and more about the People, and their domestic customs and social usages, than histories of greater pretension. It stretches from Alfred the Great to Victoria the Young, and is decorated with wooden cuts, representing costumes of the periods, &c. &c. *Tales of a Jewess; illustrating the Domestic Manners of the Jews.* By Madame Brindlah. First Series.

If this be a genuine work, it is not worth much;—if fictitious, it is worth nothing at all. It is interspersed with what are called *original anecdotes of Napoleon*, and a variety of coarse or equivocal stories (even those of his own amours) related by a father to his young daughter Judith. Perhaps it is needless to mention ephemeral works of this sort at all, when it cannot be done without censure; but in this instance the title may mislead—and the book is in every respect an indifferent one.

SERIAL WORKS.

Among others, we may notice SHELLEY'S POEMS, vol. ii., containing the "Prometheus Unbound," "Hellas," and "The Cenci;" and, we regret to say, fewer autobiographical notes than we long for, though they are very interesting so far as they go.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures,
Part VII.,

Announces the welcome tidings of 200 more pages and 240 more engravings than were originally contemplated, and no additional charge! Now, a thrifty public will say this is handsome. The author has been led into this enlargement of his work, in consequence of Mr William Newton, Patent Agent, and the proprietor of the *London Journal of Arts and Sciences*, permitting him to incorporate in the Dictionary many interesting details and illustrative figures of modern patent inventions, which

must give great additional value to Dr Ure's excellent work.

Part V. of the Pictorial Shakspeare,

Presents the public with Richard II. This play gives room for much national, antiquarian, and historical lore, and for illustrative engravings of costumes and English scenery and antique decoration. Among other plates, are the portrait of Richard II. in the Jerusalem chamber—a view of the Savoy and of Bristol—a view of Langley—of Edward III.'s Tomb, and the exterior of Westminster. In brief, this Part is elegantly and profusely embellished.

Yarrell's History of British Birds,

One of the most elegant and beautiful of the Serials, has reached Part XI. and the end of the first volume. The cuts of the warblers, and the nests and faithful vignettes, are exquisite of their kind. We can imagine no improvement on this series, unless the author chose to bestow on the lovers of the feathered tribes a few more of those traits of bird-character which Lord Brougham would select as illustrative of Bird Intelligence. Those which are given throw a high moral charm over the book; bringing it delightfully home to human sympathies.

Pictorial History of Napoleon.

A History of Napoleon, lavishly embellished by wood engravings, from the designs of French artists, is appearing in parts. It professes to give an impartial digest of the best of the numerous publications concerning Bonaparte, which is to be comprised in a single volume; and that, we may say, a very handsome, though, perhaps, an over-dressed one. Part I. shews a redundancy of clever plates. The work is edited by R. H. Horne, Esq., who is well-known to the literary world of London, as the author of the "Exposition of the False Medium," and some dramas of merit. Part I., in sixty-five pages, carries us from the birth of Napoleon to his splendid campaign in Italy. The work is executed with spirit and rapidity of touch, which does not, however, mar the precision of its details, nor efface the memorable points in Napoleon's life. We augur very favourably of this condensed and spirited history.

Christian Library Edition.

A selection of popular religious works are in course of being reprinted in an edition under the above name, neatly and cheaply, in the style for which we claim some merit, having first set the example in *Tait's Magazine*. There is one such edition published by Ward, and another by Warren, and there is room for both. Before us is Cecil's Memoirs of Newton, published by the latter for Ninepence, and in good form; and Krummacher's "Elisha," also very cheap, considering that it is given unabridged.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

THE appointment of Lord Ebrington to the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland—a useless and expensive office—has given great offence to the Tories, because he had, on one occasion, expressed the same opinion as every man of honesty and sense entertains regarding the Church of Ireland. The state of the navy has given rise to much discussion connected with the bugbear of Russian invasion. We hope the Russians will send a large fleet into the Channel next year; for it will have the good effect of bringing our Ministry and legislature to their senses, and teach them that the middle and working classes are not always to be despised. How would they like the experiment of calling out the

militia, and arming two or three hundred thousand volunteers at present, as was done in 1803? They have not forgot what took place in Ireland in 1781, we imagine. The militia is to be called out, we are told; but on a new footing. It is advisable to make some change.

SERGEANT TALFOURD'S COPYRIGHT BILL.—The interested opposition made to the Copyright Bill by the great publishers of London, last year, has been withdrawn, in consequence of an obnoxious clause, bearing upon their interests, being omitted. As it now stands, the bill will prove advantageous to those publishers who at present hold copyrights, or are likely to acquire them. In-

And, the extension of the monopoly from twenty-eight to sixty years, will prove far more beneficial to publishers than to authors. Authors will gain little by the measure, publishers a good deal; but the gain to publishers and authors will not counterbalance the hundredth part of the loss to the public. We retain the opinion we expressed last year—that the cases of Copyright and Patents are precisely similar; that an author has no more natural right to restrain others from copying or printing his book, than an inventor has to prevent others from adopting his discovery. In perfecting a mechanical invention, there may have been as great expenditure of labour and ingenuity as in writing a book. The inventor is allowed a monopoly, called a patent, for a moderate number of years; which is renewed if cause for an extension of the monopoly be shown. We cannot see how an author can be entitled to more. If Serjeant Talfourd succeed in carrying his bill, he will have accomplished an amount of public mischief of which his benevolent mind can have no conception.

SCOTLAND.

DR BOWRING.—Some of the Scottish newspapers have recommended Dr Bowring for the expected vacancy in the representation of Leith. The recommendation is, perhaps, premature; but, if a vacancy should soon occur in Leith, or any other mercantile town, a more zealous and efficient representative than Dr Bowring could not be wished for. That constituency will do itself honour, which chooses so worthy and accomplished a public man.

COURT OF SESSION.—We have received the annual return of the number of cases instituted and decided in this Court last year, and we think it forms a most convincing argument against increasing the judges' salaries, and for diminishing their number. The total number of final judgments, in litigated cases, pronounced by the five Lords Ordinary, is 507; 312 of which were carried into the Inner-House. The Inner-House of the First Division pronounced 162 final judgments, in litigated cases; the Inner-House of the Second Division 135; and there were 37 causes tried by jury; so that the real judicial business of the Court consisted in deciding 829 causes; for the causes carried from the Lords Ordinary into the Inner-House, cannot be counted. The decision of these 829 causes costs the country about £70,000 a-year for judges, clerks, &c., besides the expense of counsel and agents, paid by the litigants themselves, or £132 each, which, we shrewdly suspect, is more than the average sum at stake. If we look, however, to mere matters of form, which are, in reality, done by the clerks, without the judges once looking at the applications, we find a considerable appearance of business; for we have 501 decrees in absence, pronounced by the Lords Ordinary, 659 mere formal applications, presented to the First Division, and 386 of such applications to the Second. Small, however, as the business is, all the judges contrive to be in arrear. Lord Moncrieff had, at the date of the return, no less than 57 causes ready for debate, but not heard, some of which had stood on his roll very nearly a twelve-month. Lord Jeffrey had sixty-three, some of which had been on the roll since the beginning of March last year; and the other three Ordinaries were all, more or less, in arrear. Both of the Inner-Houses, also, were two or three months in arrear, though, as every one who attended the Court must have observed, they often did not sit more than an hour or two a-day. Why, with such a state of matters, the sittings of the Court were not extended, under the provisions of the statute 1. Gul. IV. c. 69. sec. 10, is a question which we hope some of the Members of Parliament will ask the Lord Advocate; for, if we remember rightly, there was a similar arrear at the beginning of last year. We are, therefore, glad to observe that Mr Wallace is to move, in the Committee on the Court of Session Bill, that the sittings of the Court be extended to eight months; for it is plain, from what has occurred, that no discretionary power in this matter can be entrusted either to the officers of the Crown or to the Court itself. Mr Wallace is also to move for an inquiry into the nature and extent of the duties of the Judges, and whether one of the Inner-Houses, and four

judges, clerks, &c. may not be dispensed with, and a saving of £14,000 a-year thereby effected. Such a reduction would amply enable the Fee-Fund, so long felt as most oppressive, to be entirely removed. Another excellent proposal of Mr Wallace is, that, in future, all witnesses should be examined orally in Court, instead of the absurd, tedious, and expensive form of taking written proofs by commission; but, of course, all these valuable suggestions will be rejected by the combined Whig and Tory majority, who consider it a much better thing that the Minister of the day should have plenty of patronage, and their partisans plenty of places, than that justice should be expeditiously, cheaply, and efficiently administered.

Why, when business is so rapidly declining, the judges' salaries are to be increased, we have seen no explanation; but that the business is declining fearfully no one now disputes. An appearance of business is no doubt kept up by employing the judges in making up records, and other matters not at all of a judicial nature, but which ought to be done by the parties themselves or by the clerks of court. One half of the time of the Outer House judges is occupied in motions for an order to lodge papers, and other mere formal business; most of these motions are so much a matter of course, that no opposition, or even appearance, is made by the other party. We have, on former occasions, given returns of the number of cases brought into the Outer House annually since 1794, shewing a regular decrease of business. The last return we gave was for 1831, when the number was 1956; last year, the number was only 1486—so that the prediction in our last Register, that, in a few years, the Court of Session's "occupation would be gone," is amply confirmed. The sooner its primary jurisdiction is abolished, and it is rendered a mere Court of Review of the decisions of the sheriff and other inferior courts, the better. Four judges would be quite enough for that purpose, and a saving of £50,000 a-year would be effected.

NORTH AMERICA.

We never doubted that, sooner or later, our misgovernment of Canada would lead us into collision with the United States; and the event seems at hand, arising out of the North-East Boundary Question, the settlement of which has been so shamefully neglected by our different Cabinets during the last twenty years.—The judicial murders proceed in Canada without the smallest appearance of any attempt in Parliament, or elsewhere, to put a stop to them. Five victims have been massacred for the shooting of Mr Walker, as if the law could not be satisfied with less than five lives for one. It is amusing to hear the unhappy men who were implicated in the late outbreaks, stigmatized in journals conducted by military men, as robbers and murderers. Would any soldier hesitate, on a moment's notice, to proceed to the coast of France, and burn the first village he came to, and slay their inhabitants as they attempted to make their escape from the burning ruins? Soldiers talking of robbery and murder, forsooth! Do they think the expedition to Copenhagen in 1801, in time of profound peace between Britain and Denmark, the bombardment of the city, the massacre of the inhabitants, and the plunder of the Danish navy and arsenals, are forgotten!

AGRICULTURE.

LEGALITY OF IMPORTING FOOD FROM IRELAND. The flars have now been struck in the Scottish counties, and they are higher than they have been since the war. The highest flar price of wheat for East-Lothian is 78s.—double that of 1835 (39s. 2d.)—so much for the anticipated effect of the present Corn-Law in keeping prices steady. We suspect that in that county, as well as in other districts in Scotland where rents are paid in grain, however prosperous the landlords may this year be, it will be, in reality, a year of distress to the tenantry, before their rents are paid. But the high price will do them much good, by giving them a practical lesson on the operation of the Corn-Laws, regarding which the tenantry, as appears from the hundreds of petitions they have been pouring into parliament, are still woefully in the dark. We are glad to observe that Mr Bannerman is to call the attention of Parliament to the prohibition against the importation of foreign animal food. The following is

the terms of his motion:—"Mr Bennerman to call the attention of the House to the 3d William IV., cap. 52, sec. 58, which prohibits the importation of beef, cattle, fish, of foreign tacking or curing, lamb, mutton, pork, sheep, swine; and to move that so much of the said act, as absolutely prohibits the importation of articles of food, be repealed."

We have, for years, been attempting to direct the attention of the public to this subject, for we believe it to be one of equal importance with the Corn-Laws themselves. The price of beef and mutton is, at present, 7d. per pound. We are convinced that, were the importation of foreign animals and animal food free, it would never be above 3d.; for it may be purchased at from 2d. to 2½d. in the continental markets, and one farthing per pound would pay every expense of importation. The Irish have already taken the alarm, being anxious to preserve the monopoly they now enjoy, in supplying Britain with cattle, &c. We beg, however, to inform them that by the treaty of Union between

England and Scotland, Act VI., "the prohibitions, as now in force by the law of Scotland against importation of victual from Ireland into Scotland, does, after the Union, remain in the same force as it now is, until more proper and effectual laws be provided by the Parliament of Great Britain for discouraging the import of said victual." Whether such more effectual laws were passed by the British Parliament, we do not know, nor whether Scotch acts, thus ratified by the Parliament of England, (for the Treaty of Union is a statute of the English Parliament as well as of the Scotch,) can fall into disuse; but the Scotch acts, if still in force, will be found tolerably effectual. By statute 1703, cap. 9, Irish victual is prohibited to be imported under pain of confiscation of the vessel, the transportation of the sailors, resellers, buyers, and sellers, to serve abroad as recruits, and several heavy fines; and the same act prohibits the importation of Irish horses, cows, cattle, or beef; and, by 1705, chap. 1, Irish butter and cheese are prohibited to be imported, under pain of confiscation and heavy fines.

LETTER OF MR WHEELER, THE MANAGER OF THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COMPANY.

WE intend this time to let Mr Wheeler have the whole say. We have done our duty to the public—we have in no way changed our opinion of the rashness and delusion under which emigrants were rushing to South Australia; and, for the present, we give up the subject.

We declined publishing what Mr Wheeler calls proofs of the superiority of the soil, as these proofs were merely the letters of Mr Hack and other interested parties, which have been hawked through newspapers and pamphlets for above a year, and as we have not questioned the quality of the soil. We may also congratulate Mr Wheeler on £5760 having been obtained last season, by the sale of 5760 acres. This sum will not, we fear, add much to the labour-fund; but it may clear above one half year's interest of a debt bearing 10 per cent., which is already bearing down the energies of the infant colony. According to the statements of Mr Hutt, made in Parliament in June last, this debt was £60,000. It cannot now be less than £100,000.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN COMPANY,
19, Bishopsgate Street, Within.

London, 5th March 1839.

SIR,—I am induced to address you, in consequence of the article upon "Australian Emigration," in your last Magazine, containing some quotations from Mr James's work on South Australia, wherein false and injurious statements are made against this Company.

The "optional notes" stated to be issued by the Company's Bank, were invariably exchanged for specie, without any charge whatever. The "optional clause" was inserted in the first notes sent out, when a large stock of specie was considered dangerous in the infancy of the colony; but the Company's manager found, on his arrival, that fear groundless, and forthwith announced that "the option" would never be enforced. It never has been. New notes, stipulating to pay cash on demand, were sent out sixteen months ago; and the old were immediately withdrawn, to remove all apprehension that the notes would not be immediately cashed. As silver coin (either British silver, or dollars) is the general circulating medium (with notes) in all the Australian settlements, the charge described in James's account-sales, if made at all, would arise from the holder demanding gold, (not specie,) which would, of course, only be issued at its current premium in the market, as gold generally bears a premium in all parts of New Holland. This Mr James knows well; and he also knew that the Company's Bank exchanged their notes in the current coin of the colony, free of charge. No charge was made for "these pieces of paper" as mere notes; but if loans by the Bank were taken in notes, representing specie, (which specie might have been obtained in their stead,) it could not be supposed that loans were to bear no interest. Upon Mr James's principle, the Bank of England now charges 3½ per cent. for the use of its "pieces of paper!"

The "Steam Flour Mill and Patent Slip, lying fathoms deep in the sands in May 1838," (penetrating eyes are Mr James's!) "rusting and rotting where it had been landed years ago," did not reach the colony until October

1837; and it is in a far better condition than Mr James insinuates.

It is not my intention to trespass on your pages. Still recommending the course urged in my unpublished letter—viz., searching inquiry—I shall only observe, concerning Mr James's work, upon which your article is based, that your readers should ascertain the truth of its contents, and the character of the writer. I thank you for the comments in your February Magazine. Your article of December wished for other proofs of the superiority of the soil of South Australia than the statements of the officials: my letter supplied those proofs. You state I should reply to Mr Gouger's work; but the paragraphs of which I complained were not published by you as quotations, but as original matter.

Cautioned by the fate of my last letter, I shall not expend time in further comments on "Australian Emigration." One fact I may give, which rather opposes Mr James's statements, and your ideas; and it rests not upon my "unsupported assertion," but is provable from official papers—viz., that, during the first five weeks after the opening of the land office in Adelaide, (from 25th July to 22d August 1838,) the colonists alone purchased 5760 acres of land at a cost of £5760; and town acres in Adelaide were selling at £190, £225, and £300, and upwards, each. Strange, infatuated people, with open eyes, thus to spend their money on "this new Utopia!!!"

Perhaps your sense of justice will procure the insertion of this letter. As Mr James's book contains its own cure, when wholly read by an intelligent inquirer, I should have left his statements to find credit where they could; but to judge fairly of his accuracy, the entire work must be examined. Your space would only allow of extracts; and, as some of these extracts reflect upon this Company, and, by their appearance in your columns, obtain a larger circulation than they would otherwise procure, I think I may claim the insertion of an antidote to unfounded calumnies, which you have inadvertently aided in promulgating against this Company.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
EDMUND J. WHEELER, Manager.

From the STREAM-PRESS of PETER BROWN, Printer, 19, St James' Square.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1839.

THE WHIG RESPITE.

It is now above two years since, being ourselves easily consolable, we endeavoured to administer to the more timid Reformers certain prospective "Consolations under the Whig downfall." That great national calamity seemed then imminent. The death of King William intervened, and for the Whigs most opportunely; and the carpet-knight talents of the Premier, the favour of the Crown, and what seemed a firmer seat in office than ever, gave imagined impunity to those Finality fancies of which comparatively nothing had been heard till then. We have, however, no intention of expatiating upon the past misconduct of Ministers. Such attachments were never less required than now, when every eye, capable of clear vision, is wide awake, if not sealed by gold or hope. Here they are, "still in Downing Street!" according to the old exulting boast; and, although there have been frequent occasions within the last two years, when the Reformers of our school would have seen them turned out with unmingled satisfaction, this last "crisis" was not one of those. It would, upon the whole, have been a pity to see the Government obtain their rich deservings for what has been the least blameworthy part of their conduct.

In Ireland, the Whig policy, if neither sound nor comprehensive, has been studiously conciliatory and soothing to the great body of the nation. Under Lord Mulgrave's sway, the Irish, or a great proportion of them, have considered themselves, for the first time, well treated, even if their permanent interests should not have been considered; and this goes a far way with a people whom injustice and oppression have reduced to that unsafe social condition when men value sympathy and small marks of favour, or haply the gratification of their revenge on their implacable enemies, far more than the substantial justice which alone can permanently benefit them. That the Irish people have been reduced to this unhealthy state, is, after all, not the fault of the Whigs.—Let us not be misunderstood. Although their government of Ireland had been as liberal, equable, sagacious, and far-seeing, as it has been gracious and conciliatory to

one great section of the people, that could give the Whigs no claim whatever to be maintained in office, neglecting or mismanaging every other great interest of the empire, and placing a bar in the way of reform and of practical improvement, more effectually obstructive than any which the Tories could interpose. Yet it is not on Irish ground that the Radicals would wish to see them finally demolished. When their day comes—and they are merely respited, not pardoned—their blood be on their own heads! the Reformers are guiltless of it; and, since Ireland demands the temporary remission of their sentence, the British Radicals have done well and wisely to grant it. The People of both countries must be aware that this one more narrow, neck-or-nothing escape from the very foot of the gallows, the Ministry owe solely to Radical forbearance and wisdom, and to that generous sympathy with Ireland which the Whig Government knows how to sport with and abuse. It is the Radicals that have once more cut the Tory noose, and afforded farther days of grace, to be again, we have little or no doubt, abused in the self-same way with every former season given the Whigs for repentance and amendment. "Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat," runs the ugly but true adage which forces itself upon memory. Confidence in these men cannot be easily restored, even if their actions seemed to justify returning confidence.—But, independently of Irish feelings, their temporary respite at this time may be justified upon broader grounds. In the first place who, at this most deadening period, were to succeed them? The most sanguine dreamer cannot imagine whence a really Liberal government was to come, or where exist the elements for it in a fashion that has as yet any chance of sufferance from the Crown or the aristocracy, though they abound in the country, may perhaps be found in the House of Commons, and must eventually come into play. We have already had an Earl Grey, generations behind his age, frittering away those glorious majorities, omnipotent for good, which the People intrusted to him, often upon objects small, worthless, or at best secondary; and trifling with the fairest

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occasion ever presented to a reforming statesman. The Melbourne Administration is not worth wasting words upon. It is a blot upon English history, as much to be despised as a national disgrace as condemned for its deadening and obstructive influence;—and in its worst faults, have not those men, in whom we are now called upon to confide, fully shared? Earl Grey's son-in-law, so far as he had power, did his best to chill the enthusiasm of the people at the opening of this "most auspicious" reign; and, at least, succeeded in shaking their confidence in reforming Ministers of his character and calibre. "The hour had come;" but the man, instead of being ready, was retrograde, a drag, a damper, a dead-weight upon the Movement, even at its slowest, most measured pace. For this, let his adherents, whoever they are, praise him. We shall not. From Tory vituperation, it would seem to be imagined, in certain quarters, that, under a different set of circumstances, Lord Durham might enact a different part. Those of his admirers who go so far as to deny that he has ever shewn a hair's-breadth of the cloven foot, are still silly pointing out Lord Durham as the *Shiloh*—the great Deliverer—the glorious Man! ready to enter upon his glorious mission! Where such absurdity is sincere, one may safely smile at it. For ourselves, the past—the great test of experiment—justifies doubt. But, if the Radicals be justified in withholding credulous confidence, they will never lack candour. Let Lord Durham give earnest Reformers new cause to praise him—reason for renewed reliance—and he will not find them either cold or backward in their support, or unreasonable in their demands. Our immediate hope remains what it has been again and again declared, during two years back—an honest, strenuous Opposition. All things duly considered, Reformers ought, we think, at this crisis, deliberately to prefer an Opposition, organized and matured by time and adversity, to another blind and sudden transference of the support of the Liberal representatives to any new Government which is at present possible—to any Government which, with whatever specious professions it sets out, must, from the nature of things, become much more like the old Tory image than that beautiful and beatific ideal, which a few enthusiastic persons are ready to worship, and in which many more affect to have faith.

Another cause of patient acquiescence in protraction of Whig power, is the inauspicious period at which an election would have occurred. The Tories must have dissolved Parliament. They would have been gulls had they not; and there is not the least chance that they would have let so propitious a season slip by unimproved. The Church and the Orange faction are more active than ever; the Corn-Law agitation has excited panic in the landowners and their dependents; the Court has lost all credit and moral weight; and, worse than all, the ill-advised proceedings of the English Chartists, and contempt for the Government, have placed Conservatism more in the ascendant among the middle classes

in the towns, than at any time within the last dozen years. In a new Parliament, the Whigs, already worn to a thread, without moral influence, and without numerical strength, must be nearly exterminated; but neither would the result be any great accession to the strength of the Radicals. Besides, our conviction is, that, though no assault be made from without, the Cabinet must soon fall to pieces—from its inherent corruption, worthlessness, and intestine jealousies—and no Radicals have to answer for it. With all his sins—and we have never slurred them—it is impossible to imagine a man like Lord John Russell submitting much longer to the leadership of the chief of the palace. If the honour of his Sovereign and the prosperity of his country be small in his esteem, which they cannot be, he must have some sensibility for his own reputation. But, looking to the certain, and, not improbably, the speedy dissolution of the Government from its own weakness—knowing that the Radicals have the power to swamp it as soon as the favourable moment arrives, and that no period could be worse chosen than the present, when a general election would give rather the expression of the selfish fears, the just indignation, and the angry disappointment of the country, than its calm sense—we see safety in the delay of Whig extermination. It is ever true wisdom to make the best of the bad; and the Reformers enjoy, besides, the left-handed consolation, that of the Whigs they know the very worst. They are opposed to everything in the shape of good; but they have rendered themselves powerless for further mischief. Did there exist any thing really approaching that mutual good understanding, consistency of views, and cordial union among the Liberal representatives, of which some faint signs are becoming visible, the sooner the Whigs got their mittimus the better. "Now is the time," cry some of the trimming Ministerial prints, on whose columns has flashed an efflux of golden new-light—"Now is the time for Liberal Members to come to an understanding upon certain main points, upon which they are at present notoriously divided"—such points, we presume, as the extension of the Suffrage, the Ballot, and a fair distribution of the electoral districts. Now, "the notorious" differences among the English and Scotch Liberal Members, are not on those points, and not so much about principles as men. One is of Paul, and another of Apollon; but few of the true religion. Lord Normanby has his section, Lord Durham his two or three adherents, Melbourne his minions, and Russell his supporters; and these fractional parts never can be properly united, until fused together by the common sympathies of an independent Opposition, acting upon consistent and intelligible principles, having no immediate hope for themselves, and being thus above the temptation of sacrificing their principles to interests bound up with those of their party heads. We, however, set little store by the arguments of those who would keep in the Whigs merely because the Tories would be no better,

and would have greater power to be worse. The Ministers, to borrow O'Connell's figure, are as useful as the old hat stuffed into the cabin-window, to keep out the cutting wind—and this make-shift may do in Ireland; but a sensible Englishman would pitch out the unseemly stop-gap, and rather endure the cold wind, which would stimulate him instantly to find proper materials to glaze his window, thus securing to his family both light and heat. We hear, too, of a "spontaneous" Liberal government, which is to arise in a night, a blessed exhalation from the dissolving elements of the present Cabinet. We want faith here again.—It cannot come all at once; but true Reformers long for, and desire to hasten, by every means, the period when men shall be less, and principles more than they have ever been—when we shall see the beginning of a system of improved institutions, that will work of itself, independently of the great popularity of Lord This, and the vast talents of Earl That. In brief, it is clear that the cause of Radicalism has to undergo further sharp probation and trial before its final triumph. Its deepest injuries have hitherto not come from the Tories, but from the spininess, trickery, and obtuseness of its Whig allies. It is they who have quenched the growing spirit of freedom. It is they who have alienated and disgusted the people. It is they, from Earl Grey to Lord Melbourne inclusive, and whether as leaders or as functionaries, who have rendered Conservative principles, if not absolute Toryism, powerful and almost predominant among those enjoying the franchise; and who have sown division and bitterness between the middle and the operative classes, where, most of all, union and cordiality were desirable. Next to these evils, is the social condition of the working classes, which are not things of to-day, arising from temporary scarcity, or failure of employment, but which are of long continuance, and of which every new investigation affords fresh proofs.* Is this lamentable growing alienation and discord the fruit of the Whig Reform Bill, of the Whig Poor-Law, of the Whig-defended Corn-Law, and the Whig Finality policy? It was fondly believed, by some lingering admirers of Whiggery in

the abstract, that Lord John Russell would, as he half intimated, explain his *Finality* declarations, and modify or qualify them, in noticing Mr Duncombe's amendment. So he probably, at one time, intended; but the Ministerial escape was certain, and Lord John held his peace. Even this was not so barefaced as the open desertion of O'Connell, with all that part of the tail which he can whisk round at pleasure—as his desertion of the men who had just suppressed their own feelings, and gone every fair length in defending Ministers, for the sake of Ireland alone. Their hopes, like those of all true Radicals, are now placed in an Opposition.

They saw the scattered elements of a more formidable Opposition in the present Parliament, bad as it is, than in any body of representatives that could be returned at this time, and hoped these elements might be collected. Yet some, and they the best of the old members, would reappear, in any event; and there would happily be no government-patronage, to neutralize or corrupt, to diminish or cripple, that small but purified body, which patriotism and reform objects should combine. Yet, for the sake of Ireland, they forbore hastening the trial; and Lord John Russell, once again safe, deigned no explanations, while O'Connell drew off his forces from his self-sacrificing generous allies. These things need no commentary.

But, if the Whigs have gained no honour, neither have the Tories mended their case by this last manœuvre. The Hibernian vivacity of Lord Roden, always annoying to his wary English friends, seems fairly to have precipitated the party into a serious scrape, and made it clear that it is not the Whigs that frighten Sir Robert Peel, but the high-flying Tories, and those impracticable Radicals, who, on great emergencies, choose to listen to the voice of duty and patriotism, and to forget the many provocations and indignities they may have received. It is not a little flattering to find Sir Robert so backward. What does he fear?—The Crown? Alas! in moral influence, and in intellectual strength, it never was lower. The Whigs—What are they? The Radicals, the Corn-Law agitators, the clamorous

* We refer, on this head, to a valuable and well-timed volume, entitled, "Arts and Artisans at Home and Abroad," which has fallen into our hands. It is written by Mr J. C. Symons, and exhibits, with the state of Manufactures, the moral and economical condition of the working classes, both at home and on the Continent. The present Corn-Law agitation, and the gloomy prospects of our most important manufactures, give immense present value to a work of which the statistical reports and facts, relating to the new foreign establishments visited by the author, too fully confirm the worst forebodings which have of late arisen. Mr Symons' duties as a Commissioner appointed to investigate the state of the hand-loom weavers, appear to have inspired him with the desire of pursuing his inquiries in a wider field; and he accordingly, with many facilities for acquiring information, visited the different manufactories, foundries, and machine-making establishments in Belgium, Prussia, France, and Switzerland, paying particular attention in his reports to those which are springing up in consequence of our unwise restrictions, and which are often carried on with British capital, and almost always set in motion by British skill. The result is a body of facts and information, regarding the progress of foreign manufactures, not too late to be available, if warning is not to be forever thrown away upon those infatuated, blinded, and selfish men whose ultimate ruin were of small consequence to any one, if it did not first involve that of better men—that of the whole industrious classes of England, the capitalists and working-men alike. How can the former class peruse the tabular statements, the statistical reports and pithy remarks in this single volume, without feeling the strongest apprehensions of the speedy consequences of the mischievous system of taxed food and restricted trade which they deprecate; or the latter class, without bitterly contrasting their enforced state of ignorance, suffering, and misery, with the happy condition of the labourers of Switzerland, Belgium, Prussia, and even with those of Austria and France, as depicted by Mr Symons? We can do no more at present than recommend the book to all who wish to see how the peace of the country is to be re-established upon the only sure basis—the prosperity of our home manufactures, and the well-being of the working men. It is demonstrable that neither of these are longer compatible with landlord-taxed food and fettered commerce.

Chartists, the hungry multitudes, the Canadian rebels, the Irish Catholics, the Russians, the Yankees? Truly, the catalogue is appalling! There is no end to such causes of apprehension; and Sir Robert, if not a bold, is a thrice prudent man in not yet venturing to turn his roasting chestnuts without a Whig paw to save his own fingers. While the crazy Melbourne Cabinet holds together, he will never want one. Humble and needy partisans may grumble; but Sir Robert Peel is a wise man. He gains his objects without price, and without responsibility. He has now little to fear for obtaining a respectable working majority, double to what the Whigs can command in Parliament I. of Victoria; but he works as conveniently with the Whigs while his own is

gathering. It is, however, for the Reformers to consider the wisdom of permitting Sir Robert Peel to hang off and on, and take his own time. Though it be his policy to remain as he is, lest greater haste should make less good speed, we must have in the Tories.

Long have we preached up the manifold advantages of an organized Parliamentary Opposition—long prayed for one, united, honest, and vigorous; acting, by intelligible means, to a fixed end. It is in the ranks of such a body that our future Ministers must learn their tactics, and prove their armour. Reforming Ministers will never, or we are greatly mistaken, prove the spontaneous growth of either the Melbourne Cabinet or of Dublin Castle.

A UNIFORM PENNY POSTAGE.

THE THIRD REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON POSTAGE.

Nothing but the apathetic folly of the people can prevent the accomplishment of a *Uniform Penny Postage*, and that speedily. Since we drew attention to Mr Rowland Hill's plan of reform, eleven months ago, so many additional facts have been discovered and brought to light, so many fallacies have been detected, so many objections answered, so many difficulties solved, so many cavils silenced, the whole strengthening the case we then exhibited, that it is impossible for any man to dispassionately examine the subject, without coming to the conclusion, that the existing Post-Office system operates most injuriously against society; cruelly pressing upon the poor and the working classes, crippling trade, and hindering the labourers in behalf of useful knowledge, science, morality, and religion; while it is rather a drawback than an advantage to the public exchequer.

But those know little of the natural history of that most incomprehensible of all animals, the man in office, who suppose that, therefore, we shall obtain Post Office Reform. Pharaoh was the great prototype of official obstinacy. Nothing can bend it but a stormy demonstration on the part of the people. It willingly concedes nothing.

The Committee commence their Report by calling attention to the vast importance of the question to the country. "Since," they add, "on the management of the Post-Office, and the regulation of the Postage-rates, depends in a great measure the entire correspondence of the country; and in that correspondence is involved whatever affects, interests, or agitates mankind—private interests, public interests; family, kindred, friends; commercial business, professional business; literature, science, art, law, politics, education, morals, religion—every rank and class has an interest, more or less immediate, in the safe, speedy, and economical transmission of Post-Office communications." The first point of inquiry that engages their attention, is the receipts and costs of the management

of the Post-Office. The discrepancies, however, which they find between the accounts of the Post-Office in the returns made by that department to the Committee, and those to be found in the Finance Accounts, oblige them to state, that they cannot place implicit reliance on the statements they exhibit. On the authority of the Finance Accounts, the following is for the year ending January 1838:—

THE GROSS RECEIPT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM.

General Post, including	
Country Penny-Posts,	£2,328,205 3 6
(The Country Penny-Posts are estimated at £47,307.)	
London, Edinburgh, and Dublin 1d. 2d. and 3d. Posts,	
	134,064 9 5
	£2,462,269 12 11
Deduct repayments,	122,531 14 8
	£2,239,737 18 3

The expense of management during the same year was, according to the Finance Accounts, £698,632 : 2 : 2; the remainder, after deducting this charge, forms a tax—being about 236 per cent! The glaring discrepancy in the accounts of the same year is sufficient to prove the necessity of reform in this department. Something must be wrong somewhere. An explanation of the circumstance would afford the public a curious insight into the mode of doing things in our public offices, and appears to be demanded by the nature of the case. Mr Rowland Hill proposes many changes in the Post-Office management which would tend to simplify and improve it. But we must follow the Committee in their Report.

The principle upon which the rating of letters is at present carried on is, to charge according to distance. But this principle is most unfair; for, according to Lord Lichfield, while it only costs a quarter of a farthing to convey a letter by mail from London to Edinburgh—a distance of 400 miles—it costs nearly a halfpenny to carry a

letter from the metropolis to Louth, only 148 miles; and the postage to the former is 1s. 1½d. to the latter 10d. Those who oppose a *uniform* rate of postage must charge letters according to the actual cost of transit, or fall into the absurdity of charging the highest price for the cheapest business. The Committee estimate the average general postage charged on each letter, including foreign letters, and reckoning double and triple letters as single, at 9½d. On General Post letters, (*exclusive of foreign*) about 8½d. Average postage on all letters, foreign as well as inland, including 1d., 2d., and 3d. post letters, 7d. On all letters exclusive of foreign, 6½d.

Having considered the scale of taxation, the revenue derived therefrom, and the cost of management, we are next carried to examination of the *objects* for which the Post-Office was originally formed, and the effect this tax of 236 per cent. has upon the revenue and the public. And what does the reader suppose was the primary object proposed in the establishment of a Post-Office? To swell the budget of the Spring Rice of the day? No such thing. The object stated in the 12th of Charles II. is "*the advantage of trade and commerce.*" A cheap, swift, and sure post would, indeed, be a powerful auxiliary to both; but the present system is a millstone round their neck. It is curious to see the rates of postage in the reign of Charles:—

Letter not exceeding one sheet, to or from any place not exceeding 80 miles	2d.
- 2 sheets, 80 -	4d.
- 1 sheet, above 80 -	3d.
- 2 - - 80 -	6d.
- 1 sheet from London to Berwick,	3d.
- From London to Dublin,	6d.

Even in the reign of Anne, the postage from Edinburgh to London was only sixpence, or less than half as much as it costs in the days of Mac-Adam, railroads, and steam, with the schoolmaster abroad!

But what is the result of this upon the revenue of the country? It is reasonable to suppose, that the revenue has flourished in proportion as the rates of postage have advanced; but let us hear what the Committee of whose report we are speaking, have to say upon the subject. Since the year 1815, the Post-Office Revenue has nearly stood still; taking the average of the last five years, there is an increase of no more than £3,578 comparing it with the revenue in 1815. Whoever considers the immense increase in population, the diffusion of knowledge, the extension of trade, and the increased wealth of the kingdom, must see in this fact the certain result of *over-taxation*. But let us look abroad. The French Post-Office revenue has increased more than half since 1821. The United States Post-Office revenue has more than tripled during the last twenty years. From the report of Amos Kendall, the American Post-Master-General, to the

President, it appears that, in 1837, the increase of the revenue was twenty and one-half per cent. over the revenue of the preceding year. Now, how have the French and Americans accomplished these results? Rowland Hill has discovered the secret. It is simply this. They are content with a tax somewhat short of 236 per cent. on the cost of conveyance, &c. Instead of attempting to screw a larger revenue from the people, their rulers enlarged the revenue by *diminishing* the rates of postage. They knew that many would write with a small postage, who could not or would not pay a larger one. The extinction of smuggling would tend to improve the revenue; and the best way to extinguish smuggling, was to compete with the smuggler. People will not violate the laws of their country, and run the risk of punishment, by sending letters through a channel that is neither safe nor responsible, without some strong inducement.

The Committee having left the state of the revenue, proceed to report upon the effects of the over-taxation. 1. *The evasion of the tax by contraband and other means.* 2. *The suppression or diminished use of correspondence.* On the first point, we need add little to what we have on a former occasion said. All the witnesses agreed in stating, that smuggling is now carried on to an immense extent. We mean all, excepting officers of the Post-Office, for Colonel Maberly said he did not believe it; and gave as his reason for doubting the testimony of the various witnesses, that *when he was in Parliament, he always found that merchants over-stated their cases!* This, he admits, is the only ground on which he disbelieves the oaths of many of the principal merchants and tradesmen of the country. But who can doubt the fact, that two-thirds of the correspondence of the country is at present smuggled? Mr Thomas Davidson, an extensive manufacturer in Glasgow, in his examination before the Committee, stated that he was acquainted with five manufacturers in that city, whose correspondence illegally transmitted, was to that transmitted by post, in the following proportions: First, three to one; second, eighteen to one; third, sixty-seven to one; fourth, eight to one; fifth, fifteen to one. Every mercantile man will believe Mr Davidson's testimony, in preference to Colonel Maberly's *belief*.

On the oppressive character of the present system, in *suppressing* correspondence among all classes, and more particularly social correspondence between the less wealthy classes, the Committee have collected a great mass of evidence, and express very decided opinions. "*The evidence,*" says the report, "*clearly establishes the fact, that the high rates of postage deter the public, to a vast extent, from writing letters and sending communications, which otherwise they would write or send.*" In spite of the multifarious modes in which the postage is evaded by men engaged in commerce or professional business, even those who have the means of evasion within their reach reduce their correspondence

greatly below the standard, which, under other circumstances, they would think expedient. Indirect modes of transmission in most parts of the country are less accessible, less frequent, and less certain than the post. In very many affairs of business, unless the announcement be immediate, the occasion for writing has gone by. Unless parties, therefore, find it profitable to use the post, they forbear writing at all. *Suppression of correspondence on matters of business takes place of evasion in proportion as the transactions to be announced or performed are moderate in amount, and the condition of the parties in life is humble.*"

"The multitude of transactions which, owing to the high rates of postage, are prevented from being done, or which, if done, are not announced, or are delayed to be announced, is quite astonishing. Bills for moderate amounts are not drawn; small orders for goods are not given or received; remittances of money are not acknowledged; the expediting of goods by land or sea, the sailing or arrival of ships are not announced, and insurances thereon are thereby prevented from being effected; printers do not send their proofs; the town-dealer does not inform his country customers when to expect the arrival of his traveller; the country attorney delays writing to his London agent, the commercial traveller to his principal, the town-banker to his banker in the country; branch banks delay remitting to their central bank; in all which, and many other cases, instead of communications taking place from day to day, as matters arise, *REGULARITY*, which is the soul of business, is dispensed with. In the greater number of instances, moreover, in which private individuals, companies or associations, or public institutions and societies, can only accomplish their objects by a wide distribution of circulars, or a very extensive correspondence, the usual case is to forego the distribution or correspondence, and with it the objects that were in contemplation."

The reader will bear in mind that this is a description of the working of a system professedly established for the "advantage of trade and commerce." The Report continues:—

"Thus the distribution of circulars from land-agents, announcing properties for sale; from wine-agents, stating the prospects of the vintage; and from corn-salesmen, of the harvest; from brokers of every description, advising the momentary fluctuations in the market; from traders, recommending their goods; from printers, publishers, and booksellers, forwarding their prospectuses, and announcing new publications; from fire and life assurance companies, stating the terms of their insurances; from manufacturers, enclosing new patterns; and from dealers, enclosing samples—are suppressed or greatly restricted."

Various other instances are cited, exhibiting the pernicious effects of the post tax on trade, &c. We pass to its pressure upon the poor. The Report quotes the evidence of Mr Emery, deputy-lieutenant for Somersetshire, who ap-

pears to have made extensive inquiry upon this subject. We select from his statement the following case:—

"The postmaster of Bamvell said—'My father kept the post-office many years; he is lately dead; he used to trust poor people very often with letters; they generally could not pay the whole charge. He told me—indeed, I know he did lose many pounds by letting the poor have their letters. *We sometimes return them to London in consequence of the inability of the persons to whom they are addressed, raising the postage.* We frequently keep them for weeks; and where we know the parties, let them have them, taking the chance of getting our money. One poor woman once offered my sister a *silver spoon* to keep until she could raise the money; my sister did not take the spoon, and the woman came with the amount in a day or two, and took the letter. It came from her husband, who was confined for debt in prison; she had six children, and was very badly off.'" He concluded by saying, "I am quite sure, if the postage of letters were reduced to 1d., ten times the number would be written by all classes of the people."

Now, here is sufficient to demonstrate the great importance of a uniform penny-postage to the country, and the absurdities and vices of the present arrangement. The primary object of a post-office has been lost sight of. Trade is severely injured; and a people remarkable for their religious respect for the laws of the land, are forced to violate them daily. Family ties are snapped asunder, and social intercourse prevented.

Without dwelling on the Report at any greater length, we may, in brief, state, that the Committee, finding that the chief expenses of letters—viz., the receiving and delivering—are *common to all letters*, whether going to a short distance or to a great distance, recommend a *uniform postage*. They recommend the abolition of *franking* by Members of Parliament and officers of Government—petitions, as usual, going free; and, as soon as the state of the public revenue will admit of the risking a larger temporary reduction, they think it will be expedient to subject all inland letters to a uniform rate of one penny per half ounce, increasing at the rate of one penny. When this time is to arrive, we know not. The recommendation looks like one of the to-morrow-come-never promises which nurses make to children—especially when we find the second resolution is in favour of a *twopenny rate* immediately. It is the opinion of the best informed persons, that nothing but a *penny rate* can effectually suppress smuggling; so that, if the twopenny rate be tried, it is possible that the system may not answer, and then we shall be thrown back upon Lord Lichfield and Colonel Maberly. The failure of Mr Hill's plan would perhaps gratify the vanity of those personages; but it would be a deep mortification to those who value the best interests of the country. We are opposed to the proposed *half measure*, and cordially recommend *UNIFORM PENNY POSTAGE*.

THE POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.*

THIS book will cause some disappointment. The reputation of the compiler, and especially the boundless scope afforded by the subject—the Popular Songs of the most joyous and jovial, song-singing, loving, marrying, drinking, hunting, racing, revelling, rebelling, tearing, swearing, reckless, and rollocking people under the sun, and one of the liveliest and wittiest withal—promised too much not to entail disappointment, for which the editor is hardly to be held blameable.

The greatest fault of the collection is of a character resembling what the lawyers call error in *rebutantialibus*. The book is, in fact, lamentably deficient in songs. Sixty-four songs, with frequent illustrative snatches of song, and a few variorum readings of favourite lyrics, however skilfully selected, can constitute but a specimen of the Popular Songs of Ireland. *Specimens* had, perhaps, been the truer title, while that adopted led us to look for an Irish compeer to Dr Percy or Joseph Ritson. Mr C. Croker has taken chiefly songs in vogue, and often those in merely temporary vogue; while his predecessors have filled stronger and higher ground, entrenching themselves among the enduring national lyrics of their country. There are in Mr Crofton Croker's selection songs which will not be considered popular at the end of another twenty years—if they deserve the name now, which we question. From the general character of the collection, we are led to conclude that the editor has preferred those lyrics which gave him the best opportunity of introducing the curious, if not very profound or recondite, information he has collected as to the birth and parentage of these fugitive lyrics. Another blemish is the predominance of what we are compelled to regard as mere *slang* songs—*slang* in idea, if not in phrase—and the introduction of the namby-pamby, and the clap-trap. For this error there may be reason, if the book is merely made to sell; nor has it been carried to any unpardonable length, though, in so limited a list as sixty-four songs, every lyric ought to have been a gem or a unique. Among what we consider purely *slang* songs, we may point at—"O Blarney Castle, my darling;" of the *namby-pamby*, that melancholic, caterwauling and superannuated ditty—"Shannon's Flowery Banks;" while we have a fair specimen of the clap-trap—a hit at the gods, and a sentimental side-aim at the two-shilling gallery—in "An Irishman's heart is as stout as Shillelah," an idea which the editor considers eminently original and felicitous, as if "Hearts of Oak" had not been Great Britain's ships and her men for above a century. These may be the popular Irish songs of theatres, Mason and Orange Lodges, and convivial parties

of the middle class; but they cannot be the songs of the Irish people. They are not those sung round the farmer's fire-side, on a winter's night, by the girls spinning or knitting, or the boy clouting his brogues; or such as were warbled in the cabin before misery had quenched the light of song around the peasant's hearth.—Turn we to pleasanter topics. In 1789, or exactly fifty years since, Ritson visited Dublin, to "pick up songs, the native production of the country, either single or collected. But I met," he adds, "with little or nothing save disappointment. And yet I have good reason to think that some such compositions must either exist or have existed." There cannot be a doubt of this. But the schoolmaster had not been abroad in Ireland; and the humble minstrel, having no secretary or amanuensis, died unrecorded. Mr C. Croker gives his readers reason to believe that he has been more successful than Ritson, though this volume bears but slender evidence of the results of either antiquarian or popular research. The collection is, indeed, chiefly of modern date. Among the best songs, are the admirable and unique "Groves of Blarney," the parent, we may add, of a vile spurious brood; and two by Dr Maginn—spirited and truly Irish lyrics. The lays of older date which are given, are not novelties, though unexceptionable of their kind; such as the "Kilruddery Hunt," which Ritson published, together with a few more omitted here, as "Lille-bullero," and "Bumper Squire Jones."

Mr Crofton Croker finally explains the whole affair. He had made a very large collection, and was prepared to submit a series of historical songs to the English reader, from the Battle of the Boyne downwards, (probably to the slaughter of Rathcormac?) but his publisher demurred; and, we apprehend, wisely. The collection might have assumed a complexion too decidedly Orange for the taste of either the Irish or British public.

The songs adopted in the limited selection are classified. First, we have those in honour of the patron saint of the kingdom, which, as is well-known, are more remarkable for humour than reverence. The national emblem, "the green immortal Shamrock," is next celebrated. POTATOES, the Irishman's food, then shines in the light of song; and his beloved liquor, WHISKY, is the subject of no fewer than fourteen most laudatory songs. Nor is his favourite toy, "The Sprig of Shillelah," forgotten. Besides these, we have local songs, in honour of the "Beautiful City of Cork," of Limerick, and a number of other places. Among the flowers of the collection, are the serious-burlesque, Anglo-Irish songs, if we may use the term serious, to distinguish them from the purely idiotic burlesque. At the very head of these, is the classic "Groves of Blarney," of whose author, "honest Dick Milikin," we have this very interesting notice:—

Richard Alfred Milikin was born, in 1767, at Gwill

* The Popular Songs of Ireland, collected and edited, with introductions and notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. Pp. 348. Colburn.

Martyr, a small town in the county of Cork, and was placed in the office of a country attorney, where he had the reputation of devoting more attention to painting, poetry, and music, than to the niceties of law. Having completed his apprenticeship, when he claimed to be admitted as a member of the legal profession, the gentleman by whom he was to be examined "thought proper to declare his having received information by letter that Mr Millikin, then present in Court, and claiming a right to be sworn a member of it, so far from being regularly initiated in the profession of an attorney, was bred a painter, and consequently was wholly unqualified for admission. This statement, so grossly false," says Millikin's biographer, "was promptly corroborated by a Cork attorney, who asserted that he could himself point out a person in Cork, for whom the young man in question had actually painted a sign. Such an attack, in such a place, was in itself sufficient to abash an inexperienced young man; but, when a recollection flashed on his mind of having really painted a board, at the request of a poor widow, (she was that attorney's nurse,) to place over the window of her son's shop, his embarrassment became so great that he was unable to utter a word; and, had not his limbs refused their office, he would have quitted the Court never to return. But, just at that distressing moment, an acquaintance of happier times, the good-natured, kind-hearted Counsellor Fitzgerald (as remarkable for his urbanity of disposition as complacency of person) happening to be present, and taking fire at the malicious falsehood, rose, and, in a very eloquent address to the Court, fully disproved the illiberal and unmanly charge; asserting, in his turn, that Mr Millikin—his school-fellow and early friend, who was designed for a higher walk in life than that he was now about to enter on—had not only received the education of a gentleman, but was possessed of those accomplishments generally attached to the character, one of which was drawing, in which he excelled, and which, till now, he had never heard attributed to any man as a fault, or considered as a barrier to professional pursuits.

"The consequence of this kind and reasonable explanation was his being admitted and sworn an attorney, and a member of the King's Inns; after which he returned to Cork to commence business. Young and unpatronised, however, he had little employment."

As professional employment, for which there are many candidates, must be courted rather than shunned as irksome, Mr Millikin was left with ample leisure to indulge his taste for literature and the fine arts; and, in 1795, several poetical contributions from his pen were printed in *The Monthly Miscellany*, a Cork magazine. In April 1797, he published, jointly with his sister—a lady who had distinguished herself by some historical novels—*The Casket*, or *Hesperian Magazine*, which appeared monthly until February 1798, when the political circumstances of Ireland terminated its existence.

On the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr Millikin zealously joined the Royal Cork Volunteers, and soon became a conspicuous member of that corps. He was subsequently, by the exertions of his pen and pencil, an active promoter of various benevolent objects in Cork. Mr Millikin's death was caused by water on the chest, and occurred, after a short illness, on the 16th December 1815. He was buried with a public funeral at Douglas, near Cork, and his loss deplored as a general calamity.

Millikin's papers are now in the hands of Mr Crofton Croker. The origin of "The Groves of Blarney" is thus traced in the Memoir of Millikin, published, with his poems, after his decease:—

An itinerant poet, with the view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song in praise (as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater; but, instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate by the order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could only be meant as mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could scarcely escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied of its merits, and stung

with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional verse against the owner, and sung it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favourite with the lower orders, then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen. It was in one of those that Mr Millikin undertook, in the gaiety of the moment, to produce a song that, if not superior, should be at least equal in absurdity to 'Castle Hyde;' and accordingly, adopting the tune, and taking Blarney for his subject, he soon made good his promise.

"'The Groves of Blarney,' which was received by the company with a burst of applause, soon rivalled its predecessor 'Castle Hyde,' and continued long the favourite of every laughter-loving party."

Millikin's intention was to ridicule the songs which ignorant Irish village bards—with a vast fondness for rhyme, an imperfect knowledge of the English language, and a pedantic ambition to display the full extent of their classical knowledge—were, and still are, in the habit of composing; and in Ireland, rhyme, or even the approach to it, is often far more effective than reason.

We shall henceforth adopt Mr Crofton Croker's reading of this National Song as the true one. It is taken from the author's manuscript. The fifth stanza is not Millikin's. It was an *impromptu* added at an electioneering dinner, and meant as a hit at the then Lord Donoughmore, who was present. This was the son of the Peer, we believe, of whom George III. is reported to have said, that, "If he gave him Great Britain and Ireland in a present, he would next ask the Isle of Man for a little cabbage garden." The wit is less characteristic of the King than of the rapacity of an ever-craving, needy Irish Peer. The Peer next in succession must have been as ready and adroit as this one was encroaching. When the new verse of "Groves of Blarney" was sung, he applauded the loudest.

In a very humorous speech, he acknowledged the relationship, thanked the author for his mention of it, and requested leave to toast the Murphys, Clearys, and Healy, with all others who, in the recent political contest, had ventured life and limb in support of the Hutchinson cause, and had thus made their blood relationship with him unquestionable.

MILLIKIN'S ORIGINAL GROVES OF BLARNEY.

"The groves of Blarney they are so charming,
All by the purling of sweet silent streams;
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order by the sweet reek close.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly, besides the lily—
Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair;
There's no commander throughout the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
She has castles round her, that no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"There's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
In some dark fort, or under ground.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badgers are for ever bred;
Being moss'd by natur', that makes it sweeter
Than a coach or six, or a feather-bed.
"Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
All standing in order for to guard the flood.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a stitch in,
With the maids a stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biskie', the beer and whisky,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A washing praties forewent the door,
With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair—
Boid Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.
Oh, ullagoane, &c."

It is remarkable that among so loving and marrying a race as the Irish, there should be so few popular songs of love and courtship; and that, among so witty a people, we should find no strains of sly and good-humoured sarcasm, and unbiting satire—such, for example, as the Scotch "My Jo, Janet," or "Tak yer Auld Cloak about ye." Their popular songs of pathos and tenderness were, as we learn from poor Goldsmith, the Scottish "Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night," and "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen." In the "As down by Banna's Banks," we have one Irish love song not of the boudoir class—one song which the criticism of Burns has stamped with fame. We are disappointed to learn that the sickening "Banks of Banna," of which, with Mr Hay, we heartily agree "*that we have heard enough*," was a vernal composition of the author of the finer song. He was Mr Ogle of Bellevue in the county of Wexford, and a member of parliament for Dublin, before the Union, against which he voted. His namby-pamby "Banks of Banna" was universally sung, and much admired in its day; its celebrity, probably, arising from the music. It was the subject of a ludicrous parody, with one verse of which we shall present Mr Crofton Croker, in requital for his overstrained admiration:—

"Shepherds, I have lost my wig—
Have you seen my jeezy?
Pride of every barber's shop,
It was so sleek and greasy!"

But Mr Ogle's more mature lyric, the favourite of Burns, is truly an exquisite song. Burns points out the touching line—

"How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core?"

Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Ashore!"

Mr Ogle had the felicity of afterwards marrying this wayward, "darling Molly," who was a Miss Moore. "The Hermit of Killarney," another song in this collection, is attributed to Mr Ogle. It is the supposed effusion of a contemplative

sage who has not outlived the sensibilities of youth, and who is melancholy without being misanthropic. The burden of each stanza is very fine—

"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world!
Thou wast not made for me."

Mr Crofton Croker attributes the authorship of the famous "Boys of Kilkenny" to Moore; and, though the presumed author will not confess this pleasant sin of his youth, the circumstantial evidence adduced bears strongly against him.

1. Moore was a prominent member of the Kilkenny private theatricals, about the years 1802, 3, and 4.

2. The melody called "the old head of Dennis," was an especial favourite with Moore; to it he wrote his well-known song in the first Number of the "Irish Melodies," on the Meeting of the Waters in the county of Wicklow, commencing, "There is not in *this* wide world."

3. The internal evidence of the song itself. The luscious picture conveyed to the fancy in the concluding lines of the second, and the beautiful local imagery of the third verses, as well as the humour which pervades the entire song, partake more of the tone of Moore's mind than of the national character.

It was no doubt originally written for, and sung on the Kilkenny stage, and the last verse was probably an adjunct by the author when he sung "the Boys of Kilkenny" in England, where he became a permanent resident about 1807.

The Kilkenny theatre has been already noticed as a speculation of Owenson's. Mr Banim, in some gossiping letters on Ireland, published in a London periodical, says, "Until within the last few years, a private theatre was annually opened in Kilkenny under the management of Mr Richard Power, an accomplished and amiable gentleman, at which, with other characters of consideration, Mr Corry (Secretary to the Linen Hall) exhibited his very rare talents. . . . It was at these Kilkenny theatricals that Miss O'Neil lost her heart to Mr Becher; while the world consequently lost its first-rate actress. Mr B. was the *Coriolanus* of the amateur company, and became captivated with his present celebrated lady during the very last Kilkenny season, while Miss O'Neil was gratuitously lending her mighty talents in behalf of the widow and the orphan. It is said, too, that here, at a very early period of her life, and when retained as an accessory, Miss O'Neil met with a cordial and decisive encouragement, which materially influenced her after success in the metropolis. I have more to say to you about Kilkenny pic-nics. Tom Moore was for some years the *Spado*, *Mungo*, and *Peeping Tom* of the boards; and, by all accounts, a glorious little actor he made. I am informed that his *Spado* was a treat. Indeed, the character seems made for him. How I should like to have seen the Irish ladies eyeing him as he sung—

"Oh, lassies, of love can you fail,
With such a compact little lovey?
Though no one can taste the big whale,
Sure all love the little anchovy!"

And again—

"'Though wanting two feet in my body,
In soul I am thirty feet high.'

Here he recited his own melologue; and, as the final bit of tattle, be it added, here Tommy also met, wooed, and won his present good lady."

AIR—"The old head of Dennis."

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They kiss them and coax them, they spend their money free.

Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Z

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
 And 'tis they through my bosom that have burned a big
 hole;
 Her mind, like its waters, is as deep, clear, and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.
 "Oh! Kilkenny's a famous town, that shines where it
 stands,
 And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms;
 For if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,
 For it's there I'd get sweathearts, but here I get none,
 For it's there I'd get sweathearts, but here I get none."

The two first lines of the last stanza of this
 song are taken literally from a sweet old Scoto-
 Irish song which we have never met with in
 print, and which goes thus—

"Oh, bonny Portmore! thou shines where thou stands,
 And the more I look to thee the more my heart warms;
 But when I look from thee my heart is aye sore,
 To think on the lassie I left at Portmore."

A hunter after the finer order of the popular
 songs of Ireland should "Try Glasgow," and
 Ayrshire, and Renfrewshire. Motherwell's Col-
 lection, we believe, includes some good specimens
 of the Scoto-Irish style. The song "One night
 when I got frisky," with the burden, "Oh, I'll
 never get drunk any more," is palpably formed
 upon the Scottish ditty—

"I'll never get drunk any more,
 I'll never get drunk any more;
 But aye when I smell good liquor,
 I'll just look in at the door."

The very popular song, "St Patrick was a
 gentleman," so often shockingly mangled and
 vulgarized in the singing of the English and
 Scotch, is, it seems, the joint production, or
 rather, we suspect, was only jointly sung at a
 masquerade in Cork in 1814, by Mr Bennett and
 Mr Toleken, in the character of ballad-singers.
 The third, fourth, and sixth stanzas of the com-
 mon edition have since been added, the last by
 Mr Toleken. Though first in point of time, it
 does not, in wit, and brilliancy, and droll Irish
 humour, approach Maginn's "St Patrick of
 Ireland, my dear!" The Doctor calls this last a
 "theological song, containing the principal acts
 of the national Saint—his coming to Ireland on a
 stone; his blessed, never-emptying can, com-
 monly called St Patrick's pot; his changing a
 leg of mutton into a salmon during Lent;" and
 other genial miracles. We should not imagine
 that even the most bigoted Catholic could carp
 at this inimitable lyric, the Irish "St George he
 was for England!"

AIR—*The Night before Lary was stretched.*

"A fig for St Denis of France—
 He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
 A fig for St George and his lance,
 Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
 And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot
 Are a couple of pitiful pipers;
 Both of whom may just travel to pot
 Compared with that patron of swipers,
 St Patrick of Ireland, my dear!"

"He came to the Emerald Isle
 On the lump of a paving-stone mounted;
 The steam-boat he beat by a mile,
 Which mighty good sailing was counted.
 Says he, 'The salt water, I think,
 Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
 So bring me a flagon of drink—

To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ya—
 Of drink that is fit for a saint!"

"He preached, then, with wonderful force,
 The ignorant natives a-teaching;
 With a pint he washed down his discourse,
 'For,' says he, 'I detest your dry preaching.'
 The people, with wonderment struck,
 At a pastor so pious and civil,
 Exclaimed—'We're for you, my old buck!
 And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
 Who dwells in hot water below!"

"This ended, our worshipful spoon
 Went to visit an elegant fellow,
 Whose practice, each cool afternoon,
 Was to get most delightfully mellow.
 That day, with a black-jack of beer
 It chanced he was treating a party;
 Says the Saint—'This good day, do you hear,
 I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!
 So give me a pull at the pot!"

"The pewter he lifted in sport,
 (Believe me, I tell you no fable),
 A gallon he drank from the quart,
 And then placed it full on the table.
 'A miracle!' every one said,
 And they all took a haul at the stingo;
 They were capital hands at the trade,
 And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,
 The pot still frothed over the brim!"

"Next day, quoth his host, 'Tis a fast,
 And I've naught in my larder but mutton;
 And, on Fridays, who'd make such repeat,
 Except an unchristian-like glutton?"
 Says Pat, 'Cease your nonsense, I beg,
 What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
 Take my compliments down to the leg,
 And bid it come hither a salmon!"
 And the leg most politely complied!"

"Oh! he was an elegant blade
 As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper;"
 And though under the sod he is laid,
 Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
 I wish he was here, that my glass
 He might by art magic replenish;
 But since he is not—why, alas!
 My ditty must come to a finish,
 Because all the liquor is out!"

Mr Crofton Croker enters into the learned
 controversy concerning the genuine Shamrock,
 but throws no new light upon the question. On
 the whole he inclines to the authenticity of the
 common white trefoil clover, of which many in-
 habitants of Edinburgh may still remember pet-
 patches being carefully cultivated, that the Irish
 students, then thronging to our university, might
 have shamrocks wherewith to garnish their
 beavers on St Patrick's Day, or the 17th of
 March. An anonymous Dublin writer attacks
 Mr Bichen's theory, which assumes the wood-
 sorrel to be the true shamrock. The Dublin
 writer evidently does not know what that beau-
 tiful plant is, and confounds it with common sorrel
 or *sourocks*. The wood-sorrel is of the most bril-
 liant and delicate green colour, but of a warmer
 and lighter hue than the trefoil, which its ex-
 quisitely pencilled leaf considerably resembles.
 The trefoil is, however, the shamrock by pro-
 scription, and, like the Whigs, it would be a pity

* Fairhead is the north-east cape of Ireland; Kil-
 crumper is a ruined church, and ancient burial-ground,
 between Fermoy and Kilworth, in the county of Cork,
 the southern county of Ireland.

to disturb it in possession. The search for a four-leaved plant of trefoil is common to Scotland with Ireland, and probably to many other countries, and is held as the harbinger of good luck to the finder.

Of the songs in praise of the *Potato*, that addressed to Cobbett is the best. Colman's broad parody on Scott's "Boat Song" in "The Lady of the Lake," does no more deserve to be classed among the popular songs of Ireland, than a thousand other slang songs about Irish bulls and blunders. "The Land of Potatoes," is ascribed to Mr Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan. This gentleman was a comic actor of some merit; and in his own country and day was particularly admired in the personation of off-hand, half-gentlemanly Irish characters. Of Owenson, now best known through the literary reputation of his daughter, Sir Jonah Barrington says:—

He was highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters; and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height, remarkably handsome and brave-looking, vigorous, and well-shaped, he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be out of character. Never did I see an actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those parts he assumed. In the higher class of Irish characters (old officers, &c.) he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient dignity; and, in the lowest, his humour was scarcely quaint and original enough; but in what might be termed the middle class of Paddies, no man ever combined the look and the manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing is not an Irish quality; and he sang well enough. I have heard Jack Johnstone warble so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of first-rate education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking. That was not the case with Owenson: he acted as if he had not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich. His last friend was old Fontaine, a very celebrated Irish dancing-master, many years domiciliated and highly esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family whilst he had the means to do so; and they both died nearly at the same time, instances of talent and improvidence.

Mr Owenson's song displays no distinguishing humour or elegance. The burden is the best of it.

"Hosp ality,
No formality,
All reality, there you ever see;
The free and the easy
Would so amaze ye,
You'd think us all crazy,
For dull we never be!
In the land of potatoes, O!"

To the imperial praises of Whisky made by Peter the Great, who, of all wine, said Irish wine was the best, and who drank accordingly, Mr Crofton Croker adds those of George IV., who, on his visit to Dublin in 1821, while he maddened all Irish brains with the intoxicating fumes of loyalty, had his own excited by the genuine poteen. Our author should have told that his Majesty had the good taste to forbid the appearance of excised or "Parliament whisky," at the royal table. His punch was made only of that

"Which came from a still,
Brewed under a hill,
Where eye of gauger saw it not."

With the full fourteen Whisky Songs here put on record, Ireland must we fear yield the palm to Scotland in praising usquebae, whatever be their respective merits in the immense consumption of the beverage sacred to both nations.* The most remarkable new fact relating to this potent inspirer of the Irish muse is, that Big Jack Joyce of Connemara, has joined the Teetotal Society! Were this portentous joining anything more than an equivalent to the three months' vow to a priest, we should fancy the end of the Irish world at hand.

"On the poteen," says Barrow, "being produced, I hoped he (the aforesaid 'Big Jack Joyce,') would not oblige me to drink alone; but it was not without much entreaty I could prevail upon him to take a single glass, which he did only, he said, to welcome my arrival. '*Tempora mutantur,*' thought I, and some of us are changed with them; for it was scarcely a twelvemonth since Inglis visited him, when 'room was found on the table for a double-sized flagon of whisky, and water appeared to be a beverage not much in repute.' The mystery was soon unriddled by his telling me that he—Joyce, of all men in the world—had become a member of a Temperance Society! and had taken a vow (on three months' trial) not to drink spirits, save and except on such an occasion as the present, and when necessary to do so *medicinally*. He, however, gave me to understand that he had taken his fair share of poteen in his day, and was nothing the worse of it.

"It is to be hoped," adds Barrow, "that this honest fellow will not endeavour to prevail on his poor neighbours to forego entirely this necessary beverage; absolutely necessary, as I am assured by a medical gentleman of great eminence, to prevent scorbutic habits in those whose chief or sole food is the potato, which Cobbett not improperly calls 'the root of poverty.' Rice has not much more nutrition in it than potatoes, and yet the millions of India and China feed upon little else; but they never eat it *alone*; it is either dressed in the shape of curries, or highly seasoned with pepper and other hot spices, which answers the purpose of whisky."

Before the progress of whisky, leper-houses, which, as Dr Ledwich observes, "were everywhere to be found" in Ireland, rapidly disappeared; and hence this healing spirit was termed the water of life, or aqua vite, which words, rendered into Irish, are usquebagh, emphatically called *uisge*; or, to use the expression of Sir Walter Scott, "by way of eminence termed *the water*," and from *uisge* is our common word whisky derived.

By the old physicians this charming cordial was recommended as a means of prolonging life; and it was, consequently, eagerly and universally sought after. Fennel-seeds, saffron, and other pungent matters were mingled with it; but these were soon found to be only whimsical adulterations of the sublime purity of an inestimable extract. Fynes Moryson, although little inclined to admit the excellence of anything Irish, says, "The Irish aqua vite, vulgarly called usquebagh, is held the best in the world of that kind; which is also made in England, but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland."

Among the Local Songs, the best is the following by Dr Brennan of Dublin, the editor of the defunct *Milesian Monthly Magazine*, whose characteristic Monthly period was sometimes three months, and sometimes three years, as best suited the convenience of its eccentric editor.

* Can any of our readers furnish us, for our collection, with a copy of a droll effusion, composed in the character of a Highlander, in praise of usquebae, which contains this stanza:—

"When Shanet pe sick, and pe makin te palm,
Te wee drapple trink it pecherrish her pain,
It make her to sing, and te bowdle to pray—
Och! lang life to Donald and his Usquebae."

"A Connaught man
Gets all that he can,
His impudence never has mist-all;
He'll seldom flatter,
But bully and batter;
And his talk's of his kin and his pistol.

"A Munster man
Is civil by plan;
Again and again he'll entreat you;
Though you ten times refuse,
He his object pursues,
Which is, nine out of ten times, to cheat you.

"An Ulster man
Ever means to trepan,
He watches your eye and opinion;
He'll ne'er disagree
Till his interest it be,
And insolence marks his dominion.

"A Leinster man
Is with all cup and can;
He calls t'other provinces knaves;
Yet each of them see,
When he starts with the three,
That his distance he frequently saves."

The Irish Muses have many unfortunate or outcast step-sons, muchlike those of other lands. One or two smooth, sweet effusions, by a person of this description named Callanan, find a place here. In a young man they are promising and nothing more. The author was intended for a priest, and studied for some time at Maynooth. He left that seminary, offended his relations, and became a schoolmaster. At one period, in a fit of despair, he enlisted as a private soldier. Subsequently, he was patronized by Dr Maginn, and became an assistant in the Doctor's school. Callanan was also a private tutor. He was a thorough-paced victim to the Muses, or rather to his own indiscretion; and his little story repeats a warning often given, and too often in vain. He was indolent and procrastinating, and yet bit with that mania for *instant* publication, which is one of the worst symptoms of a poor poet. He fell into a decline, and died in Portugal at the age of thirty-four. Thither his generous friends—for he never wanted friends—had sent him, to be tutor in a family, and for the recovery of his health. His lyric "Sweet Avondu," is smooth and flowing, with a smack of the melody of Smollet's "Leven's banks," but destitute of the vigour and concentration of that beautiful poem. In the high department of genuine lyrical poetry, the Popular Songs of Ireland seem sadly deficient. Moore, where he has succeeded, is but one happy accident, and there is no other remarkable Irish song-writer. The flow of song, in the nobler sense, would indeed seem to have ceased of late over both the Islands.

Of *slang* songs, or what he designates as such, though many more of the songs are *slangish* enough, Mr Crofton Croker gives but one example, "De Groves of de Pool," written by honest Dick Millikin upon "the gallant Cork City Militia" returning after the glorious wars of the '98; or rather of "their advance back again," as he terms it Hibernically. One stanza is as good for our purpose as the whole—

"Now de war, dearest Nancy, is ended,
And de peace is come over from France;

So our gallant Cork city militia
Back again to headquarters advance.
No longer a brating dose rebels,
We'll now be beating de bull,
And taste dose genteel recreation
Dat are found in de groves of de Pool.
Ri fol didder rol bidder rol, &c"

Among the political and slang songs of that memorable period we can remember one which, from its sprightliness, deserves that Mr Crofton Croker, or some one else, should rescue it from oblivion. It appeared on a broadside, of which the figure-head was a French republican soldier mounted upon an ass, with the motto—a parody of the inspiring rallying word of that mad epoch—of

ERIN GO BRAY!

"From Rochforte, in de Bay of Biscay,
Me come fer de very fine visky
To make de Jacobin frisky,
And Erin may go bray!

"Me get de meally potato
From de Irish democrat
To make de Jacobin fat, O!
And Erin may go bray!

"Me put into requisition
De girl of every condition,

And Erin may go bray!

"Erin may bray and kick, O!
But de Jacobin will stick, O!
As long as there's any thing to pick, O!
And Erin may go bray!"

Among the local songs, "The County of Limerick Buck-Hunt," written to celebrate a famous hunt which took place in the year 1735, is more classic in tone than most of those temporary local effusions. Among the ladies, toasted in bumpers at the dinner after the hunt, was the veritable Miss Alicia, or "Alley Croker," the true-love, as we are led to suppose, of the man "Who lived in Ballinacrazy." She was afterwards married to Charles Langley, Esq., of Lisnarnock, county of Kilkenny. A sampler, worked by the fair Alley, is preserved as a relic by a family named Baker, in Tipperary county. The author of "Alley Croker"—and why is it not included among "The Popular Songs of Ireland?"—was Larry Grogan, a celebrated amateur piper of the family of Grogan of Johnstown, County of Wexford.

One good song, "Dear Mallow, adieu," was written by Samuel White, the Master of the English Grammar School, Dublin, and the teacher of Moore (who has addressed a sonnet to his memory) and also of other distinguished men. He was a spouter, a rhymester, and fond of theatricals. He taught his pupils to declaim in the style of Mossop, Barry, and the elder Sheridan, who had been the associates of his youth; and Mr Moore believes that his taste has had a powerful influence upon the tone of Irish rhetoric, as most of the prominent members of the bar, and the pulpit orators, had passed under his tuition. This gay, happy, and unworldly old schoolmaster died at the age of fourscore.

"The Rakes of Mallow"—the bloods and bucks of that once fashionable water-drinking town,

before steam whisked the fashionables of the south of Ireland over to Bristol, Bath, and Cheltenham—are celebrated in a song more truly descriptive than commendatory of the morals and manners of those gay youths. A few lines may suffice to depicture the daily life of an Irish back not very long since.

“ When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying;
But where there's good claret plying
Live the rakes of Mallow.

“ Living short but merry lives;
Going where the devil drives;
Having sweethearts, but no wives,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

“ Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
Raking as at Mallow.

“ Then, to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife;
Ever after live in strife,
And wish again for Mallow.”

One old historical ballad has now a double interest belonging to it. “The Entrenchment of

New Ross” is supposed to have been composed in 1265, when the walls were in progress of being raised. It was written in Norman French by a friar named Michael Kildare, and was translated from the Harleian MSS., in the British Museum, by the lamented L. E. L. It is printed here for the first time. It is, however, rather to be regarded as a curiosity than as appropriate to a collection of Irish popular songs; yet it gives a singular glimpse of ancient manners. All the inhabitants of the menaced town took their turn of labour at erecting the defensive walls, towers, and bridges; every trade or guild working by itself under its separate banners and leaders. Even the women and ladies laboured in carrying stones; and, in honour of them, one tower was named “The Maiden's Tower.”

And thus we close Mr Crofton Croker's contribution to the Minstrelsy of his native country, commending what he has done, and hoping that, with the materials which he has collected, he may yet rear a broader-based, nobler, and more lasting monument to the honour of Ireland.

STEAM TO INDIA.

THERE are few subjects of more vital importance to this country than the promotion of steam navigation, since it is evident that the dominion of the sea will henceforth rest with that nation which is able to command the most powerful and efficient steam navy. Hitherto, however, Great Britain has not displayed that superiority which might have been expected of her as the first maritime power in the world, though possessing pre-eminently all the elements for creating a steam navy, and incited thereto by her widely-spread colonial possessions, which render the application of this power of infinitely greater value to her than to other nations. Wonderful as the power of steam is in every aspect, its adaptation to maritime affairs is its greatest triumph—a mode of operation almost miraculous, and which will ere long displace the ancient order of things, and change the face of the globe. Though the benefits of this new power are open to all the world, it belongs to Great Britain to secure the fullest measure of them; it is a power expressly suited to the circumstances in which she is placed—suited alike to her capabilities of exercising, and to the supply of her most urgent wants. The discovery of steam navigation was made for England, and it may almost be said that England was made for steam navigation. If the profoundest and most acute statesmen had combined for ages to advance the power and renown of England to its highest point, they never could have devised a project for applying the distinguishing natural resources of this country, its unrivalled mines of coal and iron, to strengthen that peculiar arm of its power, the navy, and to connect together and approximate all the various parts of this extensive and scattered empire; yet this has been rendered practicable without design; and experience has proved the possibility of

effecting what it could never have entered into the mind of man to conceive. Henceforth, steam is the arm of Britain's power; and as this arm is strong or weak, must she take her rank among the nations. Should it so happen that, at this period of her history, some other nation, under less favourable circumstances, but more alive to the advantages of steam navigation, should suddenly avail itself of this new power, and supplant England on her ancient domain, with what shame and remorse shall we not look back on our past indifference to this subject, and with what scorn, the more bitter because well merited, shall we not be assailed by surrounding nations and by posterity! To be content with a mere equality with other nations, or with so trifling an advance as to encourage their pursuit, is to be in momentary danger of being outstripped; for steam navigation is yet in its infancy, and the improvement of a day on the part of any one of our competitors may throw us behind in the race, and destroy that *prestige* in our favour which is one of the elements of success. Having also more at stake than others, and greater capabilities for prosecuting steam navigation, we ought to be far in advance of all, to set rivalry at defiance, and pre-occupy the ground that may otherwise be taken from us. It is, undoubtedly, a great honour to have established steam communication with America; but there is another work to be achieved which has been too long delayed; and although it is on a far grander scale, the practicability of accomplishing it has been placed beyond a doubt—a comprehensive and well-organized system of steam communication with India, which would inevitably give rise to a regular steam communication with the Eastern Archipelago and China, with Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, the Mauritius, and probably with

many other parts. "Nothing so splendid in speculation was ever conceived. The country which adopts it is at once stamped as the most remarkable in the universe. For Great Britain, as a commercial nation, it is the most perfect realization of a scheme to protect, promote, and aggrandize her interests, that the brain of a statesman could originate. Boundless in its issues, it is bold, grand, unrivalled in its intentions. It opens to the vision England in the vastness of her empire, the plenitude of her power, at the climax of wealth and greatness. Approximating the several portions of a widely-spreading scattered dominion, by a power utterly miraculous, it gives the idea of Great Britain in a new point of view, as a novel phenomenon, as a nation of which the world had only to-day learned its stupendous and amazing features and resources." The work* from which the above extract is taken, has been written chiefly to advocate the route for steamers to India *via* the Red Sea, in opposition to that proposed by Sir John Ross round the Cape of Good Hope. By the former route the distance from England to Ceylon, the point of centralization in India, is only 6959 miles; by the latter it is 11,993 miles—a difference so great that it goes very far to decide the question. Before, however, entering into a comparison of the two plans, we must bring up our report of steam communication with India, since the subject was last noticed in our Magazine for September 1838.

It was then stated that an arrangement had been entered into between Her Majesty's Government and the East India Company, for a regular communication between England and Bombay, through Egypt and the Red Sea. This was far from being satisfactory to the parties interested, as it confined the benefits of steam navigation to one port in India, instead of extending them to all the presidencies, agreeably to what is termed the *comprehensive plan*; and it was also extremely doubtful whether the steamers would be able to make their way from Bombay to the Red Sea during the south-west monsoon, in which case the communication would be altogether suspended for three months in the year; but the East India Company could not be persuaded to venture on a more efficient plan, and it was at least expected that, as far as they did promise to go, they would render the measure complete. What has been the result? For several months the mails arrived with sufficient regularity, though not as speedily as was either desirable or practicable: but, when the public were beginning to place some confidence in this regularity, the mails ceased to arrive, and for three successive months not a letter was received from India! The Court of Directors had made no provision for the dispatch of the mails during the south-west monsoon; and when applied to on the subject by the East India and China Association, the Directors were totally at a loss for an answer. Whether this is to be attributed to mere negli-

gence, or to a fixed determination to frustrate the scheme of steam communication with India, it is conclusive as to the point of again committing the management to the East India Company; and it is now the general feeling to take it out of their hands, and trust alone to private enterprise and support.

In the meantime, the comprehensive scheme for extending steam communication to all the presidencies was being agitated in India, and no less than £140,000 was subscribed, chiefly in Bengal alone, for the purpose of joining any well-organized plan that might be set on foot in this country. The steamers at present employed in India and the Red Sea, are about 600 tons measurement, and from 160 to 230 horse power each; these are acknowledged to be inadequate both in size and power, and Dr Lardner proposed to have steamers of 1000 tons and 250 horse power, which at that time was considered a liberal scale; it has been, however, enlarged by Sir John Ross, to vessels of 1200 tons and 320 horse power; and, lastly, Captain Barber has proposed vessels of 1500 tons burthen, and 600 horse power. The objection made to Captain Barber's plan, is with regard to the expense; doubts being entertained whether the returns will cover the great outlay required to provide and maintain steamers of this magnitude. Captain Barber estimates the first outlay for five steamers of 1500 tons, and two smaller ones in India, together with omnibusses and vans in Egypt for crossing the desert, at £335,000—or, to meet all contingencies, £400,000; and the total annual charge at £227,000, which, as it makes no provision for the steamers to be employed between England and Egypt, is more than double the amount of Dr Lardner's estimate; and he calculates that, if only one-half of the passengers to and from India were to proceed by the steamers, there would be a surplus income over the annual expenditure of £70,000, and as much more from letters, &c., making the whole surplus about £140,000 per annum. We will not venture to hazard an opinion as to the scale which it would be most advisable to adopt; but will only state that there is no undertaking of the kind more likely to command general support and liberal remuneration than a safe, rapid, and regular line of steam communication with India. In very many cases the civil and military officers would be gainers by paying £100 more for a passage by a steamer than a sailing vessel, inasmuch as they would arrive in India three or four months sooner, and for all that period be in receipt of their additional pay and allowance; or, if in India, they might retain their pay three or four months longer, and yet be in England as soon as those who embarked before in sailing vessels. There would also be a considerable saving in the outfit of passengers, which, instead of being provided for a period of six months, would be reduced to a supply for one or two months, with the opportunity of replenishing in their journey through Egypt.

With regard to the comparative advantages

* "Steam to India *via* the Red Sea, and *via* the Cape of Good Hope."

of the two routes, by the Red Sea and the Cape of Good Hope, we must, in the first place, observe that the practicability of the latter for a single steamer within any reasonable time is as yet unproved, whereas the other route has been brought to the test of experience. We know what has been done under a very defective system, we know all the dangers and difficulties that are to be encountered on that route, and we have therefore substantial grounds for forming an opinion as to what may be done under a more perfect system of steam communication. We will, however, take it for granted, that Sir John Ross's plan is practicable, and that a single steamer will be able to reach Ceylon in forty-seven days, stopping only at the Cape of Good Hope for twenty-four hours; on the other hand, Captain Barber calculates that, by the Red Sea, the voyage from England to Ceylon may be made in thirty-six days, a saving of eleven days, or nearly one third; and if Collier's patent boilers were used, and found to answer the expectations of Sir John Ross, the voyage by the Red Sea might be made in little more than half the time required to go round the Cape of Good Hope. With regard to time, therefore, there can be no comparison between the two routes; but there are various objections urged against the route by the Red Sea. *1st*, It is said that there is danger of infection from the plague in Egypt; *2dly*, That the route through that country may hereafter be closed or rendered dangerous by political events; *3dly*, That the frequent changes from vessel to vessel would be highly inconvenient, especially to families; and, *4thly*, That the passage from Bombay to the Red Sea is difficult and sometimes impracticable during the north-west monsoon. To which we reply—that the plague is a mere bugbear; it does not appear for years together; and even then, seldom attacks any but persons of the lowest class, or those who live intemperately. Of the many hundred persons who have passed through Egypt to and from India of late years, we have not heard of one who has fallen a victim to the plague, or even been attacked by it. That the route through Egypt may some day be closed against us, is no reason why we should not take advantage of it while it is open; and indeed that step at the present time is the most likely means to establish and extend our influence in that country, and secure the permanence of the route. The frequent changes from one vessel to another is at most an inconvenience of no great magnitude, as the passengers will not be encumbered with much baggage; and with Collier's patent boilers there would be no occasion to change at all after embarking at Suez. The last objection regarding the passage from Bombay to the Red Sea, applies only to the present defective system; and it is one of the objects of the comprehensive plan of steam communication, to remedy this evil, by carrying on the line to Ceylon, and from thence to Madras and Calcutta. If Collier's patent boilers answer the expectations entertained of them, they may as well be used in the Red Sea as round the Cape of Good Hope;

and it is only by supposing the same machinery to be used in both cases, that any fair comparison can be made of the advantages of each route respectively. The question will be whether passengers to India will prefer the unceasing annoyances of a steamer for a period of forty-seven successive days, exposed to many changes of climate, to storms, and especially to the terrible passage round the Cape of Good Hope, without any stoppage to relieve or intermit the tediousness of such a voyage, and without, perhaps, even a sight of land, except for twenty-four hours at the Cape; whether they will prefer such a passage to one performed in little more than half the time, relieved by the journey through Egypt, and thus divided into two short voyages of about ten days and fourteen days respectively? There is no doubt, in our opinion, that passengers would prefer the route by the Red Sea—the two short voyages relieved by the land journey mid-way—even though it should occupy as much time as the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope; and as both Dr Lardner and Captain Barber calculate that the voyage may be performed by this route in less time with the ordinary machinery than Sir John Ross calculates upon with the improved machinery round the Cape, there will be a saving of time, notwithstanding the disadvantage of using the less improved machinery. The main support of any plan of steam communication with India, is considered to be from the resort of passengers; and their convenience and accommodation must therefore be secured in preference to any other object. On these grounds the route by the Red Sea appears to us far preferable to the other, while, at the same time, it holds out other advantages peculiar to itself. The intercourse of travellers with the inhabitants of Egypt and the shores of the Red Sea, is not only a source of gratification, but eminently calculated, at the same time, to promote commerce and civilization, and also to strengthen the political influence of England in those regions. A constant influx of British subjects of the wealthy and educated classes must be highly beneficial to Egypt, which would thus be bound to us by interest—while the increase of our naval power in the Red Sea, would render that country in a greater degree dependent on our friendship. How widely different is the dreary and solitary voyage round the Cape, in the whole course of which there is not one object to be gained or hoped for till its termination! Again, the advantages of the route by the Red Sea, in a military point of view, will be evident, should it ever be necessary to dispatch troops with haste to defend the north of India, the scene of the present operations. By that route troops may be landed on the banks of the Indus in half the time required to take them round the Cape; the voyages being short, and little space occupied by water and provisions, a greater number of men could be shipped on the same tonnage, and, with the benefit of rest and refreshment in Egypt, they might be expected to arrive at their destination in better order than after a long voyage. But although we are de-

cidedly of opinion that the route by the Red Sea is the best for passengers, and that it will generally be preferred by them, it is by no means unlikely that those who disdain to mix among the throng, and who require ample accommodation and exclusive society, will, to secure these advantages, take the Cape route. Persons of this class will be content to pay handsomely for their accommodation; but they will require to be provided for in a style far superior to Sir J. Ross's estimate for passengers—four shillings a-day—which is, indeed, a most miserable allowance for any description of passengers, the usual allowance being ten shillings a-day for each passenger. There is one object, however, for which the Cape route seems better calculated than that by the Red Sea—we mean the conveyance of goods, which it is both inconvenient and expensive to unload and tranship. We reckon that there are about 3000 to 4000 tons of valuable goods, such as silks, indigo, &c., annually shipped from India, which could bear to pay from £8 to £10 per ton more than the ordinary freight on sailing vessels, provided they could be landed in England in two months, instead of five or six months. The saving of interest for three or four months would make up for the higher rate of freight, and it is always an advantage to have goods brought to market with celerity. The same observations apply to manufactured goods, and other articles shipped from England. Now, if the steamers are able, as it is supposed, to carry 500 tons of cargo, a vessel might earn, in four trips in the course of a year, from £20,000 to £30,000 by the freight of goods. Sir J. Ross calculates the earnings for this period at only £12,000 from freight, and £28,300 from passengers. He estimates the freight at only £6 per ton, which is barely what is paid in sailing vessels, while we are disposed to allow more than double that rate on all valuable goods, provided they can be conveyed to their destination within the time specified. We must therefore reverse his calculations, and place the larger amount of earnings to the item of freight, and the lesser to passengers. If these views are correct, it would require only one vessel to be dispatched every two months or thereabouts, instead of one every month, unless the quantity of goods capable of paying a high rate of freight should greatly exceed our estimate.

There is ample scope for both lines of steam communication; but, if only one shall be established and brought to perfection, it will exalt the power of England to an amazing height, and render this country, indeed, the envy and admiration of the world. Competition will be set at defiance, for no other country has the means or inducements to undertake so grand a work, which time would consolidate by the establishment of various branches, all tending to strengthen and enlarge the original line.

The committee appointed in London to take into consideration Captain Barber's plan, have lately reported, recommending steamers of even greater size and power than those proposed by

Captain Barber. In this we have an additional proof of the progress of this important question. The more it is investigated the more evident does it become, that any plan of steam communication with India ought to be on the most enlarged scale which experience has proved to be practicable. By a comparison of the expenses and returns of steamers of various capacities, it is found that vessels of large size will pay better, on a long voyage, than small vessels, the returns being greater in proportion to the outlay; and they have also the advantages of greater speed, and more certainty of overcoming the difficulties of the navigation; and, as these truths have been established, the plans have been gradually enlarged, from steamers of 500 or 600 tons burthen, to those now recommended by the committee, of 2000 tons burthen, and 500 horse power. It has been proposed to have iron steamers of 2600 tons burthen; but the committee have judiciously resolved not to undertake experiments, being of opinion that, although great advantages may be anticipated from the substitution of iron for wood in the construction of steamers, present experience does not warrant them in recommending its adoption for vessels of the class, and for the distant employment contemplated. The plan of the committee is, to have seven steamers of 2000 tons burthen—four for the Indian, and three for the European side—with boats for navigating the Nile; the total outlay is estimated at £520,000, and the annual charges at £250,000.

While on this subject, we may briefly advert to a plan for establishing steam navigation on the Pacific, from Panama to various ports in South America, and eventually to be extended to China and Australia. It is intended to place this line of steamers in connexion with her Majesty's packets in the Atlantic, and, by improving the road across the isthmus of Darien, to reduce the time occupied in that journey from two days to eight or ten hours. The capital of the Pacific Steam-Navigation Company is to be £250,000, and the undertaking appears to be highly approved of by the British merchants resident in South America, who, from their local knowledge, must be supposed well able to judge of its success.

We look to the establishment of a complete line of steamers to India, as an era in the naval history of this country; and, great as the undertaking is, we confidently expect that it will not be much longer delayed. Amidst the variety of schemes that have been proposed and examined, there has been a great diversity of opinion, which has contributed greatly to the delay; but all parties seem now to be agreed as to certain general principles, and to be approximating with regard to the details. The establishment of steam-navigation across the Atlantic, has prepared the way for steam to India, and removed many of the doubts and difficulties with which the subject was before encumbered. Success in the one case augurs well for success in the other.

THE ROYALISTS OF PERU.

BY MRS GORE.

THE sun was setting gloriously, as became the midsummer sun of a tropical country, over the extensive plains spreading from the lower ridges of the Andes to the Peruvian coast; glittering at intervals upon the distant domes and towers of Lima, and streaming with fervid influence on *tapi*-fenced fields of maize and luzerne; between which, occasional thickets of wild cane, enlaced with glaring blossoms of the nasturtium of Peru, shot up in airy lightness into the summer sky.

But amid the fertile luxuriance of the season, and brightness of the scene, a blackening blight was discernible. The iron hand of the War of Independence had imprinted its fatal traces on that devoted province, the scene of a contention which has happily bequeathed another nation to the list of the free people of the earth. The troops of the two factions of Patriots and Royalists, (or, as they were termed in South America, "*El Padre Rey*," and "*La Madre Patria*,") successively cantoned in the environs of Lima, had left smoking and blackened ruins in place of prosperous villages; and, amid the olive gardens, or beneath the shade of the banana trees, many a spot of rugged and recently-turned earth revealed the existence of those hurried and unconsecrated graves to which the soldier is compelled to consign his comrades of the recent strife. Nay, the husbandman, retiring from the noonday heats into the shadow of the willow trees, planted along the banks of the Azequias, was often startled by the spectacle of a blue and swollen corpse polluting the stagnant waters; the festering gashes by which it was disfigured, bearing testimony to the untimely end of the victim. War, in short, had been there, with all its horrors—nay, was still there. The Patriot General, San Martín, had been proclaimed Protector of Peru; while the Royalist Generals, Canterac and Carratalá, were marking the progress of their retreat before the Liberating Army by the commission of a thousand enormities.

The Indians, the *montoneros* or guerillas of South America, and other irregular hangers-on of either faction, rendered, meanwhile, the disorders of the period a plea for the indulgence of their own lawless and marauding propensities.

The Viceroy of Lima had not yet, however, abandoned the city; and, though all avenues of the *cercado* were invested by parties of *montoneros* hovering round to cut off the supplies, the troops under Santalla, and the brigades of Carratalá, were still confidently expected to make good their promises of support to the Royalists.

Already they had sacked, burned, and plundered throughout the province. Of the town of Cangallo, not a trace remained; the villages of Utcumayo, Huailly, and Zancazo, were razed to the ground; the stores of the silver mines of Pasco plundered, and the works suspended. All

was ruin and desolation! On the morning, however, of the 23d of June, an Indian, deserting from the retreating army of Carratalá to the division of Arenales, spread tidings, on his passage, of the defeat and discomfiture of the troops under Canterac, and the mutiny of the Royalist garrison in the castle of Callao; and the harassed Peruvians, crowding to welcome his reports, fell on their knees by the wayside, to render thanks to the Almighty for the termination of their afflictions. "Long live the Liberators!" "Long live San Martín!" "Peace to the *Madre Patria*!" resounded on all sides. The long-submitting Peruvians felt that their sufferings had sufficed; that Heaven, content with their patience, at length decreed them the reward of Liberty. The *mita* or compulsory labour in the mines was to be abolished; the exactions of the priesthood restrained; the Spanish tyrants expelled. Henceforward Peru and all her provinces were to be free!

The little town of Carguancuanga—situated, for its misfortune, in the direct route to Xanxa—was among the warmest in its demonstrations of rejoicing at the intelligence.

"But a few weeks more," cried the people, assembled in the Plaza of the town, and pouring forth acclamations in honour of the Liberadores, "we and our families must have resigned ourselves to approaching famine. Our crops are destroyed—our farms pillaged—our stores demolished. Every horse has been taken from us by the villain Santalla, and our oxen carried off. How, then, should we have faced the winter, but for the protection of the Patriots? Blessings on Cochrane and his fleet! Blessings on Miller and San Martín!—for, thanks to the exertion of these heroes, our children shall live and be free!"

Under the roof of one habitation of the little town, were these thanksgivings more calmly, but not less piously directed. It was from the lips of Juan, her son, that Osoria Almedo, the wife of the sexton of Carguancuanga, received the welcome tidings—Juan, the eldest of nine children, with which Providence had burthened her poverty, and brightened the sunshine of a warm and loving heart: for Osoria had tenderness for them all—industry for them all; her nights were short, her meals scanty—short as they were, often disturbed by inquiet dreams, the result of aching limbs, from excessive labour during the heat of the day; and scanty, because robbed of every delicate morsel, to be appropriated to the wants of her offspring. But then, her morning waking was to happiness, when hurrying from her hard pallet to attend upon the helpless ones which, like fledgelings in their nest, cried aloud upon her with fondling names to minister to their wants; and triumphant with motherly love were the impulses of her bosom, as, one by one, she dismissed the little creatures from her careful hands, fresh-faced, smiling, happy—her-

self their providence, herself their never-failing fountain-head of happiness. Yes! hungry and weary she might *sometimes* be, but blessed at *all* times and seasons, as the parent of such fair, and good, and loving children. Osoria often asked herself, indeed, as she bent over their sleeping heads, whether she loved them the more that they were the children of Isidro, or whether Isidro himself were the dearer, as the father of those promising children!

It is true, Osoria had more than common motives for wife-like devotion. Isidro Almedo, the son of wealthy parents in Lima, had quitted his own people and his father's house, and, incurring disinheritance for her sake, became the husband of one born to fill a menial station in the household of his parents. He had, even in the depths of penury which followed their rash marriage, accepted a hateful occupation, supportable only as affording bread to a wife and child on the verge of starvation.

But, from the period of that self-sacrifice, all had comparatively prospered with Isidro and Osoria Almedo. Their bread, though black and bitter, had sufficed to the rapidly increasing wants of the little family. Their daily mess of legumes became augmented in size, when, every year, another little face smiled beside their frugal board. The industry of Osoria supplied homely but decent garments for the family; and when, at night, Isidro returned from his sickening occupation, he was sure to experience that electric gleam of household comfort, a smile of love and peace upon the threshold of his home. "Courage, man, courage," Osoria would whisper, when he occasionally gave way to dejection. "I am young and healthy—the babes strong and beautiful—our will is good—our intentions honest. We shall yet prosper; we shall yet be happy. Our children, thriving and laborious, will do honour to our old age. There is a golden time in store for us. Isidro! the helpful hand of the Almighty is over our house!"

A blessing goes, indeed, with a cheerful spirit. Poor as they were, the little homestead of the Almedos was ever bright and joyous. The neighbours loved to loiter in friendly gossip beside their threshold, although too humble to deal in hospitality. Their children were general favourites; all in Carguancuanga had a kind word for them. No sooner did Juan, the eldest boy, attain the height of his father's elbow-chair, than the worthy Father José, the *cúra* or officiating priest of San Carlos, undertook his instruction; his sister Juanita being already employed as sweeper and weeder in the fine gardens of the Alcalde, Don Pepe di Aguero, in the suburbs of Carguancuanga. By this august protection, food and raiment were provided for two out of the nine; while, of the seven other little ravens, crying to the Lord for food, under the roof of the poor sexton, the youngest still nestled at the breast of its mother.

"Welcome! welcome! Joy and triumph for us and all!" cried Osoria, as she sprang to the neck of her husband, on the evening of that

eventful day. "The Patriots are successful. Peace is at hand; and, with peace, plenty."

"Peace will scarcely add a measure of lentils to our granary, or maize-meal to our chest," replied the calmer Isidro. "But God's will be done! The Spaniards reap the reward of their oppressions; and, if the new people fulfil their engagements, our brethren will at least eat of their own harvests, and sit under the tree of their own rearing. But for thee and me, Osoria, what benefit? The church of San Carlos is not like to profit by the downfall of its ancient benefactors, or to deal more liberally with its servitors in the decline of its revenue. Father José may be displaced; and Don Pepe himself has sworn to abandon Carguancuanga, should San Martin obtain possession of the province. What omen, therefore, of good to us and ours, in the triumph of the Liberators?"

"Do not talk thus before the boy—prythee, do not talk thus!" cried Osoria, throwing back the long braided tresses, discomposed by the ardour of her reception to her husband. "Let not Juan learn that we are thinking only of ourselves, while our enslaved countrymen of Peru bless God for their prospects of freedom. A heavy hand has been upon the land. The efforts of the people have, with the aid of Providence, wrought their deliverance; and, oh! be not our thoughts, at such a time, of the rags that cover us, or the morsel that sustains us. Providence hath hitherto filled our cruise: in Providence, dear husband, be our trust!"

"My trust is in thee!" murmured Isidro, throwing his weary limbs upon a seat, and glancing round their humble but cheerful abode—ornamented, by the hands of little Juanita, for the Eve of St John, with a profusion of flowers, bestowed on her by the old gardener of Don Pepe. "A blessing is with thee, wife, and with all thy doings. Thy quiet, confiding spirit is as an anchor to my restlessness. But for thee, I should have long ago quitted Carguancuanga; which had been but a wild speculation. For, lo! all is well with us; and, as thou sayest, our children thrive; and there is, doubtless, a golden time in store for us and them."

Cheered by these reflections, (inspired, like every other noble thought arising in his mind, by the higher courage and finer spirit of his wife,) Isidro called his children around him, bestowed a word or gesture of tenderness on each; and taking, on either knee, the little prattling Luigia, the image of her mother, and a boy still younger—*too* young, as yet, for prattling—he placed himself at his accustomed post at table, and prepared to do honour to their evening meal.

"Mother, dear mother!" said Juan, suddenly placing on the board before Osoria a basket of limes, sending forth a delicious fragrance amid their fresh-culled leaves, "this fruit was given me by Father José, to celebrate our evening festival, as a reward for my diligence of the week."

"I myself saw it plucked fresh before sun-

rise this morning, in the plantations of Don Pepe, as a token for his reverence," added Juanita; "and here, dearest mother, is a musk melon, given me to-day by the Senora Dolores, to make merry with my brothers and sisters on the Eve of St John."

"We are to keep holiday then, at the expense of our children?" cried Isidro, in a cheerful voice, drawing his knife from its sheath, and dividing into shares the juicy and orange-tinted melon. "Well, 'tis a memorable day—a day of triumph for Peru. Children, draw near. Osoria, bring the babe on thy arm, and take a place by my side. The blessing of the Holy Trinity upon our meal—the bread is broken—children, let us eat and be thankful."

And the little voices that echoed the blessing thus pronounced, were soon heard, rising one above another, in joyous turbulence; for the morrow was held as a solemn festival in the church of Carguancuanga; and Juan was to be spared from his studies, and Juanita from her toils, and father and mother had promised to accompany their little family in the fresh evening, to witness the *fundango*, *mariguita*, and *guachambai* danced under the shade of the willow-trees bordering the ramparts of the town—

"Where young and old come forth to play
Upon a sunshine holiday."

So loud, indeed, was the confusion of their gay voices, and so absorbed were the happy parents in noting to themselves and each other the progress of health and strength developed in those bright faces and exulting tones, that, for several moments, an intruder stood unnoticed on the threshold; and when Isidro at length observed the shadow interposed between them and the crimson gleam of the setting sun, an exclamation from his wife of "Father José—a visitor to our poor abode—rise, children, and welcome your benefactor!" scarcely sufficed to reduce the young ones to silence.

Already had Isidro placed a huge arm-chair of wicker-work, the only one in his possession, for so honoured and unexpected a guest, while Osoria hastened to lay aside the infant that slept upon her bosom, and place fresh bread upon the table. But Father José was there neither for rest nor refreshment. The old man's face was pale with consternation, and his voice more tremulous than when, in his moods of deepest emotion, heard calling from the pulpit some hardened sinner to repentance, as he led Isidro apart from the children, and bade him give ear to his instructions.

"All is lost for Carguancuanga—all all!" faltered the old man. "The tidings spread this day among the people, were the words of a deceiver. The troops of Carratalà are within a few hours' march of us; and what will then befall my unhappy flock? It is known to the Royalists that but a month ago the Carguancuanguites forced the wealthy and noble cura of San Carlos to flee from the town, instituting myself, a poor and humble Benedictine, in his room; and the vengeance of Carratalà will overtake them." And, as the old

man clasped his hands despondingly, a heavy groan broke from the bosom of Isidro.

"Carratalà may, perhaps, be within a few hours' march of Carguancuanga," said Osoria, who had overheard all; "yet surely, reverend father, till daybreak we are safe; and, before daybreak, succour might yet reach us. A detachment of the troops of the Madre Patria is at Xanxa."

"Even so; and with *them* rests my only remaining hope," faltered the venerable priest. "The alarm once given to the outposts yonder at Moya, all might go well."

"But *how* to give the alarm?" cried Isidro; while the children, awed by the panic-struck looks of their parents, cowered in silence in a corner of the room. "The country is beset by *montoneros*; and the reports spread this morning have probably lessened the alertness of our friends. Who could be found to encounter the hazard of such an errand?"

"Myself!" replied the old man, in a firmer voice. "Should I become a victim, there will be neither widow nor orphan to accuse my rashness. I owe myself to the country, which has maintained me—to my parishioners, who love me; and, so I but succeed, would cheerfully lay down my few remaining years for their sake. But I feel that I shall *not* be sacrificed. The servants of religion command respect, even among the lawless. I shall go safe and free, when the young and brave could expect no quarter. My mule is sure and swift. Before midnight I could reach Moya; whence the commandant would dispatch further instructions to headquarters."

"This must not be!" interrupted Isidro, gradually recovering his self-possession. "It is to *me*, Father, this work is appointed. Give me the use of the mule. Not a minute must be lost!"

"And *these*?" said the old man, extending his shrivelled hand towards Osoria and her children. "What have they done that thou shouldst desert them? And what would be their fate, helpless, in the hands of the murdering ruffians of Carratalà?"

A cold shudder was the sexton's expressive reply; for he was no stranger to the tender mercies of the Royalist troops. Nevertheless, when he bent his eyes upon his benefactor—the aged servant of the Almighty standing before him—he dared not sanction the perilous enterprise of Father José.

"Trifle not with me, my son, nor with the precious minutes that are wearing away," hastily resumed the priest; "but attend to my instructions. To spread unnecessary alarm were mischievous; for resistance has already proved in vain. Should the Spaniards gain ground, and reach Carguancuanga before succours from Xanxa are on the march, all that remains for you is submission. Nevertheless, I would fain preserve the treasures of the mother church from sacrilege. To you, my good Isidro, rather than to the Alcalde, who is old and pusillanimous, I there-

fore intrust the keys of San Carlos; and, I charge you, yield them not one minute sooner than is indispensable for the safety of the town. Be firm, Isidro—be wise; and the blessing of God and his saints upon your good service!"

Again the bewildered sexton strove, by earnest entreaties, to shake the resolution of his superior, and obtain for himself, instead of the guardianship of the church and its treasures, the more active mission usurped by the priest of the altars.

"In both duties, my son, there is danger," replied Father José, depositing on the table a bunch of ponderous keys. "For thee, for me, this night must alike be a night of peril. The moon that is to light me on my way to Moya, may never rise again for either; and since, as regards this worn-out, worthless frame, a violent death will but forestall by a few years the sentence of dust to dust, verily, Isidro, my son, it is for thee that my prayers shall ascend to the Omniscient, that he will stretch forth his right hand, to be thy buckler in the hour of trouble."

Remonstrance was unavailing. The sexton and his wife, accustomed to stand in the presence of the man of God as in that of a superior being, were easily subdued by the mere authority of the voice from which they were accustomed to accept their tidings of salvation; and all that Osoria presumed to attempt, as Father José bent his steps towards the threshold, was to cast herself, with her elder children at his feet, and humbly implore a benediction. He consented that Isidro should bear him company to the extremity of the suburbs, to receive his last instructions; and, as the stalwart Spaniard outstripped the paces of the mule, the town's-people, standing beside their door-posts, believing the curate of San Carlos and his subordinate to be on their road to administer some sacrament of the church to the new-born or dying in some farm adjoining the town, bade "God speed them," as they went. Even the children, returning from the village-gardens, whither they had betaken themselves to beg for flowers, for the celebration of the morrow's festival, in the exultation of their little hearts, held up their baskets to Father José, mingling in their acclamations the names of the patron saint, and of the triumphant Patriots of Peru.

"Poor children!—poor innocents!" murmured the good priest, when they had passed the last hut of the suburbs, and had nothing before them but the open plains over which the shades of evening had already gathered, while the brilliancy of the fire-flies shone out upon the cane-stalks, and the heavy flight of the bee-moth was heard humming around. "May their hearts be as gay and fearless at this hour to-morrow; and thou and I, Isidro, once more clasp hands together!" Then, leaning from his mule, Father José bestowed a fervent grasp on those of his colleague. "Remember," said he, in a solemn voice, as Isidro returned the pressure, "unless thou seest the torch of the incendiary uplifted against the walls of San Carlos, I charge thee, on thy salvation, surrender not the keys."

After a few more counsels, Isidro returned towards the town, pausing now and then to ascertain whether the echo of the mule's hurried paces were yet lost in the distance.

"A protecting hand is with him," murmured he, as he resumed his way. "The fiercest of the guerillas would respect the white hairs of Father José. But for us—for Carguancunga—for Peru, alas! what hope?"

A light was already burning within, when he lifted anew the latch of his dwelling; and a single glance sufficed to shew him that the housewifely hand of the matron and mother had not, during his absence, suspended its routine of duty—the remnants of the meal were removed, the little ones laid to rest, and the two elder seated side by side, and hand in hand, listening with downcast eyes to the exhortations of their mother. Young as they were, the mystery of the good priest's enterprise was safe in their keeping, for that tender voice had adjured them to secrecy. No further thought of holiday—of rejoicing—for Juan and his sister; the evening was at hand, and their parents in peril and tribulation. Again a few minutes, and they too were laid down to rest, their nightly prayer murmured, beside their pallets of maize leaves, sanctified by an *Agnus Dei* suspended at the head of each.

And now all was stillness and sadness under the roof of the sexton. Door and window were closed for the night—only a small casement, in a passage adjoining the bed-room, was left unclosed, that Isidro might keep watch over the weather and its prognostics, his ear and eye alike vigilant to catch the most remote indications of alarm. But Osoria, instead of betaking herself to her distaff, as was her wont, until the children were soundly asleep, sat with folded hands beside the table, her eyes fixed upon the keys, her lips compressed, till Isidro, who, after wandering hither and thither with unquiet footsteps, suddenly placed himself by her side, encircled her waist with his arm, and drew her head towards his bosom. Not a word passed between them—their tenderness was too sad and deep for utterance.

"Scarcely six and twenty years have passed over this good and precious head," said Isidro, at length imprinting a long kiss on the forehead that lay cold and pale upon his shoulder; "scarcely six and twenty years, yet already there are traces of silver amid its raven tresses—already these brows are hollowed with labour and care. Wife! thou hast suffered much—hast struggled bravely with want, with weariness, with a mother's sorrows. Few have been thy hours of sunshine, my Osoria—many thy days of storm, even while I was beside thee to soothe and to sustain; and now, how will it be with thee—henceforward, how will it be with thee, and how with them, if thou must adventure single-handed against the troubles of the world!"

"No!" faltered the woman, clinging convulsively to his arm; "God is merciful; it will not be thus, it cannot be thus; help will be vouchsafed us. These innocent children will plead for

us to the Mother of Heaven, who herself sorrowed as a mother. Isidro, be of better cheer!"

"I am of good cheer," replied the sexton, drawing her still closer to his side; "for I feel that thou art strong against suffering—strong in courage—strong in virtue; and thus it will be easy for me to die. But die, Osoria, I shall—perish, I tell thee, I must and shall! I have had warnings; omens have been around me. It was but this morning, girl, that, lacking employment in the Cathedral, I betook myself to the cemetery of San Carlos, my pickaxe and spade on my shoulder; and, under the shade of the two old cork-trees that branch from the western wall, digged a deep grave. What right had I to anticipate the decree of Providence, and dig a grave which there was none to fill? I, who have so loathed the calling which the wants of a wife and child forced on my adoption, what secret influence prompted me to go forth and exercise it in very wantonness? It was a tempting of God, Osoria; and in that grave shall I be laid to rest."

"Pray Heaven that hundreds of our countrymen be not soon lacking graves!" was the solemn rejoinder of his wife, whose thoughts were occupied rather with the position of the two armies than with the plight of their single household. "But a few hours ago, peace seemed restored to us; yet, again, alas! we are to be harassed with the terrors of war and the oppressions of the Royalists."

"To us and ours, their oppressions are of small account," replied Isidro.

"Is it nothing to have your wife stigmatized as an Indian?—your children as the children of a bondswoman?" remonstrated Osoria.

"Nothing! Osoria's name to me is wife—to my children, mother—whether styled by the corregidor of the province Spaniard, Peruvian, or Indian."

"Hush!" eagerly interposed Osoria, closing his lips with her hand. "I will not listen to what grieves me from the voice of my husband. Yet in such sentiments were you nurtured. When Isidro saw the light, his father's father filled, in the city of Lima, the office of Alcalde; and, though you threw off the authority of your family, to become poor and humiliated, for my sake!"

"Enough! enough!" cried Isidro, in his turn, straining her anew to his breast; and, to conceal his emotion, he betook himself to the still unclosed lattice, and looked forth, through the stillness of night, into the open country, over the bridge of Iscuchaca—on a rising ground above which ran the street in which was situated his humble dwelling. "San Lorenzo be our aid!" he exclaimed. "Beacons are already blazing on the distant hills! Father José's warning came too late! Carratala must be at hand!"

"You forget it is the Eve of St John?" replied his wife, with a gentle smile. "Yonder fires are tokens of rejoicing in the villages, according to the ancient custom of your nation."

"True—true! I had forgotten," replied the sexton, in a desponding voice; and again he threw himself into a seat, and moaned heavily.

"You will wake the children. Let the poor babes rest in peace!" said Osoria.

And, carefully shading the night-lamp with her hand, she led him towards the happy little sleepers. On one bed, enlaced in each other's arms, lay three lovely girls, whose dark curls, mingling on the pillow, presented a picture worthy of Murillo. Beside them was the resting-place of Juanita, on whose protecting arm nestled the infant.

"Behold them!" cried the happy mother. "What smiles upon their lips! what blessed peace upon their brows! The angels of God are with them in their rest. Their dreams are not of toil and suffering, like unto our own; but of happy islands, and heavenly beings that hover over them, to comfort and protect. O Isidro! Isidro! is there not joy, is there not wealth, in the possession of these treasures?"

The sexton replied by a pressure of her hand. He could not confirm her apostrophe. His heart was not that of a mother; with him the harsh realities of life were all in all.

"Thy rich brother yonder at Lima," pursued the exulting woman, "has but a lame and distorted son. Heaven, which gave him abundance, denies him the sight of fair and smiling faces round his board, and the sound of loving voices blessing him by the name of father."

"And how is it, when they call upon a father for food, that he cannot give—for protection beyond his power of granting?" replied the sexton, whose thoughts were embittered by the labours of his loathsome avocation, and the apprehension that the helpless ones before him were about to be consigned, fatherless, to the hard dealings of the world.

"Be not thus solicitous for the things of this world!" faltered Osoria. "The God of Christians, Isidro, hath his own good time for conferring benefits on his creatures. Ours may be at hand; if not on earth, in a brighter and happier place. There is a world elsewhere—a world of compensation—where the poor are exalted, and the weary find repose. Be patient, husband; let us kneel and pray for patience."

And the sexton and his wife knelt down, side by side, near the resting-place of their children, and prayed and were comforted.

In another hour, Osoria, having taken her babe to her breast, lay down in her turn; in another, she was gently sleeping. But the sexton still watched. He took down his old Spanish fowling-piece from the rack, and examined the lock; he drew his knife from its sheath, and whetted the blade upon his hearth-stone. He listened—he looked forth again and again; but all was still silent.

Morning dawned at last—mid-summer morning, bright and joyous; and, scarcely had the twilight given place to perfect day, when bands of children gathered in the suburbs of Carguan-cuanga, with garlands of flowers, and torches,

and bird cages, suspended from poles entwined with wreaths, chanting hymns in honour of the festival of St John.

"Go forth with the rest," said Osoria, to her elder children, as she rose to her morning labours.

But Juan and his sister refused.

"There is sorrow in thy face, dear mother," replied the girl: "let us tarry at home and comfort thee."

And Osoria, remembering how much the children had overheard of the communication of Father José, judged it better to accede to the proposal.

Meanwhile, no tokens of the good Father's return! Twice did Isidro make his way to the extremity of the suburb, where they had parted the preceding night, but without success; and, thus disappointed and frustrated in the hope of succours from Xanxa, the sexton felt it incumbent upon him to warn Don Pepe of all that had come to pass, in order that the rejoicings of the day might be suspended, and the town of Carguanouanga placed in a state of defence.

"Close up thy house—keep thy spirits tranquil, and thy babes under thy wings," said Almedo, addressing his wife. "I must away, for a time, as soon as maybe. I will return to thee again."

And, after imprinting on her face a kiss of more than ordinary fervour—a kiss such as the hour of danger wrings out of the heart—he placed the keys of San Carlos within his inner vest, and departed.

Meanwhile, re-assured by the comfortable tidings of the preceding day, the Alcalde of Carguanouanga, Don Pepe di Aguero, was seated in his brocaded dressing-gown, enjoying his morning chocolate. A branch of orange blossom lay on the table by his side; presented by his withered governante in honour of the fête, but scarcely overpowering with its fragrance the high flavour of vanilla emanating from his dainty repast; when Isidro, the sexton of San Carlos, was announced, as entreating an interview from the man in place.

"Let him choose a more convenient season," mumbled Don Pepe. "Is a festival of the Holy Church a time for the execution of worldly business? Bid the fellow return to-morrow, my good Dolores—bid him return at noon to-morrow."

"The man's business seems pressing, and he is urgent," replied the ancient governante. "'Tis the father of little Juanita."

"Perhaps he brings a message from father José—perhaps"—

"My mind misgives me, *Senor Alcalde*, that things are amiss in the town. The matin bell is still unring—the doors of San Carlos"—

"Send Isidro hither. It was my intention to have attended, in person, high mass this morning," said the Alcalde, with dignity. "He must account for these omissions. Let him enter."

And the sexton, once bidden into the presence of the great man, his errand was briefly sped. He related, with force and brevity, all that he

saw motive to unfold—the advance of Carratalá, the departure of the priest, and his prolonged absence.

"Carratalá and the Royalists advancing on the town of Carguanouanga!" ejaculated the Mayor. "The saints forefend! The Indian deserter of yesterday was then a traitor and deceiver?—A plot!—a manifest plot!—And father José to take himself off by stealth in our hour of peril! Succours from Xanxa?—Absurd—ridiculous!—Summon the Town-Council!—Let the tocsin be rung. *Auxilio!*—*auxilio!* Dolores, my vest of ceremony!—Dolores, my staff, my wig, my scarf, my—*Auxilio!*—*auxilio!* Carratalá is marching upon the town! At all events, no resistance. What did we gain by opposing the entrance of Santalla, five months ago?—Butchery and bloodshed, but not a word of thanks from San Martin, or the *Junta Gubernativa*! No, no! Free way to the troops! It is for the armies of *La Madre Patria* to meet them with repulse, and leave our peaceful town's-people to their civil duties."

Scarcely had Isidro heard and comprehended the instructions of Don Pepe, than, in all haste, he prepared to leave the house.

"The priest has, doubtless, carried with him in his flight the keys of the church?" inquired the Alcalde, as the sexton was quitting the room. "Ay, ay! his only care was for the treasury and altar-chest! Let his dwelling, however, be searched; and, should the keys come to light, bring them instantly to be deposited with the town-council.—Away!"

"Wife!" cried the agitated Almedo—having instantly made his way homewards—"I promised thee to return, and I am here; but for a moment only. The cowardly Alcalde is resolved to oppose no resistance to the ruffians of Carratalá. My only chance, therefore, of fulfilling my promise to our benefactor, is by taking up my position in San Carlos, and keeping fast the doors. The Royalists may have neither time nor inclination to proceed to extremities. Should I be sought, therefore, say that I have set forth to meet Father José; but, as thou art true to Heaven, let nothing force from thy lips the secret of my concealment."

"Nothing!" ejaculated Osoria. "And must we then pass the day here—and alone?"

"Wouldst thou rather bring thy children, and spend it with me in the church?"

"In San Carlos? The children shut up among those chilly aisles—those damp grave-stones? No! the wren is safer in its humble nest than in a palace chamber. We will abide at home—too insignificant to attract attention"—

"While, in traversing the streets towards the church, they could scarcely fail to attract notice. Now then, my gourd and a loaf, as when preparing for a long day's labour; and, once more, farewell!" said Isidro, striving to throw off, or, at least, conceal from his wife the dejection of his spirits. "Not a word to the children—not a word to neighbour or friend; but give me thy prayers, that, with God's aid, I may be

the means of preserving San Carlos from the hands of the spoiler."

She smiled assentingly, then turned aside to weep; and, when she looked again, her husband was gone. She had not come to watch his departure, but, lifting bolt and bar, closed the door of the house upon the sunshine. Already the flowers, suspended to the lintel by the children the preceding night, were withered in the early sun.

"All withered—all dead!" cried Osoria; and she would fain have given way to desolate sentiments; but what leisure for vain repining has the mother of nine helpless children?

Presently, indeed, her household labours were suspended, by the sound of the bugle of the town-crier, and a proclamation to the inhabitants of Carguancuanga, to repair to their several habitations, and keep close till sunset. Then came a murmur of voices and tread of feet, as of people dispersing homewards; then a general silence, save when the snatch of a Royalist song, muttered by some half-drunken reveller, staggering through the suburb at the risk of arrest, gave token that the hopes of the party of *El Padre Rey* were re-awakening.

And now, while the town-council was assembling, Isidro, with stealthy movements, reached the postern of San Carlos, entered unobserved, and locked and re-locked its small, massive, iron-knobbed door of solid oak. The great gates, trebly and quadruply barred and bolted, were rarely opened, save for the high ceremonies of the church—such as on that very day, under the blessing of God, ought to have filled the groined roof of San Carlos with incense and anthems of praise. And thus Isidro was alone in the venerable temple, bequeathed, three centuries before, by Pizarro, to the worship of the Catholic faith. Often had he been there before, when engaged in the duties of his calling, but never under the influence of such a sense of loneliness. A vapour of damp, as if emanating from the caves of death under his feet, seemed to oppress him. And yet the high altars, and those of the Virgin and the Heart of Jesus, had been adorned with flowers the preceding evening, by the nuns of the convent of St. Agatha—flowers which, thanks to the damp and sunless atmosphere, preserved their freshness. Tapestry had been spread over the altar steps—the richest tapers stood ready in their sconces—all seemed prepared for a solemnization: whence, therefore, the unnatural stillness—the unnatural solitude of the place? Isidro half expected to hear the solemn peal of the organ suddenly awake amid the echoing aisles. But he checked the fantastic notion, and sternly reminded himself that he was alone—that he must remain alone, sole guardian of the treasures, temporal and spiritual, around him—that none could come to disturb him in his retreat, until it was his good pleasure to bid them enter. He raised his eyes to the grim-visaged saints, whose effigies adorned the chapels of the aide aisles, imploring their features to relax, and their lips to commune with

him. But those gloomy faces looked down un pitying. The Immaculate Mother, her infant on her knee, preserved her immobility. "Better have recourse to God than to his saints!" muttered Isidro; and, falling on the marble floor before the high altar, he breathed, audibly, a simple paternoster, to which the hollow vastness of the deserted church returned an impressive echo.

That Father José had fallen into the hands of the montoneros, Isidro nothing doubted. The gray hairs of the good old priest, his benefactor, were, in all likelihood, defiled by the hands of ruffians. Or the mule might, possibly, have missed its footing in fording the stream, when none were at hand to give him succour. But on his behalf, good as he was, and in the fulness of years, there was little cause for lamentation; in the young, the helpless, the unprepared of Carguancuanga, were victims demanding ampler commiseration—and their doom might be at hand.

He listened and listened;—not a sound, save the flitting of a bird long domesticated in the old church, and accustomed to perch unmolested on the reading desks of the chancel. But, now, Isidro longed to silence even the feeble interruption of its faint note, its fluttering wings; as if those scarcely audible sounds could have drowned the tumults of an approaching brigade, the trampling and neighing of war horses, the clang of hostile arms. One other sound broke in, however, on his solitude—the heavy toll of the clock, proclaiming hourly, half-hourly, quarterly, the weary progress of the day. Noon had long been chimed; evening was approaching; for the sun now attained the lofty and richly-stained windows of the church. And now a murmur seemed gradually rising in the streets. "Glad tidings," thought Isidro, "have surely reached the town. The Council may have obtained news that succours are approaching, or that Carratalá desists from his expedition." And, while this notion, glancing into his mind, seemed to thaw the frozen current of his blood, the clatter of a charger suddenly resounded on the pavement, and loud and repeated blows were struck against the great gates of San Carlos.

For a single second, Isidro laid his hand upon the keys, in the belief that he was summoned to admit some messenger from Father José; when his ear was startled by a citation to deliver up possession of the church to the troops of *El Padre Rey*.

"Within there—ho—reply! By St Christopher, not a black-gown left in the place—all fled—all vanished!" exclaimed the trooper. And Isidro, thus apprised that his retreat was still undiscovered, maintained a strict silence. After several vain attempts, on the part of the Royalist soldier, to shake the ponderous gates from their staples, accompanied by fearful blasphemies and threats of vengeance, horse and horseman galloped away; and Isidro Almedo was left to a solitude a thousand times more fearful than before; for the Royalists were in possession of the town, and all was lost. Their disappointment of obtaining

access to San Carlos might, perhaps, stimulate them to the acts of vengeance threatened by the trooper. His own humble household, his wife, his babes, might be included in their acts of violence. The blood throbbed in his temples, his hands were involuntarily clenched; and, resolving to escape from his self-sought prison, and fly to the defence of those he loved, the sexton, with hurried steps, entered the sacristy on his way towards the postern.

But what sound—what shrill, shrill cry startles him on his entrance?—Why does he stand transfixed on the stone floor of the sacristy, with his eyes riveted on the grated window, through which, during his daily occupations in the cathedral, his two elder children were in the habit of delivering him messages from their mother?—It is the voice of Juan! It is the frantic outcry of his eldest born, that curdles his very blood.

"Father, hasten! O father, father, hear me, and hasten, ere it be too late!" cried the agonised boy. "The soldiers have fired our house—the soldiers have dragged forth our mother—father, father!"

In a moment, the wretched man was in the street, rushing, wild and frantic, towards the suburb. Open, now, were the aisles of San Carlos to all comers; what were church or churchmen unto him? His abandoned home, his undefended wife—*there* were his treasures, *there* was his accusation.

Yet Osoria, amid the horrors of her fate, had never accused him. All day had she sat, her children round her knees, striving, with songs, and tales, and endearments, to console them for the loss of their holiday. Her cheek was pale, indeed, and her eye wild and burning, as she sang to them, and caressed them; but for worlds would she not have had their innocent bosoms daunted by the terrors that hung with leaden weight upon her own.

"Why are the doors and windows closed?" lisped one little fondling girl, kissing the mother's hand that rested on her head. "Sister Juanita promised me that to-day we should have flowers, and fruit, and music, and dancing under the green trees; and, after all, we are shut in prisoners."

"Peace, babe," whispered the mother, ending her murmurs with a kiss. "To-morrow, thou shalt go forth into the fields, and enjoy a double holiday."

"And wilt *thou* be with us, mother?" prattled another.

"I shall be with thee, my Luigia. I promise thee to be with thee."

"Joy, joy!" responded several little voices, while Luigia clapped her hands. "It is so long since our mother went forth with us. But she has promised. We are all witnesses. No work to-morrow! The mother—the mother will join in our holiday!"

In these exclamations of joy, however, the two elder children refrained from joining. They were initiated into the secret of their gentle mother's apprehensions; they had heard all,

and only abstained from questioning her, lest they should add to her affliction.

Towards evening, however, Osoria suddenly started up, and advanced towards the still closed door. Her ear had caught the sound of a distant bugle. Drums, and the tramp of cavalry soon followed. Then outcries of alarm, a discharge of musketry, shrieks, confusion. Yes; the enemy had entered the town, and as she wrung her hands in despair, the children crowding to her feet, hid their little faces in her garments, and wept.

Soon, fearfully soon, they heard the name of Isidro Almedo called upon by angry voices; and numberless footsteps approached the door.

"Isidro, Isidro!" cried his neighbours, "come forth from your house? Father José is not to be found—Father José has absconded; and the Royalist colonel demands the keys of the church to quarter his troops for the night."

Osoria crossed herself devoutly. Even amid the tumult from without she could distinguish the sound of her own beating heart, as the children clung closer and yet closer to her knees.

"Isidro!" shouted the people, incensed by delay, "come forth."

"My husband is not here," replied Osoria, in a firm voice, as they attempted to force the door.

"Where is he?"

"I know not."

"The sexton has concealed himself," said they among each other; "break open the doors, and search the house."

The door yielded with a crash, and in an instant every corner of the house was ransacked.

"What seek ye here, ye pitiful villains?" cried one of the troops of Carratalá, attracted to the spot by the tumults of the people.

"Only the sexton of San Carlos, who has made off with the keys of the church."

"In what direction?"

"We know not. Interrogate this woman, who is his wife."

"Where is thy husband?" cried the soldier, striking a harsh blow on the shoulder of Osoria, while she vainly attempted to extricate her little ones from the trampling of the crowd.

"Where is thy husband? Speak, or it will be the worse for thee," he repeated, while the distracted mother warded off the pressure from the affrighted infant clinging to her bosom.

"I have already answered that I know not," she replied, when the question was, for the third time, repeated.

"And the keys of San Carlos?"

"Father José," she began—

"Is safe at the bottom of the river," interrupted the soldier; "but before the old carriage was pitched by our men into the stream, they took care to search his pockets. No keys or key helped to sink the priest. Therefore, speak—where is thy husband hidden?" persisted the man, seizing Osoria roughly by the arm.

"I say to thee again that I know not," answered she, with mild firmness.

"What art doing within there, Lazo?" cried an authoritative voice from the door. "What art thou at?"

"Demanding from the wife from the sexton of San Carlos the keys of the church," shouted the soldier.

"And she refuses to give them up?"

"Refuses to tell where her beast of a husband has concealed them."

"Drag her out," said the sergeant, whose troop now invested the house. "Let us hear what she will have to tell us when the hovel is burning before her eyes."

And, at this fearful threat, the town's-people still remaining under Isidro's roof came yelling forth. A fusé was applied to the thatch, and the blaze burst forth before the shrieking children could be extricated. Speechless with horror, Osoria Almedo burst from the hands of the brutal soldiery. In an instant she was re-captured—mocked with shouts of derision—tortured by the grasp of ruffians, amid loud appeals to the horror-struck people to rise in her defence and rescue.

"What shrieking fool have ye here?" cried one of the officers of Carratalá, riding up to the spot, attracted by the blaze that was beginning to redden the evening sky.

"'Tis but an Indian woman, the wife of a Spanish rebel, a sworn foe to government," answered the Ex-Fiscal of Carguancuanga, by whom he was accompanied.

"An Indian, yet so insolent!" interrupted the royalist captain. "Let my troopers teach her better manners. Away with her, boys; but take care to make an end of the business, that no tales may be told to-morrow."

And, at this brutal command, the frantic wife of Isidro was dragged from the street; while the terrified crowd shrunk in silence and consternation to their homes. The last object that met her eye, was the blazing roof-tree of her house—the last sounds that met her ears, were the moans of her defenceless babes—the last thought that sustained her courage, was the thought of the safety of her husband.

But, at that moment, Isidro, warned by his little son, was on his way homewards, maddened by the shouts of all who met him by the way, bidding him haste, for that his wife was in the hands of ruffians. The street wherein his house was situated, was thickly crowded with people; but all made way when they found that the panting, breathless man, by whom they were pushed aside, was the husband of the wretched victim they had seen hurried to destruction.

"Stay, Isidro!" said one compassionate woman, as he approached the burning ruins. "I pray thee, go no further. All is over. Thou wilt see her no more. Surrender the keys, if thou hast them; but, in pity to thyself, avoid this place. We neighbours will have a hand to thy children."

"*His children!*" It was not of *them* he thought! His soul was with *her*—his chaste wife—his faithful wife—his companion—friend—blessing! And, as a thousand conflicting

terrors rushed into his mind, he reeled against an adjoining house—his arms fell powerless to his side—big drops of faintness and exhaustion rose upon his forehead; and, but that pitying arms were extended to support him, he would have fallen to the earth. The woman who had before addressed him, brought a cup of water for his restoration; and, when Isidro recovered his senses, he seemed inspired with the deadly ferocity of the wounded tiger.

"Whether did they bear her?" he inquired of those around him, in a concentrated whisper. "Whether did they bear my wife?"

"Across the bridge of Iscuehaca, to the suburbs! But seek not to follow them; it is too late," cried the people, trying in vain to restrain him.

Away, however, went Isidro; no curse upon his lips—no glare of vengeance in his looks; but, like a senseless thing, impelled to action by some inexplicable influence. "The bridge of Iscuehaca!" How often had he traversed it with her in sport—how often in joy! How often held their young children on the parapet at eventide, to watch the rippling of the blue waters, while the terrified mother stood tenderly chiding by his side! *And now!*

A group of intoxicated soldiers, shouting and exulting in their drunkenness, passed him on the bridge. Other troopers stood in groups on the road beyond, preparing to return to the town; and, further still, he discovered a confused assemblage of the town's-people of Carguancuanga, gazing upwards to a tree by the wayside.

"One would think the fools had never before seen a woman hanging to a tree?" cried one of the soldiers. "Well, her fate will be a warning to the rest!"

"She begged us to put an end to her miseries," replied his comrade. "What could we do but comply?"

The next moment, the knife of Isidro was buried to the hilt in his breast. But, ere the ruffian ceased to breathe, the quick justice of military law had avenged him on his assassin. The disfigured body of the sexton of San Carlos was swinging in the evening air beside that of Osoria.

Short, however, was the triumph of the Royalists. On the following morning, warned by their scouts that a brigade of cavalry, under the command of the brave O'Brien, was advancing rapidly upon Carguancuanga, the troops of Carratalá precipitately evacuated the town, leaving the way clear for the Patriots.

A deputation from the Town-Council, dispatched to compliment Colonel O'Brien, met him in advance of the brigade, just as he reached the bridge of Iscuehaca.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your good intentions," said he, in reply to their address, having reasons of his own for misdoubting the good faith and patriotism of Don Pepe de Agüero; "but, with your leave, I would confer with the cura of Carguancuanga."

"Father José is, unfortunately, missing; and, as we fear, fallen into the hands of the Royalists," replied the Alcalde.

"A venerable ecclesiastic will undoubtedly be given up on the tender of a sufficient ransom," replied the Colonel.

"Not by butchering ruffians, the soldiers of El Padre Rey!" cried several eager voices from the crowd which now burst forth from the suburbs to welcome their deliverers; while an Indian woman, who had advanced near enough to cling to the horse's mane of Colonel O'Brien, pointed silently to a tree near the spot, where hung the discoloured corpses of Isidro and his wife. At the foot of that fatal tree, with uplifted hands and piteous wailing, knelt eight miserable orphans, crying upon their father—their tender mother—to come down to them—still unconscious, in their innocence, of the extent of their bereavement!

"Let the bodies of this unhappy couple have decent burial," said Colonel O'Brien, after having lent a compassionate ear to a brief relation of their unhappy fate. "I trust it is needless to commend their helpless children to the mercy of the good Patriots of Carguancuanga. Courage, my friends! The oppressors are serving our cause. God will not suffer such cruelties as these to pass unpunished!"

That very evening the bodies of Isidro and Osoria Almedo were accordingly laid in the grave, under the cork-trees, according to the prediction of the sexton. The infant, which had perished for lack of food, was placed on the bosom of its mother. Not even an humble grave-stone marks the spot; but every midsummer morning, their surviving children assemble there, to strew flowers upon the grave; and already the cause of these humble victims is gloriously avenged in the freedom of Peru!

LEGEND OF THE BLACK DOUGLAS.†

THE bloody Lord of Galloway
Sits in his castle hall,
In the lonely Threave; and Dee's dark wave
Runs weltering round the wall.

He has called his trusty serving man—
Red Rob is at his hand;
And he bends his head with seemly dread,
And lists his lord's command.

"Go, see how looks the sky to-day—
If it be foul or fair;
And haste ye back, or else the rack
Shall teach you to be yare."

Red Rob stands on the battlement—
How beautiful the scene!
The sullen Dee sweeps far below
Its wooded banks between.

The lark is singing in the sky;
The sun shines cheerily
O'er high Bengairn, and craig and cairn,
And distant Solway sea.

Red Rob now stands before his lord,
Who turns, as on his prey;
The grizzly boar in Kenmure wood
Looks not so fierce at bay.

"The sky, my Lord, is fair and clear;
No cloud may there be seen;
But yet, far distant in the west,
Is one dark spot, I ween."

"Thou lying slave, thy sleepy eyes
I'll open with my brand."—
"Oh, spare, my Lord, thy servant old—
His life is in thy hand.

"Upon thy banner, fifty years,
Through battle's smoke and steam,
Those eyes have looked—Oh, pardon me,
If now they should grow dim."

"Back, back, and see how looks the sky—
See if that spot draw near.
Now out my sword, and 'fend thy lord!
No mortal foe is here."

Why pales the bloody Earl's cheek—
What shakes the castle wall—
What storm is drawing near apace—
What darkens all the hall?

Red Rob, with palsied look, and pale,
Bursts in:—"Near, and more near,
My Lord, it comes!" He lifts his eye—
"Oh, see, my Lord, 'tis here!"

One sullen tongue of blood-red fire
Licked round the castle hall;
One crash of thunder shook the rock,
And reft the castle wall.

The trembling schoolboy still points out,
Upon the blackened wood,
Three dingy spots—and whispers low,
" 'Tis the Black Douglas' blood." G.

* Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien commanded the advanced guard on the following day; and, entering the town of Carguancuanga, near the Bridge of Iscnehaca, inquired for the priest of the parish, supposing that he could give the most correct information of the enemy; but, as he had absconded, O'Brien next asked for the sexton. The Indians pointed in silence to a tree; and, upon approaching it, he beheld the sexton and his wife suspended by the neck from one of the branches. The crime of the unfortunate man was, the not being in attendance when one of General Carratalá's officers, on passing through the village, demanded the keys of the church, which he required to quarter his troops in. The crime of the woman was, in not revealing the hidingplace of her husband; which was, however, discovered; and both were immediately hanged. O'Brien saw their nine young children on their knees weeping most piteously, and praying to their lifeless parents to come down to them."—*Memoirs of General Miller, in the service of the Republic of Peru*, Vol. I., p. 367.

† The castle of Threave stands, about a mile's distance from the modern town of Castle Douglas, on a rock surrounded by the river Dee—a mouldering memorial of the powerful family of Douglas. Many are the fearful legends attached to this stern tower of other times, and "this is of them."

LAING'S SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

MR LAING's new work, "A Tour in Sweden," would lose half its value if not viewed in connexion with his previous work, "A Residence in Norway." These acute and able productions may, in one sense, be said to have been composed to prove the vast superiority of a popular and liberal form of government, such as that established in Norway, over the superannuated or ill-adapted institutions of feudalism, which, though under the deceptive exterior of a constitutional king and a new dynasty, linger on in Sweden. If such was not Mr Laing's object, such is the effect of his books. It is to the United States of America that, for the last thirty years, so many travellers, philosophers, and speculative politicians have turned for facts to illustrate the advantages of a popular representative government; of a people solely governing themselves; having a direct and potent voice in the management of their own affairs; and thus securing to themselves a far larger measure of the varied blessings of life than is enjoyed by the mass of the people under the old systems of Europe. Those who deny that these results arise from political institutions, and ascribe them wholly to the abundance of fertile land in America, and the high price of labour, will yet be puzzled by the new case of Norway. Without crossing the Atlantic, Mr Laing has found the old and the new systems side by side, and in immediate contrast, in the Scandinavian peninsula; in kingdoms federally allied under the same sovereign, and within a few days' sail of our own shores. It is chiefly in this most important point of view that we intend to consider Mr Laing's travels in Norway and Sweden. The one kingdom, in his language, "received a new and liberal constitution, and has started with all the freshness of youth—a new nation, as it were, suddenly called into life from among the slumbering population of the North;" while Sweden, according to Mr Laing's observation, either sleeps on or degenerates. What are the causes of this remarkable discrepancy in the social and moral condition of two neighbouring countries, which have been for twenty-five years under the same crown, though with forms of government and social arrangements essentially dissimilar? That the difference exists, is fully established by his observations on both States; and must, indeed, be obvious to every traveller. The most striking difference—that which will most powerfully startle every foreigner, whatever be his theories of government—is, that a poor country like Sweden, neither manufacturing nor, to any great extent, commercial, and removed from the many corrupting influences which affect the population of despotic, warlike, and luxurious states, is, nevertheless, the most demoralized in Europe; or, at all events, equally demoralized with any known European kingdom. This alarming and unexpected affirmation is based upon statistical

facts, and deduced from tabular statements, upon which Mr Laing appears to have bestowed very great pains and care; and figures and official returns are stubborn things, and not easily turned aside. There must be fallacy somewhere; and we believe it may partly lurk under a class of offences, known in Sweden, but which are not recognised in other countries; and that the crimes of blasphemy, quarrels and assaults between husbands and wives, parents and children, and a variety of offences which are not treated criminally in other states, go to swell out the apparently vast amount of crime in Sweden. But that it is, with all possible deductions, very great, and, in some classes of crime, enormous, cannot be disputed. Yet, in Sweden, elementary education is universal; newspapers, and cheap, instructive, and entertaining publications abound; and the best education which the country affords is enjoyed by a very large proportion of the higher and middle class, and all under the nobility. They despise science and learning, though some of the young nobility, we should hope, are being educated in foreign countries; as the numbers attending the native universities, as shewn by Mr Laing, are considerably fewer in proportion than the youth of the humbler classes. Sweden also enjoys the equivocal advantage of a numerous and powerful body of learned Lutheran State clergy; meddling with everything, and controlling many things, and electing from its own body one of the four Chambers of the Diet. The personal and diffusive influence of the clergy appears to exceed their direct power; and they are untroubled with dissent or schism; no plague and curse of Puritans, Independents, Methodists, Baptists, Papists, Seceders, &c. &c. being known in the undisturbed Zion of fortunate, if immoral Sweden. The clergy, though, as a body, comfortably maintained, are not, like some other spiritual corporations, too rich to be placed above labour. The annual income of the Archbishop of Upsala is the miserable pittance (for an Archbishop) of only £800; and the Swedish equivalent to our see of Durham—the richest see, Linköping—is only £560; the poorest Swedish bishops have an income of £250 a-year, and the stipends of the inferior clergy, reckoning the houses, tithes in grain, and other dues or perquisites, range from £70 to £100. A few lucky incumbents have more; but none are too wealthy to be working clergymen; and they are assisted in their efforts to instruct the people by universities and schools; or, in other words, by professors and teachers, so numerous that one person in every 126 individuals in Sweden (including, of course, the families of the teachers) is maintained by law, to teach the people their moral and religious duties; and yet the Swedes remain the most demoralized people in Europe! They commit, it would appear, more crimes, proportionately to their numbers, against

person and property, even in the rural districts, than are known in the most depraved and luxurious capitals, or in the most densely peopled of our manufacturing towns. Mr Laing says, with great justice, that this is a curious fact in moral statistics. It is, indeed, so singular, that he would not, as a mere traveller, skimming on the surface of a foreign country, have felt himself justified in affirming it, if he could not have established it from the official returns of recent years. In 1835, the total population of Sweden was 2,983,144 persons, of whom only 14,925 are employed in factories; and, in the given year, one person in 114 of the whole nation had been accused, and one in every 140 convicted of some criminal offence. By the returns from 1830 to 1834, one person in every forty-nine of the inhabitants of the towns, and one in every 176 of the rural population, had been punished each year for criminal offences. The fact seems inexplicable. In Sweden there is no agrarian agitation—the tap-root of Irish crime—and no anti-tithe rebellions; there are no game-law trespassers; and the excise laws are not of a kind to offer a great bounty on their breach or evasion, and thus to constitute the numerous body of the conventional crimes of other countries. Nor, according to Mr Laing, are police offences taken into the account, which would materially alter the amount. In the neighbouring State of Norway, where conventional or unique offences are probably of much the same kind as in Sweden, in the year 1835, one person only out of every 457 was accused; and one out of every 662 convicted of criminal offence. Thus, the kingdoms of Europe where crime is highest and lowest in amount, are found side by side, and, in every circumstance, save the all-important one of political and social institutions, precisely similar, save that in soil, climate, and maritime coast, Sweden enjoys considerable physical advantages over her poor and hardy, but virtuous, intelligent, and independent sister. Whence, then, arises the lamentable difference in their moral and social condition? Mr Laing has not been able to account for it fully, though he unfolds many efficient and powerful causes. One, of universal operation, he finds in the state of the Church, with a learned theology, a ceremonial ritual, and no animating, vital religion; and in the swarming numbers of state-paid instructors. “Too many cooks spoil the broth,” he alleges; and the homely adage is, in this instance, confirmed by the facts.

It is very generally believed that, in the illicit connexion of the sexes, Paris is the most corrupted capital in Europe. In Paris, illegitimate births are as one in every five, and in the other towns of France, as one in every seven and a half; in London and Middlesex, there is one illegitimate birth to every thirty-eight legitimate births; and throughout all England and Wales, one to every nineteen; but in Stockholm, with a population of only 80,000 souls, and the capital of a country where education, so far as reading, and writing, and knowledge of the church catechisms,

and of the ceremonies of the Lutheran ritual, extend, is universal—where there is a numerous and influential clergy, a sufficient body of teachers, and no dissent—the proportion of illegitimate births is one in every 21⁵/₀. The facts appear incredible; and well may Mr Laing affirm, that, “in no other Christian community, is there a state of female morals approaching to this.” In this one respect, Ireland with all its imputed, inherent vice, is allowed, even by its enemies, to be a pure country; but much more may be said for Ireland, in going over the entire catalogue of Swedish crime, real or conventional; and at this particular juncture, we have much pleasure in citing the result of one branch of Mr Laing’s statistical inquiries.

In despite, however, of the demoralizing effects of a mal-administration of law, and of religious and political discord and excitement to outrage, the Irish nation stands very far above the Swedish in the moral scale. In the nearly eight millions of the Irish, there are 5644 fewer commitments for criminal offences, and 8039 fewer convictions, within one year, than in the scarcely three millions of the Swedish nation. These are singular results, and very unexpected, when we consider the cuckoo cry, repeated until nothing else can be heard, of the crime, vice, and social disorganization of Ireland, which by common consent is placed at the very bottom of the list of civilized nations; while Sweden is as generally held to be a country eminently moral. I can see no mistake in the results drawn from these official statements, although they overturn all my former notions of the comparative morality of different states of society, and of different nations. It appears an unavoidable inference from them, that the moral condition of Sweden is extremely low.

As we continue to contemplate the picture, its shades deepen. “Why,” he inquires—

Should this city of 80,000 people be so remarkably demoralized, in an age when all other European communities are undoubtedly advancing rapidly in an opposite direction? No man, who recollects the state of our manufacturing or sea-port towns of similar size twenty-five or thirty years ago, will hesitate in saying that moral and religious feeling has advanced prodigiously during that period among our lower classes. Figures do not bring home to our imaginations the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. In such a society, the offspring of secret adultery, and the births merely saved from illegitimacy by the tardy marriage of the parents, must be numerous in proportion to the general profligacy. If it were possible to deduct these from the one side of the account and add them to the other, to which morally they belong, what a singular picture of depravity on a great scale this city presents! Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh, and able to say, from undeniable public returns, “one out of every three persons passing me is, on an average the offspring of illicit intercourse; and one out of every forty-nine, has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence!”

It is quite in harmony with the low state of moral feeling in Sweden to hear of brothels being openly established in Stockholm within the last three years, under the paternal care of the State, as one of its many benevolent interferences for the protection of the property, health, and morals of its subjects! The leading principle of the Swedish government, a principle which is fast creeping in in more enlightened countries, and most insidiously in our own, is *everything for the people, but nothing by the people*; or, in plainer terms, *everything the governors find most*

conducive for the promotion of their own objects and purposes. It was this principle which induced the Swedish government, which either interferes with or manages all concerns, to assume, like the Dutch, the care of the public women. The establishment opened in a hotel of a principal street of Stockholm for this purpose by the Government, has, however, been closed, not because the citizens of the metropolis were shamed out of vice, but because "the wretched women fell victims to the barbarity of the regulations." So here was inhumanity added to depravity.

Mr Laing—besides his pithy remark, that, in teaching the people their moral and religious duties, "too many cooks spoil the broth," and his low estimate of the personal religion of a body of clergy who are as profound theologians as any in Europe—takes many other elements into consideration in explaining the degraded state of morals in Sweden. One leading cause is the privileges of *caste*, placing numerous classes, and, in the aggregate, a very large number of the whole population, above the wholesome influence, and, as it were, above the care of public opinion acting as a guardian on the side of morality and as a check upon individual conduct. Every man, down to the mere agricultural labourer, finds impunity or countenance, either within the pale of his noble order, or his privileged guild or corporation. Every man belongs to

A privileged, or licensed class or corporation, of which every member is by law entitled to be secured and protected within his own locality, from such competition or interference of others in the same calling as would injure his means of living. It is, consequently, not as with us, upon his industry, ability, character, and moral worth, that the employment and daily bread of the tradesman, and the social influence and consideration of the individual, in every rank, even the highest, almost entirely depends; it is here, in the middle and lower classes, upon corporate rights and privileges, or upon license obtained from government; and in the higher, upon birth, and court or government favour. Public estimation, gained by character and conduct in the several relations of life, is not a necessary element in the social condition, even of the working tradesman. Like soldiers in a regiment, a great proportion of the people under this social system derive their estimation among others, and consequently their own self-esteem, not from their moral worth, but from their professional standing and importance. This evil is inherent in all privileged classes, but is concealed or compensated in the higher, the nobility, military, and clergy, by the sense of honour, of religion, and by education. In the middle and lower walks of life, those influences are weaker, while the temptations to immorality are stronger; and the placing a man's livelihood, prosperity, and social consideration in his station, upon other grounds than on his own industry and moral worth, is a demoralizing evil in the very structure of Swedish society.

In short, Mr Laing seems to imagine that what Mrs Grundy may think, is not to be altogether despised even in a free society. In adverting to the fact descanted upon and denounced by Miss Martineau—namely, that of the tyranny of public opinion rendering the free citizens of America virtual slaves and cowards, which she calls the great blemish of American society—he takes the opposite side of the question, and regards this voluntary or enforced subjection and tenderness about public opinion, which is remarked even in

children in the United States, as the best trait of the American character. In a country where every man can easily obtain a living, and even wealth, independently of moral character, this excessive regard to the public opinion is undoubtedly an important auxiliary in the preservation of pure morals. Were it always an enlightened and sound public opinion to which the Americans pay this excess of deference, we should cordially subscribe to Mr Laing's doctrine; but, unfortunately, it is not always so. Public opinion is in nothing, at present, more strong and tyrannical in the United States, than on the question of colour, race, slavery, and in points of religious belief. Now, we apprehend that it is in matters of this sort only that Miss Martineau would approve revolt and the braving of public opinion.

The passion of the middle classes in Sweden for the paltry social distinctions conferred by the Executive, the excessive desire for bits of ribbon and trumpery crosses, instead of an honourable ambition for the three rewards of good conduct, self-respect, and the esteem of our fellow-creatures, is traced as another cause of the low state of moral feeling in Sweden; where the desire for these decorative gimcracks supersedes the nobler motives of legitimate ambition, while, farther, they are often obtainable only by the sacrifice of principle. The Brummagem or Burgher order of nobility in Sweden, is as numerous as in some of the German States, and with the same consequences to industry and morals. "With us," says Mr Laing—

With us, a thriving tradesman, master manufacturer, or merchant, would think himself little honoured, and as little benefited, by the empty title of counsellor of war, counsellor of conference, counsellor of commerce, or any such idle distinction, to which not a shadow of duty or utility is attached; and a knighthood is accepted by men in ordinary civil station, generally with repugnance, with an awkward feeling of its incongruity with our solid estimate of social distinction,* and rather because, in some public situations, from custom, it cannot be declined, than because it is coveted.

A people so fond of distinctions, must naturally prize their symbols, and every sort of title. This taste descends as far as possible in Swedish society; and Mr Laing was, at first, nearly getting into disgrace by such breaches of good manners, as calling a bookbinder's wife "*Madam*," when her proper title was the nobler *Fru*, or "*My Lady*;" as her husband, though it was his business to make portefeuilles, and not to carry them, held some nominal office, which entitled his wife to the coveted distinction of *Fru*, or Ladyship; while his daughter was entitled to be addressed as *Fröken*, or "*Young My Lady*." He took care afterwards how he addressed a shopkeeper's wife, simply as *Madame*. The barmaid is *Ma'amsele*, but the girl who waits, only the

* We always believed this, with here and there the exceptions of a city banker or a provincial mayor with a wife entertaining the noble ambition of being styled "*My Lady*," until science and literature were first in this country attempted to be made ridiculous by the infliction of the GUELPHIC ORDER upon a few not altogether unwilling victims.

native Jomfru. The lowest title of all is the *Flikka*, or simple girl, which, probably, to the ears of a foreigner, sounds the prettiest among them. Mr Laing does not regard this nonsense as merely harmless vanity; nor does it appear, from the illustration which he has taken from the Swedish newspapers, to be so:—

The title of Excellence, or the Order of the Seraphim, are stated in their political views as serious objects and motives of action for public men in public affairs. The public mind must be in a state to accept of this as reasonable, or it would not be presented to it. The value of public opinion, of those positions beyond all titles or orders, which Pitt, Fox, Canning, O'Connell, take from it, is unknown and incomprehensible to them.

The demoralizing influence of the example of a dissolute court amidst a poor and idle population, is another alleged cause of the general immorality. The Swedes prided themselves on being the most polished northern nation—the French of the north; and the moral taint of the age of Louis XIV. and XV. is still visible in their manners. The imitation of French manners, like every imitation of what is worthless, outdid what it copied, and was not confined to the court circles and the highest classes; and, as these became impoverished and reduced in means to the level of the middle class, their vices descended with them, tainting the more respectable orders of the community. But the faults peculiarly characteristic of every aristocracy—as idleness, frivolity, the inordinate passion for amusement, gaming, gallantry, and a false estimate of the objects and aims of life—are not in the middle class to be treated as mere weaknesses, but as vice, either interfering with the performance of duty, or as violating its injunctions. Such appears to be the opinion of Mr Laing, and there is solid foundation for it. Every observer is familiar with the processes by which the spendthrift, or slenderly provided sons of our wealthy nobility, sometimes graduate into black-legs and sharpening gamblers, and is able to estimate the moral mischief which such men spread in society; but in Sweden there appears to be at all times a large body of descending noblesse, carrying down the faults of their caste into the bosom of society, which there are fostered into vices. The whole body consider trade and the learned professions as beneath the dignity of Swedish nobility; and science and literature, which are still in good esteem in France and England, are despicable in their eyes; while the Church is not wealthy enough to tempt their cupidity. By the public returns, it is seen that not so many as a half of the sons of the nobility attend the universities; though perhaps the exclusive principle may dictate that some of them shall be well educated at home, and a few may be sent to foreign universities. As a body, the nobility are described by our traveller in the following terms:—

They are generally sunk in debt and in poverty; and military service, and places about the court, or under government, are the only means of living which their pride and poverty can allow them to bring up their sons for. The inferior schools, or gymnasia, in each province, the military schools, and such institutions, give the kind of cultivation necessary for these professions. They dance

well, dress well; have the appearance and manners of gentlemen in an eminent degree; are musical, converse well, and in general know a little of French, German, and English; but with all these accomplishments, they are often ignorant and unprincipled. Much of the immorality of Sweden proceeds, directly or indirectly, from the want of education and conduct in this class.

In another place, he remarks that "they are, with few exceptions, extremely poor, living from civil or military employments, with small pay; or on their farms in great obscurity and poverty. Everything in the capital is in a corresponding style. The metropolis—which, at first view, appears magnificent, from the great number of public buildings, monuments, statues, the palace, which is the finest in Europe, and the spacious well-built quays—contains very few good houses, and few private carriages. The population is declining; the deaths in Stockholm considerably outnumbering the births. Yet the appearance of the street population appears to contradict the general misery and poverty of the metropolis. Mr Laing's reasoning on the delusive appearances held out by so many well-dressed people, might be applied to many towns besides Stockholm. It really proves nothing against the extreme poverty of the Liberties of Dublin, for example, that very fine shops and carriages, and richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, are seen in numbers in the fashionable streets. The gay appearance of these may, on the contrary, be generally held as a certain indication of the misery of another class existing in immediate contiguity.

The number of well-dressed people proves only that one class is well off; and, if supported by the public, is by far too numerous for the well-being of the country. The Swede also has a remarkable fondness for dress; and dresses well, converses well, dances well, has ease and elegance about him in stations in which in other countries people would be totally devoid of such accomplishments. This is the influence of a court in a small city. To appear well is their law of existence. I account in this way for the discrepancy of great poverty and distress, and a declining condition, established by statistical facts, amidst finery and apparent luxury of clothing in the streets of this city.

The domestic arrangements correspond with real poverty and the love of show. The houses of Stockholm, and also those of Christiania, the capital of Norway, have, in general, common stairs; the suite of rooms on a floor forming one dwelling. In the house where Mr Laing found lodgings, which was near the palace, and, for the country, expensive, and hence presumed to be in a fashionable situation, and in all houses of the kind which he examined, the furniture and paper were flashy, but not substantial; but the lustres, mirrors, sofas, and French engravings, scarcely atoned to an Englishman for the absence or inferior quality of the thousand and one comforts which he has learned to consider as necessities—such as, window-blinds, bed-curtains, wash-hand stands and their furniture, chests of drawers, and such like things. The houses of public entertainment are few, the wants of the permanent inhabitants being supplied by one club-house for the nobility, and another for the mercantile nobility, or privileged class of traders. The *table-d'hôte* of the Swedish

capital is neither so well provided nor so well attended as are those of France and Germany; for, in Stockholm, as Irish provincial ladies say, the different classes "don't mix."

Political profligacy is another of the combined causes adduced for the debased moral state of Sweden. It was not the mob, not low seditious ruffians, who, either from base or sordid motives, prompted or accomplished the assassination of Gustavus III., and the murder of Count Fersen, or the more ignoble, if not blacker crime of selling the succession of their native kingdom to a foreigner; but political adventurers of a higher class, to whom the nobility offered no opposition. We must now cite Mr Laing in full, leaving him to be responsible for the boldness of his own opinions:—

Another cause I conceive to be, that, although Luther's reformation found the minds of men in part of Germany, Switzerland, Holland, England, and Scotland, prepared for it, and demanding a form of Christianity more intellectual, more addressed to the understanding, and less to the senses, than that of the Roman Catholic Church, the public mind in Sweden was in no such advanced state. The change was the act of government, connected, apparently, with the policy of the new dynasty, and supported by an enlightened few, and by the inferior resident clergy—not averse to be relieved from celibacy and other restraints; but the public mind appears to have been in a state of apathy in that age, on religious concerns. No sects, schisms, preachings, meetings, publications, indicate such a ferment in the public mind here, at the time of the Reformation, as in England, Scotland, and other countries. The resident Catholic clergy became, with few exceptions, Lutheran, and a few ceremonies less, a little difference in church forms, were all the changes which the mass of the people saw; for the public mind was not advanced so far as to appreciate the difference of doctrine. Gustavus I. always denied that he had introduced a new doctrine; and at the beginning of John III.'s reign, says Geyer, the people did not know but that they were still Catholics, singing Swedish mass. The country is too extensive, and too thinly peopled, even at the present day, for the effective diffusion of religious knowledge, or the spread of zeal, by preachings or the press. As far as regards the influence of religion on morals and conduct in private life, I conceive the Reformation has not worked beneficially in Sweden. It found the public mind dormant, and sensible to nothing in religion, but the external observances of a ceremonial church, and was superinduced on it in that state, and in that state it remains. In no country are the exterior forms and decencies of public worship better attended to. The churches are substantial, and not merely well kept up, but even decorated inside and outside; and there is a kind of competition between parishes, for erecting elegant structures for public worship. The clergy are fairly endowed, well lodged, and in general on good terms with their flocks; they are also well educated men, and form a body of great power in the state, the Chamber of Clergy being one of the constituent parts of the Diet. Yet, with all these exterior signs of a religious state of the public mind, and with all the means of a powerful church establishment, unopposed by sect or schism, to make it religious, it is evident, from the official returns of crime, that in no Christian community has religion less influence on the state of public morals. The just inference is, that no spirit, truly religious, has ever been generally kindled in this country; that the Reformation, as far as regards the moral condition of the Swedish people, has done harm rather than good, for it has merely substituted one ceremonial church for another; and that which it supplanted, if considered apart from religious doctrine or sentiment, and merely as an establishment for the check of immorality in private conduct, by its observances and rules, was, of the two, the more effective system of moral police

over a rude and ignorant people. Rude and ignorant as the Irish Catholic population are, their priesthood keeps them free from such a list of heavy crimes as Lutheran Sweden presents from her rural population alone, in numbers little exceeding 2,735,000 souls.

The religious and moral condition of a Protestant country, with a large body of working clergy and schoolmasters appointed and maintained by the State, and where dissent is unknown, is matter of earnest inquiry at this particular juncture; so we are tempted to examine more closely the blessings which such a state of things is supposed to introduce and maintain in communities. We have noticed that, in Sweden, one person out of every 126 is maintained by the public to teach the people their religious and moral duties. And, first—

The clerical establishment costs the congregations 1,780,393 banco dollars; viz. the ministers 1,309,489 dollars, the assistants or chaplains 284,090, and the clerks or church servants 186,814 dollars, in direct payment in tithes, &c.—and a great, but not appreciable amount, in dues or offerings, at marriages, baptisms, funerals, Easter, Christmas, and sacramental occasions. These are very oppressive. The people are, in fact, as superstitious and priest-ridden as in the darkest ages, on many points; as, for instance, on having at burials a spoonful or two of consecrated earth, taken up by the priest, and strewed upon the grave before it is closed. The sexton gravely presents the shovel full or basket full of earth, and the priest as gravely takes a spoon or little spade, like a child's plaything, and dips it into the earth, and sprinkles about a handful of it on the grave; and this piece of mummery is thought absolutely necessary for the peace of the soul of the departed, and is highly paid for. . . . In many provinces, this payment of a cow, or its value, to the pastor on the death of a peasant, is matter of legal right claimed by the clergy. The payment of these offerings is so much considered a part of religious duty, that Lestadius [a missionary who has recently been telling tales out of school] calls one occasion, at Easter, I think, a cheese fair, rather than a religious meeting; and says that some of the people perform their devotions by proxy, and send their cheeses by a neighbour. These are but trifling isolated circumstances, but as they drop from a zealous missionary merely in the course of his narrative, and not as matters wrong, unusual, or of censure, they throw a light upon the relations of the clergy and the people. . . . The dues, fees, and rights, however oppressive these appear to us, are sanctioned by long use and wont, among a peasantry in whom a sense of property is almost extinguished by the exactions upon their time, labour, and produce, for the state and its institutions. It is only what is left to the peasant out of his land, not what he produces, that he views and feels to be his own. The interest of the parties, the tithe-payers and the tithe-receivers, produce therefore less animosity of feeling than with us; or, properly speaking, none. The clergy also, and the people, appear to me to view Christianity altogether in a different light from that in which we view it. It is a different species of religion here. This is a subject on which I give my impressions with reluctance, from the difficulty in explaining them. The Swedish clergy are, beyond doubt, a highly-educated body of theologians. The people also are educated, up to a certain point; which is, that of being able to read, and give proof of understanding the church catechism so well as to be entitled to confirmation, and to be received as communicants. Here the working of the establishment on the people seems to stop. A careful attendance upon all the ceremonials of the church; the saints' days or prayer days, or church-festival days; the high mass; the forms of baptisms, churchings, sacraments, funerals; the decorations of the church and altar, and of the priest's robes; the Easter offerings, Christmas offerings, and such observances—appear to stand in the place of all mental exertion or ap-

plication, on their part, in religious matters, after they have once, if I may use the expression without offence, taken out their diploma as Christians, by the rite of confirmation, and by receiving their first communion. Religion seems to rest here. Whoever well attends to the course of conversation among our middle and lower classes at the present day, will hear a great deal of religious discussion and argument, which, whether to the purpose or not, have the use at least of unfolding and invigorating the mental powers and spirit of inquiry. Here, if by any chance a religious subject is started in the conversation of the same classes, it is—how well, or how ill, pastor A. masses, (that is, chants high mass;) how solemnly pastor B. performed such a service; how grand this church or that altar looked; the sermon you never hear discussed among them at all. The Lutheran Church, in fact, is, in the present age, as far behind the religious wants of mankind, as the Catholic Church was in the days of Luther.

It is somewhat discouraging to the believers in the infallibility of reading and writing, and the regular observance of religious duties, to learn that, while profligacy of manners abounds, every Swedish peasant must be able to shew that he can read and write, and that he understands the principles of religion, before he is permitted to take the Sacrament of the Supper; which is again an indispensable step before either man or woman is permitted to marry. Does not Mr Laing, in this ridiculous restraint—one among the infinity of restrictions placed upon the free action and the free industry of the Swedish people—find another cause for the prevailing licentiousness?

In a remote and primitive part of the north of Sweden, where Mr Laing spent part of the summer of 1838, and to which we shall afterwards trace him, he accidentally discovered a small body of worshippers—*Dissenters*—who he hopes may yet form the germ of the religious and moral renovation of Sweden. The whole scene is, to our feelings, singularly impressive and captivating.

July.—I got up very early this morning, and went down to the rapids, or *fors* of the river, to fish. I came unexpectedly upon a party of six or eight men, women, and young people, gathered in a snug hollow of the river bank, which only an angler would have thought of visiting at so early an hour. One man, with his hat off, was reading the Bible to the others, and just concluding and shutting the book. They seemed in a little confusion, until they saw that I was fishing, and taking no notice of them. When my landlord came to join me with his fishing rod, and they found that I was lodging with him, and not at the manse—and they asked the question—they seemed pleased, and came to admire my tackle, and my great success, for I was picking up the small fish—guinard or *sisk*, and trout of the size of herrings—sometimes two at once. There is, I had heard, a religious enthusiasm spreading itself in the north of Sweden, especially among these colonists or new settlers in Lapland, which the clergy attempt to put down and extinguish. These religionists are called *Læsere*—the readers—from their reading the Scriptures, and must keep themselves quiet; because, although they cannot be openly persecuted, and there is an enlightened and liberal public in Sweden, who would be reuced if any person were openly oppressed on account of his religious opinions, yet where the clergyman is all-powerful in his parish, and has the public functionaries to support him, there are many ways of making the poor man, who presumes to have either too much or too little religious zeal to suit the pastor, feel in his worldly concerns the ill consequences of wandering from the beaten church road. These *Læsere* do not form a sect having communications or internal regulation, which would probably expose them to the law, but they are numerous and increasing, and their preachings and meet-

ings are attended by people from great distances. Of their peculiar doctrines I could get no distinct account: it is said that they preach the efficacy of faith alone, and the uselessness of good works; that some of their leaders have given themselves out as Christ to their followers; but the truth is, the distance between the upper class and the lower in Sweden is so great, the points of meeting so few, and no connecting links between, that the former do not know what the latter are about. *This is very much the case, even with us, notwithstanding our numerous middle class.* The upper classes talk and form opinions of the lower, without sufficient data, or knowing in reality their condition. In Sweden, where all society is classed and privileged into distinct corps, the higher are strangers to those below them, in a greater degree than in other countries. I doubt, therefore, the Swedish accounts of these *Læsere*, or their doctrines, especially as there is a tasteless attempt to ridicule them, and their affected use of scriptural phraseology. There may be hypocrites among them, and many langable personages and pretensions, but still it is a remarkable fact, that in this least depraved quarter of the country, a spirit is arising in religious concerns, which the Lutheran clergy are attempting to suppress, and which their own preaching and doctrines cannot satisfy. It will necessarily extend its influence over the morals and habits of the people. . . . It was a party of these *Læsere*, sitting like our Cameronians, in the hollow of the river bank, that I came upon this morning. I afterwards asked my landlord what all the people were doing so early at the river side. He assured me they only came there to drink the waters of a mineral spring which were very wholesome; he shewed me a little well in the neighbourhood, and I was satisfied.

Lapmark and these forlorn and far-between new colonies in its forests, are not the least interesting points of the Swedish dominions, while some of the settlements and small towns bordering the Gulf of Bothnia, are, from their close resemblance to Norway, in the manners and condition of the inhabitants, the most pleasing to the reflecting sojourner of any he sees in Sweden. Perhaps, therefore, the sooner we leave grave and melancholy, although instructive speculations upon vicious social arrangements and bad government—producing misery, and its sure attendant, a low state of morals—in other words, a discussion on political and moral cause and effect—our readers will be the better pleased; and there is a vast fund of entertainment, of a delightful kind, in these travels.

In the summer of 1834, Mr Laing went to Norway, in different parts of which he resided for about two years. He was charmed with all he saw, and finally and deliberately concluded the Norwegians the happiest people in Europe—the happiest people, indeed, in the world; for he considers the state of society there better, in many respects, than in America, and he imputes this mass of social happiness, found in a poor, uncommercial, northern country, solely to its institutions, and to the purely democratic form of the constitution which it gained for itself in 1814, when Norway was, at the general peace, transferred from Denmark to Sweden, in lieu of Finland, ceded by the latter to Russia. Norway, if nominally a monarchical state, is essentially a democracy. The feudal system was never introduced into it. Its peasantry have always been free, and its government representative, since it ceased to be personal. The Norwegian proprietors hold by no tenure; the present

udal laws having always existed, which secures to every man his property without service or acknowledgment to any superior whatever. The Norwegian peasantry have been most tenacious of their precious and distinguishing rights, and, are accordingly, jealous of their infringement. Hence the late dissensions, or tendency to dissension, as often as their new sovereign has attempted to undermine their ancient institutions, or amalgamate their peculiar system with that of Sweden, and that which is found in the other monarchies of Europe.

A main feature in Norwegian society is, the extensive diffusion of landed property, and the general equality which is maintained by the smallness of the estates. In a population of rather less than a million, there are about 41,656 landed proprietors. By Mr Laing's estimate, one man in every twenty-two is a landed proprietor in Norway, and in Scotland only one man in every 700 of the population. It is needless to say that where feudal tenures do not exist, the law of primogeniture is unknown. Yet it is an important fact that the small Norwegian estates are not found divided and sub-divided, and frittered away, in the manner of which one sect of political economists have tried to make a bugbear. The farms or estates of the Norwegian yeomen, statesmen, or *udallers*, contain, in general, from forty to sixty acres of arable land, with a considerable adjoining tract of wood and natural pasturage, and a distant mountain range, used in summer, for grazing, after the custom of the Highlands of Scotland, Switzerland, and other pastoral countries. The sub-division of the little estates is provided against, by a law called the *odelsbaarn ret*, which gives all the children of the family, and the next of kin, according to the order of consanguinity, the right of redeeming it by repayment of the purchase-money and any outlay in improvements, if the right is claimed within five years from the time the estate was sold. The law of succession thus prevents landed property from being accumulated in large masses, as in other countries, or yet from being too far subdivided; but, whatever be the cause, the fact is incontrovertible, that the *udal* estates are, if seldom augmented, more rarely if ever frittered down into potato gardens and paddocks. In describing a *Yule* Fair held at Levanger, near which town Mr Laing lodged, with a small proprietor, during the winter of 1834-5, he remarks that, during the fair, which is held for three weeks, and to which flocked persons of all descriptions—remote country proprietors, to sell or barter their dairy produce, horses, &c.; seamen, in small vessels, with salted fish, and goods of all kinds, from Drontheim; and to which there was a constant arrival of caravans of sledges from the frontiers of Russia, and of Laplanders—in short, a very great concourse of people of different countries and languages, supplied with spirits in abundance at 14d. a gallon; there was little excessive drunkenness, no rioting, and only one case of theft. And he thus concludes:—
'The division of property among the children

has not, in the course of a thousand years, brought the fair-going people in Norway to the state of the fair-going people in Ireland."

Though the estates of individuals are, in general, small, they are sufficient to furnish all the comforts and many of the elegances of life, as these are understood in Norway. The whole nation is well lodged; better than any other people in Europe, according to Mr Laing; and they are well fed, well clothed in their own household manufactures, and have abundant fuel. Leisure, ease of mind—those inestimable blessings gradually vanishing from more active, wealthy, and polished communities—are largely enjoyed by all the Norwegians. Nor are these blessings confined to one class. The *housemen*, or married labourers, and the workmen of all descriptions, are in a much better condition than the same class in other countries. When we speak of more polished communities, we do not mean a people really better bred—for the Norwegians of all ranks have nearly the same manners and language, and all are polite, kind, and courteous in their domestic intercourse, as well as in society. The rough and brutal way in which our peasantry and workmen talk to and treat each other, are unknown in Norway. They have not two sets of manners—one for company and the other for the fire-side. Every one pulls off his hat or cap whether to friends or strangers; common labourers, private soldiers, and fishermen, salute each other; and the children, scrupulously taught respectful manners, bow to each other in the streets. Almost every Norwegian plays on some instrument; and the nation is fond of dancing, to which social pastime their long winter nights and easy friendly habits are peculiarly favourable. Certain dandy, and even philosophical travellers, have represented the condition of the women of Norway as lower than in the corresponding class in other European countries. Mr Laing draws from the same data a quite opposite conclusion; and we believe that the opinions of the best-informed and most thoughtful women, in these more polished countries, will confirm his judgment. The women of Norway, from the arrangements of society—arrangements which are the groundwork of the entire system of superior social happiness which is found there—having a higher sphere of duty, perform a more useful and consequently a more dignified part. The secondary objects of music, dancing, and dressing, are considered as the ornament, the relief, not the main business of woman's life; business, by the way, which becomes as insupportable drudgery to its bond-slaves as the domestic employments of the Norwegian females. The condition of the farm-labourers is characteristic of the country. They have good roomy cottages, generally situated on the outskirts of the small estates, with grass for two cows, and half-a-dozen sheep and goats. They hold this little farm for two lives, that of the cottar and his widow, under a fixed obligation of furnishing so many days' labour in the year on the main farm, at a certain rate of wages, and with vic-

tuals, which are good and abundant, and the wages equal to those of many parts of Ireland. The labourer is entitled to throw up his holding, by giving three months' previous notice; but his employer has no power to turn him out, so long as the stipulated rent, or work-rent, is paid. What a grand step would this small one be in improving the condition of the Irish peasantry! The sons and daughters of these housemen form the domestic servants of the country; a class represented by the traveller as active, and neat, and respectful, without servility. They are all well fed. The Norwegians, of all classes, take four or even five meals a-day. The workman's day begins with a cake of oat or bear bread, with butter, and a dram of the brandy distilled on every estate. At nine they have, for breakfast, milk or soup, and bread and butter; or pottage and milk, with oat-cakes; and make a substantial meal. At noon they have dinner of herring, potatoes, and barley-broth with bread; or, bacon, salt-meat, and black puddings, instead of fish. The work-people eat meat at least twice a-week. In the evening they have another substantial meal, similar to their breakfast, and a dram. And as there is neither want nor restraint on the use of spirits, and as they might have more drams if they wished for them, they never exceed the customary quantity. Their oatmeal is inferior to that used by the Scottish labourer; but they have much greater variety, and plenty of other kinds of food. The *bothy* described by Cobbett, and the disgrace of so many magnificent Scottish corn manufactories, will ill bear comparison with the Norwegian *Borstue*, or unmarried servant's house, which is better than many of the farm-houses in the north of Scotland. It consists of a large well-lighted sitting-room, with a good stove, benches, chairs, and table. A kitchen adjoins, for cooking and washing; and the upper story is divided into bed-rooms, each with a window. The coarse, primitive bedding is put out to air in a covered gallery every day—indeed, this seems a universal practice; and every Saturday the Norwegian *bothy* is thoroughly washed, and the floors sprinkled with the tops of the juniper, exactly as in the most magnificent saloons of the country. A maid-servant regularly attends to cook and clean for the inhabitants of the *bothy*. The labourers in Scottish *bothies*, described by Cobbett, are exactly in the condition of the buccaneers and wood-choppers of Honduras Bay described by Dampier, save that they have no butcher-meat, which the buccaneers had in abundance. The rooms of the *bothy* or *Borstue*, whether parlour or chambers, are "as warm, cheerful, and clean as those of the main house." In the large room, the tailor, shoemaker, and harness-maker, and such other tradesmen as in this primitive country go round from farm to farm to work, execute their business. In respect of bedding and bed-clothes, Mr Laing remarks that the working-class are better off with us, as the Norwegians, instead of woven rugs and blankets, have only fells—that is, dressed skins of sheep, goats, and reindeer,

with the wool on. These are quilted together, and form the bed-clothes. Now, they are certainly inferior to those in use among our work people; with this small difference, we apprehend, that the Norwegians have a full supply of the inferior article, while the reverse is the rule among our poor. In every house, or rather cluster of houses—for every homestead consists of many buildings—there is an apartment where the females card wool, spin, weave, &c., under the superintendence of the mistress of the family, or her deputy, the upper servant or housekeeper, who is regarded quite as one of the family. Substantial, if coarse, woollen cloth, excellent bed and table linen, and checked or striped cottons or linens for female wear, form the home manufactures. The farm-proprietor is thus indebted for little to the town-shop, save his Sunday hat. The Norwegians seem, in many respects, in the condition of the farmers of New England, and some of the northern States of America. They boast little finery, but all classes are well-clothed; boots, gloves, and greatcoats being in bad weather worn by the labourers, and a person in rags is rarely seen. Every one possesses a set of clothes for Sunday's wear. Indeed, the chief distinction in the nation is in the difference of dress. All classes of the proprietors, in house-furniture, food, gig-keeping, and style of entertaining, are much alike, each family living on the produce of the farm; but the wealthier may purchase finer clothes, and, perhaps, consume a little more coffee, sugar, French brandy, and wine. The farms vary from the maintaining about twenty cows, a score of sheep, and another of goats, and four horses, which is about the average, up to the maintenance of forty cows, with a corresponding number of other animals; and descend so low as four cows; but these are generally the small farms held by fishermen, housemen, or woodmen. But the range from four to forty cows is not great. Mr Laing contrasts the dwellings of the labouring class with those of Ireland and Scotland; and he might have included much of rural England, and also the cellars, and squalid, huddled apartments of many of our manufacturing towns. "The squalor, dampness, darkness, and total want of accommodation and comfort of the sod-built hovels which disgrace the face of the earth in Scotland and Ireland, are unknown. The meanest habitation has wooden floors, windows, apartments for the family to sleep in, besides their sitting room; also fit places for keeping the food." We blush while we read—"It is highly characteristic of Scotland, that, within sight of its Parthenon, human dens may be found in which whole families—father, mother, and grown-up daughters and sons—are lodged under one roof, without other division into apartments, for the decent separation of the sexes, than is made by the wooden bedstead, placed in the middle; without other floor than the raw earth; the wall of stones, and sods, not lined inside; the roof a mass of damp, rotten straw and decayed vegetable substances, supported by a few sooty rafters; the

windows, a single pane or two of glass, stuck in a hole in the thatch or the wall; the family provisions of meal, salt meat, herrings, milk, butter, all huddled together in the single room." But we need not introduce the wet stockings, the sweaty linen, and the family cookery going on; and, fortunately or otherwise, we may add that the family stock of animal food is seldom in a quantity that can permanently affect the atmosphere of the Scottish cottage. Mr Laing himself, in describing the superior diet of the Norwegian labourers, remarks truly, that those of Scotland have, with their allowance of meal, neither butter, bacon, nor fish. The increase of luxury—that lamentation as old as society itself—is often complained of by the most intelligent men in Norway. The small proprietors are blamed for using too much coffee and sugar, for keeping carioles, and buying harness of a costly kind, and maintaining more horses than are required for farm-work, while all are in want of dollars—money being the scarcest, or the only scarce needful commodity in the country. Mr Laing considers that the taste for luxury is not carried beyond the safe and just point—that which proves a spur to industry, and refines manners. But the people of Norway appear so happy and independent in their present state of primitive simplicity, that, looking round on the more luxurious communities of Europe, it is not surprising that men of intelligence and reflection dread any innovation, which, with change of manners, might tend to undermine the foundations of national well-being. It is not from the work on Sweden, but from that on Norway, that we borrow this description of a race of men, whose condition change from without would hardly improve:—

The Bonder, or agricultural peasantry, each the proprietor of his own farm, occupy the country from the shore side to the hill foot, and up every valley or glen as far as corn can grow. This class is the kernel of the nation. They are in general fine athletic men, as their properties are not so large as to exempt them from work, but large enough to afford them and their household abundance, and even superfluity, of the best food. They farm not to raise produce for sale, so much as to grow everything they eat, drink, and wear in their families. They build their own houses, make their own chairs, tables, ploughs, carts, harness, iron-work, basket-work, and wood-work; in short, except window-glass, cast-iron ware and pottery, everything about their houses and furniture is of their own fabrication. *There is not probably in Europe so great a population in so happy a condition as these Norwegian yeomanry.* A body of small proprietors, each with his thirty or forty acres, scarcely exists elsewhere in Europe; or, if it can be found, it is under the shadow of some more imposing body of wealthy proprietors or commercial men. Here they are the highest men in the nation. . . . The settlers in the newer States of America, and in our colonies, possess properties of probably about the same extent; but they have roads to make, lands to clear, houses to build, and the work that has been doing here for a thousand years, to do, before they can be in the same condition. These Norwegian proprietors are in a happier condition than those in the older States of America, because they are not so much influenced by the spirit of gain. They farm their little estates, and consume the produce, without seeking to barter or sell, except what is necessary for paying their taxes and the few articles of luxury they consume. There is no money-getting spirit among them, and none of extravagance. They enjoy the comforts of excellent houses, as

good and large as those of the wealthiest individuals; good furniture, bedding, linen, clothing, fuel, victuals, and drink, all in abundance, and of their own providing; good horses, and a houseful of people, who have more food than work. Food, furniture, and clothing being all home-made, the difference in these matters between the family and the servants is very small; but there is a perfect distinction kept up. The servants invariably eat, sleep, and sit apart from the family, and have generally a distinct building adjoining to the family house.

There is another class of peasantry or yeomanry not so fortunate as the Bonder, though their condition is superior to that of the peasantry of other northern countries. These are the Alpine proprietors, the inhabitants of the forests and glens of the Fjelde, that extensive mountain ridge which in many places divides Norway from Sweden. These, however, possess land in absolute property, and have small but comfortable houses, with wooden floors and glass windows. The severity of the climate, where the night frosts set in early in August, and where winter remains till about the end of May, preclude them from raising good grain crops. They live by the produce of their cattle, by felling timber, which they float down the mountain-streams, and by the sale of game carried in a frozen state to the winter fairs of the lower country. The ground bark of the pine, mixed with their ill-ripened oats, form their bread, and the salted trout of the Fjelde lakes a considerable part of their winter provision. A great part of their labour must be performed in winter, when the snow permits their sledges to be brought into use, and when the lowlanders are enjoying themselves. They form in condition the link between the Laplanders and the Bonder of the low regions or zones of the country; and, if a hard-living, are a fine and interesting, though a rough race. With all the hardships of their condition,

"They see their little lot the lot of all." They are independent and contented. "They retain the dress, manners, character, and athletic forms which we imagine as belonging to ancient times. Each district and valley has some peculiarity of costume, pronunciation, and even character; and intermarriages of the isolated groups of inhabitants with those of the neighbouring valleys or the lower grounds, are rare." There are stanch enduring families of peasant nobility in those glens, which can boast a much older lineage than that of the French or English nobility.

The Laplanders of Norway are, in their own way, as interesting a race as those sturdy Scandinavian peasants and mountaineers. In Norway there are parochial schools in what appears sufficient number, there being eleven in the parish in which Mr Laing resided, to a population of five thousand persons. The schoolmasters have houses, and are supported by a tax levied on every householder, besides a personal payment from each adult. Even servants, male and female, contribute to the schoolmaster's support. Hence "the almost mechanical arts of reading and writing" are generally understood; but education otherwise is at a low ebb, as classical and

university education are comparatively expensive, and learning not in demand. Books are scarce, though the great demand for newspapers and periodicals must whet the appetite for more extensive reading. Mr Laing, whom sound philosophy makes an ardent admirer of dissent, imputes the limited mental cultivation of the nation to the total absence of religious controversy. His opinions are worthy of regard. If not original, their utterance is well timed. "A difference of opinion upon religious doctrines among a people is the most powerful stimulus to the human mind to investigate, to obtain knowledge, to exert the mental power. The spirit of religious controversy adds nothing certainly to their domestic happiness, but much to their intelligence, acuteness, desire for education, and value for religion. Scotland and England, without their Seceders and Dissenters, would have been countries in which the human mind slumbered. A land of universal conformity is necessarily one of universal apathy as to religious matters, or else of gross superstition." And both apathy and superstition may certainly be observed in Norway, and much more conspicuously in Sweden. The Lutheran form of religion which is found in Norway, is nearly as ceremonial as the unreformed Roman Catholic faith. Its stated observances are consequently attended with a certain degree of expense. The priest has his embroidered velvet robes; the altar is decorated, candles are lighted, and there is a clerk to repeat the responses, and an organist. As the bulk of the parishioners are persons of property, a greater sum is required to maintain the clergyman in his proper place, relatively to his flock, than would be required in a Scottish or English parish, where the many are the poor, and the few, or the one, so rich that the minister cannot pretend to vie with the grandee, and probably absentee patron. The average of the income of the rural clergy of Norway is 800 dollars, or about £170; but the bishops have 4000 dollars. In the towns, the incomes are larger. In country parishes, the stipends arise from a small payment in grain, amounting to two or three bushels from the largest farms; the grain may be converted into money as in Scotland, and there are *fars* prices struck for this purpose. Several farms in every parish belong to the living, besides the glebe; and a third source of income is the Easter dues and Christmas offerings, and pretty high dues for marriages, christenings, and funerals. The Easter dues and Christmas offerings, are in one sense voluntary; but opinion or vanity may tax a man more highly than fixed regulations, and the Bonder feel pride in making handsome offerings to their clergy. It is proposed, instead of these ancient modes of begging, to make a fixed rate of payment; and the sooner the better. There is one feature of the system deserving of imitation, where a compulsory-paid clergy are recognised at all. In every parish, one of the farms allotted to the living is appropriated to the minister's widow during her life.

But the political institutions of Norway, since

the establishment of its admirable Constitution in 1814, are more especially deserving of attention, as centuries in advance of its ecclesiastical scheme. The government is purely representative; nor could Bentham, in the present state of the country, have objected to its elective machinery, save, perhaps, to the number of intervening steps placed between the constituency and the representative, and the absence of the ballot; which, however, in a country like Norway, where every one has a competency, and no class depends upon another, is scarcely required. Every native Norwegian, of twenty-five years of age, who, as the owner or liferenter of land, has for five years paid *scat*, that is, direct taxes, or who is a burgher of any town, or who possesses there a house or land of the value of £30, is entitled to elect, and, when he reaches the age of thirty, to be elected, provided he is *neither in any department of the state or court*, nor on the *pension-list*, nor yet in the counting-house or bureau of any placeman or courtier. We cannot here detail the full process of electing, which is rather complicated; though a trifle to our endless registries, and non-registries, and disqualifications for this tax and the other, unpaid. The Parliament, or Storting, is chosen every three years, and sits for three months, or till the public business be despatched; and their meeting is not by virtue of the issue of the King's writ, but of constitutional right; though, on any great national emergency, as a war, or the demise of the Crown, an extraordinary Storting may be assembled by the royal edict; but then such extraordinary Storting can only pass interim acts, which remain to be ratified or set aside by the next regular Parliament. The Storthings are in every respect independent of the Executive; nor is the royal assent necessary to give effect to any Bill which has passed the Chambers in three different Storthings. Thus the abolition of hereditary nobility, proposed and first passed in the Storthing of 1815, and again in that of 1821, but vehemently opposed by the King in 1824, when the capital, where the Parliament was sitting, was invested by a Swedish army to overawe the legislative body, passed into law in despite of the royal opposition, by the fiat of the Storthing, exercising, for the third time, its constitutional right. In the differences which have arisen in consequence of the attempted encroachments of the executive power, and the constitutional resistance of the Storthing, liberal opinions have hitherto triumphed; for the Norwegian people seem wide awake to every attempted stretch of prerogative. In Norway, the press is entirely free; and unbounded freedom in discussion is sanctioned by opinion and custom, every man being responsible for what he publishes to the world; though defamation, or libel on private character, must be proved *false, open, and intentional*, to involve punishment. In Sweden, the press is under a strict censorship, though, as in France, it maintains a constant, lively skirmishing with the Executive, and generally has the best of it. The Storting

of 1836, whose sittings Mr Laing frequently, or rather daily attended, consisted of ninety-six Members. The franchise is not connected with this town or that county, but is regulated by the true principle—the number of electors in the district—and, from time to time, varies with that. When a Member is elected, a substitute is elected at the same time, in case of his death or resignation. The Members are paid two dollars and a-half (at most 9s. 7d.) *per diem*, while the Storthing is in Session; and they are allowed a small sum for travelling expenses. They consist of all descriptions of persons. In the Storthing of 1836, one Member was a rector of a school; four were parish clerks; the mercantile towns naturally send merchants, and the rural districts Bonder; and the aggregate Assembly appears probably very like the State Assemblies of America. Mr Laing says the assembled Members of the Norwegian Storthing look like the respectable farmers or merchants one sees assembled in Edinburgh or Haddington on a market-day. They meet at nine in the morning, and maintain a much more decorous and simply dignified exterior than certain legislative bodies that we could name. The first business is to choose a Speaker and Secretary, and this is repeated once a-week. Other preliminary business being gone through, the Storthing elects one-fourth of its Members to form the Upper Chamber or *Lagthing*, in which the deliberative functions of the legislative body are invested. No Bill can be first proposed in the *Lagthing* or Upper House, which can only receive measures proposed from the Odelsting or House of Commons, and then deliberate, oppose, reject, or send back with amendments. The *Odelsting* may impeach Ministers of State in the *Lagthing*. When a motion is to be first made and discussed, both Chambers sit together in an united House; but, as the business proceeds, they divide, and each assumes its separate special functions. But we must refer for the minute details to the work, merely quoting this sentence for the edification of the admirers of a House of hereditary noble legislators. "The composition of this House, which does its business quite as well as a house of Bishops, Dukes, and Barons, may," Mr Laing says, "be an object of curiosity to every British Radical. It consists, in the present Storthing, of eight persons in civil offices, five in clerical functions, two lawyers, and nine Bonder or peasants—in all, twenty-four. They are not elected to the *Lagthing* with any reference to profession or rank, but simply from the opinion their fellow-members of the Storthing may have formed of their judgment, knowledge, and fitness for deliberative functions. Of the whole ninety-six Members of the Storthing, forty-five have sat in one or more former Storthings; the rest are new Members."

There are no Ministerial nor opposition benches in a Parliament to which the whole Government influence cannot send even one member. It is felt an inconvenience that no one Government functionary can be present to

answer questions or bring forward propositions; but the Norwegians wisely submit to it. The style of speaking and debating is plain and business-like; there are no Emerson Tennents, with set-speeches got by heart, no young D'Israelis, nor flashy declaimers of higher name, to spout orations, and waste the time strictly devoted to national business, in that homely little senate; but there is what seems infinitely better, even in taste, and more morally august—at least in the eyes of those who can look below the surface. "There being no demand for oratory, there is no supply; but for plain and clear statement of argument or fact, there are several members of the Storthing who are equal to any of that class of our public speakers"—that is, to our Humes, and Warburtons, and Villierses.

It is not exactly known to whom Norway is indebted for its constitution. It was ostensibly drawn up by a committee of the National Assembly in four days, and laid before the assembly at the time the allies chose to transfer the kingdom from Denmark to Sweden, as a bribe to the latter power to desert Napoleon; and the confederation allowed it to pass in the haste or inadvertence of the moment. This Constitution was solemnly ratified by the King of Sweden and the Norwegian nation, and exists under the guarantee of the allied powers, though probably an eye-sore to each of them. A free Constitution, framed in quiet, and solemnly established in the midst of perfect public tranquillity, and of which upwards of twenty years have now proved the strength and adaptation to the people, was, it is conceived by Mr Laing, the fair fruit of the previous state of property in the fortunate country where it arose. Property was diffused, and in the hands of the whole body of the people; and the ancient laws and institutions were conceived and administered in the very spirit of liberty. There was no rich, arrogant, and rapacious aristocracy—no domineering state-paid church—to oppose the free spirit of the new constitution. It emanated as if spontaneously from the bosom of the nation. May it long remain to bless it!—It is more than time that we returned to Sweden.

In June, last year, Mr Laing set off from Christiania on his projected tour in Sweden; taking the inland route, by Kongsvinger, on the Glommen River, to Carlstad. The country soon loses the characteristic features of Norway, alternate ridges and glens; and, on entering the valley of the Glommen, he found a flattish corn-country, which he calls the Lothians of Norway. On one of his days of travel, he stopped at a place called Strand, on the extreme frontier of Sweden, and tells—

I was kept awake all last night by a tipsy Norwegian bonder in the next room, who was boasting that he was only a simple Norsk bonder, and asking the Swedes if they had any such bonder among them. I suppose, that in some point or other, he thought himself far superior, although in dress or appearance I could see no difference. The Glommen had drifted some of his timber towards the Wener, and he had been down the country to look for it. His superiority probably consisted in being the owner of land and wood.

In Carlstad, a thriving trading town at the head of the Wener Lake, with a population of 2300 persons, there was an unusual number of idle, well-dressed people to be seen. Two booksellers' shops and a musiceller's were found, but not one butcher's shop. This would, in both instances, be remarkable in any small town in Britain, and equally so in Ireland, where, though meat is not plenty, books on sale are too often altogether unknown. The traveller imagines that here, as in Norway, the people kill and salt their meat at the beginning of winter. This part of Sweden, and, indeed, most of its territory, is better soil than Norway. It is likewise better farmed, and possesses the great advantage of water transport for its staple product, timber. This part of Sweden, and much of its surface, is also divided among small proprietors; and the country enjoys every physical capacity of supporting its inhabitants in greater comfort; yet it struck Mr Laing that the condition of the middle and lower class is worse even in this fertile tract of Sweden than in the adjoining parts of the sister kingdom—a fact which can only be explained by their social and political condition. He gives the following reasons, among others, for this alleged inferiority in Sweden:—

The trifles I judge from are these: the houses, out-houses, and all about them appear out of repair, as if they had been built twenty or thirty years ago, and never touched since; not one in twenty of the dwelling-houses of these places has ever been painted, which these wooden walls require. In Norway, every little estate not so large apparently, nor of so good soil in general as these, has the main house, barn, cow-house, and all the valuable offices painted red, often orange, pink, or some colour which says little for the good taste, but much for the good condition of the peasant, and for his spirit of conservation, keeping in order, and in a neat state, all his property. I observe that not one house has runs or water-spouts at the roof, and very few porches with benches at the door, for the house-father to sit on and smoke his pipe in the evening. No cottage in Norway is without these appendages. The windows here are broken, the dunghill is not under cover, the collars and bells about the necks of the favourite cows, to direct the cowherd to find the cattle in the woods, are not polished and bright as in Norway. There is a want here of those little outward signs and tokens of a spirit of comfort, of a disposition to have things in order, to repair and renew, from which I infer an inferior state of well-being among the rural population here. These are trifles; but they may indicate the condition of a peasantry as truly as more important circumstances. In this land of wood and iron, the roughness and imperfection of all workmanship in these materials, must strike the most unoberving. In the houses on the road at which travellers stop, and which being privileged, must belong to the more respectable of this class, the window and door frames are nailed to the walls with clumsy nails, of which the heads are not sunk into the wood, the floors and ceilings are boarded in the same rough way, the doors are without any handles, but the key on one side, and, on the other, a piece of clumsy iron to pull it open by, and no stoves, but only hearths in the common rooms. I infer from these circumstances, that many of the useful arts, and a taste for comfort and neatness, are but in a low state in this part of Sweden, notwithstanding the steamboats and book shops. My cariole wheels are very much admired wherever I stop; they are, no doubt, well made; but are such as in almost every country parish in Norway, are made by the wheelwright for two dollars. Bedsteads are universally used in Norway by the poorest people. They are clumsy, to be sure, not unlike sea-

men's chests in shape; but still they are moveables, having a value as furniture. They are taken out to the green before the door in summer, and washed and scoured, and the rugs or skins forming the bedding are hung out all day, as regularly as bedding on board a ship of war. Here the common people sleep in fixed berths in the wall, one tier above another, as in a ship's cabin. This can neither be so clean nor so decent; as, from the much smaller size of the dwellings, there are not always, as in Norway, separate sleeping apartments for men and women. These may be thought very unimportant matters of observation, but they indicate, I conceive, a different degree of development of civilized habits, and modes of living in two countries, under circumstances nearly alike—and shew, as in the comparative condition of the Scotch and the English people, that the best educated and most intelligent may have made the smallest advance in the habits and modes of living that denote civilization. There must be causes, altogether independent of education, which, in this richer and better educated country, keep back the development of those habits, as compared to its poorer and more ignorant neighbour.

The rickety, decayed condition of the grey, water-soaked, wooden houses, unpainted and unrepaired, and the disorder of everything in the house-yards, gave the impression of thriftlessness and reckless poverty.

It is the best in the country for many miles round, yet, in the course of thirty-five miles through this tract, I saw not one new house building, no repairs of the old houses going on, and the steadings and outbuildings very crazy. There is some cause for the want here of those outward signs of the well-being and prosperity of the country people. The wages of common country labour are much less than here in Norway—the only travellers, indeed, I met on the road, were labourers going to seek work in Norway. If labour sells at a lower price, it is evident that both the labourer and the persons who live by supplying the labourer, can abstract less of it from the simple necessities to bestow on the gratifications of life. But why are wages less in this richer country? Here are canals, steamboats, iron works, inland trade, and a great extent of land in cultivation in estates of all sizes, and towns to consume the produce. Why is the supply of labour greater here than the demand; while, Norway, with a few or none of those advantages, is under supplied? I can only conjecture that, from the division of property in Norway, few are so entirely unconnected with it, and totally destitute, that they must sell their labour at any price. From the want of competition for work at any price, labour is both dear and bad in Norway; while in Sweden, there is a greater supply of that class who must live by work, and execute it well to get employment. This is good for the class of employers in Sweden; but there must be some unseen pressure in the social arrangements of this country upon the lower class, for it is not a natural state of things, that where employment is most abundant, wages are lowest, and the labouring class worse off.

In Sweden there is a mode of travelling enforced by the government, which ranks among the worst oppressions under which the peasantry suffer. They are compelled, at all hours and seasons, to furnish horses to travellers at a very low rate—about a penny the English mile—and at whatever inconvenience to their most important agricultural operations. A similar system we believe, exists in Russia and some of the German States; but this does not lessen its hardship in Sweden. Mr Laing fancies that this arrangement has a considerable effect in retarding the prosperity of the country; and that the practice of the servants, and also the sons, and even daughters of the farmers being compelled to lounge about the station-houses, at all hours, waiting a call, or taking their regular turn of duty, has an injurious influence on morals. The

posting stations are called *Skyds houses*. The description of that at Orebro may give an idea of the state of the accommodations on the road. It is believed to be in much the same state as in the days of Gustavus Vasa.

It is built round a court-yard, in which horses, peasants, carts, boys, dogs, and travellers, with a few pigs, and servant girls half undressed for heat, and scudding to and from the kitchen, are mingled in glorious confusion. The bed-room, however, which I got, was much cleaner than I expected; but, for dinner, I was referred to another house, in which people keep food but not beds for travellers. Here you order a portion, according to a *card* or list of dishes; but, in country towns, the *card* seldom tells of more than three sorts of dishes, of which only one generally is of any sort of meat. If you want anything to drink, except it be anise brandy, or ale, which in general is very good, you must go to a third house, the Kallare or town's cellar, where you may get wine. Should you want a desert, you must go to a fourth, the conditor's or confectioner's, where you get pastry, coffee, and liqueurs. The Swede comes home at last to take his siesta, which all classes enjoy as regularly as in Spain or Italy at this season. The labouring people regularly sleep in the shade for an hour or two; and the middle classes go to bed after dinner during the summer.

The system of posting is evidently very oppressive. The rate paid for each horse is one-third of a dollar hence, or about 7d. sterling for the Swedish mile, equal to seven English. This is one-third less than is paid in Norway for the same distance; but neither rate can indemnify the husbandman for the loss of a day's work of horse and man, in seed-time or harvest. It is, besides, an infringement of the sacredness of property, to impress it against the owner's will, for the convenience of his fellow-subjects.

Private people of fortune, noblemen, or gentlemen not in trade or public office, do not reside in the towns. The mansion-houses of the gentry, which I have seen from the road, are large, and apparently all connected with large farms in the hands of the proprietors, the farm offices and ploughed land being close around the main dwelling, and generally an iron foundry close to it.

The Swedish nobles, when in foreign countries, boast of their constitution, and the ease and cheapness of posting in their own country; and both certainly "work well" for them.

Mr Laing has not failed to observe, what strikes every Scottish traveller, the similarity of the Swedish language to that spoken on the east coast of lowland Scotland. This similarity he accounts for by the received hypothesis of a common origin, and the circumstance of so many Scotch soldiers of fortune having repaired to Sweden in the wars of the sixteenth century, as well as from numerous Scotch travelling *merchants*, whom he most uncourtously terms *pedlars*, frequenting the great Swedish fairs. Many Scottish names are found among the Swedish nobility of the present day, such as Hamilton, Montgomerie, Seaton, Bruce, Murray, &c. In some points of traditionary and antiquarian lore, Mr Laing appears to partake largely of the scepticism of his family. The Saga themselves, the venerable and sacred Saga, he treats with as little deference and ceremony as ever his brother did Macpherson's poems of Ossian. We are not, however, disposed to enter into a controversy very shrewdly raised. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

A curious feature of Swedish political arrange-

ments is the *Indeldta* system of maintaining soldiers, originated by Gustavus Adolphus. Besides the regularly enlisted troops, and the conscription or land-defence, which may be called out when required, and which is regularly trained and exercised, there are the *Indeldta* troops, which, in numbers, quadruple what we should call the standing army, the royal guards, &c. The *Indeldta* troops are established in a sort of military colonies, and maintain their families by the produce of their little farms, which consist of crown lands. When absent on duty, they receive pay. Their officers have also houses and farms proportioned to their rank. On Sundays, the *Indeldta* soldiers of each parish are mustered under their officers, and there is what we should call a weapon-shaw. The seamen of the royal navy are supported in the same manner, by little farms on the coast; and the cavalry horses are provided and maintained by those who farm a certain quantity of land. The farmers, however, have the use of these war-steeds under certain restrictions, and are compensated for the time they are taken away from labour. Breaches of the contract to pay the farmers, occur frequently on the part of the Government, and was one of the greatest grievances of Sweden under Gustavus III., when the country was oppressed with conscriptions. Our traveller thinks that soldiers with wives and children, cabins, and cows, and pigs, may, in cases of merely national defence, be found quite as efficient as garrison-bred troops; and, as Sweden has no colonies, and no business whatever with continental or aggressive wars, that this kind of force, which helps to maintain itself, is quite as suitable. Near Westeraas, he remarks of these soldiers, and before he was acquainted with the system—

The best of the habitations of the lower class, are little farm-houses, with some land—enough to keep a family in bread, potatoes, and milk, which appear to be a kind of military colonization scattered over the country, each house having a shield affixed, with the name of the occupier, his regiment and company. These are not retreats for worn-out soldiers, the occupiers being fine young men with families.

At Westeraas he witnessed a striking and picturesque custom, whatever its moral effect may be, which was introduced by the great Protestant leader, Gustavus—

A company of soldiers, as I thought from their appearance, of the foot guards, marched into the town yesterday, and the captain and six men were billeted upon my landlord. They were remarkably fine-looking grenadiers, well dressed in white round jackets, with yellow epaulets, and blue trousers, and all their appointments seemed substantial, clean, and soldier-like. . . . Their evening parade upon the street before our door, struck me very much. After the roll was called, and the reports and orders delivered, the commanding-officer called one of the soldiers out of the ranks, it appeared to me without turn or selection, and the whole company taking off their caps at once, this man repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which they all sung a hymn very beautifully, and the parade was dismissed. This morning early, about two o'clock, the company mustered before the door again, to march to the next halting place before the heat of the day set in. Between sleeping and waking I heard the same service repeated—the Lord's Prayer and a morning hymn sung, before they marched off. The service was not hurried over. I lasted from fifteen

to twenty minutes, and was gone through as slowly and solemnly as in any religious meeting.

To the anomalous moral condition of Sweden, as brought out by statistical reports, we have already adverted, and have no wish to return to the important, though melancholy theme; so we shall, in preference, follow our tourist in his picturesque coasting voyage up the Gulf of Bothnia, and in his subsequent eccentric perambulations in the interior. He embarked at Stockholm in a nice-looking steam-vessel, which goes up the Gulf as far as Umea once a-fortnight, touching at all the intermediate ports, and which, once in the season, goes the length of Tornea, that the curious or sceptical may, with their own eyes, see the sun above the horizon at midnight. The scenery in the first part of the voyage is exceedingly beautiful, and, among the channels of the Aland isles and uninhabitable rocks, wild and unique. The coast scenery of the whole peninsula, the Skär-gård as it is called, differs from all other sea coasts. Gefle was the first place of note at which they halted. It is a thriving place, and is already of considerable maritime importance. It contains 8000 inhabitants. The houses have all gardens; and now, in July, peas and beans were in blossom. It was late, to be sure, but still they were coming, and better things were present.

The common people appear well off in this town; they keep cows, and goats, and have a considerable extent, for the size of the town, of adjoining land cultivated in garden husbandry. These are advantages of great weight in a poor household. The people evidently have employment in this town; and several large vessels on the stocks show that this place is thriving. After discharging a great deal of goods, our vessel proceeded through the same maze of islets, and, towards sunset, went up a long and beautiful sound or inlet for several miles, and stopped for the night near a little town called Sodrenhamu. We take fire-wood on board at those halting-places; coals are more expensive than wood in this quarter.

A very important fishery is carried on here—namely, the *Stromming* fishery—to which all the coast towns owe not a little of their rising prosperity. The *stromming* is a very delicate fish, about the size of a sprat, and is cured like the herring. A barrel of salted *stromming* is considered a necessary in every household on the coast, and over all Finland and the north of Russia. The natural craving for salt, in places where it is scarce, and very dear, is thus gratified, while a relishing article of food is obtained. From the troublesome navigation of the narrow sounds and islet channels of this coast, it is often necessary for the steamers to halt, especially if fogs come on to make night where otherwise at this season there would be no darkness. The steam-vessel accordingly halted at Hernosand, and put on shore the bishop, who had been a passenger from Stockholm.

In all the places we touched at, the people shewed a respect and interest which only a good man in any station could receive; for it was voluntary, and from all ranks of people, not merely from the clergy who came to wait on him. Bishop Frantzen is one of the most distinguished poets this country has produced. He asked me to pay him a visit on my way back. I wonder if ever an English bishop asked a Swedish traveller whom he met in a steamboat, to visit him? Yet, in talent and

social influence, our bench of bishops can certainly produce no individual equal to the Bishop of Hernosand. The rest of our passengers are gentlemen in business, one or two students from Upsala, and two German shipmasters going to purchase a vessel.

It does one good to hear of so apostle-like a bishop, were it but for the rarity of the character. One more snatch of manners is thus given as the traveller touched on Umea.

Last night, before the gale came on, we sat on deck; and a lady, who in any country would have been called beautiful, played the guitar, and sang Italian airs as we glided over the smooth sea in the evening sunbeams. Can this be the road to Lapland, I thought, or am I coasting on the Adriatic? It is rather ridiculous, when we consider on the spot the false impressions which travellers give us of distant places—innocently, no doubt, because these are their real impressions received in an excited state of mind. This Umea, and all the towns I have passed, are, in sober reality, very like our own coast-side towns of the same population. The people earn their living in the same way, by the fisheries, the trade of ship building, and the supplying the neighbouring country with ware. The people are clad in the same way—the peasantry very like our own Scotch country people. In some respects the difference appears to me in favour of the little towns here. They are more open and airy, the streets better paved and cleaner; the houses more roomy and nice, the meanest with window-curtains and blinds, and flower-pots in the windows, and much better washed and scoured. The inns are better. I am here in a more comfortable, cleaner house, than any of our smaller towns in the north of Scotland, excepting, perhaps, Inverness, can boast of. In this little town of 1100 inhabitants, at the distance of 470 miles from the capital, there are two booksellers' shops, in which I found a good stock of modern books, among others the "Life of Columbus," by Washington Irving, in English. All the comforts, conveniences, and, to judge by the appearance of the ladies and gentlemen, the elegancies of a refined life, are to be found in as great abundance as in our small towns, and perhaps even extending lower in society, from the daily mode of living being less costly. In the appearance or habits of the people, there is nothing to give you the idea of ignorance, rawness, or a low state of manners. There is nothing of Lapland here, except, perhaps, in the food. I had seen *graf lax*, that is, rough salmon, or, in other words, raw salmon, on the carte of a restaurateur in Stockholm; and, seeing other people eat it with relish, I called for a portion of it too, but could not bring myself to swallow a slice of raw fish. Here it was put down for breakfast, along with slices of smoked salmon, and slices of smoked reindeer flesh; but none of these articles had ever been on the fire. The two German shipmasters breakfasted at the same time, but could make nothing of these raw materials. I determined to try, since such is the food of the country—and I must live like the people of the country to know how they live—and with oil, vinegar, and pimento, which is used here instead of black pepper, I found *graf lax*, not a bad a thing. I can understand that a taste for it may be readily acquired. . . . Dinner was well dressed; and, except that custard over the spinage is not our way of using these eatables, presented nothing different from Stockholm. The linen, beds, and every article in the household being clean, nice, and in order, the servant girls very neatly dressed, and the kitchen as nice and bright as in any English house, the difference between this town and the chief towns, for instance, of Ross-shire or Caithness, in the comforts or refinements of civilised life, do not strike me as marking any balance against the capital of Umea Lapmark.

Steam navigation has already conferred immense benefits on this coast. Where a sailing vessel could formerly make only three voyages in the year from Umea to the Baltic, people now get all they want once a fortnight by steam.

This is the frontier capital of those scattered colonies, consisting of people from the more southern parts of Sweden, who have formed numerous settlements in the wilds and forests of Lapmark. Mr Laing resolved to visit those remote and solitary clearings, as far as he could find a road through the forests. He went first to Degersfors, a town of about 1200 inhabitants, and afterwards inspected several of the insulated clearings in remoter spots in the woods. The settlers seem in much the same condition as those in the worst parts of Upper Canada, or of Nova Scotia, but one to which a very inferior soil and climate denies the hope of that improvement which must take place in America. Amidst the general poverty, the log-cabins of the settlers were clean, which can hardly be affirmed of the *shanties* of the Scotch and Irish emigrants in Canada; and those who had been here for some time were drawing comforts around them. It is the custom of this thinly-populated region for travellers to stay at the *manse* or parsonage when one is to be found; but, as our traveller wished to remain for some days, instead of throwing himself upon the hospitality of the clergyman, he found lodgings with one of the settlers; where he obtained milk and fish, and "everything remarkably clean." The settlers manufacture saltpetre, which is received by the government in payment of the direct taxes levied on all the Swedish peasantry. They also make potash; and tar promises to become an important article of manufacture were restrictions once abolished and roads opened. Mr Laing gives an account of the process. The labour of transporting the barrels of tar out of the forest to the river side is at present a great and serious drawback on this branch of industry: and tarmaking is therefore at present a very poor trade. Flax and hemp are grown on most of the farms, and spinning-wheels and looms for weaving the woollen and linen clothing of the family, are found in every cottage in the north of Sweden. There follows on this information some sound remarks on national economy.

The rule in every family in Sweden, high or low, is to do as much as possible by household industry, without going to market. It is impossible that trade or manufactures can be in any very flourishing state, where, from habit, want of money, and distance from towns, this has become the prevailing mode of living. People only buy what they cannot possibly exist without, and cannot make any substitute for themselves—and these are but few articles. It is quite as necessary to train a people to consume as to manufacture, to exchange rapidly industry for industry. The want of this home market, in which a man can sell his own products, and buy such as he requires, and the want of any desire to do so, are the natural consequences of the selling and buying being restricted to privileged persons and places. A people in this state never can make any advance of importance in trade or manufacture; and Sweden is in this state.

It was while at Degersfors that Mr Laing discovered those out-door worshippers, forming the germ of religious dissent in Sweden, whom we have already noticed. To these poor settlers he gave some useful lessons in fly-fishing. Though their living depends so much on fishing, their apparatus is exceedingly rude and ill-con-

structed. Mr Laing says they are behind the Highlanders in their fishing-tackle; but they seem even behind the despised aborigines of Australia. They were quite delighted with their own success when practising Mr Laing's mode, and will doubtless long remember their benevolent instructor. The poorest of the new settlers had no other bread than that made of bark-meal; but it is probable that their small crops might, by the end of July, when Mr Laing visited them, have been exhausted. Those who have rye use half and half, and the bread of mixed rye and ground bark is far from being uneatable. "The ruddy cheeks of the country girls prove that it is no unwholesome food, qualified, no doubt, as it is, with plenty of milk and butter, and hard work." A thin-skinned, fine-haired, delicate, small-boned animal like the Alderney cow, either white, or dun and white, is the cow of this cold region. It is a finer breed than any Mr Laing saw in his over-land journey back to Stockholm, and the cows were also good milkers.

The population of these Lapland parishes has increased rapidly of late, in consequence of emigration. The land is ceded by the Government on easy terms; but our traveller believes little advance can be made towards prosperity, here or elsewhere, until the system of exclusive privilege in trade and dealing, be abolished all over the kingdom, and the drudges in the manufacture of tar, saltpetre, and potash for the benefit of the privileged mercantile class, the kings of the country, are free to labour for themselves, and able to secure the whole fruits of their industry. Provision is made by the state for the education and religious instruction of the people; but, among a population so poor and scattered, it is necessarily scanty. Every third Sunday is observed with more solemnity than the others; and, as the worshippers have to travel very far to church, they also very naturally transact their secular business before or after service. There are booths around all the churches for the shelter of the horses and the accommodation of the people; and, bringing fodder for their horses, and provisions along with them, they make themselves at home. The law of Charles XI., which makes it imperative on the clergy to have every Swedish subject taught to read, and that which prevents every man and woman from marrying who has not taken the Lord's Supper, and from communicating until they can read and are instructed in their religious creed, has kept up education even in these wildernesses. Besides the fixed and ambulatory schools of these wide parishes, children are taught at home by their parents. Laestadius, the missionary already mentioned, was the son of one of those poor and lonely settlers in the forest, placed at forty miles distance from any other habitation:—

"Yet, with all their poverty," he says, "and all their striving for the most pressing necessities of life, our parents never forgot or put off the teaching us to read. Before we could well speak, our father taught us our prayers; and these were the first thing in the morning and the last at night. Our mother spared no pains to teach us to read in a book; and at five years of age, I

could read any Swedish book, and at six could give reasonable answers to questions on the head points of Christianity." This, too, was the house life of the poorest of the poor among new settlers; for fish, the making glue from the reindeer's horns they could gather, and a little dairy produce, were all the means of subsistence which the parents of Petrus Laestadius had. I find, from the same interesting work, that here in Norland, learning is held in such respect, that students, who have concluded their course of education at the Gymnasium in Hernösand, but want means to follow out their studies at the university, receive recommendations from the consistory, and a permission to collect a viaticum for themselves within certain parishes; "and every peasant thinks it a duty to give them something, generally twelve skilling; and the poor scholar will thus collect from 300 to 700 dollars." These are curious traits of ancient manners—

—And of existing manners likewise. These students are exactly the same as the hedge-scholars which form the great body of the priests and schoolmasters of the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Returning to Umeå, Mr Laing began to set his face towards the more civilized regions. The farther behind he left Umeå, the more the soil improved, and the growth of the trees became more luxuriant. The country was again not a forest, but one of ridges and cultivated hollows, occupied by little lakes, sometimes connected with narrow arms or sounds of the Baltic. He was now in Angermanland, which somewhat resembles a primitive manufacturing district in England. The loom was heard going in every house, and the banks of every rivulet had webs of linen spread on them to bleach. The manufactures are entirely domestic; the whole is carried on upon the little farm on which the flax is grown, and is managed by the females of the family, save the ploughing and the sowing of the flax seed:—

It is not, however, confined to linen for household use, or for the family clothing. The linen is sold all over the kingdom; and at one little inn, Borsta, there was a table laid out, as we sometimes see in manufacturing districts in England, with products of the place. I was shewn linen which appeared remarkably fine, at one dollar forty skillings per ell, about three shillings sterling, and was told the whole piece of seventy-seven ells weighed only eight pounds. . . . The people of these two countries, north and south Angermanland, seem to unite, on a small scale, all the advantages of a manufacturing and agricultural population, more fully than any district I have ever seen. *The land is all in small estates in the possession of the peasants. The men do the farm business: the women are driving a not less profitable branch of industry.* There is full employment at the loom or in spinning, for old and young of the female sex. Servants are no burden. About the houses and inside, there is all the cleanliness and neatness of a thriving manufacturing, and the abundance of an agricultural population. The table linen laid down even for our glass of milk and piece of bread, is always clean; the beds and sheets always nice and white. Everybody is well clad, for their manufacturing is like their farming—for their own use in the first place, and the surplus, only as a secondary object, for sale; and, from the number of little nick-nacks in their households, such as good tables and chairs, window-curtains and blinds—which no hut is without—clocks, fine bedding, papered rooms, and a few books, it is evident that they lay out their winnings on their comforts, and that they are not on a low scale of social well-being, but on as high a scale as such of our artisans as have a clear view of constant living by their trades. This is Sweden. It is

here in the northern provinces, that what a country may justly be proud of, is realized.

This is the character of manufactures in which the moralist and the philanthropist delight—this natural union of agriculture with the congenial branches of domestic industry. Mr Laing hopes that the spinning-mill and power-loom might not deteriorate the condition of this happily-situated manufacturing and agricultural population. We look back to certain parts of Lancashire and Cheshire, and other English counties, only half a century since, and tremble at the idea of change in Angermanland. This appears the best part of Sweden for the lower and middle class. As the traveller proceeds southward, their condition deteriorates, and domestic manufactures, with a surplus for sale, are much less frequent. The houses are also inferior, the fences ragged, the roads or paths in the hamlets bad and dirty; yet a certain rude plenty in the mode of living approximates the peasantry here to those of Norway. "Five meals a-day are regularly taken, even by those using bark meal. Fish, meat, cheese, milk, and gruel—that is, meal with milk, or with meat-soup, (not meal-and-water gruel)—are the articles of diet. Dried rein-deer meat, smoked salmon, mutton, and game are the solid articles of food." The mid-day sleep is as regularly taken by all ranks at this season as in Spain or Italy. But the mid-day sleep was, not very long ago, the practice of the agricultural parts of England. Crabbe gives an amusing account of the domestic life of a primitive family of proprietors in Suffolk or Norfolk, (we forget which,) with whom he was connected, where, after the hall was swept and the fires made up, on the conclusion of the noon-day meal or dinner, mistress, master, and servant retired for an hour to bed!—after which the lord of the manor—for it was a manor-house—resorted to his cool tankard and pipe, and the females recommenced their domestic occupations.

Mr Laing notes a trait of national manners very characteristic of the two countries, in which he travelled: the one free, hearty, and independent; the other polished by a court extending its influence to the lowest grades of society. The boys who take back the horses used by travellers in posting, receive a small gratuity—

If you pay the Norwegian boy a little more than he expects, he hawls out *Tak! Tak!* (thanks, thanks) like the clapping together of two deal boards; seizes your hand, and gives it a squeeze and hearty shake, which makes your bones ache; the Swedish sighs out his *Tak omdyggest* (thanks most humbly) kisses the back of your hand, and retires, making his obeisances with a grace which many a country gentleman at Queen Victoria's court might envy. In Norway, if you give a penny to a child, or alms to a beggar, you can scarcely get off without a shake of the hand: the more polished Swede kisses your sleeve or the skirt of your coat. You always get clean sheets and nice bedding at the poorest inn in Sweden; and our road-side inns in Scotland, even in the south, in many burgh towns, are not to be compared to the Swedish. At this season strawberries and milk, eggs, fish, raw salmon, which you may get roasted for your own eating, are to be found every where, and excellent coffee; but the fare generally is scanty, and travellers who are particular, should bring a provision basket with them, well stocked. The *gæstgäfvärd*, which formidable

word is expressed by our three letters—*inn*, has generally a separate building for lodging the guests in, apart from the family house, and which, like a manse, is built by the parish. The innkeeper is a kind of public parish officer, having jurisdiction in disputes about post horses, turns of duty, and so on; and must keep regular lists of these, which are inspected and countersigned by the local functionaries once a month. He is also authorized to examine the passports of all travellers, and must enter them in his day-book. Sweden has all the trammels of the French system of passports, upon the internal communications of the natives. The artisan and labouring man cannot move from one place to another without passports and waste of time.

Travelling over so much of the scene of the wanderings of Gustavus Vasa—over a country as remarkable in the history of Sweden as are Banckburn and Culloden, or the isles and fastnesses where Bruce and Charles Edward found shelter, in Scottish story—gives rise to long historical reminiscences, and to speculations, to which we cannot advert, contented with the following description of the brave and loyal Dalecarlians, which is both interesting and instructive:—

The Dalecarlians—the men of the dales and valleys—take the same place in the Swedish population, that the mountaineers or Highlanders do in other countries. They are the most simple, hardy, and unchanged in their mode of living. The dales or valleys are the two great river-basins, with the many side branches of the Vesterdal and Osterdal rivers, which unite in the neighbourhood of Fahlun, and form one called Dal river, running into the sea at Elvcarleby, about ten miles south of Gefle. The family of valleys, straths, glens, dales, might perhaps be divided with advantage into two classes—those formed and divided from each other by parallel ridges of mountains or connected hills, and those which are depressions in a table land, without any ridges of mountains, and independent of them. The Dals are of this character. Unlike towards the Norwegian Fjelde, no chains of mountain elevations divide the branches of the Dal river from each other, or the Clar river on one side, and the J.ynne on the other. This land of valleys is inhabited by a people, in number 133,895 individuals, who retain much of the ancient simplicity of manners, mode of living, and dress. The Dalecarle still thinks himself, as our Highlanders do, of a superior caste, and adheres proudly to his white wadmal coat, his breeches with huge buttons and knee buckles; his hose gartered below the knee; and his wife to her red stockings, high-heeled shoes, and yellow cap. Every parish or dale, however, has some peculiar colour or stripe, but all the women use this shoe with a high-heel or prop under the hinder part of the foot. It has given them a peculiar kind of gait, from the back sinews not being so much exerted, and the fore sinews more. When they are walking barefoot at this season, they bring the fore part of the foot first to the ground, as soldiers of old used to be drilled in vain to do. I can distinguish a Dal woman walking barefoot by her gait. It is an evil attending this adherence to their ancient dress, dwellings, and modes of living, that they have acquired no tastes or habits counteracting the tendency to over-multiplication; no expensive wants, rendering marriage incompatible with habitual gratifications, or with social standing. They have, from want of these checks, married and multiplied, and divided their little properties, to an extent similar to what, from the same cause, takes place among tenantry in Ireland. Government, under different reigns, has attempted to check this subdivision of property, by laws establishing a minimum; but such an arbitrary interference with the rights of property of course has failed, for what law can come between buyer and seller, or parents and children, in family arrangements? If government had elevated the tastes and habits of the people, by giving them free access to the objects of expensive gratification (by a free trade,) the checks to a too minute subdivision of property, would

have been implanted in the people themselves. People accustomed to cotton and linen, would not marry to be clothed in wadmal, or to beget children who are thought suitably clothed in a sheep-skin, with the wool inwards. The contrast between this people and the Norlanders, the people of Angermanland, is very striking and instructive. Both are, in general, proprietors of the land they live on; but the latter, probably from living nearer to the sea coast and the small towns which supply their wants, have acquired those tastes and demands for objects of luxury, or rather civilisation, which prevent their subdividing their lands into portions too small for a subsistence, according to their ideas of what is necessary for a family. There is no over-multiplication in the north, because the most indigent household must have a house of two or three rooms, a good bed, linen, a kitchen, with several copper vessels, and plates and dishes, a clock, a loom, and many other articles which cannot be gathered together without time and money, and without which, people, according to their ideas, could not set up as married housekeepers. Here the ancient frugality keeps the people to the ancient simple wants of what will satisfy the cravings of nature for food and warmth. A single room hut, a slip of land, a few goats, and the ancient dress, the finery inherited perhaps from former generations, satisfy these. They are not worse off in their squalor than their neighbours; their forefathers lived so. On these therefore, as on a sufficiency, they marry, and multiply and deteriorate. A royal proclamation, or edict, of 1827, fixed a minimum for the subdivision of estates, by ordering that each distinct possession should be sufficient for the maintenance of three working people, reckoning for that an extent equal to foddering, summer and winter, one horse or a pair of draught oxen, three or four cows, and five or six sheep or goats. Experience has proved, that from nine to fifteen tunneland, or seven one-third to twelve one-third imperial acres, would be the average size of such lots. But the Dalecarlians had a special permission from Charles IX. to divide their lands as they pleased. It would be dangerous to tamper with the ancient rights or prejudices of such a people, and besides, however well meant, such an interference of a government with the rights of owners to sell their properties in such parcels as they please, is opposed to all principle, might be adopted in Turkey, or in France before the Revolution, but is a century behind the spirit of our times, even in the most absolute kingdoms. . . .

The valleys—*Dalarne*—is a name applied to this district of country, as appropriately as the Highlands with us, to a district of an opposite description. The tract from Fahlun to the little town Hudemora, is a chain of small valleys, or depressions in the ground, filled in the bottom generally with a little lake, and divided from each other only by gentle elevations, and very frequently by those sandy aases, which I have before mentioned, running across them. The houses and soil improve, and properties apparently are much larger the lower down the country I come. High up in the valley-country there is unusual distress, as the crops for seven years successively, have been very scanty all over Sweden, and in the northern districts and these high above the sea level, have been total failures. On the roads, one meets little children of six or seven years of age apparently, from their starved and stunted growth, carrying bundles on their backs, and seeking a living for themselves, with hunger in their looks. I have met to-day, ten or twelve families of these primitive looking Dalecarlians in their white woollen clothing and slouched hats—their dress resembling, and perhaps originally copied from, that of the monks and nuns—some with carts conveying the old people and their goods, emigrating to the coast side, to buy or beg their bread, until their crops at home are ripe. These people are not habitually beggars, nor do they ever ask for charity. They are, on the contrary, very ingenious workmen, and many of the peasantry carry about basket-work, garden tools, wooden clocks, and even watches of their own making, for sale, and in this way earn a living for the summer half-year, when the crops of their own little patches of land do not suffice to keep them. The restraints upon the exercise of trades and sale of wares

press heavily upon these people, whose wandering traffic in summer is absolutely necessary for their subsistence, as their portions of land could not keep them all the year round. It is winked at by the authorities, as a matter of necessity, and complained of by the privileged tradesmen and dealers, as inroads upon their rights and means of living.

The press is under a rigid censorship in Sweden, and the government is perpetually and capriciously interfering with it; while the editors, upheld by public opinion, are dexterous in eluding its mandates. Mr Laing found the inhabitants of Gefle in great excitement on his return there, from their newspaper having been suppressed. This was attended with serious inconvenience to advertisers, or it might not have been so much heeded. The only effect of the suppression was the editor sending round a humorous card, at the usual time of delivery of the paper, announcing the death of his first-born, and recommending his second paper under a new name. In Stockholm there is now in circulation the "Twenty-fifth Aftonblad," twenty-four having been suppressed. These petty skirmishes and feuds, in which the government is sure to be beaten in the long-run, are inconceivably silly; for there is, in fact, much more difficulty in commencing a newspaper in this country, where the press is said to be free, than in Sweden. The giving in the names of every proprietor, and the security to be found to the Stamp-Office, are all so many heavy obstructions to publication, which we owe to the Pitt period. On reaching Stockholm, it was found in yet greater excitement, in consequence of the rigorous prosecution of Mr Crusentolphe—a gentleman connected with the press—for the publication of a pamphlet in which he betrayed an attempt which had been made by the Government to purchase his silence. He made other accusations against the Ministers, and it was held that to asperse the Council was to asperse the King! He was tried by a packed jury, and condemned to three years' imprisonment in a fortress. Yet Berzelius, the celebrated Swedish chemist, was on this jury; and Mr Laing hopes that the law only may be bad, and that the case was fairly tried. But the general impression was, that Mr Crusentolphe had suffered gross injustice under legal forms; and, in consequence, a great assemblage of well-dressed people, of the middle class, attended him on his committal to prison; and, by their cheers, testified their disapprobation of the sentence and the Government. There was considerable agitation. The windows of the minister of public justice were broken by the people; and, on the other hand, cannon were planted in the streets, the palace was protected by troops, patrols were everywhere in motion, and cavalry was posted in the squares, and other places, as if a general insurrection had been apprehended. And this in a quiet capital of only 80,000 people! Mr Laing imagined this much-ado-about-nothing a *ruse* of the Government, to create alarm, to excite sympathy, and to produce a display of loyal feelings, by an affected demonstration of fear.

From Stockholm, the traveller visited one of the most interesting points in the past history of European civilization, and one which may probably again become of nearly equal importance—the island of Gothland. He went in a small steam-vessel, and was two days of reaching the dilapidated, but ever-interesting town of Wisby—"a city of the middle ages," and the mother of the Hanseatic towns. The appearance, from the sea, of this ruinous northern Tyre is very striking, from the numerous remains of churches, and other ancient structures, huddled together in a very small space. The tourist remarks—

I counted thirty-five towers, spires, or prominent ruins. On landing, the aspect is equally novel. Ancient streets, well paved, cross each other in all directions, and the causeway-work, with two or three parallel bands, or stripes of larger paving stones, running lengthwise through the streets, looks ornamental, or at least regular. I have seen such paving about some cathedral in England. The houses on each side of these ancient streets, are in general poor cabins, with gardens, potato-ground, and corn crops, all huddled together, among ruins of churches of very extraordinary beauty and workmanship, and, as ruins, in very picturesque preservation. The whole city is surrounded by its ancient wall, with towers—square, octagonal, and round, as they stood in the thirteenth century, and with very little demolition. The wall is entire, and above thirty feet high, for the greater part, and is in no place demolished. Of forty-five towers upon it, the greater part are entire; some are roofed in, and used as magazines, a prison, storehouses, or workshops.

This curious city (which might accommodate within its area and along its paved streets 30,000 or 40,000 people) contains at present only 4,268 inhabitants, badly lodged in little tenements, under edifices of great cost and magnificence, which the former inhabitants reared with the superfluity of their wealth. You scarcely see a human being moving in streets once crowded with the wealthiest merchants of all countries. In the earlier part of the middle ages, and before the Hans towns were heard of, Wisby had long been the great emporium of commerce in the north of Europe: the market, in which the productions, even of the East, brought by caravans to Novgorod and across the Baltic, met the furs and metals of the north, and the buyers of the south of Europe.

Wisby was, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, (two hundred years before the establishment of the Hanseatic league, in 1241,) one of the most important commercial cities in Europe. Its mercantile laws were regarded as the most perfect, and they were transferred to France by Saint Louis, whose code of the Isle of Oleron was copied from the constitutions of Wisby; and these contain the principles of maritime, mercantile, and international law, as now adopted in all civilized countries. Wisby had a population of 12,000 burghesses, besides labourers, tradesmen, women and children, in the thirteenth century. The foreigners in the eleventh century were so numerous, that each nation had its own church and house of assembly.

Wisby declined as Lubeck gradually became the seat of the Hanseatic power. It was stormed and sacked, in 1361, by Waldemar of Denmark, and afterwards became alternately the prey of the Lubeckers and Danes, until it formed, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the robber-nest of Eric, the expelled King of Sweden. The churches are described as the most interesting Gothic edifices in Europe; and Wisby is pronounced the Rome of those who would study Gothic architecture in its purity. The island of Gothland is a table of limestone, between 80 and 150 feet above the sea level, 77 miles in length, and 35 in breadth. The population is about

40,000, spiritually taught by 93 clergymen; and, in this detached or isolated community, morals are in as low a condition as in the continental part of the kingdom. In 1837, one person in every 277 of these happy islanders had been condemned for some offence; and 84 out of the 147 condemned were convicted, for what, in any civilized country, would be punished as moral offences, or one in every 484 persons of the whole population; and, of these, 41 were convicted of crimes of great moral turpitude. This is certainly a much higher average than in any part of Great Britain, or even in poor Ireland; and Mr Laing returns to his former charge, or to his solution of the difficulty, and again avers—

That bad government, bad legislation, bad social arrangements, are the great demoralizing agents in human society; that drunkenness and ignorance are but secondary causes—often effects as well as causes, of a low moral sense—and that there is gross inconsistency in the conduct of the many sincere and good men, who wish to diminish immorality and crime, yet oppose all reform or change in political or social institutions.

In Sweden he had previously contended, that one main cause of crime was

To be looked for in the great pressure of the upper privileged classes upon the time, labour, and property of the lower; in the servile condition, in a word, of the mass of the population. Their low civil condition—their state of restriction and pupillage, in all that relates to the free use and enjoyment of their industry and property—works out of a low moral condition, which even religious knowledge and education cannot elevate. If this suggestion be correct, it brings out, in a clear light, the true value of reform in civil institutions, and of giving every man in a community, his just and natural political rights, where these have been invaded and appropriated by fictitious divisions, classes, and social arrangements of darker ages, as the only foundations for a truly religious and moral condition of society: it shows the intimate connection between morals and politics, and that the principles which are called liberal or radical, are closely united with the cause of religion and morality, and their influences upon human conduct; and that the many pious and good men, who boast themselves conservative in all existing establishments, and opposed to the principles of reform, are involved in a contradiction, are upholding social arrangements which render the diffusion of knowledge and religion among mankind altogether nugatory. It is clearly no defect in the physical condition of the Swedish people, that produces this extraordinary moral state. It is a defect in their civil and political condition. Compared to the cottier or labourer in Scotland, the Swedish peasant is better provided with physical comforts: he is far better lodged, better fed; his access to fuel and food better in general; but his property can scarcely be called his own; he has it nominally, and has it not really, for it is withdrawn from him by exactions, of so old standing, and so involved with rights of great classes in the community, that, like our tithes, they have become a property. He has no freedom of mind, no power of dissent in religious opinion from the established church; because, although toleration nominally exists, a man not baptized, confirmed, and instructed by the clergyman of the establishment, could not communicate in the established church, and could not marry, or hold office, or exercise any act of majority as a citizen; would, in short, be an outlaw: he has no freedom of action, for the system of passports, as it existed in France after the conscription was established, as a necessary branch of that system for preventing the escape of conscripts, is, together with the conscription, established over Sweden in full force.

They are subject to corporal chastisement from their masters, for negligence in their duty; and this house discipline is sanctioned by law (5 cap. 14, *Hundels*

Balk), of the present reign. It reduces this class to the state of serfs, who may be cudgelled at pleasure.

The condition of married agricultural labourers is very inferior to that of the Norwegian housemen; yet they are, in point of mere food and shelter, as well off as the agricultural labourers of Great Britain, or better, allowing for the difference in the established standard of living in this country. "It is," concludes Mr Laing, after having elaborately dissected their social condition—

It is evidently not owing to any defect or inferiority in their physical condition, in their food or comforts, but in their civil condition, in their want of self-respect, from the want of self-direction, and of equal law, under a meddling and arbitrary system of government, that this mass of the population is demoralized. These two classes of labourers pay a direct tax to the state, a poll-tax on each male and female above seventeen years of age. The torpare's landlords have to pay the taxes affecting their portions of land, as part of the *hemmans*, but reckon with them for it; and all have to pay the various dues to the clergy and parish functionaries, and are subject to the very onerous conscription, or military exercise during the summer, to the able-bodied men, which is a grievous tax upon the time of the labouring class, and from the system of passports, necessarily connected with it, an impediment to the free circulation of labour. The corn-laws also press severely on this class. It is a fixed duty on corn imported, and therefore upon a sound principle; but the rapacity of government and the class of landowners have fixed it one-half too high, so that when crops fail, government is obliged suddenly to reduce the duty. In consequence of this frequent interference, the merchant is afraid to import a stock of grain, when prices are moderate; and the country has, therefore, to pay the alarm price. Grain, for instance, has been this year about three times the average price, or twenty-one dollars for what usually costs seven dollars. It has now, before any new grain can be in the market, fallen to fourteen dollars. With a more moderate duty, requiring no abatement, and a steady adherence of government to it, the country would have been supplied ever since last crop, at or under fourteen dollars, instead of paying one-third more to the foreign merchant.

The elective system in Sweden, and the Constitution of the different Chambers of the Diet, is vicious in the extreme. The clergy, who form one Chamber of the Diet—elected by themselves, from their own body—are declared, notwithstanding their dependence on court-favour, for appointments and provision for their families, to be the most independent of the four Chambers. Poverty prevents many of the nobility from attending the Diet at all. One of their many privileges is exemption from taxes, which, in the land-tax alone, throws a burden of from 54 to 225 per cent. on the taxed lands. This gross abuse has been extended by the pretended remedy, which leaves all formerly privileged lands exempt from the impost, although the purchasers should not be noble.

The last Chamber of Burgesses consisted of 47 members—of whom 15 were burgomasters, appointed such by the crown; 10 counsellors; and 4 counsellors of commerce, all under the influence of the crown. But, of the entire Diet, in its four Chambers—consisting of 718 members—no more than 18 in the house of nobles, 25 in the house of burgesses, and 122 in the house of peasants, were not visibly connected by office with the executive, or the court. This is quite

conclusive. The house of nobility represents about 13,000 persons, and property valued at 75,000,000 of dollars; the house of clergy, 14,000 persons, and 1,000,000 of dollars; the house of burgesses, about 66,000 individuals, and about 35,000,000 of dollars. Yet these three Chambers have each as much influence as the house of the people, representing 2,000,000 of a population, and 175,000,000 of dollars. Another class—described as people of condition, not nobles, nor yet burgesses, but amounting to 72,417 persons, having property taxed for 59,000,000 of dollars—are not represented at all. Upon the whole, it does not appear that the Swedish representative system need be the envy of surrounding nations. The constitution abounds in those beautiful counter-movements denominated *checks*. There is a plentiful supply of the means of justice in Sweden; and Mr Laing believes that, however faulty the system of legislation may be, the machinery for its administration has much in it to be commended. We find here a complaint which is becoming frequent in countries nearer home. The alienation of Finland has lessened the business of the courts; and, as the same number of individuals have to live by the profession, forms and writings are needlessly multiplied, under the appearance of doing something, by those who, failing of business, want bread. But much ado about nothing naturally pervades all the public departments of a country which has so many noble and semi-noble cormorants to feed. To return to Gothland, Mr Laing predicts that—

This island will some day be considered the most important political point in the north of Europe. From its geographical position, it is a padlock upon the gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, which, in the hands of an effective power, would lock up the Russian navy as in a pond, and secure the free navigation of the Baltic.

Much sagacious political speculation follows, and is wound up by the assertion that Russia will speedily possess herself of this important outpost, to which seizure the Gothlanders may not be very averse. The climate of this island is remarkably mild. In favourable seasons and situations, the grape, the white mulberry, and the walnut ripens; and the winter is of short duration. Land is very cheap; and could foreigners be assured about the tranquillity of the island, and who are to be its future lords, agricultural emigrants might be tempted to settle in Gothland. Mr Laing visited one farm on sale, consisting of 854 acres of good land—much of it, however, not yet cleared of wood—of which the price was £580 sterling. Another, of 367 English acres—40 of them fine loam, producing wheat and rye, six returns; 50, in natural grass for hay; 120, in three fields, for pasturage; and 150 underwood, giving fuel and fences—was valued at £375. There were suitable and convenient farm and cotter houses on these estates. Another farm, with the houses not so good, was valued at £200. These farms are situated only a few miles from the town. Cattle, horses, and wages are proportionably cheap.

There may be persons who will like to im-

pute the low morality of the Gothlanders to the following circumstance. The church tithe is not here paid to the Crown, but directly to the clergyman, and always reasonably settled; for this good reason, that the parishioners are entitled to choose one of three candidates sent them by the consistory; and it is a fixed custom to elect him who bargains to be the most moderate in his future demands! One can hardly blame the tithe-payers.

Mr Laing spent the winter of 1836, and great part of the year 1837, in Christiania; and, at the end of his Swedish tour, he returns, in idea, to Norway, the land of his love and admiration, to conclude his work. He may like Norway all the better for so closely resembling Scotland in the appearance, manners, and dress of the higher orders. Save the absence of the marble chimney-piece, the cheerful, open fire, and the bright-coloured hearth-rug and carpet, a traveller, he says—

Transported by the fairies some fine winter night across the north sea, from an evening party in Prince's Street, in Edinburgh, to one in Prindsen's Gade in Christiania, would scarcely know, if he had caught cold enough in his flight to be deaf to the difference of language, that he had changed the scene.

Perhaps the description of the condition of the middle and lower classes in Christiania, in which, we regret to say, no such striking similarity with the Scotch exists, will be as pleasing to our readers as the spectacle of their enjoyment was delightful to the traveller:—

Their tastes and social enjoyments come close up to those of the higher classes, and are the same in kind. Visiting each other, drawing, music, cards, assemblies, do not, either in England or Scotland, enter into the usual social enjoyments of our lower or even middle class; there is neither time or reliab for them in the poor man's family, nor even in the thriving man's. But here all follow these enjoyments from taste; these classes have their public balls, entertainments, and even masquerades. With us, such meetings of the lower orders would be scenes of tumult and riot, frequented only by the idle and profligate; the peace-officer would, in the end, be the master of the ceremonies. Here young persons of both sexes, of unblemished reputation, belonging to the middle and lower classes, frequent them as freely and innocently as those of the higher class do their public entertainments; decorum and propriety are as strictly observed, and improper characters are carefully excluded. There is no evil peculiarly attached to these enjoyments from the low rank or conduct of the parties: if evil there be, it is common to all such enjoyments, whether followed by high or low. Is this community of tastes among the different classes of society, of good or bad tendency? If these enjoyments be good for one class, they must, I conceive, be good for another: they have, undoubtedly, their humanising effects on the character and manners;—their diffusion among all, serves to knit together the different classes by one common mode of living. It is a dangerous fault in the structure of society in Britain, that the higher and lower classes have too little in common with each other—too few points of contact: their enjoyments, occupations, modes of living, and amusements, are so distinct, that they live like different tribes, accidentally inhabiting together the same land. It is perhaps the weightiest objection to the late alteration in the administration of the poor laws, and to the proposed alterations in the establishment of the grand juries, and of the local unpaid county magistracy, that these three links—bad as they are said to be, alone connect the upper with the lower classes in England, by some kinds of common business and interests. Cut these away, and perform such busi-

ness by paid functionaries, and the whole body of English gentry might fly up to the moon some evening in Mr Green's balloon, and not be missed by the other classes. A participation in the same tastes, and the same kinds of social enjoyments and modes of living, would raise the lower class to a higher level in the scale of civilization, and connect the parts of the social body more firmly together. The evil of such an improvement in the tastes and habits of the lower class is, that, in the unhappy condition into which the financial difficulties of almost every government has plunged the great body of the people, the expense of what is necessary for the bare existence of a family is so great, that the most innocent enjoyments must be restrained, and even rare and moderate indulgence on the part of the labouring man is imprudent. This evil, however, does not belong to the diffusion of refined tastes and enjoyments, but to the effects of excessive taxation, and of a faulty distribution of property in society;—the mass of the community is obliged to make it the main object of life merely to live, not to enjoy. It is a curious and lamentable truth, that, in this poor country, not producing, even in ordinary years, the corn it consumes by 200,000 quarters, there is, by the better distribution of property, and the better financial state of the government, a much greater share of the enjoyments of life, and of a more refined kind, among the middle and lower classes, than in Britain, with all her wealth.

This is a passage which statesmen should ponder. We may remark here, that, under its new constitution, the public debt of Norway is hastening to extinction; and that taxation, in consequence, is already lightened.

Larger acquaintance with the north of Europe did not increase the traveller's esteem for the King of Sweden, who, instead of imitating the policy of Vasa and his heroic descendants, and

placing himself in the front of a rising interest in Europe—civil liberty and constitutional rights being now, what freedom of conscience and religious liberty were to them—has been, by the whole character of his reign, opposed to the spirit of the age. He remarks—"It will be considered among the singular inconsistencies of this age, by its future historians, that the two sovereigns who hold their crowns without any pretence to hereditary right, but simply by the will of the people—Louis Philip and Carl Johan—are the two princes who most anxiously suppress popular rights, and the free expression of public opinion."—It is not in the least singular, nor yet inconsistent, but exactly what might have been anticipated.

Let us hope that, besides crossing the Atlantic to discover why the mass of the people in a Federal Republic are in so much better a social condition than under old monarchies and virtual oligarchies, travellers and philosophers will also turn to Norway and to its sister kingdom, and political and social contrast—Sweden. Both countries are monarchies—nay, under the sway of the same sovereign—yet look on this picture and on that! In this good work of investigation, Mr Laing has led the way with a power and depth of thought, and with discrimination and sagacity, which entitle him to take a high place, and, as we think, the first place, among modern travellers.

TO A LADY ABOUT TO EMIGRATE.

And wilt thou leave thy native land,
Fair maiden, for a stranger clime?
And wilt thou leave the merry band
Thou playedst with in thy girlhood's prime—

The merry band that danced about,
And met thy wildly fond caress,
When from thy young warm heart welled out
The gush of holy tenderness?

The sunny South has brighter skies;
But thy own clime hath hints for thee,
Familiar as the bright blue eyes
That laughed with thine in childhood's glee.

Far to the South a nobler stream
May wander through a richer mead;
But wilt thou leave for it the gleam
And murmur of the silver Tweed?

The summer breeze, 'mid Southern trees,
May float wild music rich and clear;

But when will breathe the summer breeze
A kindlier welcome in thy ear?

To list the harp thou lovest well,
Whose strings are thrilled to Scotland's story;
How Wallace fought and Douglas fell,
On Scotland's hills, for Scotland's glory.

And trust me, maiden fair! the soul
Of patriot music highest swells
Where rocks are rough and torrents roll,
And bloom on high the heather bells.

No Southern harp hath tones so sweet,
When love's the burden of the song;
No tones so thrilling as when meet
Old Albyn's clans her hills among.

Then wilt thou leave thy native land,
Fair maiden! for a stranger clime?
And wilt thou leave the merry band
Thou playedst with in thy girlhood's prime?
G. P.

MAY.

This was a merry month! the days gone by!
Our ancestors and their festivities
Must come to recollection with the rise
Of May Day's sun; and Fancy joyously
Eyes the green earth and the cerulean sky,
The mirth of olden May, and all its witcheries.
But nature is unchanged. The melodies,
The flowers, perfumes, and the vitality

Of May, are still the same. The hawthorn throws,
As heretofore, its odour on the breeze;
The woodbine sweet in every hedge-row blows;
Oaks still put forth their apples 'neath May's blue;
Larks people every cloud, as erst; and trees,
Still choir the same May songs our forefathers listened to,
W. H.

WILD SPORTS OF THE FAR WEST;

OR, A FEW WEEKS' ADVENTURES AMONG THE HUDSON'S BAY FUR-TRADERS.

NO. II.

(Continued from our Number for October 1838.)*

Nothing worthy of remark occurred during a tedious ride of about two hours across the prairie, on our return to the forest, except that, on our way, we overtook a few of the hunters, who were engaged in dragging and goading on their struggling captives, the two buffaloes. Several times, these powerful animals succeeded in getting their limbs partially freed from the ropes, composed of twisted thongs of raw hide, with which they were entangled; but their efforts at complete extrication were of no avail; for new thongs were, by the aid of the dogs distracting the animals' attention, again and again more securely fastened. It was found, however, that it would be impossible to convey them through the woods alive, without great trouble and loss of time. Mr C——, therefore, gave orders for their slaughter as soon as we arrived at our breakfasting place.

Here we found the rest of the party, all apparently in high glee at the result of our bison hunt, having killed, as I now for the first time ascertained, thirteen of these ponderous animals, besides the two which were taken alive. Having tethered our horses, and given directions for the collection of dried grass for their refreshment, we joined the hunters, who were seated, in small groups, around smoking heaps of damp sticks and leaves—this being the method usually adopted in the woods, of scaring those intolerable nuisances, mosquitoes. For my own part, I think the cure is as bad as the disease, as the smoke and smell produced is insufferable; and, unless one sit directly in the current of smoke, he cannot reckon on being free from the attacks of the insect. However, our horses seemed to enjoy the protection of the smoke more than we did.

In the meantime, the poor buffaloes were undergoing the last sentence of the law, at a little distance, much to the satisfaction of the hunters who had had the arduous task of conveying them so far on their way; though, I confess, I felt sick at heart when I saw the poor animals writhing under the torture of the knife. However much pleasure the chase and subsequent death of the quarry may give to the true sportsman, he cannot fail to recoil from witnessing systematic butchery, particularly when ap-

plied to those animals which, from their peculiar disposition and habits, are denominated *game*; but, among the North American trappers, sights of this kind are by no means uncommon; and he who takes up his residence with them, must make up his mind to witness their frequent recurrence. During the subsequent partition of the still warm beef among the hunters and Indians, our attention was called to the condition of three of the dogs, which had been so terribly gored in their encounter with the old bull during the day's hunt, that Mr C—— was reluctantly obliged to order them a brace of bullets a-piece.

By the time these, and sundry other items, were disposed of, the day was so far advanced that Mr C—— thought it would be more prudent to make preparations for our accommodation during the ensuing night, than run the risk of mistaking the path, and falling into swamps while crossing the woods to the Fort in the dark. His proposition met the unanimous consent of all concerned; and it was agreed, that a party, headed by Mr C——, should reconnoitre the woods on the edge of the prairie, in search of a more sheltered situation for an encampment than had been chosen by our advanced-guard in the morning; while those who felt so inclined, should, with the dogs, scour the forest in search of some of the larger game. Charles and I avowed our intention of proceeding with the latter party; and, having agreed on mutual signals, once more mounted our horses, and rode off through the more open parts of the forest, towards a small lake, to which we were guided by a couple of Indians on foot, who assured us that we would without fail meet with game of some sort in its vicinity, as they had never been near it without observing the recent trails of deer and wolves, which had come to drink, and the latter began their evening prow about the time we would reach it. On our way, Charles introduced me to Jaques Cousain, one of the half-breed hunters, who formerly was in his own employ, but had been obliged to leave him, on account of a quarrel with some of the Indians in his neighbourhood, who had sworn, by the shades of their fathers, to take revenge for some fancied injury. I had observed this man before; he seemed a sort of chief among both his Indian and half-caste companions. He bowed gracefully on our introduction; and as, on the way, he boasted of the deeds and disposition of his favourite hound Vivant, his dark eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and his well-formed features were lighted up with an ex-

* Six months have elapsed since the first part of this exciting narrative appeared—a somewhat long interval; but our readers must remember that the shores of Lake Superior and its tributary rivers are not within a quick return of post. To some of them, Mrs Jameson's "Ramble," in nearly the same scenes, will have agreeably supplied the lapse.

pression of intelligence but seldom noted in the otherwise handsome and athletic race to which he belonged. His father was a French Canadian, and his mother one of the Omahaw beauties.

He, Charles, and I, kept together, a little behind the main party; and we soon became very intimate. I found him well acquainted with the manners and customs of various Indian tribes—having been a chief among the Omahaws (a branch of the Sioux nation, whose territory is situated near the sources of the Missouri) for several years, and prisoner, for various short periods, among other tribes. I obtained a promise from him that he would, during our stay at the Fort, give me a sketch of his life and adventures, which, I hope, when inserted, my readers will find interesting.

Having heard the repeated call of wild turkeys very near us, I expressed a wish to obtain a shot at them. We, therefore, diverged from the route the hunters were pursuing, and soon found ourselves alone in a part of the mighty forest, where the heaps of broken branches and decayed leaves clearly proved that no human foot had passed over its surface for many years—perhaps centuries.

While making our way—slowly, and with great difficulty—through these encumbrances, a flutter was heard among the branches under our horses' feet; and, with a screaming and cackling which the horses did not seem to relish at all, a fine hen-turkey, with a numerous and well-grown progeny, flew, or rather scrambled, from the tops of the branches and underwood to the nearest tree. Charles immediately fired, and brought down the hen; and I had just drawn the trigger, with equal success, at a couple of the brood, which were preparing to fly, when a large wild cat, or grey lynx, appeared from behind a fallen tree; and, after eyeing us, for an instant, with the most consummate impudence, darted on Charles' turkey, flung it over his shoulder, and was immediately lost to our view among the brushwood. This was intolerable—to be thus cheated of our game; but it was too late to grumble, though each blamed the other for not having fired at the intruder. But the fact was, we were all so amazed at its boldness, that no one thought of shooting it till too late. However, I have no doubt each mentally resolved to look better after fallen game for the future.

After having picked up my game, and examined the underwood around the spot where the lynx disappeared, without again seeing it or any vestige of its prey, we were proceeding in search of more turkeys, when, on a sudden, we heard several shots in quick succession, apparently at a considerable distance, which we set about lessening as fast as the closeness of the trees and the inequalities of the ground would permit. Again the reports reached our ears, seeming as distant as before, and we almost despaired of being able to make up with the hunters. My companions being better acquainted with the nature of the soil, from its appearances, were soon out of sight and hearing; and I was

left alone, plunging and floundering among deep beds of leaves, which concealed, under a dry and equal surface, holes, probably occasioned by the uprooting of one or more trees, containing trunks, roots, branches, and leaves, mingled in a particularly soft and unpleasant state of decomposition. In these treacherous deposits, my horse, after sinking a foot or two, stuck so firmly that I was more than once obliged to dismount beside him, and keep in a state bordering on perpetual motion, to preserve, in any measure, a footing on the sounder fragments of timber mingled with the mass—meanwhile, jerking the bridle; and coaxing the horse, to cause him to exert himself vigorously in his own and my extrication. After spending above an hour by myself in this manner, I began to feel considerable uneasiness at the unpleasant prospect before me; for the shades of evening were coming on; and, as I could neither see nor hear anything of my companions or their path, I felt morally certain of having to spend the night in the dreary wood; and my anxiety was very materially increased when, after a few minutes' more riding, my poor horse became exceedingly lame. I dismounted beside him; and, by coaxing, contrived to get him on a few hundred yards, when he lay down, and would, notwithstanding all my efforts, make no farther attempt to proceed. For some time I stood beside him, in hopes that he would again rise; but, poor animal, he seemed to be getting gradually worse, and, from the nature of his symptoms, I had reason to believe that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, or some other equally venomous reptile. I could not ascertain the situation of his wound, being apprehensive of bodily injury were I to approach too near to him while rolling in agony; I therefore left him to his death-bed reflections, and looked round for the highest neighbouring tree, hoping that, if I could reach the top, I might see the reflection of the camp-fires, and thereby discover my distance from, and route to them. With considerable difficulty I reached the top, and was much gratified to find my expectations more than realized. Instead of the distant and faint illumination which I had expected, a lurid glare was diffused through the atmosphere, appearing most intense over a partially open space about a mile to the westward. I also observed, that, between me and this spot—which I felt sure could be no other than Mr C——'s camp—there extended a considerable space, but thinly covered with large trees, probably a cedar swamp. After making these observations, I prepared to descend, previously however firing one of the pistols which had been dangling from my belt all day, in the vain hope of being answered by some of my more fortunate companions. I was indeed answered, but in a manner suited to remind me of my lonely and dangerous situation; for, as the numerous echoes, awakened in the gloomy recesses of the silent forest, became fainter and fainter until they utterly died away, a starving wolf sent up a series of the most mournful howls from beneath,

while numerous members of the fraternity filled the air on all sides with the same unmusical cadences. I hastened to descend; and having repossessed myself of my gun, which I had left leaning on an adjoining tree, proceeded, as quickly as I could, to the place where my steed was lying, intending, should I not find him already dead, to put an end to his misery at once, rather than leave him to be torn piecemeal, while yet alive, by the hungry brutes whose yells were still ringing in my ears. The daylight was by this time nearly gone, but the wood was not so dark as I should have expected. I could still, with a little groping, find my way to the spot where the horse lay moaning and tumbling, but apparently in the same state as when I left him. Poor animal! I shall never forget the mournful looks I fancied he gave me when he saw my intentions towards him. My first hall not giving him immediate relief, I was forced to send him a second; and in the interval my feelings were so painful that I could scarcely steady my hand whilst I gave him his quietus. While removing his various trappings previous to suspending them on a tree, that they might not share the fate of the carcase, I discovered that my two young turkeys had disappeared, having been probably taken by the wolves as a *gout*, preparatory to their supper of horse-flesh.

While ascending a tall pine at a little distance, to deposit the saddle, &c., out of reach, I could hear the rustling of the bushes below, as the greedy animals arrived from all quarters, to take possession of the spoil. This alone would not have given me any serious alarm, as, being well acquainted with the cowardly disposition of wolves in general, I knew that, after shewing myself, I had only to raise a shout or fire a shot amongst them, when they would immediately disperse in all directions; but presently a low growl grated on my ear, and, looking down, I saw the dark form of a large bear snuffing about my gun, which was lying near the foot of the tree. I dared not move, lest he should observe and endeavour to reach me, for I was not ten feet above him. After twisting and scratching my gun, and grunting like a hog all the time, he was kind enough to shuffle off towards the banquet, probably more tempted by the crunching of the bones, (which I could hear most distinctly,) than inclined to pay the attention to me which, under other circumstances, he would undoubtedly have done. Having witnessed his departure with sincere pleasure, I made my way down, and, having loaded my gun and pistols, with a brace of bullets in each barrel, set out in as good spirits as I could muster on my difficult and dangerous walk, hoping that, could I reach the edge of the morass before-mentioned unmolested, I should be able, from the thinness of the wood, and the light afforded by the camp-fires, to find my way round or across it, and ultimately reach my destination. I met with no interruption farther than frequently stumbling over fallen trees, falling headlong into holes, thereby

occasionally nearly shooting myself, with numerous similar inconveniences on the way; besides being annoyed by a pertinacious wolf, which was continually presenting himself before or on either side of me, *gurring* most viciously, and probably anxious to distract my attention from others of the species, whose glaring eyes were most distinctly visible around, and who probably intended to make an attack as soon as this object was gained. But I was up to them; and, seizing a favourable opportunity, fired at my annoying attendant, sending him and the rest of the pack away, yelling like a dozen trampled-on curs. This, however, was the last annoyance I met with on this occasion, for, within five minutes after I fired at the wolf, I was jogging leisurely along on Charles' horse, while he and a couple of Indians accompanied me on foot, listening to a brief account of the various adventures which had befallen me since Jaques and he had so unceremoniously left me. After which, Charles gave me the following account of his own mishaps, which were nearly as dangerous as mine. "Jaques and I," said he, "kept up with each other for some time after we left you. We soon got on the trail of the hunters, (and I wish I had kept on it;) but, hearing distant reports in an almost opposite direction from that we were pursuing, I left Jaques, and turned off at right angles from the track, hoping thus to save a long circuitous ride; but I soon found out my error, for, coming to a very thick part of the forest, I dismounted, and led my horse through many winding paths, till I once more reached the open wood, when, to my dismay, I found I was utterly ignorant in which direction I had come, or how to proceed. I wandered about, amusing myself by shooting turkeys, hoping the hunters might pass within hearing of the reports; but in this I was grievously mistaken. However, after some time, I once more got on the trail, and, immediately after, came upon four Indians, who had been left by the hunters to flay the carcasses of half a dozen wolves, shot out of a pack of a score or more, which had been surprised by the hunters while devouring an elk. From this party, I learned that it was useless to proceed in search of the hunters, as I could scarcely expect to make up with them before the night came on, when I would undoubtedly lose the tract. I therefore, guided by one of the Indians, who are never at a loss, even in the most intricate parts of the forest, as to their route, set off in this direction. We had reached the opposite end of this cedar swamp, and could see the illumination from Mr C——'s watch-fires, when, by a singular want of caution on my part, I found myself unexpectedly in a situation of the greatest danger. The Indian had, by imitating the cry of a species of owl, succeeded in discovering several turkeys on their roosts.* I dismounted, and, having

* The turkeys uniformly gobble when they hear the cry or hootings of the owls. The Indian hunters are well aware of this circumstance; and, in the clear moonlight nights, they conceal themselves, and, by carefully imitating the cry, discover where the turkeys are roosting.

tethered my horse, proceeded to bring them down one by one. I had killed three when the Indian pointed to a tree at a few yards' distance, on which several were perched. I got my gun in readiness; and, desiring my companion to stay with the horse, I made my way as noiselessly as possible among the thick brushwood, and having reached a suitable hiding-place close to the tree, I fired both barrels, and brought down two splendid turkeys, being all I could discern from my retreat. I then left my gun, without loading it again, leaning against a tree, and proceeded towards some bushy underwood, among which both birds fell. After forcing my way through numerous obstacles, I found that, before I could reach the desired spot, I should have to creep below a large fallen branch. I did not hesitate, but knelt down; and had got my head out on the other side, when I was startled by hearing a ferocious yell, uttered apparently close alongside. I looked cautiously round, and through the interstices of the leaves above me, but nothing was to be seen. Again the yell thrilled on my ear, seeming nearer, if possible, than before; while, at the same instant, the Indian uttered a warning-cry. I now felt that I was in rather a serious scrape, and heartily repented having ventured so far for the sake of two paltry turkeys. Shutting my eyes, I expected every moment to feel myself torn by the fangs of some large and ferocious animal. Being completely under the branch and its incumbent bed of leaves, I knew I could make no attempt at defence, unless the assailant should commence operations in front, when I could try the effect of a pistol-ball on him. Comforting myself with the latter suggestion, I was about to raise myself (for I had fallen flat on my face through fear) and once more look about me, when suddenly I felt a warm but fetid breath pass over my face, followed by the well-known gurr of a wolf, close to my ear. Turning my head to see the full extent of my danger, my eyes met the glaring pupils and white fangs of the animal. A few seconds passed, and it was still gazing on me, no doubt calculating the extent of the meal it would have when it commenced operations, and, in the interim, employing the time in sharpening its teeth, and gurring hideously; another second elapsed, a gush of blood spouted from a wound in its breast, and, with a deafening howl, which completely hushed the report of a rifle, fired at a little distance, it rolled over, and expired. An Indian trapper for Mr C——'s party immediately after made his appearance; and, having assisted to extricate me from my uneasy posture, told me that, having been sent out by Mr C——, along with several others, to shoot turkeys on the swamp, he had wandered about without discovering any game, until he fell in with my guide, who acquainted him with my whereabouts and occupation, and mentioned that he

By frequent repetition of this sound, the turkeys are kept in such a state of alarm that they dare not fly; so that, if the hunter be careful to shoot those on the lowest branches first, he may frequently secure a flock of twenty or thirty.

had heard the cry of a wolf in the direction I had gone; but, as he knew I was well armed, he had no fear of me. 'At this moment,' added the trapper, 'we both heard the cry of the animal, and simultaneously shouted to you. I then forced my way among the brushwood in search of you; and, hearing the often-repeated growl of the animal, concluded you must be in some danger. I beat the bush all round, without seeing either you or the wolf, for some time. The moment I saw the brute, I fired; and it is well for you that the wound proved immediately mortal.' You may well believe," concluded Charles, "I returned grateful thanks to the Indian trapper for his timely assistance; and having picked up the turkeys, we made the best of our way to the spot where I left my horse, (leaving the grim carcase of the wolf as a supper for some of his hungry companions,) and set off in this direction, determined to let nothing tempt me to more adventures until I had procured a good night's rest."

I, having some time before come to a similar determination, was not sorry to reach the camp soon after Charles had concluded his narration. I wish I could give the reader an adequate description of the scene which presented itself before us as we emerged from the ever-gloomy wood into a space bordering on the prairie, selected by Mr C—— as being the driest and most sheltered spot within several miles. The most prominent object was a huge fire, composed of several large trees, which had been hewn so as to fall across each other. The carcase of some large animal—which I afterwards heard was a moose, shot by some of the Indians while reconnoitring the woods in search of a suitable spot for a night encampment—depended by some ingenious contrivance (somewhat similar to that described in the first number of this narrative) amidst the tall column of lurid smoke and sparks which seemed to unite the brilliantly illumined atmosphere above, with the roaring conflagration below us.

As soon as our arrival was observed, Mr C—— came up and informed us that the hunting party had just before made their appearance, and finding that Charles and I had not yet arrived, were about to disperse through the woods in search of us. Fortunately they had staid to refresh themselves. Had they set out at once, they would probably have missed us, and searched all night. I went with Charles to see his horse accommodated for the night, before going with Mr C—— into a shanty which had been hurriedly erected for our reception. Charles and I found the hunters all busied with their horses. These were tied within twenty yards of the camp fire, side by side, to a rope of twisted hide, stretched between two trees, eating, apparently with great relish, a quantity of prairie grass, which had been collected during the day. Smoking heaps of wet leaves were placed at short distances behind them, to prevent their being annoyed by mosquitoes. The hunters were all much grieved at the fate of my beautiful horse; and one old Indian, after uttering many unintelligible lament-

ations, desired Jaques to tell me that, when he returned to the Fort, he would send one of the young men of his tribe with a message to his squaw, desiring her to send him his best and fleetest horse as a gift to the white stranger. I declined his offer; but presented him with my hunting knife, as an acknowledgment of his disinterested kindness.

On returning with my cousin to Mr C——, we found him seated on the ground in the log-hut, anxiously waiting for our assistance in discussing a hot roast turkey, (grievously burnt on one side,) a fragment of cold roast bison hump, some biscuit, and a large flask of spirits—all which articles were stuck in various crevices of the partially decayed root of a tree, which, on the present occasion, served as a table. The hut itself consisted of three sides, composed of logs piled anyhow on each other, while the roof was nothing but a heap of the larger branches of the trees which formed the sides. At a little distance before the open side, was a smoking fire, which, together with others, completely prevented the appearance of a single mosquito. But I must confess, that, when Charles and I joined Mr C——, we paid more attention to the discussion of the various eatables before us, than to the nature of any other arrangements for comfort or convenience. Having fully satisfied our craving appetites, and emptied the afore-mentioned flask among us, meanwhile relating to each other all the adventures which we had had since we last met, we rolled ourselves in buffalo robes, and, lying with our feet towards the fire, soon fell fast asleep.

On awaking next morning, I found that my companions were up and out, having evidently partaken of the remains of last night's supper, some stray fragments being all I could discover as left for my breakfast. While making the most of these, Mr C—— entered, and congratulated me on having had such sound sleep, as my cousin and he had been very soon awakened by the noise made by the Indians and hunters, as they got jovial over their cups. Having gone out to put an end to this disturbance, they returned, and again lay down, but were soon roused by a more serious commotion, which was supposed to have had the following origin:—One of the horses had broken loose, and wandered into the woods. There he had attracted the attention of some hungry wolves, (probably lured by the widely-diffused scent of our roasting operations;) these united into one pack, and gave chase. The poor animal, seeing his danger, attempted to return to our protection, and had nearly reached the other horses, when his pursuers made up to him, and, before an Indian, who was roused by the scuffle, could give the alarm, had overcome his desperate attempt at defence, and were gorging themselves with his vitals. "We loosed the hounds immediately; and I," said Mr C——, "sent out a few Indians on foot after the brutes, with directions not to return until they had discovered your trail, and followed it to where you left your horse-trappings. These men have just returned,

with all the articles you left, but without being able to make an example of any of our pillaging neighbours."

It was now about nine o'clock, and Mr C—— proposed we should rest ourselves for an hour or two, and then set about making the necessary preparations for our return to the Factory; as, however much he enjoyed an excursion like the present, he could not conscientiously be longer absent from his post. As no one openly dissented, the matter was settled; and, while the hunters were feeding their horses, cleaning their guns, or sitting smoking, I went in search of Jaques, and with him strolled over the neighbouring prairie, listening to his account of the previous day's hunt.—They had, after killing seven wolves, got on the trail of a bear, which, after a long chase, climbed into a tree, and was brought down by a round of balls. Nothing else worthy of note occurred until they reached the camp.

On returning to Mr C——, we found him engaged in superintending the packing of beef, turkeys, skins, &c., &c., and loading several of the horses with these bundles as fast as made up. The hounds were coupled, and each pair put under the charge of an Indian. These preliminary arrangements being made, the fires were put carefully out, and, having our guns and rifles in the best order, Mr C——, Charles, and I, accompanied by Jaques and ten hunters, mounted our horses, and rode after those who had the pack-horses and hounds in charge, along the edge of the prairie, in search of a convenient passage through the forest. As the wood appeared very dense, we did not attempt to force our way through it, but skirted the edge till we reached the Fish River. Here we had good shooting at wild swans and geese, which were paddling over the surface, or nestling among the reeds at the margin of this beautiful, winding stream. The wild fowl seemed quite unconscious of our approach, until we fired on them; and then, instead of our seeing but a few here and there, the air seemed to be filled with myriads of these birds, which had risen out of the reeds around, while the rocks and woods echoed and re-echoed their discordant screams. For some time I was utterly bewildered by the tumultuous confusion of tongues, accompanied by the loud whizz of so many wings in action above us. After wheeling round us at a great height for some minutes, they gradually descended; and, when they were within shot, we poured a destructive fire upon them. They again rose high in the clear air, screaming as loudly as before; but, so soon as their wounded and dead companions were perceived in the hands of the Indians, they uttered a loud, mournful cry, very different from the harsh and angry scream before uttered, and probably indicating that they understood that, where man asserts his dominion, the inferior animals must give way, and that, even in this lonely and lovely spot, they must not expect to remain undiscovered—as, with outstretched necks and broad pinions, they soared through the higher

regions of the atmosphere, in search of some distant and unfrequented stream or lake.

Leaving the Indians to dispose of our new booty among themselves, our party rode on before, and soon entered an open glade of the forest, when, not observing any game, we pushed on till we reached the Factory.

Everything seemed to have gone on well since we left it. The builders had made great progress, and the clearing was considerably enlarged. In short, Mr C—— was so well satisfied with the amount and execution of the work, that, when the Indians made their appearance, he requested us to assist him in distributing a part of the game and beef brought home among the Sioux, together with an allowance of spirits, (plentifully diluted with water,) and ordered them to stop their labours for that day, and, while their supper was preparing, enjoy themselves with their companions. Each of the Sioux who had accompanied us was a hero in his own estimation, and told, according to Jaques' interpretation, most astounding stories of the cunning and prowess with which he attacked and destroyed numerous wild animals. According to their own account, each had destroyed more game than had been obtained by the whole party collectively. None of their anxious auditors appearing to doubt, in the slightest degree, the veracity of these statements, we did not conceive it prudent or necessary to contradict them.

The sum-total of the slain being at length determined, Mr C—— proposed that the red men should take their bows and arrows, and compete for a prize. All who possessed these arms were eager to take advantage of this opportunity of distinguishing themselves as marksmen; but, as a great majority appeared dissatisfied—having left these and all their other weapons to the care of their squaws, knowing that, while employed in the formation of a fur-trading establishment on their own territory, they could have no real occasion for their use—Mr C—— offered the same premium to each of four Indians, who should, by a council of twelve of the oldest Sioux present, be considered the best dancers. As, after this last proposition was fully interpreted to all present, they seemed perfectly satisfied with it, the ground was cleared, smoothed, and tramped hard. A few logs were rolled together at one end of the allotted space, on which the prize council, and a number of the hunters and servants, took their station; and, lastly, the prizes—each a yard of scarlet blanketing—were brought out and exhibited to the admiration of all the candidates. When everything had been arranged, Mr C—— gave the signal; and immediately several young men stepped out from their companions, and, placing themselves at certain distances from each other, began the dance by leaping and clapping their hands; after which, they commenced a series of the most ludicrous capers imaginable, keeping time by flourishing sticks—representing tomahawks—and every now and then blending their

deep voices with the beat of their moccasins, on the hard, dry soil. The first set being at length tired, or, more probably, having exhausted their list of bodily contortions, rejoined their companions; and two other sets, of about the same number, appeared successively, and performed their antics in much the same style.

Feeling somewhat wearied with the sameness of these performances, I was making my way across the clearing towards the house, when I was overtaken by Mr C——, who requested me to return for a few minutes, when I should have an opportunity of witnessing the celebrated Sioux war-dance. I immediately retraced my steps; and, on reaching my former position, found all the Indians who were to join in the next dance, (supposed to be in commemoration of a victory,) standing in small circular groups, apart from each other. In the centre of each group stood one of the half-caste hunters, representing the devoted prisoner of war. At a signal from the prize-council, each group began its gyrations round the victim in the centre, chanting, without much harmony, the deeds of their warriors, and jeering the puny attempts of their opponents' warfare, alternately with making the woods re-echo the shrill war-whoop of their powerful tribe, while brandishing their imitation tomahawks within a hair-breadth of the scalp of their prisoner. In the confusion attendant on the movements of so great an assemblage of dark-skinned beings, aided by the increasing darkness—for it was now getting late—I could not discern all the evolutions of the dancers; but saw enough to make me feel thankful that there was no probability of my falling into the hands of blood-thirsty Indians as a prisoner of war. I remained a spectator of this and another war-dance, and then left the Indians to enjoy themselves in these or any other noisy ways they pleased, while I hastened to place the log-walls of the factory between me and the deafening sound of their caterwauling chant and savage war-whoop. On entering the house, I met Mrs C——, who informed me that Charles had just come in to announce to her his intention of departing next day for the coast. She had requested him to remain for a few days longer, when she would be glad to avail herself of the opportunity of returning, with her daughters, to Fort Madeline. My cousin, however, was fearful lest he had already exceeded his instructions; and was intent on sailing across the lake towards his own post, having been absent from it nearly six weeks. Mrs C—— urged me to prevail on Charles to remain, at least, over another day, which would give her time to make the necessary arrangements for their return home. This, with the timely assistance of the Misses and Mr C——, I managed; and it was finally agreed that we should start by day-break on the morning after next.

After disposing of this matter, I accompanied my friends and cousin to see the Indians at their supper: this was laid out, or rather cooked—for each laid out his own portion, preparatory

to bolting it, in the most expeditious and dog-like manner possible—in the cleared space behind the factory, mentioned before, which served as a kitchen. We assisted in measuring out an allowance of grog to each individual; after which, seeing that all were as comfortable and enjoying themselves as much as present circumstances would permit, we returned to the house, and sat down to a substantial meal of elk venison, turkey, bison-hump, bear ham and tongue, &c., with a plentiful dessert of wild strawberries. The liquors as usual.

Next morning I was roused by the noise of the choppers, as they began their several tasks with renewed energies. It was barely day-light; but, feeling very wakeful, I got up, and, finding that none of the family had as yet left their sleeping apartments, I went out to superintend the logging. I think I mentioned before that the Sioux were under the immediate direction of twelve experienced lumberers, who had been engaged by the Hudson's Bay Company, to fix on the situation for, and assist in the erection of several new forts and factories, including the present.

On the present occasion, I felt much surprised, as I walked leisurely among the Sioux builders, at the readiness which they manifested in obeying the orders of their directors, and the skill and perseverance with which, notwithstanding many difficulties, they applied each tool lent them to its appropriate use, while universal good humour prevailed around. I could not have believed it, if I had not had this opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that the haughty Indian would be induced, by the prospect of remuneration, to lower himself, for the time being, to the station of a servant, and submit to the control of the usurping "pale faces;" but, on mentioning the subject to my kind host at breakfast, he informed me that it required the utmost caution on his part, as well as on that of the subordinate members of the establishment, to prevent the red men supposing that they were considered as servants to the whites. "If," said Mr C——, "we did not frequently mix with them, and endeavour, in various ways—as you have seen since you arrived here—to entertain them more like friends than subjects, they would, long ere this, have decamped, taking with them everything they could lay their hands on: but you see that, by a judicious mode of treatment, they can be made, for the present, very useful members of our society; and I am sure they are more willing to oblige us than a set of 'helps,' hired at enormous wages in the States or Canadas, would be."

After breakfast, I went out in search of Jaques, intending to ask him to accompany me in a walk along the banks of the river, when I could listen to the account he promised me of his life and adventures among Indians. I found him, with a fellow-hunter, engaged in felling a magnificent oak, and remained to witness the last efforts of the doomed tree to maintain its erect position. The separation of the massive trunk from the

root was nearly complete; but still—with the exception of slight quiverings in the ends of the smaller boughs—it gave no indication of yielding to the ringing blows applied by the nervous arms of the half-breeds. Observing this, they shifted their point of attack, and plied the axe, with new vigour, on the opposite side. For a few seconds, only pellets of bark were detached; but, when the axes had reached the tougher fibres of the inner wood, every blow seemed to accelerate the work of destruction. Presently the groaning of the branches—as they swung heavily to and fro, followed by the loud rending of the trunk—announced to us that the last tie was dissolving: we retired a few paces, while the gigantic tree gradually inclined, and at length came to the ground with a thundering crash, causing the soil around to tremble, and the neighbouring trees to reel, and bow their lofty heads as if anticipating their own doom, and bidding farewell to their prostrate companion.

After giving place to several red-skins—who had been directed to chop the branches off this and many equally large trees, which had been felled since daybreak, and now lay, shorn of their leafy honours, across the space so lately cleared for the dancers—Jaques accompanied me back to the house, from which, after procuring our guns and ammunition, we set out on foot, followed by the hound Vivant. Having reached the Fish River, we proceeded along its banks, towards the spot whence the flock of wild-fowl had been scared during our previous day's sport. On the way, I informed Jaques of my principal object in asking his company on the present occasion; and he promised to gratify me by a faithful recital. We had passed the part of the stream alluded to without seeing a single living creature, when suddenly Jaques caught my arm and pointed to a large bird soaring majestically far above our heads, like a passing mote on the clear blue sky. I could not, at the time, account for the ecstasy expressed by my companion, as, with strained and unwinking eyes, he eagerly followed the flight of the bird, which, after getting considerably ahead of us, turned, and wheeling gradually downwards, hovered a few hundred feet above the stream, and then, as suddenly as if shot, darted headlong below the bank. We made all possible haste to reach the spot where it had disappeared; but, ere we had gone many yards, it rose, with a succession of harsh but exulting screams, from among the reeds, bearing a wild duck in its talons; and, skimming lightly through the air, apparently unincumbered by the size or weight of its prey, alighted on the top of a high rock, about a quarter of a mile farther off. We again pushed on, keeping a strict watch on the object of our pursuit, which Jaques, in his eagerness, hardly found breath to tell me, was the black, bald-headed eagle—a species very rarely seen east of the Rocky Mountains, and in general so difficult to kill or capture that, among the Indians, he who has the good fortune to obtain a specimen, is either murdered by some

of his nation, who envy his success, or raised by them to the station of petty chief. The head and talons, with the pinion feathers, are considered the most valuable ornaments that can be worn in the head-dress of a chief, and are frequently handed down as heir-looms from father to son. Jaques had several times met with these birds in the course of his peregrinations; but had never, as yet, had the good fortune to shoot one.

As we approached the hitherto untrodden situation, chosen by our magnificent quarry to discuss his prey, we had to pass over a small hillock; and, while on the top of it, notwithstanding Jaques' fears lest I should scare the eagle, I could not resist the temptation to remain, for a few moments, a spectator of its movements. We were now not more than a hundred and fifty yards from it; but it did not appear to have observed our approach. The whole surrounding scene, as I hastily glanced over it, was exquisitely lovely: but the rock, on the summit of which the noble bird stood—shrieking, and flapping his immense wings, while his powerful beak and talons were buried in the flesh of his victim—attracted my especial attention. In the distance, it appeared like a colossal figure of a Syren, clothed in sea-green drapery, and presiding over the beautifully clear and sparkling water that, with an unceasing and sweetly harmonious gurgle, laved its fish-like extremity. But, hark! what's that? The report of a rifle. The sound reverberated from rock to rock, until caught up by and returned, in deeper notes, from the mighty forest. The eagle rose heavily from his prey, by powerful efforts, flew a few yards, while large drops of blood pattered thickly on the surface of the water; then, tumbling over in the air, the feathered monarch fell dead on the opposite bank, while the dying echoes of the report still sounded in my ears like deep moans from the inmost recesses of the woods. While I had been gazing on the beauties of unassisted Nature displayed around, Jaques had crept softly along the bank, until within ninety yards of the game, when, finding a suitable resting-place for his rifle, he had taken his unerring aim, and fired with deadly effect. Immediately after observing the fall of the bird, he leaped into the water, swam across, and, ere I left my post of observation, returned, and flung his weighty prize at my feet. We sat down together on a large stone—almost buried by the long prairie grass which grew luxuriantly

on both sides of the river—and, while Jaques expatiated on an Indian superstition with regard to the origin of the race of black bald eagles, (which I have unfortunately allowed to escape my memory,) I took out my note-book and pencil, and prepared to write in short-hand the autobiography of my companion, when, to my amazement, he suddenly stopped his narration, and, uttering a scream of horror, leaped off the stone, and seized his rifle. Although perfectly bewildered by the suddenness of this extraordinary movement, and without the smallest conjecture as to the occasion, yet, perceiving that danger was to be apprehended close at hand, I instantaneously grasped my gun, and followed the hasty steps of the hunter. When we had gone about five and twenty yards, Jaques stopped, and pointed to the seat we had just left. A large rattlesnake was coiling itself on the top of the stone, while two others were proceeding to examine the dead eagle, and the head of a fourth protruded from a hole under the stone—we had, in fact, been seated over a nest of these reptiles. Our danger was not, however, very great. The quick-eared half-breed had detected the rattling sound which, by a wise provision of the Creator, they are compelled to make when advancing to the attack; and, on looking downwards, he perceived two large snakes winding through the long grass behind him. I cannot, however, account for his excessive fear at the sight of these creatures, (as they are as frequently met with as almost any other species in North America,) but by supposing that he inherited from his mother, or derived during his long residence among the Indians, the superstitious dread—almost amounting to horror regarding this species of serpent as the embodied appearance of the bad spirit—with which many tribes of red men are impregnated. But, whether this was the case, or whether Jaques really was (what he afterwards professed himself to have been) afraid lest the serpents should try the much disputed power of fascination upon him or not, I cannot say; but he quickly recovered from his alarm, and joined me in firing at them, which obliged them to retire to their hole, while we picked up the dead eagle, which, to my companion's delight, was uninjured. We then proceeded in search of a safer spot to rest on. Of our success, and Jaques' promised narration, I shall give an account on a future occasion.

INFANCY.

I LOVE to gaze upon an infant's smiles,
While o'er its cheeks a thousand dimples break,
Like zephyrs dancing on an inland lake
In visible beauty: such a sight beguiles
The weary child of earth, from thought of toils,
And gulf, and loneliness, and things that make
Life wearisome. Baby, thine innocent wiles

Take from my heart a load, and bid me wake
To thoughts of happy import; thine it is,
Unconscious laughing cherub, to impart
Thine own pure joy to me. So much of bliss,
Though transient, hath effaced from my heart
A thousand harsh remembrances, which care
And life's monotony had fixed there.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, and Russia. By G. Stephens, Esq. Curry: Dublin.

THESE travels are written by a clever, good-humoured, and lively American, who has a marvellous faculty of "getting along," and putting a great deal into little room; and one, moreover, who interests and entertains his reader exceedingly, by telling exactly all the little adventures and gay nothings which a learned or grave traveller would keep to amuse his private circle, if he did not entirely suppress them, as below his personal dignity, as well as the dignity of printed travels. Here is an example. The Americans have a Mission school in Athens, and Mr Stephens being ardently and amiably national, wherever there was an American to be found, there went he. In the boys' school he shook hands with a little Miltiades, and Leonidas, and Aristides, and so forth, looking in features and intelligence worthy of their illustrious names; but there was one boy whose appearance startled him—the son of the Maid of Athens! That aerial and fanciful creature—that "gay creature of the elements"—to be the mother of a sturdy little urchin! But, alas! it was so. "The Maid of Athens is married. She had a right to marry, no doubt," says Mr Stephens, "and it is said there is poetry in married life; and, doubtless, she is a much more interesting person now, at thirty-six, than the *Maid of Athens* could be. But still the Maid of Athens is married! married to a Scotsman. She is now Mrs Black! wife of George Black! head of the police! and her son is called — Black—[probably Sandy Black]—and she has other little Blacks! Commentary is unnecessary." We sympathize with Mr Stephens. He is equally free-and-easy and pleasant wherever he goes; but the Old World has heard so much and so often of late years about Greece and Turkey, that we imagine his Russian adventures will be more acceptable. They are fresh and vivacious, and go over comparatively untrodden ground. He went from Constantinople to Odessa in a steam-vessel; and from this point we think the interest of the travels commences. He travelled over the wild and nearly desert *Steppes* of Russia on to Moscow, and thence to Petersburg, and, finally, through Poland into Prussia. His companion from Odessa to Moscow was a sulky, capricious Englishman; and their guide, a rascally Frenchman, an old soldier of the Emperor, who spoke continually of "*mon honneur*." This scene we select for its novelty.

At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates at the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain is covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly uncultivated, yet everywhere capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought six thousand miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of waggons: there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be covered with snow.

At about 9 o'clock we whirled furiously into a little vil-

lage, and stopped at the door of the posthouse. Our wheels were smoking with the rapidity of their revolutions: Henri dashed a bucket of water over them to keep them from burning, and half a dozen men whipped them off and greased them. Indeed, greasing the wheels is necessary at every post, as otherwise the hubs become dry, so that there is actual danger of their taking fire; and there is a traveller's story told (but I do not vouch for its truth) of a postillion, waggon, and passengers being all burned up on the road to Moscow by the ignition of the wheels.

The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw; and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good everywhere in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw.

Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle; but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of waggons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandise towards Moscow, or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The waggons were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, and black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out, or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths, and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammers, and tools, and everything necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads, and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the waggons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level, till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

Late in the afternoon we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbersome vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all round with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur's lady and a little girl; then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on everywhere about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether, it was an equipment in caravan style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and everything necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure anything on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the post-house.

We have then a lively description of the old city of Chioff, once the capital of Russia, and now hardly known even by name to the rest of Europe.

It stands at a great height, on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain, apparently thrown up by some wild freak of nature, at once curious, unique, and beautiful. The style of its architecture is admirably calculated to give effect to its peculiar position; and, after a dreary journey over the wild plains of the Ukraine, it breaks upon the traveller with all the glittering and gorgeous splendour of an Asiatic city. For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the North, the sacred and holy city of the Russians; and, long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, crowning the summit, and hang-

ing on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, and spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold, and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city the appearance of golden splendour.

We passed the morning in riding round to the numerous convents and churches, among which is the church of St Sophia, the oldest in Russia, and, if not an exact model of the great St Sophia of Constantinople, at least of Byzantine design, and toward evening went to the emperor's garden. This garden is more than a mile in length, bounded on one side by the high precipitous bank of the hill, undulating in its surface, and laid out like an English park, with lawn, gravel-walks, and trees; it contains houses of refreshment, arbours or summer-houses, and a summer theatre. At the foot of the hill flows the Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, on which, in former days, the descendants of Odin and Ruric descended to plunder Constantinople. Two or three sloops were lying, as it were, asleep in the lower town, telling of a still interior country, and beyond was a boundless plain covered with a thick forest of trees. The view from this bank was unique and extraordinary, entirely different from anything I ever saw in natural scenery, and resembling more than anything else a boundless marine prospect.

At the entrance of the garden is an open square or table of land overlooking the plain, where, every evening at seven o'clock, the military band plays. The garden is the fashionable promenade, the higher classes resorting to it on carriages and on horseback, and the common people on foot; the display of equipages was not very striking, although there is something stylish in the Russian manner of driving four horses, the leaders with very long traces and a postillion; and soldiers and officers, with their splendid uniforms, caps, and plumes added a brilliant effect.

Before the music began, all returned from the promenade or drive in the garden, and gathered in the square. It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the assemblage was unusually large and brilliant; the carriages drew up in a line, the ladies let down the glasses, and the cavaliers dismounted, and talked and flirted with them just as in civilized countries. All Chioff was there, and the peasant in his dirty sheepskin jacket, the shopkeeper with his long surtout and beard, the postillion on his horse, the coachman on his box, the dashing soldier, the haughty noble and supercilious lady, touched by the same chord, forgot their temporal distinctions, and listened to the swelling strains of the music till the last notes died away. The whole mass was then in motion, and in a few moments, except by a few stragglers, of whom I was one, the garden was deserted.

This is all gay and agreeable, though the hotel afforded the travellers no better bed than two settees, stuffed with straw and covered with leather. They proceeded to Moscow.

At daylight we arrived at a large village, the inhabitants of which were not yet stirring, and the streets were strewn with peasants—grim, yellow-bearded fellows—in sheepskin dresses and caps, lying on their backs asleep, each of them with a log of wood under his head for a pillow. I descended from the diligence, and found that the whole village consisted of a single street, with log-houses on each side, having their gable-ends in front; the doors were all open, and I looked in and saw men and women with all their clothes on—pigs, sheep, and children strewn about the floor.

In every house was the image of the Panagia, or all holy Virgin, or the picture of some tutelary saint, the face only visible, the rest covered with a tin frame, with a lamp or taper burning before it; and regularly as the serf rose, he prostrated himself, and made his orisons at this domestic shrine.

About noon we passed the chateau and grounds of a seigneur: belonging to the chateau was a large church, standing in a conspicuous situation, with a green dome, surmounted by the Greek cross; and round it were the miserable and filthy habitations of his slaves. Entering the village, we saw a spectacle of wretchedness and misery seldom surpassed even on the banks of the Nile. The whole population was gathered in the streets, in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food, and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets or sitting in the doorways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread.

I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of com-

parison between that country and my own; but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the Republic of the United States, every country in the civilized world can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated; but I do not hesitate to say, that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions; it belies our words and our hearts; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country withers under this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free Republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the north of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the negro on our best-ordered plantations, appeared to me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical and personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the white race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the Sultan's.

The condition of the Russian serfs is minutely described; but that is already tolerably well understood in Great Britain. It is, or ought to be, a condition superior to that of the negro slave, though such is not always the fact. The Russian serf cannot be sold except with the estate. He is required to labour only three days of the week for his lord, having the other three to cultivate his own portion of land; and Sundays, and the numerous holidays of the Greek church, are his own. But he is a slave, and so he labours grudgingly for his lord, and clothfully for himself, without an idea above the clod which he turns over. The traveller states—

A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labour; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holidays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia shew the truth of the judicious reflection of Catherine II., "that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property."

It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or, in case of invasion, raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers. Every person in Russia, entitled to hold land, is known to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and, upon receiving notice of an imperial order to that effect, the numbers required by the levy are marched forthwith from every part of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed.

The journey from Chioff to Moscow occupied seven days, though performed in a diligence—the first ever started—and on its first trip. They travelled hundreds of miles without seeing a hill or a rising ground. The traveller resided a considerable time both in Moscow and St Petersburg, where his personal adventures were amusing and numerous. He seems to have a knack of bustling himself into the current of life, and is always quite as much an actor as an observer. In Poland his adventures threatened to become serious. Though it was now 1836, the jealousy entertained by the Russian authorities of all foreigners, seemed little abated. Our traveller gives an animated account of the terrible battle of Gorkow, and of the last fatal but heroic attempt of the Poles to recover their national independence. It is impossible to read

this simple statement, heightened by many little anecdotes collected on the spot, without—if the heart cherishes one spark of patriotic feeling—being kindled to indignation, and melted to pity. At Cracow the traveller closes his lively and entertaining narrative, which we cordially recommend, both for information and entertainment.

Hints to Mechanics, on Self-Education and Mutual Instruction. By Timothy Claxton.

The author of this sensible little volume is a mechanic, self-educated, and a disciple of the school of Franklin. His first acknowledged advantage was obtaining a very little schooling, through the kindness of a lady, who kept six boys and six girls at school, for two years each. This he confesses was a piece of good luck, though he has no reliance on *luck*; and, on the contrary, places entire faith in good conduct. The *good luck* instanced would no doubt have been of small account without the accompanying diligence and perseverance in self-culture: besides, he partly owed the lady's patronage to the good name which his previous industry and diligence had acquired for him. From the time of being at school, until when at thirteen, he was apprenticed for seven years to a whitesmith, Timothy Claxton spun wool, tended sheep, and assisted in a market garden. There were older apprentices in the shop when he entered it, but not one who could keep an account of the work delivered to the saleshop from the workshop; so he was employed by the foreman for this purpose, and thus improved himself in keeping accounts. He was sometimes called to attend in the ironmongery shop, and here he saw something of the world, and, by observation, laid up stores for thought. His first money was laid out on a new Bible and a good thick cyphering book. He began arithmetic again by himself, and went through it more carefully than when at school; and he reaped the fruits of this diligence and redeeming of time ever afterwards. He scouted the notion of any mechanic ever wanting time for useful purposes. A journeyman carpenter, who possessed several books on the mensuration of superficies and solida, communicated both his books and instructions to the diligent apprentice. It was now that he first attempted to practise both mechanical and ornamental drawing; and he made good proficiency, much to his future benefit in life.

He began early to throw his thoughts on paper, in acting as the secretary of his father, who could not write; and he subsequently experienced the greatest advantage from facility in expressing his thoughts. He was also a great mechanist and an ingenious experimenter; and by his mother's cottage hearth, in the winter nights, when his apprentice labour was over, he constructed, among lesser things, a clock which kept time tolerably well, and required winding up only once in four days. We may notice, by the way, that the mechanic gives himself the very best of characters, though we make no doubt that he deserves as much. His pains in contriving and executing, while a boy, seems to have been quite as delightful as those described by Cowper as belonging to very different studies. That

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which none but poets know"—

may, by varying the phrase, be as strongly affirmed of every man of genius, whatever be his particular pursuit.

At the end of his long apprenticeship, he was, by the original bargain, to receive £10 from his master; and, having served out his time, "duly and truly," the money was paid—the indenture given up—and his master en-

quired of Timothy what he meant to do; but he shall tell that himself:—

"Go to London, sir," answered I, for I had made up my mind. "Well, Tim," said he, "keep your right hand forward, and you will do well enough;" and he gave me a hearty farewell.

I reached this great city in April 1810. From the circumstance of having lived in a rural district, I had then never seen so much as a steam-engine, or heard a lecture on anything, or read a book connected with the arts and sciences, save what I have mentioned, and a poor geography borrowed for a short time. The reader will bear these things in mind. He must make allowances for the generation of mechanics of that day, which are not to be made for those of this. A man, or a boy, then, might possibly talk with some plausibility of the lack of opportunities. Nothing had then been done to cheapen, and circulate, and simplify useful knowledge for the mass of the people. There were no Mechanics' Institutions—no popular libraries or reading-rooms—no lectures which we operatives could get at, or understand if we did. A worthy printer, largely engaged in useful publications, lately said, in giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons—"It is a great satisfaction to consider that we set three hundred and sixty thousand of these works in circulation every Saturday morning." Satisfaction indeed! But there was no such thing *then*—no Family Libraries—no Penny Magazines. There was not so much as a coffee-room, suitable for a mechanic, in all London, when I entered it. The first was established, where it still remains, in 1811; whereas there are now over one thousand, besides two thousand eating-houses, in all which these publications are to be had gratis by the customers, in addition to the great economy which they are enabled by these establishments to practise in other respects, to say nothing of the snug comfort and decent society which most of them supply. For a London mechanic, especially, to talk now-a-days of having no chance to improve his mind or his manners, is the merest nonsense in the world. He has hardly a chance to avoid it. He must almost be a decided sot, a glutton, a gambler, a thief, or an idiot, to do so.

Of course, the metropolis was full of novelty for me. But I had business in hand, and went about it. I soon got work; and here I will remark that I have never, from that day to this, in any city or country, been without it, save when I travelled for my own pleasure or improvement; nor do I believe much in the necessity of a mechanic, in tolerable health, being destitute at any time of regular employment.

His first leisure in London was spent in going about seeing and learning all that was to be seen and learned; but shortly he bought a lathe, and married a wife, and began to draw again, as the cheapest and most useful of pastimes. We suspect that marrying so very soon might not have been altogether approved by Malthus; but, as Mr Southey says in the case of John Bunyan, who married at eighteen, "he had a trade, and could afford to marry." We do not at all object to the mechanic's early marriage, though we wish he had let us a little more into his confidence as to his ways and means. He does not seem to have repented the step, or, at least, it was no bar to his future self-education. He still dabbled in mechanics, and invented a very clever and original mouse-trap. But a new era dawned on his class. He was just twenty-five when he chanced to attend a course of lectures on natural philosophy and chemistry. He took notes, and drew sketches of the apparatus; and in this his old practices of drawing and writing served him well. But this was still but the dawn. He says,

Going home, I sat up very late to write out all I could remember of the lecture; and here my juvenile practice helped me again, even the tiresome copying I used to do for my father. So I went on, from October 1815 till the next April. Then I got a book on natural philo-

sophy, and followed the subject up, for there's nothing, I found, like "*striking while the iron is hot.*" Then I made various articles to try experiments with, which my mechanical practice rendered easy work. I went to a second course, and then to others given by other persons.

Finally, I applied for admission to a philosophical society; but, alas! one wanted friends at court in those days. Never discouraged, however, what should I do in such a case? Let any mechanic of this generation imagine himself living twenty years ago and consider. "Why," thought I, "I am a *mechanic*; and though that is the very reason I wish to be admitted, and why I should be, it is the very reason, also, why I am not." It is clear, then, the mechanics must look to themselves, and to each other. Well, a number of us having talked it over, I wrote a circular, dated June 24, 1817, (it was well I could write one,) got it printed, and sent it round town. From this paper I make the following liberal [literal?] extract, for I think it worthy of being put on record, and, indeed, something of a curiosity, as it will be seen that even at this early date, six years before the London Mechanics' Institution was formed, and when none of us had even heard of what had been done at Glasgow, or elsewhere, the circular, nevertheless, embraces substantially all the important principles recognised by modern Mechanics' Institutions.

We pass the circular; but the result of the appeal was the formation of a small society, which lasted from 1817 until 1820, when Mr Claxton went to Russia, being engaged by the government to put up gas-works. He had acted as secretary to the society, which, as they had no books, subscribed two guineas a-year to Horne's library, and obtained twenty volumes a-day—a good hint.

He saw a good deal worth noticing even among Russian workmen, and especially in Russian machines and domestic contrivances and appliances, of which he gives an intelligent account. From Russia he went, in 1822, to the United States, studying engineering on the voyage. He was engaged to work in a machine-shop, at a cotton-factory, thirty miles from Boston, (probably Lowell?) where he remained for three years, and again established a society for mutual improvement:—

Two discourses were delivered on a fast-day by the minister of the village: that in the afternoon was on the importance of knowledge, and the facility with which it can be obtained, by a judicious arrangement of our time, and our associating together for mutual benefit. In fact, he expressed my views on the subject so well, that I felt confident of a kind reception, and accordingly waited on him the same afternoon. After stating my views, and presenting him some papers on the subject, I was informed that a small society for reading had existed about five years in the village, but was at a very low ebb at that time. He was pleased with my proposals, and invited me to attend the next meeting of the society. I attended, and found a considerable number of both sexes assembled at the house of one of the members. They were engaged in reading by turns from Whelply's "Compend of General History;" and the president put questions to them as they proceeded, which made it interesting.

At the close of this exercise, he asked me how I liked it. "Very well," was the reply. I then inquired what other exercise they had. He told me that was all, excepting an annual address, which he delivered himself. I asked him if it would not be well to try the debating of questions, and familiar lectures on science and the arts. He said he thought well of it, but they felt very cautious how they ventured from the shore, lest they should get into deep water. I told him I thought they need not be afraid, for I had seen persons engaged in such exercises, whose opportunities for intellectual culture were inferior to theirs. I was asked if I could give them a lecture. I said I would try, and prepared

myself accordingly. I had brought a small air-pump from Russia with me, which I made of a piece of gas tubing, with a ground plate on a mahogany stand. I bought a few glass articles, which were ground, to fit the pump plate, with a little sand and water, on the hearth-stone of my room. I also procured a small wash-tub, and fitted a shelf to it for a pneumatic cistern. In this way I succeeded, with a very simple apparatus, in explaining the mechanical, and some of the chemical, properties of the air.

This put new life into the society: its constitution was revised so as to include a library and apparatus. Debating was also adopted with success; and the ladies handed in compositions, which were read at the meetings. The reading exercise was pursued only occasionally. Several of the members who had not studied any particular branch of knowledge were prevailed on to give lectures on subjects connected with their professions. More than one case occurred, however, in which gratitude was felt by those who had been thus roused into action.

The society went on flourishingly, and finally built a hall of meeting at an expense of twelve hundred dollars. Mr Claxton was also an instrument in establishing the Boston Mechanics' Institution, the parent, according to him, of the Lyceum, there, and of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Since that time, several minor societies have been formed, not to mention the Franklin Lectures, which have been got up particularly for the accommodation of mechanics: so that Boston is now well supplied with societies for the improvement of the mind.

Now, all or much of this, according to Mr Claxton, the Bostonians owe to the diligence and perseverance of the little boy to whom a considerate and charitable lady gave two years' very cheap schooling—and here ends his scanty autobiography; for, we are sorry to say, he teaches more by precept than example. We also regret to find so intelligent and observing a man entertain so very low an opinion of the class from which he has sprung, and to which he still belongs; and taking no cause into account, in severely animadverting upon the bad habits, the misery and brutish stupidity which he vituperates, besides the ignorance and sensual propensities of the workmen themselves. Neither their misery nor their ignorance are, we apprehend, altogether voluntary or self-incurred. But the exhortations of their friend are not the less well-intended; and there is no doubt whatever, that, even in the worst circumstances, much might be done by the workman to improve his mind, and thus better his condition. Cleanliness, ventilation, knowledge of the best processes of cookery and baking bread, &c., &c., to which he is exhorted, are certainly, to a certain extent, in his own power. The concluding chapters of the little volume contain many valuable *Hints*, illustrated by well-selected extracts from the best recent writers on the subjects elucidated, whether these be scientific, educational, moral, or economical. On the whole, the *Hints* form a good addition to the popular Franklinean Code, and we trust that they will be extensively circulated. Our author, by the way, in his pride of learning, falls among other small and trivial blunders into one about *Cobalt*. *Rebbold* or *Cobalt*, long before it assumed the secondary significance by which it is now generally known in this country, was the common appellation of a spirit or goblin of the mines. When the German miners pray to be preserved from *Cobalt* and *Evil Spirits*, they are not so stupid as to mean the ore from which we make paint or varnish—but from the swart goblin. Probably Mr Claxton may fancy the one as senseless as the other; but, at any rate, he will see his own mistake, and also

that men are not always so ignorant as they may be supposed.

Shelley's Poems.

The third volume of Shelley's collected works, contains "*Rosalind and Helen*," "*The Masque of Anarchy*," "*The Sensitive Plant*," and a few more poems of considerable length; but it is mainly filled by his shorter pieces, and a few of his gem-like lyrics, consisting of a stanza or two, and containing the rich and subtle essence of volumes. In notes on the short poems of 1819—for they are all printed in chronological order—we find a passage connected with "*The Masque of Anarchy*." It was written shortly after Shelley heard of the Manchester Massacre. He was at that time composing "*The Cenci*," and residing near Leghorn. The intelligence of that brutal trampling upon the souls and bodies of his fellow-creatures, by their fellow-citizens—that affair more revolting to the spirit of liberty and humanity, than the worst passages in the history of the Civil Wars of England—"roused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion." Inspired by these feelings, he wrote to teach his injured countrymen the great law of combination, and the strength of passive resistance—lessons since practised, and which we need not describe. It is added—"Shelley loved the people, and respected them as often more virtuous and always more suffering, and therefore more deserving of sympathy, than the great." He believed that a clash between the two classes of society was inevitable, and he eagerly ranged himself on the people's side. He had an idea of publishing a series of poems, somewhat in the manner since adopted by the "*Corn-Law Rhymers*;" and a few pieces of this kind were written at the time, but withheld from the public, from the certainty of prosecution for libel. Of these are the "*Ode to the Assertors of Liberty*," and the "*Song to the Men of England*." As poetry, they are inferior to the general strain of Shelley's writings; but for that day, they were rare productions. We copy the latter:—

"Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave, with toil and care,
The rich robes your tyrants wear?"

"Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?"

"Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That those stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?"

"Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear,
With your pain and with your fear?"

"The seed ye sow another reaps—
The wealth ye find another keeps—
The robes ye weave another wears—
The arms ye forge another bears.

"Sow seed, but let no tyrant reap—
Find wealth, let no impostor heap—
Weave robes, let not the idle wear—
Forge arms, in your defence to bear.

"Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells—
In halls ye deck another dwells.
Why shake the chains ye wrought? why see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

"With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,
Trace your graves and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre."

Hymns and Fireside Verses. By Mary Howitt.

To those acquainted with Mrs Howitt's writing, this new volume does not require to be particularly described. It contains every characteristic of her genius and of her manner. The principal poem, which fills more than half the volume, is a religious allegory, in which Christianity, in the guise of a little child, goes a pilgrimage over the earth, carrying everywhere her gentle and child-like influences, and dispensing consolation, fortitude, and peace. We should fear that, from the simple structure of the verse, this long poem may, to some readers, become monotonous. But this objection may not be felt by the young reader. The poem contains passages of great tenderness and beauty, conceived in a pure, holy, and truly child-like spirit. From the short pieces, we select the following stanzas:—

CORN-FIELDS.

"In the young merry time of spring,
When clover 'gins to burst;
When the blue-bells nod within the wood,
And sweet May whitens first;
When merle and mavis sing their fill,
Green is the young corn on the hill."

The corn passes in all its stages—it shoots into the ear, it whitens, it ripens, it is shorn; and then—

"I feel the day; and see the field,
The quivering of the leaves;
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And, at this very hour, I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

"I see the field of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickle stroke,
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there,
"Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight;
God's living gift of love, unto
The kind, good Shunamite.
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

"The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That, eighteen hundred years ago,
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour take his way
'Mid ripe corn, on the Sabbath day.

"O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream;
The sunshine, and the very air,
Seem of old time, and take me there."

Among the sweetest of the poems is this to

LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water-side;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells,
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild—
Dwelletb many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride,
By the poor man's dull fireside—
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean—
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!"

"In the far isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone;
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!"

Blessings on them!—they in me
Move a kindly sympathy
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense;
And their small experience!"

Among the hymns, we find this one highly to prize—
It is well adapted for singing in an Infant School.

THE POOR CHILD'S HYMN.

"We are poor and lowly born,
With the poor we bide;
Labour is our heritage,
Care and want beside.
What of this? Our blessed Lord
Was of lowly birth,
And poor toiling fishermen
Were his friends on earth!
"We are ignorant and young,
Simple children all;
Gifted with but humble powers,
And of learning small.
What of this? Our blessed Lord
Loved such as we.
How He blessed the little ones
Sitting on his knee!"

"Mabel on Midsummer Day"—a legend or story of the olden time, when kindness and humanity, industry and neatness, were especially rewarded by "the good people"—is one of those sweet and simple legendary effusions in which Mrs Howitt delights and excels. We hope the Germans are becoming acquainted with these, her most characteristic writings, such as this same little Mabel—for the German heart is quite fitted to receive and cherish them.

The little volume is most beautifully embellished with wood engravings.

Little Derwent's Breakfast,

is a set of nursery verses, the pap and panada of poetry, written by a mother for her darling boy, and that boy the grandchild of Coleridge. Some of the rhymes are lively, and all are meant to convey instruction, though more of the Useful-Knowledge sort than Grandpapa would have liked. He must be a very proud young gentleman who finds a volume of verse written and published, all for or about himself, before he was seven years old; but other young gentlemen may reap the benefit of it if they please. *An Inquiry into the Propagation of Contagious Poisons.* By S. Scott Alison, M.D.

On the main point of this discussion, Dr Alison of Tranent, after stating the evidence, seems to arrive at the safe conclusion "that much might be said on both sides," although he rather seems to incline to disbelief of Atmospheric Contagion. He has, however entire belief in the evil effects of Malaria, which comes to nearly the same thing. In a popular view, the concluding chapters of his treatise, those on other causes of pestilence, such as famine, or unwholesome or insufficient food and drink, filth, want of proper shelter and clothing, anxiety and depression of mind, are the most important. *Poverty* is, beyond doubt, a far more general and active cause of the fevers named contagious, in this country, than all other causes combined. From the eleventh chapter we shall borrow a passage, embodying facts and reasonings which ought to be dinned in our ears till they sink into our hearts, and actuate our conduct.

Much of the continued fever which infests the poorer classes of our countrymen, and almost all the pleurisies, colds, and consequent consumptions, which prevail more or less among the various ranks every winter, are in a very great degree dependent on the extreme cold of the season which suddenly sets in, and against which the dress of the inhabitants of these islands is insufficient to provide. The labouring classes suffer much, more particularly from

the action of cold and the inclemency of the weather. They are generally very scantily clothed, nay, they are sometimes scarcely covered, and the consequence is, that the cold makes a strong and lasting impression, the circulation on the surface is suddenly impeded, the perspiration is checked, and the whole fabric involuntarily shivers. Now these are the very first symptoms of fever, and unless the constitution is possessed of stamina to remove those symptoms without loss of time, and to establish the circulation in its vigour again upon the surface of the body, that disease, or some other, will undoubtedly be established.

The clothes, the house, and the diet of the working man, are insufficient to protect him against the action of the cold, and to resist its operation when once it has fastened upon him; and thus it is, that to comparative want and to many privations, there is often conjoined so much disease.

But it is in vain to expect any other result as long as our most deserving labouring population is worked in an inordinate degree—so long as they labour beyond what their limited energies will, with impunity, permit—so long as they are often unable to obtain a diet sufficient for the maintenance even of an idle person—and so long as their very breasts, from very want of clothing, are literally open and exposed to the fiercest blast that blows, and to the most searching and chilling rain that falls from heaven.

Observe the industrious labourer at his work; behold his powers are taxed to the utmost, his energies, his capabilities, are put upon the stretch, and the entire fabric, God's most complicated and most delicate creation, is actually labouring and heaving with protracted exertion. His blood distils the dew of labour, and his clothes, such as they are, are moistened with perspiration bursting from a thousand pores.

It frequently happens that, the labour of the poor man being over, sorely fatigued, too exhausted even to enjoy the consciousness that his hour of rest has arrived, with a heavy and unwieldy gait and hanging head, he seeks his comfortless abode, his scanty board, his dreary, dark, scarcely furnished apartment, with its faint and glimmering embers.

He swallows his spare repast and falls asleep at his fire-side; but having no change of clothes, and those which he has on being wet with perspiration or with rain, are allowed to dry upon him. In the meantime the heat of the fire proves sufficient to create a steam on the side next it, and the house of course being open to the wind, currents of air, chillingly cold, pervade the apartment, and strike upon that side of the poor inmate which is most remote from the fire, and thus he of a thousand misfortunes and privations is actually steamed on one side, and perished with cold on the other. Persons placed in such a situation can scarcely, for any length of time, escape disease; and it is consonant with my knowledge to say, that the condition of a great proportion of the labouring classes is not one tittle better. *Fever and many other diseases will continue to assail our labouring population as long as their food is insufficient, as long as they are barely covered during the inclement season, as long as their habitations scarcely own a roof or a door, as long as the wind and rain enter at a thousand crevices; and while the cheerful and salubrious light of heaven is denied admittance by the old hats, bunches of straw, and rubbish which so frequently, in the absence of glass, fill up the space originally intended for a window.* Yes, so long as every energy is exerted, and every moment that can be cheated from rest, to obtain that wherewith a supply of the necessities of life may be procured, and when every other consideration sinks and gives way to the more pressing wants of nature, will disease prevail.

Such is the destitution among many of the labouring class, and the vast amount of disease which prevails among them, is the necessary consequence.

The following facts illustrate well the influence which scanty food, insufficient clothing, and the privations attendant upon poverty, exert in the production of disease.

During the last three months, (10th February 1839,) the fishermen and potters living in Prestonpans have been in a very destitute condition; the former, partly from the very boisterous weather which has prevented their going regularly to sea, and the latter from the closure of the potteries at which they were employed. During that time, these two classes of people have been suffering much from fever, about ten of their number having died in that short period; while the people, amounting to 750, including children, connected with Prestongrange colliery, who are well employed, well paid, and well fed, though inhabiting the same locality, and the houses stretching from Preston-

pans to Musselburgh Links, have been almost entirely free of that disease, fever having affected two of those families only, in the course of the same time; and while fever is still prevailing extensively among the potters and fishermen, the people connected with the colliery have been entirely free of that disease since about the 7th of last December. On these facts I am well informed, being the medical attendant of the colliery.

The thirteenth chapter contains some valuable hints upon the prevention and correction of vitiated air. To the facts which Dr Alison has collected, we may, in passing, add one, mentioned in Mr Symons' book on the conditions of the artisans of Great Britain and the Continent—namely, that in Lyons, with its numerous and miserable manufacturing population, Cholera never appeared; and that the absence of that scourge, and, in general, of epidemic diseases, is to be attributed to the large lime-kilns in the suburbs, the exhalations of which perceptibly impregnate the atmosphere.

Notes of a Wanderer in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube and down the Rhine.

The author of these Notes is Dr Cumming, late a physician in the East India Company's service, and apparently a descendant of the Wolf of Badenoch. In India he lost his health—not so much, we are led to imagine, from the climate or the severe malady by which he was attacked, (acute dysentery,) as through the activity and energetic practice of his physicians. In pursuit of health, he travelled in the United States and Canada, and lived for a considerable time in France, before commencing this rambling and eccentric tour in search of the capricious goddess. We must own that it is his professional or medical heresies which have impressed us with a favourable opinion of his judgment in other matters which fell under his observation. In ascending the Nile in his gallant bark, christened the *Findhorn*, from affectionate reminiscences of *Auld lang syne*, Dr Cumming was, in December 1836, attacked with the horrible disease from which he had suffered so much, in 1829, at Cawnpore. He was alone in every sense of the word; his boat's crew, consisting of natives, and a guide or interpreter, being his only companions. He had taken with him nothing whatever in the shape of medicine. Too little of the apothecary may, at times, be inconvenient; but is certainly not worse than too much. Dr Cumming, with intervals of remission, suffered so severely for about a week, that he fairly gave himself up, and so did his attendants. As a forlorn hope, he ordered his guide to sponge him with hot water; and this simple remedy, with fomentation of the abdomen, was the only treatment employed. After it had been for some time persisted in, he felt relieved. A little wine and water remained on his stomach; he became drowsy, slept for a short time, felt his skin less hot and burning, and, in brief, began to recover, and that rapidly. In short, in about a week from the crisis of his disorder, which was accelerated by the simple applications mentioned, he writes in his journal.

My recovery is now almost complete, and the rapidity of my convalescence leads me to contrast my late attack with a precisely similar one which I had at Cawnpore, in the autumn of 1829. On that occasion I was largely bled at the arm—had fifty leeches applied to the abdomen, and, during the first four days of the disease, in addition to extensive mercurial frictions, I swallowed 216 grains of calomel! True, I recovered, or rather, I did not die; whether in consequence of, or in spite of the above heroic treatment, I will not venture to say. My face was swelled to an enormous size, every tooth was loose in my jaws, and for six or eight weeks I could eat no solid food. My constitution received a shock from which it never fairly recovered; and I was finally obliged to come to Europe on furlough. On the present occasion, fortunately for me,

the "vis medicatrix nature" was my sole physician, and I am now almost as well as before the attack commenced. British medical practice, in my humble opinion, deals too much in heroics. We laugh at the French, for the expectancy of their treatment; but if they do too little, we assuredly do too much. On first visiting the hospitals of Paris, I was astonished at the want of energy in the practice of the physicians; but experience and observation soon taught me, that the sick *could* recover without the ocean of drugs that is wont to be administered in England. Although no disciple of Broussais, I think his country is much indebted to him for having, in a great measure, put down the drugging system in medicine. A pharmacist of Paris once remarked to me, that Broussais had ruined the apothecary business; so it would appear, for I verily believe there are fewer druggists' shops in the whole city of Paris, than in the town of Bath.

We confess a prepossession for a traveller capable of rising so clearly above the bigotry and bias of education and professional habit as Dr Cumming does on this and other occasions, and, indeed, as often as by the nature of his subject he is led into medical discussions. This is the guarantee of that independent opinion and sound judgment, which we look for in a traveller, and which he discovers throughout the whole course of his wanderings. Great originality in going over much of the beaten track which he followed, is not longer to be looked for; but his impressions have freshness, and they are, moreover, those of a sensible and well-educated Scotsman, in whom experience and ill-health has tempered without quenching the fire and enthusiasm of youth, and who always contrives to interest the sympathies of the reader, not more in the course of his strange adventures, than in his personal feelings and opinions, from a certain happy knack of talking of himself, and letting us into his confidence without the smallest suspicion arising on our parts of conceit, pretension, or egotism. He is neither, as a traveller, an Antiquary, an Artist, nor a raving poetical Religionist; but his professional acquirements and previous accumulation of knowledge, give him immense advantages over the ordinary run of gentlemen, who, with *malice prepense*, sit down to bestow their travels on the public. The spirit of enlightened philanthropy which pervades the book will farther recommend it to many. This is not found in showy, flowery passages and elaborate gettings-up, but comes naturally, and in its own place, with the flow of the narrative. The state of the hospitals interested Dr Cumming wherever he went; and in no country in the world are they in so deplorable a condition as in Egypt. The lunatic asylum in Cairo must be the most horrible den of human misery and debasement to be found upon the face of the earth. From the madhouse the traveller one morning went to the slave-market, and thence to a very different scene. Dr Cumming is not an admirer of Mahomed Ali.

Our next visit was to the citadel, where a number of workmen are busy with the erection of a mausoleum, destined to receive the body of his Highness. The sole beauty of the building consists in the slabs of alabaster with which its interior is lined. An extensive quarry of this beautiful stone has been discovered on the eastern shore of the Nile, and the Pacha is robbing it of its treasures, to ornament the intended receptacle of his vile carcass. It would do him more honour as a man, and credit as a ruler, were he to expend the money thus uselessly lavished, on the erection of an hospital for the treatment of his poor blind subjects. It is a fashion with persons in England and other parts of Europe, to laud Mahomed Ali to the skies, as an enlightened ruler and a successful conqueror. To the latter appellation I do not dispute his claim, but as to his paternal anxieties for the good of his people, let the thousands of blind in the streets of Cairo bear mournful witness. For myself, I feel nothing but abhorrence towards the man who squanders the lives and properties of his subjects, in the conquest of remote countries, which he will probably soon be forced to re-

Enquire; while he neglects the easy and attainable means of conducing to their domestic happiness, by an endeavour to remedy an evil as sweeping in its extent as afflicting in its effects. He has, indeed, formed a large and expensive military college; but this is in keeping with his schemes of aggrandisement and conquest. But is there even one general hospital in Cairo open to all? I have heard of none such, and yet the population of the city is said to amount to 400,000 souls: So much for his paternal care of his subjects. . . . Nothing is more common than for young men to disqualify themselves from being soldiers, by chopping off a fore-finger, knocking out their cartridge-teeth, and even putting out one of their eyes. All military service is compulsory. I have frequently seen wretched recruits, just kidnapped, marched in chains, or with their hands stuck through wooden stocks, to the various barracks. Little fidelity can be expected from such an army. Nevertheless, it serves the purpose of the Pacha, and no more is cared for or required.

At the Falls of Niagara, Dr Cumming had some years before cut himself a sturdy staff, christened Niagara, and which did him yeoman's service in his voyage up the Nile. At the ultimate point of his discoveries, we find a passage, which we present to our readers as a specimen of a work which we heartily recommend to their attention, regretting that our narrow space denies us, in the passing month, the pleasure of telling them more about it.

Second Cataract of the Nile.—Nubia, January 15.—Light airs and calms all yesterday. I did not reach Ouadi Halfah until seven p.m. This morning I was towed to the foot of the cataract, and set out after breakfast, accompanied by Mahmood and the pilot, to gain a high rock (about four miles from my bark) which overlooks the cataract, and commands an extensive view of the rapids. We were on the Lybian shore, and our road lay along the skirt of the desert. It is surprising what a variety of feature the desert presents. The prevailing characteristics are certainly nakedness and sand; but the eye is not wearied by the monotony of a long stretch of ocean. Here is a hill of black and crumbly stones—there a valley of loose sand—in other places a plain as flat as a bowling-green. We traversed large masses of white sandy rock, rising out of the desert. On our right was the tomb of a saint in the shape of a "cairn" of stones standing on a little knoll, on passing which my companions made a profound obeisance. The only living thing we saw, was a superb eagle, who fled on our approach, from a feast of carrion, on which he was regaling; all around were scattered large bones, bleached by the sun to the whiteness of snow: from their size they must have been those of the camel. A rough ride of an hour and ten minutes brought me to the rock, which I hastened to ascend, to enjoy the prospect from its summit. The view from this position is one of great interest, and of a character altogether unique. The river is divided and broken into innumerable streams and eddies, by an infinity of islands of a black, smooth, and shining rock. These are of every size and shape; some forming mere specks rising out of the stream—others small, circular, or rugged islets, either altogether barren, or having merely a solitary thorny shrub, deriving its support from a handful of soil deposited in a cavity of the rock. There are others pretty thickly covered with a kind of stunted tree, and two or three towards the bottom of the series, with groves of palms and cultivation. These last are inhabited. Looking upwards, as far as the eye can reach, a similar appearance presents itself: indeed so thickly clustered are the little isles, that the view of the river at a distance is almost intercepted, excepting here and there, where its muddy waters may be seen stealing smoothly along, or broken into foam by opposing rocks. There is nothing to convey the idea, or to merit the appellation of a cataract: indeed the rapids make but an inconspicuous appearance. The river Findhorn, in a flood, has hundreds far more swift and terrible. Looking across the Nile, eastward, the horizon is bounded by a tedious and uninteresting view of the desert. . . . To me, perhaps, the knowledge that I was above a thousand miles from the shores of the Mediterranean, and on a spot but rarely frequented by travellers, was not its least charm. It pleased me to reflect that I was the only European (so far as I knew), thus high on the course of the Nile; and, although no friend of monopolies in general, I was not sorry to have the whole of the beautiful landscape

to myself. The presence of a stranger would have been no small bar to my enjoyment.

Having remained for an hour on the top of the rock, I descended to the river, in the hope of cutting a stick from one of the trees near the edge of the cataract. Mahmood had proceeded on a similar errand, to a group of palms, about half a mile higher up; it was not long before I desoried a portly staff in the midst of a thorny brake, which after some toil and many scratches, I succeeded in cutting and disengaging, as a mate for "Niagara." This done, I descended to the edge of the rapid, and plunging it into the torrent, duly christened it *Nilus*; bathing at the same time the weather-beaten trunk of Niagara; and thus, in a manner, wedding the St Lawrence to the Nile! My labours over, I seated myself on the rock, and drank a glass of brandy and water to the health of many a distant friend, not in Europe only, but in Asia and the New World also; for all these continents contain persons who have held out the right hand of fellowship to me. I now washed out the remains of the brandy, and stretching the bottle as far into the rapid as my arm could reach, filled it with the rushing waters of the fruitful Nile. Although the breeze was fresh and cool, the sun felt powerful and hot. By aid of a small lens, I contrived to light a cigar, and, stretching myself at full length on the black and glossy rock—the smoke ascending in fantastic wreaths from my mouth, I mused on Scotland and on dear lang-syne.

To invalidate this work is important. Egypt, thanks to steam, is now nearer to us than lately were the South of France, Portugal, Italy, or Madeira; and, by Dr Cumming's report, Egypt, in winter, must be the paradise of those affected or threatened with pulmonary affections.

Beginning of a New School of Metaphysics.

By B. H. Smart.

Here is an ingenious man, an original thinker, who complains that he has nearly fallen another victim to "*the False Medium*." Nay, after he had escaped the Scylla of the publishers, he has been almost wrecked in the Charybdis of the reviewers. Six or seven years since, zeal for the interests of science, and perhaps a little of the natural pride of discovery, led him to publish a work, which he entitled an "*Essay on Sematology*," a name which was probably fatal to his object, as not one individual in a hundred thousand could have guessed that he meant to discuss under this name, grammar, logic, and rhetoric. Accordingly, none of the literary Tribunes took the least notice of his book. The subject of which it treats he had revolved for twenty years; and he published at last anonymously, in the hope "of being mistaken for a Lord, or a Doctor high in university repute, or a political leader trying his hand on a by-subject;" but the great critics would not bite. No bookseller would risk the expense of launching "*Sematology*" into the world; nor was there any literary clique to back it when it came forth. One or two newspapers treated it with their wonted civility and kindness. Discouraging as was this reception, the author was not dimayed. He was sustained by the consciousness of a good purpose and the hope that, if his Essay could be forced upon public notice, it would indicate an opening for much improvement in one department of science. We are not judging of the truth or of the originality of the theory evolved in his treatise, but we cannot help admiring his fortitude and perseverance. He has re-published his original treatise with considerable additions, and a number of shorter Essays upon subjects allied to his favourite studies. He will this time at least receive more attention, whatever acceptance his speculations may find among the learned.

A New Epistle by the Apostle Paul.

This epistle, recently discovered among manuscripts of remote antiquity, and translated out of the original

Greek, is humbly dedicated to the English and Irish Bishops. Some of the verses make good sharp hits. We cull three or four:—

CHAPTER III.

24. And whereas I did once write to the saints which are at Corinth, that I would not suffer a woman to usurp authority in the Church over the men; yet there is now a new commandment.

25. And this new commandment, that ye allow women to have even the chief authority in the Church; for the days will come when a virgin shall sit upon the throne.

26. Therefore let her be your chief; and albeit she is of tender years, yet must she appoint the bishops, when, by reason of their death, their habitation is desolate, and their bishopricks another has to take.

27. But if wicked men do gainsay this, saying, that if a woman may fill the highest station in the Church, being the head thereof, and appointing to office therein, and sit on benches in the Lord's House, in stalls and in pulpits of wood, take no heed of the word that is spoken.

28. And without respect for truth—for the fashion of the Church passeth away—let all Princes, even though they do evil in the sight of the Lord, be solemnly pronounced most religious and gracious persons.

29. I will also that ye never speak of us as labourers in God's vineyard, nor yet as fishermen of Galilee, but that such things straitway be forgotten, and that we be denominate the College of the Apostles.

CHAPTER IV.

12. There may be archbishops, who shall take the oversight of the bishops, having the largest share of the one thing needful; for money answereth all things.

26. The Church of Rome greeteth you, whom ye ought to love as one of yourselves; for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but loveth it and cherisheth it.

28. They of Babylon (which is called Rome; but this is a great mystery) salute you, specially the man of whom it was said, "He shall be revealed in his time, and who as God sitteth in the temple of God."

30. May wealth, and dignity, and honour, and splendour, and pomp, and power be with you all evermore. Amen and amen.

These are not the best things in the Epistle, but they make its object apparent. It goes on, in the same sarcastic strain, to expose whatever Dissenters or Puritans consider unscriptural in the doctrines, ritual, and discipline of the Church of England.

Roscoe's London and Birmingham Railway Guide.

We noticed this work when it first appeared in Parts. It is now completed; and will form a useful and entertaining companion to the traveller, from its direct information, as well as the sketches of the many interesting places, either upon the track of the Railway or in its vicinity, and from the numerous local descriptions, traditions, and anecdotes which the author has picked up. A good, coloured map is a desirable accompaniment to the traveller; and the numerous engravings of the more remarkable scenes in the route are much better executed than in ordinary guide-books. They are, indeed, pretty landscapes and views. There is but one omission. Why, Mr Roscoe—or Mr Peter Lecount, if the *utilitarian* department be yours—do you not, like the "Birmingham Guide," tell travellers what is to pay by the different trains, and to the different stations? It is of far more consequence what our own tickets are to cost than the contract price paid by the proprietors for forming the road. Among the anecdotes is one of a landed proprietor who charged enormously high for a piece of ground needed by the company, upon the plea that the Railway would injure his property. It was completed; and the company required another piece of his land for buildings, and other purposes; and for this he demanded much more, on the opposite ground, that his land had been greatly enhanced in value by the Railway!

Sickness and Mortality in the West Indies; a Letter to the Secretary at War. By Sir Andrew Halliday.

Sir A. Halliday here suggests many practical reforms for promoting the health and general well-being of the troops in the West Indies. He is a believer in atmospheric contagion. He thinks it suddenly arises from the combination of *moisture* and *heat*; and he also believes that it causes all the epidemic and endemic fevers of the West India colonies. He says he is convinced, that the subtle poison generated by this combination, does not enter the system *by the lungs, but through the medium of the stomach*, and that it does not consist in any vitiated quality of the air itself, but in some poisonous matter which that air carries along with it; and which it is now proved, it will not elevate to a greater height than 2500 feet above the level of the sea. These are curious and nice questions; but the results are plain and practical. A specific for the fever of these colonies, or something approaching one, is mentioned here with great approbation. Dr Warburg's Fever Drops, prepared from plants, whose virtues had been made known to the Doctor by the Indians of Demerara, have been tried by our military surgeons in the regimental hospitals, "with the most perfect success." The Fever Drops are about to be tried in the fevers of Gibraltar and the Mediterranean stations. We should not have mentioned the circumstance, save that Sir Andrew Halliday is not at all likely to patronize quack remedies. Other diseases of the troops nearly as fatal as fever, those of the stomach and bowels, have been prevented by additional rations of fresh meat—a remedy in which we would have great faith in similar cases, were it duly administered at home. The work-house unions have furnished some satisfactory recent proofs.

Jamaica Plantership.

Sodom and Gomorrah must have been places distinguished by humanity, mercy, and purity, in comparison with Jamaica, if we are to believe Mr Benjamin M'Mahon. This gentleman details his eighteen years' experiences in its various plantations, Pens, and coffee mountains—eighteen years, during which he must have had nearly double the number of employers; who, with those in their employment—and overseers, attorneys, medical men, special magistrates—were nearly all alike monsters of cruelty—unredeemed, brutal ruffians. We hope they may not all be quite so black as they are called; but the author gives name and surname, and makes no mystery about his shocking statements.

*Women Physiologically considered, as to Mind.**Morals, Marriage, Matrimonial Slavery, Infidelity, and Divorce.* By Alexander Walker.

This author is much more successful in pointing out existing evils in the condition of women, than in propounding such remedies as would either improve their social condition, or elevate the morals of society. While he professes to feel great indignation at the injustice systematically inflicted upon the sex by their masters, his opinion of woman is debasing, and his suggestions for elevating her social position, far from ennobling to the beautiful animal of fine instincts and no intellect, or intellect extremely circumscribed, which he depicts. The work does not, in our judgment, deserve the approbation of the sex for whose sake it professes to be written. There may be many anomalies and injustices to women in the existing relations of the sexes; but this author is not to be their redressor, nor is he either a very judicious or delicate expositor of the wrongs of women.

The Eccaleobian.

Among the many sights and shows of London, there is one, at present, under the above learned name, the object of which is to exhibit the artificial hatching of chickens. After the eggs attain a certain stage in the process, they are sold to amateurs, at one shilling each—not to eat, but to hatch out, and watch at home till the animal comes to life. There are also portable *eccaleobians*, for the amusement of evening parties in their own houses! The exhibitor of the machinery for artificial incubation has written a treatise on the subject, which, with a considerable quantity of puffing, contains some curious matter.

Modern Art and Living Artists.

A very meagre work this, when we compare the smallness of the performance with the magnificence of the title. Yet it contains just opinions and clever remarks, and proves that a better taste in art is advancing among us.

The Youth of Shakspeare. 3 vols.

"Shakspeare and his Friends" rose to sudden fame by general acclamation. This new romance, by the same author, errs in nothing so much as appearing after that popular fiction. If inferior, its inferiority would not have been found out. It is composed in the same joyous and genial spirit, and cannot fail to delight nine out of ten of those devouring readers whose daily bread is fiction. Nothing can be better than the opening festive scenes in Stratford, Shakspeare's courtship of Anne Hathaway, and his early London adventures.

The Book of Bon-Accord.

What Southeron could guess that this title signifies a history of Aberdeen, and a Guide-Book to the same "Brave Town?" *Bon-Accord* is the motto, and was the ancient watchword of Aberdeen. The volume will be precious to the sons and daughters of Bon-Accord, and their descendants; and amusing to all men north of the Tweed. It is high-pressure-full of curious and queer Aberdonian information of all kinds; ranging from the qualities of Finnan haddocks to those of learned professors, native poets, and of the stalwarth provosts and bailies of the fighting times, when Aberdeen, with the clans upon the one hand, and the turbulent Lowlanders on the other, was kept in continual turmoil. Bating some slight prejudice against Puritans and Covenanters, indigenous to Aberdeenshire, the author has displayed impartiality, care, learning, and ability for his task, and produced a good history. A few more characteristic and amusing anecdotes of the Aberdonians, the Yorkshire men of Scotland, might be desirable from the abundant stores afloat; but might, perhaps, have been below the dignity and gravity of history. In lieu of this, we have many traits of the manners of the olden times—the burning of witches, the branding of harlots, the torture of Quakers, the punishment of Sabbath-breakers, and, above all, the persecution of those who dared to speak evil of dignities in the person of "their Wisdoms," the bailies.

English Stories of the Olden Time. By Maria Hack. 2 volumes.

We entirely approve the reasons which have led this ingenious lady to adopt the ever-attractive story-telling medium, in initiating young persons into the study of history. She has also made a moderate use of the interrogative form, or of dialogue, the better to attain her purpose. The work shews extensive and careful reading and sober judgment, and may be made very useful to many besides the juvenile class for which it is principally intended. This class is not mere children. Young per-

sons, from twelve to fourteen, may, in this forward age fairly rank in information with what their grandfathers and grandmothers were at from fifteen to eighteen. The stories come down to nearly the close of the reign of Elizabeth: the book is neat, and even handsome, and appropriate to all private school-rooms and parlours, where children read, for improvement, with their friends.

SERIAL WORKS.

PART I. of a work entitled *THE FATHERS AND FOUNDERS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY*, including Memoirs of the more distinguished founders and leaders of the Methodists, has just appeared. The work is from the pen of the Rev. Dr Morison, the author of some moral and religious treatises with which we are not acquainted. This conjoined history and biography is calculated to interest the religious world, and appears to be well executed. No thinking man, whatever be his theological opinions, who is acquainted with the moral and religious state of the people of England during the greater part of the last formal, dead, or apathetic century, can fail to appreciate those truly apostolic labours of the early Methodists, which this work sketches, before it passes to its more general objects. Previous to all foreign missionary labours whatever, was the great and arduous "excavation" of the British heathen, undertaken by Wesley and Whitefield, and their disciples; and we are inclined to believe that the results of that movement still remain of far more importance than all other missionary efforts put together. This Part is embellished with exceedingly good medallion-sized portraits of such men as Haweis, Eyre, Bogue, and Burder.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines,

Is just completed, by the publication of Part X. The last three Parts are peculiarly rich in information. They contain, among other things, *Paper-making, Pit-coal, Pottery, Printing, Plating, Refining, the Silk and the Woollen manufacture, Stills, Stoves, Sugar and Sugar-Refining, Soap, Soda, Wine, &c. &c.* The treatises on the Woollen and Silk Manufactures, and those on the Potteries, each important branches of national industry, are ample and minute, and are fully illustrated by numerous engravings. Of these, the work contains upwards of twelve hundred.

The Pictorial History of Napoleon

Has reached Part II., which is stuffed with wood-engravings to repletion. Some of them are clever and characteristic, others indifferent enough. The letter-press comes down to the eve of the Consulate. Let us hope that the writer of the history is not about to be dazzled by the false glory of his hero. It has been many an able man's fortune.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

- I. Considerations on the State of the Nation.
- II. An Address to the People, occasioned by the Letter to the Queen.
- III. Hear the Church!
- IV. Railways and Public Works in Ireland, with observations on the Report of the Irish Railway Commissioners, by George Lewis Smyth—who wishes to expose the job.
- V. Letter of the Marquis of Sligo to Lord Normanby, on the present state of Jamaica.
- VI. An Essay on the present state of Ireland, by Sir James Napier, dedicated to Irish Absentee Landed Proprietors—to which we intend to return as soon as possible.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

In our Magazine for June 1836,* we pointed out a safe way of making fictitious votes, by declaring the price a real burden on the property, and we also suggested residence as a check to such votes. The Whigs, after floundering about, and having many of their votes struck off the roll, have at length, in making votes this year, adopted the plan we three years ago proposed; and the Lord Advocate, with the view of stopping the creation of such votes, has brought in a bill to make residence a condition of the exercise of the suffrage. There is certainly no ordinary degree of inconsistency in the Whig lawyers in Parliament pretending to be anxious to stop the creation of fictitious votes, while not only their nearest relations, but their most intimate political connexions, and, in truth, the whole Edinburgh Whig clique, have been as busy as possible in making votes all winter. But perhaps the explanation of the matter may be, that the desire to extinguish future fictitious votes arises out of that very activity; for the Whigs may have discovered that they have obtained a majority of such votes, and, as all already on the roll will be safe, on the ground of vested interest, they may wish now to shut the door against the Tories. That the attempt to carry the bill through Parliament will fail, nobody doubts. This is, however, a mere Whig and Tory question, with which the people have little to do; and we confess that, with the present limited constituency, we have some doubts whether the making of votes is an evil of any great turpitude; for, perhaps, a fictitious voter is better than no voter at all. Another bill, which his Lordship has introduced, is one for establishing an Appeal Court in Edinburgh, to ensure uniformity in the decisions of the Registration Courts. Such a court is imperatively called for; but, if it is to consist of Sheriffs, who owe their situations to nothing but political partisanship, it will prove a failure. Any one who has attended the Registration Courts, whether primary or of appeal, will require no evidence of our assertion. The bill for suspending the Constitution of Jamaica, whether so decisive a step be called for or not, being a coercion bill, is, of course, certain of passing both Houses, as fast as the forms of Parliament will admit. It is plain that our expenditure for black-slave emancipation has only begun, and that our armed force in the West Indies will require to be augmented; for both the white and black population will require watching, in the present state of matters in North America. We wish that some sympathy could be spared for the white slaves at our own doors—we mean the shopkeepers, and particularly the druggists' and grocers' clerks and apprentices, many of whom have fourteen hours' labour a-day, without their excess of labour doing any good, either to their masters, or to any one else; for it is obvious, if all the shops were shut at one time, no one would lose. A Ten-Hours' Shopmen and Tradesmen's Act is as much required as that for the factory children; for, until the hours of labour are abridged by law, and under penalties which any common informer can recover, the hour of shopshutting will never be materially abridged. But relief is hopeless; because the shopmen and apprentices are too near at hand. If personal charity begins at home, experience teaches that public charity begins abroad and ends there.

ENGLAND.

THE LANDLORDS AND THE LABOURERS.—The landlords were highly indignant, when they were lately told in Parliament, by Sir George Strickland, that they ground the faces of the poor, and that rent-rolls could be maintained at their present rate, only by the continued misery of the working man. They, of course, denied the assertion, affected the greatest sympathy for the farmer and labourer, and asseverated that the repeal of the Corn-Laws was a question in which the farmer and labourer

had a much greater stake than themselves. Disinterested landed-interest! It appears that, in the South of England, agricultural labourers are in a much worse condition than among ourselves. Until the recent rise in the price of provisions, their wages were six shillings a-week; now, the best workmen may earn nine shillings, but not on constant employment; so that when all prices have risen one hundred per cent., wages have, in some few instances, increased fifty per cent. On such a pittance as nine shillings a-week, a man, to support himself, his wife and children, must live much worse than his neighbour's pig, at least if his neighbour ever expects to convert his pig into eatable pork. The people employed in manufactures are unquestionably much better paid, much better fed, much better lodged than the agricultural labourers; as any one will soon convince himself who will go to any cotton-mill, such as New Lanark or Dranstoun, and look into the matter, and then examine the miserable hovels of the ploughmen, with damp earthen floors; windows hardly a foot square, and which cannot be opened, and perhaps a pig or cow under the same roof.

Yes, the landlords grind the faces of the poor, and consider themselves entitled to use them in the manner which contributes most to their own benefit. Out of a labourer's wages of nine shillings a-week, at least two shillings go directly to the landlord and farmer, in the shape of bread-tax, and other two are expended in the increased price of commodities the bread-tax occasions. The British landowner, therefore, participates as much, though indirectly, in the wages of the working man, as the Russian landlord does in those of his serf, who has to pay over to the owner of the estate on which he was born, a fixed proportion of the wages of his daily toil. And, talking of serfs, how long is it since the poor were slaves in Scotland? Not much more than fifty years. It is hardly more than half a century since colliers and salters were sold along with the colliery and salt-work, in the same manner as the gin horse, or rather gin itself, and salt-pan. It required various statutes, in the period between 1770 and 1790, to put an end to the practice; yet it was only a remnant of the old law and custom of Enrope, which gave the same right to the lords of the soil, in all the men, women, and children who were born upon it, as in the wild beasts or in the game which was found on it; and indeed they asserted, and the law gave them, a much higher right. A hare or a partridge might migrate from the estate of one landlord to another, and could not be reclaimed; not so a collier or a salter. The proprietor on whose estate he first drew the vital air, or to whose colliery or salt-work he was once assigned, was his owner, the proprietor of his bones and sinews, and was entitled to repledge or claim him back, from every one in whose possession he was found, in the same manner as the landowner could repledge his horse or dog; and the records of our Courts of Law, up to within these seventy years, shew that the right was exercised without hesitation and without shame, whenever there was occasion.

NEW POOR-LAW.—It certainly must require some "powers of face" to talk, in England, of the sympathy of the landed interest with the working man. Why, the new Poor-Law has already transferred four millions per annum from the poor to the landowners, though it has not been in operation four years; and both Whig and Tory joined in carrying it through Parliament. We should hardly have complained of this law, had the starvation laws been repealed at the same time. But we cannot see how there is anything like justice in tying a working man's hands behind his back, sending a troop of dragoons, or a detachment of the London police, to watch that he does not get his hands loose; and, when he complains of hunger, and that his wife and children are starving, tell him—separate yourself from your family, come into our bastille, and your soul and body shall, in some way or other, be kept together

* New Series, vol. iii., p. 390.

all better times come. We think any one in such a situation is fairly entitled to say—"It is you who prevent me working. The Prussians, the Poles, millions of foreigners, are willing and ready to take the workmanship of my hands. There are thousands of master manufacturers here ready to employ me, and give me wages on which I could live in comfort, could my handicraft be freely exported, and if you, the landed interest, would allow us to receive from these foreigners what they have alone to give in exchange—corn, butcher meat, cheese, butter—of all of which I am greatly in want. If, therefore, it is for the interests of you, the lords and landlords of the country, that I should be kept in idleness, I have no objection; but, in fair justice, you must not make me suffer for your benefit; you must share with me the good fortune you enjoy, and keep me, not in your bastille, or under any state of coercion, but give me, and my wife and family, in our own humble dwelling, all those comforts which I could have commanded, were not the fruits of my labour sacrificed for your advantage."

If, therefore, the starvation laws are to be maintained, the Poor-Law must be repealed. To keep up both—to insist on keeping a man in idleness by sheer force, and to refuse to maintain him in comfort—is nothing else but downright tyranny, to which the people of England neither will nor ought longer to submit.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—After sixty years of agitation, and after we have expended millions upon millions in attempting to suppress the Slave Trade, and in freeing our own slaves, the traffic is carried on to a greater extent than ever, and with increased atrocities and sufferings to the slave. In a work recently published by Mr. T. F. Buxton on this subject, it is stated that, fifty years ago, the annual exportation of negroes from Africa was 80,000; it is now, at least, 200,000. Instead of the old regulation, which allowed five persons to three tons, the slaves are now packed more like bales of goods than human beings. In 1834, a slaver was captured, of only seventy-five tons burden, with 350 slaves on board; and another, of 202 tons, with 521 slaves on board. The mortality formerly was from one-fourth to one-sixth; at present, if one-third of those embarked are landed, it is considered an excellent voyage, and very few instances have occurred of one-half being landed. Sometimes the whole die, or are thrown overboard when there is a risk of the vessel being captured by our cruisers; for the vessel cannot be condemned unless slaves are found on board. This nefarious traffic is carried on under the Spanish and Portuguese flags.

As to the negroes in our own colonies, it appears very doubtful whether their condition will, in the end, be improved by their liberation, and the expenditure of the twenty millions of the people of this country. The planters of Jamaica have set themselves so obstinately to work to thwart the Emancipation Act, that it has been found necessary to suspend their constitution for five years. Should we have a war, we suspect it will be necessary to keep a strong force in the West Indies, to prevent the colonists from revolting, and, after laughing at the simplicity of the people of Britain in so simply parting with their twenty millions, from again reducing the blacks to slavery, perhaps to be again sold to our posterity. In a book lately published by Captain Hodgson, of the 19th Foot, the atrocious conduct of the planters to their slaves, and the manner in which they were used during the apprenticeship system, are portrayed in vivid colours. In twenty-two months from the coming into force of the abolition act, no less than 574,175 lashes had been inflicted on the bodies of the apprentices, besides punishments of other descriptions, to the number of 104,165. But the number was indeed much greater; for the records of punishments in several of the islands had been in a great measure suppressed, on the pretence that they were lost. The Stipendiary Magistrates sent out from this country, seem to be quite unable to repress the atrocities of the planters. If they attempt to do their duty, they are harassed and persecuted, in every possible manner; and several of them have fallen victims to the persecution to which they have been exposed. Although the apprenticeship is now at an end, the condition of the

negro seems little improved. The whole power of the colonies is in the hands of the planters. There are very few judges who will act impartially; and the negroes are thus exposed to the most severe punishments for trifling offences. For example, although the forging of the gold or silver coin in Britain is punished only by imprisonment or transportation for seven years, the West Indians are in the practice of punishing capitally the forger of a few tin half bitts, worth a quarter a farthing the piece! Slaves were imported from the foreign West India islands to such an extent at the time that the compensation money was to be divided, that there were more than 2000 such slaves in one island, for whom £100,000 were paid. The twenty millions have evidently been expended for very little purpose.

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH CHURCH-SEATS.—If we are not much misinformed, there are several of the clergy of Edinburgh and the neighbourhood, who do not hesitate to express their opinion, that, in so far as this city at least is concerned, the Church Extension Scheme has been already carried a sufficient length. The new churches have had the effect we all along predicted, of emptying those already built; and their efficacy in inducing a church-going habit, as was so confidently foretold, has not been, as yet, in the smallest degree perceptible. It may easily be conceived how annoying it is for a clergyman who has always done his duty, to see his church becoming more and more deserted every Sunday, merely for the purpose of forwarding a scheme which is indebted, for any small success it may have attained, to the activity of a set of individuals thirsting more for notoriety than for the propagation of sound religion, and forcing him to the adoption of measures which he cannot but feel must circumscribe the boundaries of his own justly acquired influence. It appears, from a return, dated 20th February 1839, that of the total sittings in the thirteen city churches, being 14,852, no fewer than one-third are unlet; and what, as we have before noticed, is remarkable, it is the lowest-priced seats for which there is least demand. Thus, of 1502 at 2s., 948, or 62 per cent., are unlet; of 1351 at 15s., 16s., and 17s., only 186, or 13 per cent., are unlet; of 1552, at from 19s. to 30s., 73 or 4 per cent. only are unlet. Some years ago, the Edinburgh clergy refused a fixed stipend of £500 a-year, secured in the most ample manner. How many, out of the thirteen city churches, do our readers think produce £500 a-year of gross revenue? Just three; although the cost of the city churches must have exceeded, in all, £200,000. We see here a very sufficient ground for the dislike of the establishment to Voluntaryism. The clear revenue of the whole established churches in Edinburgh, after deducting annual expenses, is £2956; which would not yield each of the ministers £170 a-year, after making a present to him of his church. When would the established clergy repay the original cost of the erection of the churches, or the interest for one year, (£10,000,) out of their revenue? Yet the Dissenters are sneered at because some of their chapels are in debt, when out of their seat-rents they have not only to erect the chapel, keep it in repair, but to pay the clergyman, preacher, beadles, &c.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S OPINION OF THE SCOTTISH NOBILITY.—The estimation in which the Protector held the Nobility, may be judged of from the instructions regarding them he gave to the justices of the peace, in the year 1655. The ninth article bears, that "the said Commissioners of the Peace, shall put the laws and acts of Parliament to due and full execution against wilful beggars and vagabonds, and noblemen, and women without calling or trade, drinking in ale-houses, tied to no certain service, reputed and holden as vagabonds, and against those persons who are commonly called Egyptians; and they shall punish and fine their receptors, and setters of houses to them, accordingly, by such competent pains as is proper to them to injoin."

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

SILK TRADE.—We are told that we have decisive proofs of the pernicious tendency of free trade in several

instances, of which the alleged distressed state of the silk trade is generally held out as the most prominent. Now, what is called free trade in silks, is allowing their importation loaded with duties from twenty-five to forty per cent. Before 1824, foreign silks were altogether prohibited, and so far was the silk trade from being in a flourishing state, that meetings were constantly held for the relief of the operatives. At one of these meetings, held in London, on 26th November 1816, the secretary stated that two-thirds of the Spitalfields weavers were out of employment, and in a state of utter destitution. Not only has the removal of the prohibition not diminished employment, but it has greatly increased it; for, while the total quantity of raw silk imported during the three years immediately preceding the removal of the prohibition was considerably under two millions of pounds weight, in the three years 1831, 1832, 1833, it considerably exceeded three millions of pounds weight; in 1833, indeed, which is the last year for which we have a return at hand, the quantity was 3,834,244 pounds, double what it was in 1822. In 1823, the total declared value of British silks exported was £351,409; in 1833, more than double, £740,294. Of this upwards of £75,000 is annually sent to France! So much for the alleged pernicious effect of free trade in the silk trade!

SUGAR.—The scarcity of sugar, owing to the unwillingness of the blacks to work in the sugar plantations—a kind of labour which is peculiarly associated in their minds with slavery—is likely to increase. The export from Jamaica has been falling off for many years: in 1833 it was 1,256,991 cwts., in 1837 only 903,933 cwts. Estimating the whole produce of the West Indies and the Mauritius at 180,000 tons in 1838, it is expected by good judges that there will be a falling off of one-sixth in the present year. Considering that the wholesale price of the sugar annually consumed in the United Kingdom is *fourteen millions*, it is high time not only that the heavy duty imposed on it should be lowered, but also that the prohibitory duty on sugar the growth of foreign plantations, should be removed. In consequence of the equalization of the duty on East Indian sugar with that on West Indian, the consumption has increased fifty per cent. last year over 1837.

AGRICULTURE.

COMPETITION FOR FARMS.—Though it is generally admitted that the recent discussions in Parliament, and the agitation throughout the kingdom, must, ere long, give a death-blow to the restrictions on the importation of food, the Scotch farmers do not shew the slightest symptoms of alarm, but are entering into long leases of farms, and bidding against each other as eagerly as during the time of high war prices. The truth is, that the Corn-Laws themselves are the cause of the great competition in farming, as in every other trade and profession. A farmer, finding all professions and trades overflowing with candidates for employment, is forced to keep his sons beside himself, as long as he can find anything for them to do; and, when they begin to rebel at being kept as servants, he has, in general, no alternative but to endeavour to scrape together as much stock for them as will establish them in a farm. Hence the competition for every farm which comes into the market, and the high rents which are contracted, to be paid under circumstances by no means favourable to the prospect of the tenant being able to fulfil his obligation for the long period of nineteen or twenty-one years. Were trade free, no such competition would exist; for many who are now forced to become farmers would betake themselves to manufactures and commerce. Rents might no doubt fall in

nominal amount; but we suspect the landlord would find, at the end of the lease, that he had received as much money under a free-trade system as under the present excessive competition. We are, in truth, beginning to retrograde to the state of Ireland, where, to the great body of the population, the possession of a piece of land is essential to the support of life, simply because there are no other means by which the people can support themselves. Whatever, therefore, the "Landed Interest" may think of the present desperate competition for farms in Scotland, we regard it as anything but a sign of general prosperity. It shews that profits are very low, and consequently that capital, if accumulating, must be accumulating at a very slow rate; and, as the population is increasing rapidly, the condition of the people must deteriorate.

THE FIARS.—The crop of last year has turned out just as we stated many months ago, when the papers were filled with accounts of its great abundance. In the best districts it is only an average crop; and in the high and mairland districts, that is, in three-fourths of Scotland, it is almost a complete failure. The quality is proved by the fiars to be very various. In East Lothian, the best wheat was 78s.; in Mid-Lothian, only 65s., being 8s. lower than the second fiars of East Lothian. In the western counties, 59s., 56s., and 54s., are returned as the fiar prices. We have, on former occasions, directed attention to the mode of striking the fiars, which varies in almost every county. It is high time that an uniform system should be adopted; for much injustice, we are convinced, is done at present. The original purpose of the fiars was merely to ascertain at what rate the grain feu-duties payable to the Crown were to be converted into money; but now that the stipends of nearly all the established clergy, and a great proportion of the rents of lands, are regulated by them, it is of much importance that they should be struck on a proper and uniform principle. We have long been convinced that the East Lothian Fiars are always too high; and we think that what we have stated above that we have some room for our opinion.

TILE DRAINING has extended all over the country, from Caithness to Kirkcudbright. Even the farmers in the neighbourhood of this city, who hardly every drained at all, have extensively resorted to it; and the benefit of it is already apparent to any one who contrasts the wet uncomfortable state of the undrained fields, with the dry condition of those which have been drained. It is easy, indeed, after a few hours' rain, to point out the furrows in which a drain has been placed, from those which have been missed.

Owing to the continued wet weather in March, sowing was much interrupted. On the 1st of April, it had hardly begun in this neighbourhood. The cold weather during April has seriously retarded vegetation, and we never saw the wheat crop looking so backward and indifferent; so that we have already the probability of a late harvest. At Gifford Fair the sheep market was unusually small, and prices rose five per cent. above last year's prices. Cheviot ewes brought from 24s. to 27s. 6d.; black-faced, 17s. to 20s. 6d. Hornes, of which there was a small show, and none of the first quality, brought from £20 to £35. The best milch cows were sold from £12 to £14. Corn markets, after a temporary depression, are rapidly rising. Those who expect so much cheap wheat from abroad, will be surprised to learn that the price quoted at Dantzic on the 5th March, and at Dunbar on the 20th of the same month, were precisely the same for wheat of the same weight—61½lb. per bushel—viz., 60s. a quarter, and that at Cracow the price has risen 150 per cent. in a few months. The Chartists will have hunger to their hearts' content before next harvest.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1839.

WHAT SORT OF GOVERNMENT ARE WE TO HAVE?

CRISES of all magnitudes, Whig, Tory, and Irish, have occurred as frequently within the last eight years as eclipses in a Belfast almanac—that is, about one to each calendar month. They have, of late, one after another, passed away so rapidly, that latterly they became rather objects of ridicule or contempt than of interest. Now, however, the case is altered. By a concurrence of what are generally and erroneously termed fortuitous events, the Reformers are once more fairly involved in a National Crisis; and wo to the Radical leader who shall be found unequal to its demands. The course of Radicals of all grades, and especially of those possessing influence, is so plain and direct, that a suckling might guide them. They have merely to apply their long experience of Whig shuffling, duplicity, and inertness, and that knowledge of the Whig determination not to move an inch, which Lord John Russell has taken such anxious pains to impress upon the country, to existing circumstances, and to act with promptness, decision, and firmness. If the Radical leaders are really alive to their duty in the present emergency, little more than passive resistance being required from them, we should see grounds of hope. The first gleam of a better day seems visible through the mist; but we have so often been deceived, that suspicion is inevitable that neither may this prove the true dawn; and that the great cause of National Improvement may once more be either betrayed by the self-seeking, or injured and shamed by credulous persons. Surely at this seventy-and-seventh trial of the Whigs there can be no mistake. There is not a vestige of foundation for any. It would be affronting Lord John Russell to imagine him capable of suddenly abjuring those infatuated Finality doctrines, which, within the last few weeks, he has again elaborately expounded, as if the Reformers required further confirmation of the obstinately Conservative nature of his opinions, and of his inflexible purpose of adhering to them. We do not, so late in the day, mean to enter into a refutation of those opinions. That has been often ably and effectually done; but we must regret, even thus late, and when about, we trust, to see Lord John and his opinions part in peace from the national body with which he was once believed to be identified, regret that he

had not promulgated his creed somewhat earlier; and, at any rate, prior to his second resumption of office with Lord Melbourne. Such a line of conduct is what we should have called manly, and not that bold avowal of Conservative purposes which Reformers construe as the after-thought of an imagined impunity. This early avowal, we repeat, is what we should have called sincere and manly, and not Lord John keeping his Finality opinions in his pocket, until the time arrived when he would safely, and with some ulterior object, make the experiment of bidding for Conservative support, hoping to become—there was no saying—the Minister of those “improved Tories,” which his policy had tended to create. These things are past, but they leave the inevitable conclusion, that whatever sort of rulers we may obtain, Lord John Russell has incapacitated himself for being a member of any Ministry which supports were it but one of those great measures upon which all Reformers are agreed. He has taken his position upon Finality, and can no longer be accused of deluding or hoodwinking any man who does not seek a pretext for being duped. Lord John is, therefore, in our opinion, to be held as disposed of. There may be more respect entertained for the individual than for some of the more liberal of his colleagues; but a Government, of which Lord John Russell, with any regard to his own character, can now form a member, is undeserving of the support of any consistent Reformer. He is fairly out of the field. Were he even to recant his wantonly gratuitous declarations, his future usefulness would perish with his sinking character. His last act before resigning office, was, gravely and advisedly, along with Lord Melbourne, to bequeath the public interests, the cause of Reform, the peace of Ireland, and their reversionary interest in the Court, to those same Tories whom they had so shortly before taught their creatures and their party journals to yell against; which lesson is repeated at the present hour, with an enormity in lying, an effrontery in humbug, which fairly distances the basest period in party annals. But Lord John is *hors du combat* in any Liberal Government; and although his testamentary dispositions were so kindly made in favour to the Tories, he has since obtained, on one topic, a new light.

After the very decided part which Lord John has taken in counselling the Queen to resist the proposition of Sir Robert Peel for the remodelling of the household, as derogatory and unconstitutional—an indignity to her station, and cruelty to her youth and sex—he surely could not, a second time, make over both Queen and country to the harsh and tyrannical sway of Sir Robert; who, like another inflexible John Knox, could see “Fair Mary weep in vain;” nor yet to one resembling that stern veteran, (the prototype of all oppressors of princes,) who was once heard to say, “Better that bairns greet than bearded men.” But from this severity and insolence, unconstitutional assumption of power, or whatever else the Whig organs may please to term it, there is no immediate hope of the Duke or Sir Robert Peel receding. What then becomes the duty of Lords John Russell and Melbourne to their royal mistress, should they find, within a few weeks or days, that they are exactly in the same position with Parliament as when they informed her Majesty that, having lost the confidence of the House of Commons, they could no longer, in accordance with the principles of the British Constitution, act as her advisers? They are surely bound, in every view of honour and consistency, to uphold her Majesty in the course which they have gravely sanctioned, and deliberately justified, as strictly constitutional, as well as in accordance with her dignity and her amiable womanly feelings for her favourite ladies. They are for ever tied up from ever again consigning their young and confiding mistress to the tender mercies of the Tories, if the churlishness of the Radicals, or any other cause, should deprive them a second time of the felicity of serving her themselves. They can no longer, without offence and insult, give the Queen what the Tory papers, during the Three Days’ Government, so often lauded as “the manly and honourable advice of Lord Melbourne and Lord John,” to send for Sir Robert Peel and the Duke, and to set her face against the Liberals. Failing themselves—and they *may* fail—they are bound, by every feeling of loyalty and of self-respect, to co-operate in the formation of a Government in harmony with her Majesty’s wishes and feelings. They have voluntarily placed themselves in this position, and cannot shrink from it. They are bound to counsel the Queen to send for Lord Normanby, or Morpeth, or Brougham, or Durham, or any noble Lord who can reconcile his public duty with due consideration for her Majesty’s wishes; or, haply, for Mr Hume or Mr Grote. Any policy must be preferable to giving pain to the Queen. “Keep out the Tories,” “Rally for the Queen,” must henceforth be the war-cry in high places, as well as among the masses; and, though out themselves, the leaders of the present Government will, beyond all doubt, most lustily join in it.

These considerations would warrant the hope of an improved Government, and at no distant day—the hope of a Ministry that should deserve the confidence of the nation, and be in accordance with the predilections of the Sovereign, were our

slippery, shuffling friends, who are all-powerful at Court, to be judged of as ordinary men, having the common principles of honour and honesty.

That Lord John Russell can form a permanent member of any Liberal Administration, is, we have said, wholly out of the question. Lord Melbourne, with all his faults, is composed of more yielding material. Our opinion of that noble person has never been concealed nor mined; but he is a more practicable individual, and a more flexible politician; and one is tolerably assured that he will not obstinately persist in acting the part of the dog in the manger—neither do himself, nor let others act—were he properly balanced. The Reformers might, in short, at this time, better spare a better man. Britain is a monarchy, and courtiers have their uses. But in the event of his retiring, he also is bound to give the Queen counsels very opposite to those which preceded his late resignation. He (and indeed the whole Cabinet) has identified himself with that high-spirited conduct in her Majesty, which has roused the sympathies and enthusiasm of the nation “for our young and insulted Queen!” It was by the advice of the whole Melbourne Cabinet, that her Majesty so summarily dismissed the Three Days’ Tory Government. We reserve our opinion as to the constitutional soundness of that advice, or the wisdom of the prevalent clamour. With the smallest hope of a Liberal Government, or a greatly improved Whig Ministry succeeding, far be it from any Reformer to lament the Tory downfall. The exultation and delusion of the country, is one more proof of the inveterate hostility of the people to that party. Anything is welcome, and everything is justifiable in the eyes of a vast majority of the nation, which thwarts and puts down the Tories. The Queen is, by sudden reaction, at this moment, we believe, much more popular than in the week of her accession, or that of her coronation. Her Majesty has not, like King William, professed any inclination towards Liberal opinions; but she has displayed symptoms of a right princely self-will in what is at present deemed the right direction. She has vanquished the veteran victor of Waterloo—she has dismissed the Tories “! Hurrah for the Queen!” shouts O’Connell. “Rally for our Queen!” respond the place-hunting or place-keeping Whigs; while many disinterested persons of generous feeling, and no great power of reflection, are caught by the melting and exciting picture of youth, royalty, tender womanhood, roused to resist indignity and oppression. But if the Reformers of a former age were contented to hail gospel-light even in so doubtful a source as “Boleyn’s eyes,” it is quite pardonable that the Radicals should exult in the advancement of their righteous cause, through the generous and amiable attachment of Queen Victoria to “the friends of her childhood,” and the ladies of her bedchamber. It is not their part to long to see the young Queen made over to Tory surveillance, and Tory arts of all descriptions. One set of courtiers at a time is quite enough for the strongest and most experienced princely head.

And now that the Tories are shut out from the palace, probably for a considerable period, What sort of Government are we to have? Her Majesty must be aware—for she has learned it in sorrow, within these few weeks, and from their own mouths—that her advisers, though they enjoyed her support and favour, had lost the confidence of the House of Commons, and were, consequently, compelled to resign. She has restored them by her royal prerogative, but have they regained the confidence of the country?

A loyal People and a dutiful House of Commons will, no doubt, make very considerable sacrifices to gratify the wishes of their young female Sovereign, and to defend her from Tory encroachment, perhaps even to the length of stretching a constitutional point, that can by any ingenuity be construed in her favour; but if the Ministry, overthrown by the House of Commons, accidentally restored, and holding office merely through the favour of the Queen, persist in the same policy which forfeited the confidence of the Representatives of the People, while the original cause and the attendant circumstances of their restoration must have further exasperated the alienated Upper House, what then is to be the result? It requires no prophet to foresee it. If the Whigs choose to become Reformers, in deed as well as in profession, and cordially unite with the Radicals for the advancement of those objects, which alone make it of consequence to the People which set of men is in power, a hopeful struggle may still be maintained, and a triumphant result predicted. But a mere Melbourne and Russell Ministry can only be reorganised to work further mischief for the brief space it continues to hang together; to distract and sow further dissensions among the Reformers, and ultimately either to leave the Queen to the unavoidable domination of the Tories, or precipitate her into the arms of wild and extravagant Revolutionists. Were it possible for the Whigs to overmaster this present crisis in the strength of official patronage, the delusion about the Queen, and mere Whiggery, the chances of Reform would be worse than ever. Some persons, after all the pains Lord John Russell has taken in the demonstration, are still indignant at being told that there is not now an iota of difference between Whig and Tory; but there would be no doubt in the matter then. The Tories would, in process of time, become the Whigs or Liberals of the reign of Victoria, and we should have the reign of her grandfather over again, with merely a change of names. A third man has, however, come into play; and whether the People be consulted or not, they must be heard—and perhaps the more loudly that they are not consulted.

But—*What sort of Government are we to have?* Parliament dismissed the Whigs; the Queen dismissed the Tories; and, if the opportunity offered be seized and improved, the People may obtain an improved set of rulers superior to both—to defend the just prerogatives of the Crown—to unite the Reformers once more on a fair

and definite basis, and for fixed objects—and to promote the true interests of all classes and parties. The Tories will not challenge the power of the Queen to choose her own servants; the Whigs will not deny, what they have just confessed, that they have lost the confidence of Parliament, and cannot longer carry on the Government. There is, therefore, no alternative. Tories cannot get in—mere Whigs cannot stay in. The time is singularly propitious for the accession of a really Liberal Government, or of one composed of fresh Liberal elements. It has come earlier than could have been anticipated, and without that fiery trial of Tory domination, to which every reflecting Reformer had made up his mind rather than longer submit to the deadening effects of Whig laxity and trickery, budding, as we have seen, into Whig effrontery, and to be consummated, if possible, in the bright perennial flower of undisguised modern Whiggery—i. e., Finality—flourishing throughout the long reign of Queen Victoria. Was this a state of things to be desired? And are we ensured against it? It is the game of the Whigs to turn every incident to their own advantage. If a little lip-liberalism may serve the turn, they will in this pinch suffer a little to escape them, while their underlings and hirelings deal it forth by daily columns. Yet who has forgotten the many civil speeches made by Lord Melbourne to the Radicals? But a few weeks—even since the opening of the present Session of Parliament—it did require a considerable stock of courtly assurance in this same noble individual to convey to Mr O'Connell the information that the kindness and graciousness between himself and that gentlemen was all on one side. "If the Radicals and Mr O'Connell support my Government, I am sure I have always treated them with the proper degree of contempt," has been the plain import of Melbourne's language. It will be the fault of Mr O'Connell and the Radicals if any future Whig Minister shall ever venture to act, with regard to them, in that touch-and-go, swaggering style, vibrating between shuffling, braggadocio and insolence, to which they have so often submitted. It is not, however, precisely for their personal feelings that we are concerned, but for the interests which they represent, and which are injured by tame submission to indignities. To use plain terms, the Reformers will have great cause of distrust in any Government of which Lord Melbourne is the head. We do not exactly repudiate him; but it would require an extraordinary infusion of Liberal feeling and of steady principle in the Cabinet; definite measures of reform, and tried men to support them,—to overmaster the vicious influences and lax principles which have been displayed there for the last few years. Nor are these qualities wanting, and of a kind which will command the respect of the nation. Lord Normanby enjoys the confidence of the Irish People, which of itself is a mighty consideration; Lord Durham may be roused from his lethargy, and may, perhaps, vindicate the opinions formed of him by his zealous admirers; and the whole tenor

of his life warrants us in saying, that Lord Brougham may be surely reckoned upon, as soon as he can, with efficiency, hope to serve the People by resuming office. There is nothing in these names to alarm the most sensitive Conservative, save the certainty that Reform would then be set about in earnest—that the Whig “*talkee, talkee*,” which served Tory purposes, was at an end; that the Reform Bill would be reformed, the Suffrage extended, the duration of Parliament restored to the old and constitutional period, and the Corn-Laws abolished, if the efforts of Rulers and People were simultaneous. Those persons, whether Whig or Tory, who dread these things, would certainly have cause of apprehension. Lord Brougham’s accession to the remodelled or renewed Cabinet, would, of itself, be more alarming to the Tories than that of any other individual whom we can pitch upon. In the same degree would it be a guarantee for the fulfilment of the hopes of the country. He has said that it must “be a very, very Liberal Government to which he can accede.”

To come more directly to the point—No man pretending to the name of a Liberal, even in the most Whig-ridden communities, can longer hold up his face to give the Melbourne and Russell Cabinet an unqualified support. “*Open Questions*,” at the least, are required on three leading measures. But who, in the present Cabinet, are to hold to the Liberal side? The Whig adherents have the

sagacity to discern that mere Whiggery, the old machinery, wont work. Formerly we had “*Liberal Measures*,” “*Justice to Ireland*,” a “*Municipal Irish Bill*,” an “*Appropriation Clause*,” and so forth. Now we are to have “*Open Questions*,” demanded by the same individuals who denounce Mr Hume as “*traitorous*,” and Sir William Molesworth as “*unprincipled*,” because they have given one vote which has shaken Whig supremacy, and brought us the poor length of “*Open Questions*.”

We have headed this paper, “*What sort of Government are we to have?*” The more accurate question would be, “*What sort of Government ought the Radicals to take?*” admitting they have any scope of choice. Without a change of men to some extent—and the farther pushed the better—“*Open Questions*” will prove as pretty a trading fallacy as any of those with which the Reformers have hitherto been gulled. “*Open Questions*” in a Cabinet the leaders of which the other day solemnly made over Queen and country to the Tories! And is even this much secured? Let us hope the best; but be fully prepared for disappointment. The narrow demand of THE TEN “*Open Questions*,” on three leading measures, will, much more probably, not be conceded. TEN righteous would have saved Sodom, had warning been taken; but the Ten Radical Members will hardly be able to save the Melbourne Government.

LA SAINTE ALLIANCE DU PEUPLE.

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF THE EVACUATION OF THE FRENCH TERRITORY, IN THE YEAR 1818.

(From the French of Béranger.)

I SAW the descending of Peace from afar:

Flowers, corn-blades, and gold in her pathway arose;
The air was serene, and the thunders of war

Were quenched at her feet, in a harmless repose;
And she said—“Noble equals in prowess, advance,
Men of England, Spain, Germany, Muscovy, France!
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

“Ye are worn by long ages of hate and distrust;
Your rest is a night-mare where sleep is undone;
Apportion your globe in a spirit more just;
Let each have his place in the light of the sun.
To the car of Ambition all harnessed ye stray
From the true road of happiness blindly away.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

“On your neighbours ye burst with the torch and the brand,
And the storms bear your roofs in a blaze to the skies;
When earth has grown cold, from the war-wasted hand
The plough pauses idly, and rusts where it lies.
Near the bourne whence all states have gone forward, we find
No corn-blade sustained with the blood of mankind.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

“Mid the blaze of your cities the potentates proud,
With the point of their insolent sceptres, will dare
To mark, and count over the popular crowd
By some blood-spilling triumph accorded them there.

Poor flock, still exposed to the tyrannous stroke,
From the heavy, ye pass to the merciless yoke.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

“Nor broken in vain be the torch and the sword;
Let Justice bear away in the lands of your birth:
No more let your life’s-blood be uselessly poured
For the Kings that requite not, and victors of earth.
Denounce the false glare of the planets that start
To scare us to-day, and to-morrow depart.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

“Oh! yet let the nations in freedom respire;
Cast a veil o’er the past—let its history cease.
Sow the seed in your fields to the sound of the lyre,
Let the bright arts be glad round the altar of Peace!
And Hope, lapped in plenty, will smile to behold
The young race that rises succeeding the old.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!”

Thus sung sweetest Peace; and the words that she sung
Were pronounced after her by our governing Powers:
As tho’ in her spring-time, all Nature looked young,
And hearts again woke to see Autumn in flowers.
Let thy wine-cup, my country, flow freely to-day,
For the bands of the stranger are marching away.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

W. D.

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope."

THERE are certain words current in the world which convey to the mind the most uncertain and indefinite ideas. Every man has his especial notion of an angel; every man his especial notion of a maid of honour. Albeit in the reign of Queen Charlotte, of prudish memory, he may have seen that exquisite title borne by Honourable Misses of three-score years, with wrinkled visages and equally defeated reputations, he persists in believing a maid of honour to be the epitome of girlish graces and virgin virtues; a lady resembling the renowned one whom the incantations of Comus failed to fright from her propriety—

Chaste as the icicle

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple;

A diphthong of Venus and Diana;

A plurality of perfection.

Nevertheless, if we have writ our annals true, if history have not fabled, nor memoirs set down in malice matters which it was their cue to extenuate, there has been more than one historical epoch in which the poet's ejaculation of

"Frailty! thy name is woman!"

might have been aptly modified into

"Frailty! thy name is maid of honour!"

Grammont, for instance, has recorded the recreations of the high-born maidens of his time, who, disguised as orange girls, escaped from the purlieus of the palace of Whitehall, to frequent those of the theatres; and St Simon acquainted us on what offence the Duchess de Noailles, mother of the Maids of Honour of Anne of Austria and her royal successor, was forced to have double iron bars affixed to their chamber windows. The Queen of Scots had her Maries; and she who recorded in song, that

"There was Mary Seyton, and Mary Betoun,

And Mary Carmichael, and me,"

hath also bequeathed to posterity the confession of her fault. Queen Elizabeth was forced, by the incontinence of her fair attendants, to find them occasional lodgings in the Tower of London, even when so great a man as the gallant Raleigh was the avowed author of the mischief; and Pope and Lady Mary Wortley have told tales of the honourable maidenhood of Queen Caroline's Court, which the world will not willingly let die.

It strikes us, therefore, with no great surprise, that, amid the finical idleness of modern palaces, a scandal should have arisen injurious to the reputation of one of its fair inmates, occupying a post so perilous. As a stagnant pool engenders malignant vapours and noxious reptiles, the dull monotony of royal state is sure to beget crawling parasites and slanderous reports. The back-stairs of a royal cabinet is the natural atmosphere for these monstrous growths. Pope, in describing prudery (to a maid of honour) as

"A beldam

Seen with youth and beauty seldom;"

plainly proves, by adding

"'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,

Who rails at dear Lepel and you,"

that the "dear Lepel"—"youth's youngest daughter"—the fairest of the maids of honour of the time when Lady Suffolk was lady of the bed-chamber both to the King and Queen—had been made a mark for the ill-nature of the Court. Yet Pope's was an era when there were wars and rumours of wars to occupy the whispers of Kensington and Hampton Court—when there was a King to squabble with his Ministers, and afford public news to keep in movement the private echoes of Windsor Castle. Had "sweet Lepel" been railed at during a period of petticoat government, when the back-stairs, instead of being haunted by Herveys, Walpoles, and Chesterfields, had been the resort of mantua-makers and milliners, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," Pope would have known that the "*railing*" was an inevitable concomitant of the "*post*" of—Maid of Honour. He would have rather addressed the future Lady Hervey with

"Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,

Thou shalt not escape calumny!"

We confess ourselves of opinion, that these are things too slight to be made a matter of political discussion. The giants of a high-minded party ought not to stoop and arm their slings with pebbles. Let the Hastings' family settle their differences with the Queen, without attempting to bias majorities and minorities. Every one who has familiarly examined the interior of a convent, or even of a female boarding-school, may have noticed the peculiar privileges assigned to the visiting doctor or apothecary; the jactant self-importance assumed by the cock-pigeon of the dove-cote. The gentle baronet of railroad renown, has recently proved that a court physician resembles no other physician—nay, that he scarcely resembles any other man—being privileged to abandon a dying friend, in order that his dinner may not be kept waiting. It is easy, therefore, to conceive, that the pet physician of a dozen ladies of the bed-chamber, women of the bed-chamber, maids of honour, dressers, chamber-maids, &c., &c., &c., may have been inspired, by the genius of the place, to see things double; and, among so many double faces and double tongues, adventure a surmise, which a young and inexperienced girl, in the first shock of wounded delicacy, fancied herself called upon to visit with exemplary severity.

But no sooner was the Doctor (unhappy blunderer!) compelled to write himself down an ass, than the illustrious lady whom his misrepresentations had misled, hastened to acknowledge his errors, and offer every apology suggested by a generous heart; and had the Queen and her Maid of Honour been left to settle their griev-

ances, all had soon been well again. A blameless young woman, too secure in her own virtue to apprehend injury from such an imputation, would have treated the vulgar gossip of the Court with silent contempt; and, at the period pointed out by discretion, have retired from a spot so unfavourable to the decencies of life, and an office which we should conceive no woman of feminine disposition would be at any time desirous to fill.

But things were otherwise appointed. The crisis of the hour required that the sympathy of the nation should be appealed to. With a thousand more legitimate sources of dissatisfaction against her Majesty's Ministers, it was

judged advisable to drag forward the spectacle of Lady Hasting's grey hairs; and, by way of appeasing the sorrows of the unhappy Lady Flora, to promulgate the Court slander to the uttermost ends of the earth.

[We cannot go farther. Our contributor, who is abroad, goes on to tell that the whole Continent laughs or sneers at this new "Battle of Hastings." We are sorry for it. Injustice has been done to the Queen in this unpleasant affair, but great blame lies somewhere; and we cannot help sympathizing in the generous feelings that have been excited even by what at a distance may seem so trivial a cause.]

THE ALEHOUSE TAP.

A Parody on "The Isles of Greece."

THE alehouse tap! the alehouse tap!

Where Rob and Jemmy roared and sung;
Where knuckles beat the sharp, quick rap,
Where gills were toss'd, and coppers rung;
Eternal mugs pant to be wet,
But all except thy sign is set.

The stolen sip—the hurried booze—

The cup quaff'd at the door on foot;
Leave cats and dogs to bark and mews,
In the deserted chamber—mute
To boisterous voice of Robby West,
Shouting, like Stentor, for—"The best!"

The mutchkin-stoup looks o'er the gill,
The gill looks o'er the glasses wee;
And, musing o'er the one I fill,
I dream not of—a cup of tea;
For, while my cronies round me rave,
Could I be a *Tee-total* slave?

A lecturer stood on the slope

That rises to our village wall;
He hector'd fierce the brandy shop—
His audience gaped—he trapp'd them all.
He counted them at six that day,
And, when ten struck, ah! where were they?

And where are they?—and where art thou,
"Pale Brandy?" O'er thy watered strength

The jocund *stave* is silent now—
"Glenlivet" takes thy place at length;
And must thy praise, *spirits* divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of wine—

Tho' cast among a taxed race—
To kneel, at least, at whisky's shrine,
And bear *grog-blossoms* on my face:
Yet what is left the boozier here,
Since gin is gone—since brandy's dear?

Must we but grudge the heighten'd price?

Sit *greetin'-fou*? Our fathers fought:
Death! render, if but for a trice,
A couple of them plagued with drought;
But if, perchance, thou grant us *three*,
I tremble lest they drain the *sea*.

What!—silent still?—then silent bide:

Ah! no; the voices of the drunk
Sound like an empty barrel's side;
And, hiccup, "Though we here are sunk,
Let *one* be tapp'd—we come! we come!—
'Tis only fools who shirk their *tum*."

* A cant name for tumbler.

In vain—in vain—breach other casts,

Fill high the glass with British Gin;
Leave "Hollands" to the spoon who asks
A bottle from the oldest bin.
Hark!—answering to the summons rough,
How flies Will Tapster with the stuff!

You have Scotch whisky, potent yet;

But where has fled Jamaica rum?
Of two such *spirits*, why forget
That which could almost move the *dumb*?
The *lush* which Brewer Noah gave
Is not for the *Tee-total* slave.

Fill yet the bowl with "gude Scotch drink,"
(We will not think of rum and wine;)
To Burns' thoughts it formed the link
That bound them in a chain divine:
Burns, our pride—tho' gifted—lost,
Cramp'd, crushed, 'neath *gauger's* paltry post.

The quaffer of the "cup of sack"

Was jollity's undimching friend;
That quaffer was the "queer Sir Jack:"
Oh! that the present hour would lend
To us his head, so strong and sound—
His paunch, so dome-like and profound.

Fill yet the bowl with "gude Scotch drink!"

By Ferintosh and Islay's shore
Swagger the *coosers* who never *wink*
At tipping off a quart or more;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown
The jolly god might not disown.

Trust not for cheap gin to the Whigs—

For taxes low;—the taxes rise.
In smuggling sly the Schiedam kegs
The only chance of cheapness lies.
But cruel force and iron rule
Would break your pot, however full.

Fill high the bowl with "gude Scotch drink!"

Our *lasses* dance beneath you trees;
I see their figures rise and sink,
But, gazing on the *sign-ery*,
I weep to think they should be tools
For suckling of *Tee-total* foals.

Place me on hoghead's lefty top,

Where nothing, save the rum and I,
May hear our mutual gurglings drop,
There, landlord, let me tap and try!
Cold water drink shall ne'er be mine,
Restore—repaint—you faded sign!

TOSSPOT REDIVIVUS.

* Sir John Falstaff.

BLANCHE DELAMERE.

CHAPTER XI.

Coming of Age.

THE prayers of many grateful hearts were granted—the hopes of many young and joyful bosoms fulfilled—when the sun rose in unwonted splendour upon that June morning which beheld the young Countess of Delamere complete her twenty-first year, and obtain, with the uncontrollable possession of her princely fortune, the mastery of her own actions. Before the sun had risen, the village girls were in their cottage-gardens, gathering the earliest roses and the latest valley lilies—sweet as their own innocent breath—for the welcome holiday. The music of the rustic band was already heard afar off, in the avenue leading from the Stoke Delamere gate to the stately mansion of the Holy Cross. The gleesome children, and their mothers, had assembled in troops, equipped in their neatest dresses, each carrying flowers and floral decorations, in the long procession which, at a very early hour, picturesquely defiled upon the lawn, and under the magnificent beech and walnut trees, where it was joined by the young Countess, and her female friends and attendants. Before partaking of the breakfast, arranged on long flower-decorated tables, spread in the Berceau walk, the Countess Blanche and her rustic neighbours—matrons, maidens, and children—were to join in a social meeting, rather than in solemn worship, in the ancient chapel of Delamere. It was Blanche who presided at the organ, and led the cheerfully-pious and simple hymn, in which the Universal Father was thanked and adored by His assembled children for His bounty and goodness; and, in which, earnest supplication was made for light and energy to fulfil His will, and to accomplish the high ends for which the beings here assembled had been called into existence. When, at the close of this simple celebration, the young Countess had shaken hands with the women, and caressed the children—each bashful or brisk urchin who, confident of her kindness, pressed forward to seek her notice—she whispered her Quaker *gouvernante*, now her maternal companion, to leave her in the chapel for a few minutes to solitude and her own thoughts. And, although hers was not a ritual religion—a ceremonial faith—it was with a soothing sense of peace and consolation stealing over her that Blanche rose, with tearful eyes, from the altar-steps, where, kneeling in mute devotion, she had silently thanked the gracious Providence which had sustained and guided her friendless youth through the many trials, perils, and snares by which she had been beset; and implored the same gracious guidance and protection from this new era in her life, when, with privileges which the world esteems so high, came duties which she had long contemplated as imperative, difficult, and solemn.

“For many years have I been looking forward

to this day,” was her observation to the friend waiting her at the door of the chapel; “yet it still finds me, if neither weak nor wavering, unprepared.”

“Thou wouldst lay too much on thyself at once, dear child: give thyself time to accomplish the good thou designest.”

“No time—no time. Let me work whilst it is called to-day! For what have I desired this unsatisfying riches, assumed, yea, battled for, suffered martyrdom, to attain these barren honours—sought this great, this awful responsibility—save to work out those benevolent schemes of wiser, more thoughtful heads, which my own heart and conscience sanction? Thinkest thou, dear companion, that I might not have been happier—ay, happier far—as the wife of Frederick Leighton, the village surgeon, than the solitary, loveless, joyless possessor of all this unvalued wealth and grandeur? Had the base attempts of others to defraud me, not alone of my rights, but of my intellect, of my personal independence, my freedom, not roused my spirit to the combat, I sometimes feel that I should have been most thankful to abdicate my sovereignty to the next heir, and get me, not to a nunnery, but to a happy, humble home.”

“In vindicating your rights, you took the course which God and man approve. Need your friend say how much, were it but for the sake of humanity, she exalts in your escape and triumph?”

“Yet I shudder as I look back, and wonder whence I derived the strength of spirit which has borne me through that terrible ordeal which exposed me to the real wreck of those poor wits I was accused of wanting. Staunch kinsman as Sir Jervis Yates is, and ever will be to a countess-cousin—zealous as the house of Fanfaronade has been for a noble heiress, who may yet be converted into a nearer relative—and, though to both I feel all due gratitude—what, save for your sympathy and affection, and the noble, the generous devotion of Frederick—what, save for his consummate knowledge and ability, must have been my fate in those dreadful investigations? Now I could almost bless my past trials. Have they not revealed to me the true nobility, the unimagined beauty of one human heart, and that one devoted to me with all its untold treasure of love and goodness. You press my arm—I know well the meaning of that gentle check,” continued the young Countess, smiling; “yet you shall not, on this morning of jubilee, grudge me the proud happiness of knowing that I am beloved—loved for myself alone; and that the only heart I ever sought is my own! Can I ever forget what sustained me throughout those torturing, degrading, maddening trials! Had my enemies triumphed—had I been proved a lunatic, an idiot, unfit to enjoy the commonest rights of the species—his love would not have failed me. We should have fled together be-

yond the reach of cruel and tyrannical, because blind laws; and, though pronounced unfit to enjoy the honours of the heiress of Delamere, mine might have been a more blessed lot."

The maternal friend wished to lead the mind of the young Countess from a course of thought to which it was morbidly prone, and to fix it upon present duty. . . . We must look back for an instant. The complicated transactions of Mr Grimshaw, the steward of the late Countess, and her confidential man in all her affairs, had left him, as all the world believed, greatly her debtor. And, though the destruction of account-books and vouchers of all kinds in the mysterious burning of the left wing of the Abbey of the Holy Cross had involved affairs in inextricable confusion, Mr Grimshaw looked forward with apprehension to the period when the young Countess should act under the counsels of her clear-headed cousin, Sir Jervis Yates, whose talents for business and accounts were famed throughout the country, and who had been heard to say, that the long widowhood of Countess Marguerite, and the prolonged minority of Lady Blanche, must have made the Delawares the greatest monied aristocratic family in the north. Before the death of the old Countess, Mr Grimshaw having made, as was alleged, a safe preliminary bargain with the next heir—that young Irishman of whom the reader has formerly heard—began to hint doubts about the soundness of mind of the eccentric or half-mad heiress, born to destroy the estates, and disgrace the house of Delamere. Mr Grimshaw, the young man, and those of his friends who acted by the steward's instigation, and under his guidance, would have been better contented had the young Countess, on coming of age, quietly agreed to leave them the sole management of her fortune, promising not to marry, and to have spared themselves the scandal and difficulty, and her the pain of the investigation. But Mr Grimshaw too well knew her high spirit to entertain any hope of so desirable an arrangement; and a case, most carefully drawn up, was accidentally shewn to Dr Frederick Leighton, by an eminent physician in London, which revealed the deep-laid scheme of villany. It was shewn to Leighton as a professional curiosity upon a discussion accidentally arising about insanity, and its strange and varying symptoms. The young female, A. B., had been born, it was stated, in an eastern country, was aged eighteen, handsome in figure, and with regular Grecian features; but of a raised and distracted look and wandering eye; complexion dark, temperament melancholic; liable, from childhood, to sudden, wild bursts of passion, sometimes amounting to frenzy; apt to be amorous, and, at one time, when very young, had almost formed a matrimonial connexion with a young man living in the family in a half-menial capacity. The hypothetical case tallied in so many minute particulars with what Leighton knew of the history and opinions of Blanche Delamere, that he could not doubt the identity of A. B. Nor could he help admiring the ingenuity with which trivial

facts and circumstances had been perverted and distorted, to make out the case of a young lady, always remarkable for eccentricity of conduct and opinion, falling into partial insanity, which certainly made her unfit to manage her own important affairs, or to contract marriage; and compelled the next of kin to come forward. Indelicacy of manners, superstition alternating with infidelity, contempt and outrage of public opinion in matters which, by women of honour, are held sacred, were among her alleged vices of disposition and, above all, rebellion against the authority of the most indulgent of grandmothers. A number of illustrative anecdotes, which, it was said, could be established by evidence, closed this remarkable case, among which were an exaggerated version of the story of Phoebe Waterton, and of Rosamond Weston. Much stress was laid upon the influence held over the mind of this unfortunate lady by an artful attendant, who, it was believed, intended, as soon as she was of age, to marry her to one of her own connexions, who, in birth and fortune, was every way beneath the rank of the patient. The brow of the young physician burned as, by this odd coincidence, he read of the designs imputed to himself and his aunt upon the fortune and person of the imbecile or lunatic heiress. He had, however, sufficient presence of mind to suppress his indignation at the complicated villany laid open.

"Little doubt about the frail wits of this poor damsel," remarked his friend. "Here is absolutely one of those cases in which law steps in with advantage, to protect the weak, and baffle villany; for there are, I fear, men to be found base enough, for filthy lucre's sake, to marry a creature in this pitiable condition; and she may give heirs to a rich and noble house."

Dr Leighton answered, that the case was indeed singular—very singular. They had, however, seen but one side of it. They were not in a condition to judge of the motives of the relatives of this young lady for depriving her of personal liberty, and the control of her own affairs; and he craved leave to copy over the singular case, which was at once conceded.

Painful, most painful, had it been to Frederick Leighton to communicate to the Lady Blanche the discovery he had made; and for a long night had he ruminated upon withholding it, at least until the matter took shape. But this idea was abandoned. He felt the urgency of the circumstances. He relied upon the fortitude and strength of mind early displayed by Blanche, and the importance of instant warning, while those around her might be hourly on the watch to misconstrue her every word, and misrepresent her every action.

This was but the first of a long series of services as effectively as delicately rendered, during the torturing investigation, to which the Countess Blanche had been privately subjected, and under which her pride, her firmness, nay her intellect, she believed, must have given way, save for his unflinching sympathy, and heroic devotion. For her sake, he had, for the time, abandoned his profes-

sional views, and every immediate hope and advancement in life; for her sake, to secure her from further indignity and persecution, had he forborne to accept the rich and passionately coveted gift almost proffered him—the hand of her, whose heart had been ever and only his, and whose love no longer brooked, nor sought concealment.

“Had they made me out mad,” continued the Lady Blanche, as she walked with her friend from the door of the chapel towards the happy festive groups, waiting her presence under the trees, “then had I been blest. Oh, so blest!—Frederick would have fled with me—you would have accompanied us to Syria—to my own dear childhood’s land. There might no longer have existed a Countess Delamere in the peerage; but how blest a Blanche Leighton, in some safe and humble home—blest and making blest!”

“And hast thou not now power to bless?—unthankful lady!—to whom hundreds look up for the happiness which, largely imparting to others, cannot long fail thyself. There is but too much reason to fear that the first whisper of alliance with one whom the world deems so far below thee, would be the signal for the renewal of those base schemes, which degrading to thee, might forever deprive those hundreds of thy dependant fellow-creatures of thy generous and considerate care. Thou hast already a large family—ties enough to occupy and fill even thy expansive affections. Look, lady, to the small part of thy expecting assembled English family which yonder await thee. Thou hast high duties—doubt not in their fulfilment to find happiness. Is not our Heavenly Father the Just One?”

The young Countess sighed, and strove to be contented.

“I endeavour to think in this manner—to look only to the bright side. I have triumphed over villany, and possess what seems a boundless power of doing good. Would that society were so constituted, that no one, however generous and well-inclined, possessed power so ample and dangerous. But I will make the best of it; and, some day, perhaps—some far distant day—the sense of the benefits I may have been able to confer on others shall sooth this weak, fond heart, and quiet this human yearning, which now cannot be appeased. There is but one man in this whole world whom I can marry; and I know that our union is at present all but impossible. But I will not desert the post in which Providence has placed me. I will not—I dare not risk throwing those poor people, who have no hope save in me, upon the tender mercies of those who have no mercy. But why dally? Have I not work enough for a long life before me?”

In cordially doing the honours of her rustic fête, in reciprocating kindnesses, and breathing, as it were, an atmosphere of love and gladness, surrounded by the objects of her love and her bounty, the spirit of the young Countess recovered its elasticity. Before the festival of the women and children had closed, a procession of men and boys, with banners and music, arrived—a spontaneous demonstration of regard and

respect for their young lady, “who was so good to their *Misuses* and little ones.” There was also to be a dinner of farmers and country neighbours at the George and Dragon; and already was the antique Market-Cross over against that hospitable hostelry decorated with evergreens and banners. A more delicate compliment was paid to the Countess by some unknown person, who had privately adorned with flowers the windows of her grandfather’s humble parsonage. The indignant refusal of the farmers to have their festival dinner presided over by Mr Grimshaw, who volunteered for the purpose, marked the general feeling towards that gentleman. He had not, indeed, come ostensibly forward in the late delicate investigations respecting the understanding of his mistress; but not only was the affair well known throughout the country, but his share in it. Some talked of a sound pelting with stones, if the steward presumed to shew his face abroad that day; and it was remarked that the *Guy Faux* which suffered incrimination at the Market-Cross, amidst loud rejoicing, wore the exact costume of the steward, and looked his twin-brother, both in redness of nose and sinister cast of eye.

From dispensing and receiving simple gifts and memorials of the day, offered by her morning guests, the young Countess was summoned to important business. Mr Grimshaw was there—the lawyers were already met in array—the guardians assembled—Lord Fanfaronade was come—and, as a friend and relative, Sir Jervis Yates took post by his kinswoman. The business formalities were happily dispatched, so far as was possible; for something yet remained to be done, both by the Lord Chancellor and the steward; but the Countess was free, uncontrollable, in word or action, and with grace and dignity she received the congratulations of her company; with touching softness, she whispered congratulations of her old friend, Dr Hayley, whom, to the confusion of Lord Fanfaronade, and the displeasure of Sir Jervis, she requested to take the place of honour at the dinner-table where she first publicly presided as mistress. As Blanche arose from the table, where she was the only lady present, she addressed Lord Fanfaronade.

“Your business is happily accomplished, my Lord—mine is but beginning. May I even at this unusual hour request your presence, with that of my cousin, Sir Jervis—and as many of the gentlemen assembled as will do me the honour—as witnesses to the completion of a part of mine. My own agent and people of business are already in the library.”

His Lordship and the other gentlemen bowed, as she glided away, each fancying what this business might be.

“I should not be surprised if she were about to betroth herself to that Frederick Leighton, who has been galloping about to Ireland and the West Indies on her affairs—all the settlements ready cut and dry,” whispered Sir Jervis to the Peer, who drew up in offended majesty.

“I shall remonstrate strongly—I never will

consent to my cousin throwing herself and her fine fortune and connexion away in this manner ; she who might make the first match in England."

Lord Fanfaronade bowed his reply—he was unable to speak.

"I have backed her out and out against the heir-at-law instigated, it is said, by Grimshaw—and would again ; but I cannot stand this. Your son, Mr Devereux, who, I understand, did the Countess the honour to pay his addresses to her, when she was a mere child, has not, I hope, changed his mind ? There is a connexion to ensure the protection she so much wants ; and the Countess cannot be insensible to the importance of such an alliance in her present delicate circumstances, nor to the kind interest your Lordship and your family have always taken in her and in her affairs.

"You are extremely obliging, Sir Jervis. My family—my wife and daughters—who have known the Countess from her childhood, and who are much attached to her, did, at one time, certainly, desire the alliance. That my son Horatio was attached to Lady Blanche, I am also aware. His present sentiments I do not pretend to know. But when a young man of fashion—who might form the most brilliant matrimonial connexion—remains for years unmarried, in his peculiar circumstances—the inference is fair that he has his reasons. Some cloud did intervene between the young people, years ago ; but I have no doubt that my son Devereux remains attached to your charming relative. Can you have any good reason to believe that she meditates a connexion so unsuitable, so extremely derogatory, I must say, to her family, as that which you suspect ?"

"In faith, I fear it, my Lord !" returned Sir Jervis, becoming familiar, upon the strength of a reciprocal confidence, and a common object. "Leighton, who is a most intelligent fellow, has made himself extremely busy, and not a little useful to my fair cousin ; and I know, from good authority, that there have been far more paper-drawing work and documenting, going privately on, than a young lady should be concerned in, without the advice or knowledge of her friends : but these people have, from childhood, got so round her ! She has always had too much of her own way, that's the truth of it—but she is a fine creature !—a noble creature ! were she once properly settled down."

Lord Fanfaronade bowed and hemmed. He would not repulse Sir Jervis ; he would not commit himself. He had gone far enough, and abided the issue ; but hope or pride wrung forth this remark as they passed to the library.

"The Countess would scarcely have invited so old a friend of the Delamere family as myself to remain to witness an act which I must be pardoned for regarding as degradation to herself and her noble order, were her purpose what you suppose."

"We shall see—we shall see !" rejoined Sir Jervis. "And if it be my countenance she

seeks to such a connexion, I promise you, my Lord, she shall see the blackest side of it."

"The champagne has affected that person," was Lord Fanfaronade's thought. "Vulgar, no doubt, but a shrewd man—perhaps ambitious in his way."

When the gentlemen entered the library, they saw a table covered with written papers and parchments ; the modest Quakeress in her best grey silk gown, and her gentlemanlike nephew, Dr Leighton, in his professional black. He had just arrived from Ireland, with the agent on the Countess's Donegal estates, and two gentlemen of the law, with whom he seemed on very intimate terms, and who had met him, by appointment, at Stoke Delamere.

"Hey-day ! here is an array for a birth-day drawing-room," cried Sir Jervis, briskly ; "what, my fair Countess, is about to be played off for the amusement of your guests, and in honour of the day ?"

Blanche suppressed her rising disgust, while she replied—

"I owe, Sir Jervis, as some of my guests must be aware, my life—or all that gives life value—my health, to this dear friend, who has, for twelve years, watched over me with a mother's care. How much more I owe to her than mere life—for that which far transcends its dearest interests—which exists above, which endures beyond life, it is not for me here to tell. But I cannot suffer even one day of my hard-bought independence to elapse, without rendering her all the compensation within my poor means."

"Certainly, certainly !" said Sir Jervis Yates, relieved, and concluding that "compensation" to the aunt must mean an annuity, or a good sum in hand, and not marrying the nephew.

"A service of tea-plate, perhaps," thought Lord Fanfaronade—"a small touch of the innate plebeian ostentation, in taking so many witnesses to the mighty reward—were it no more." But he hemmed, and said sententially, that "faithful and useful service acquired all the rights of humble friendship, and could neither be over-valued nor over-rewarded."

"I am glad your Lordship thinks in this manner—I seek not to enrich my friend—she requires neither my gifts nor my money—she is rich enough already for her wise and modest wants. But I seek to increase her happiness. It was she who early inspired my childish mind with the deepest horror of slavery—of man holding property in the blood, the sinews, and the free-will with which the Creator has gifted the meanest of His creatures. Nor could I, upon this the first day of my power, lay my head on my pillow in peace the owner were it but of one slave. I have taken measures to ensure the safety and comfort of the emancipated negroes on the West India estates of my family, in the enjoyment of their new-born freedom ; and also, for the protection and improvement of my property, I hasten to sign their manumission, and thus to discharge, so far as it may be discharged, my weight of obligation to my maternal friend."

Before Sir Jervis could recover his astonishment, or Lord Fanfaronade dispose of his pinch of snuff, Blanche had started to the table, and rapidly signed several sheets of paper, the leaves of which Dr Leighton turned over.

"Softly, my dear Madam," cried Sir Jervis, at last; "are you aware of what you are about? or the number of your slaves? above three or four hundred!"

"So many more hundreds of reasons against the delay of justice. Will you, Sir Jervis, do me the kindness to sign as a witness. Dr Leighton give me your name. Nay, my Lord, I do not despair of your Lordship also humouring me and honouring me."

Lord Fanfaronade was taken by surprise; and the dignified FANFARONADE figured before simple Frederick Leighton, in the act of emancipation, which drew moisture to the eyes of the Quakers, as she silently pressed the hand of her late charge, and retired.

"I have nothing to say to so extraordinary a document," said Sir Jervis Yates. "It is not alone the amount of property rashly thrown away, but the example. I don't understand it. Was this the reward which your nurse requested? The idea might be quite natural to a Quaker, yet not the most proper for a young, unmarried lady of title and fortune—eh! my Lord?—who might, at least, have been expected to consult her friends in so important a step."

"My young friend, the Countess, if I may have the honour of calling her so, has graced the day of her majority by a gracious deed," said Lord Fanfaronade, who was compromised by his signature. "Let us not damp the pleasure which the glow of benevolence sheds over her bosom, and let us hope that the poor wretches whom she has released, may never abuse their freedom, nor disgrace her goodness."

"I fear it not, my Lord. I have, with warm love to my kind, great faith in the human race—in all God's creation, and especially in my fellow-creatures, whether black or white."

Lord Fanfaronade had quickly recourse to his unfailing snuff-box, and the contemplation of the diamond-encircled stately Maria Theresa pictured on its lid. He doubted, after all, if this singular young woman, against whom insanity had lately been so plausibly alleged that even his mind was shaken, could be a fit wife for Devereux, great as were her extrinsic advantages. Her "kind," her "fellow-creatures," "God's creatures." Why, what was all this but a sort of Radicalism in disguise; and the worse because disguised under the cloak of Christianity—Christianity which some blasphemous dissenting preacher had lately styled "the highest and purest form of democracy?" He had heard the young Countess herself quote those shocking expressions so repugnant to social order, decency, and religion.

"I could not sleep in peace the owner of a slave," continued Blanche; "but neither can I remain the mistress of a race of miserable serfs, whose degraded existence must be a constant pain

and reproach to me, and a curse to themselves. My second act of independent sovereignty, my Lord, shall be to raise the Irish peasantry on the family estates to the dignity of industrious, independent labourers and farmers."

"This will require mature consideration," said Lord Fanfaronade, with more quickness than his ordinary manner—"I mean, totally changing the management of those valuable estates."

"I have not been rash. Your Lordship is aware that I was indulged in making a long visit to Ireland last summer. I was not idle; and, then, if I felt with my girl's heart, I also saw with my own eyes, and judged by my own and by more enlightened understandings of the condition of the people on these estates and on those of neighbouring properties. Dr Leighton has since devoted some months to the same examination. He has just returned from Ireland. All that I desire, and am bound to attempt, cannot be accomplished in one day, nor in one year—no, nor perhaps in one lifetime. Yet, knowing my duty—having taken anxious and humble pains to learn it—I will not suffer an hour to elapse without commencing the work of amelioration—of atonement."

"Your Ladyship having kept yourself as poor as a rat, during your minority, in throwing away your personal allowance on those Irish incorrigibles, would now throw your landed property after it," said Sir Jervis Yates, in a tone which somewhat ruffled the temper of the young Countess, though she checked the retort which rose to her lips. "Come, my Lord—come, Mr Grimshaw—we must form a council-board on these Irish affairs of my cousin's," continued Sir Jervis. "We must not allow the generosity of the Countess to be altogether imposed upon, and advantage taken of her inexperience to deprive her of the power over her Irish property before she has for four-and-twenty hours enjoyed it."

"Who seeks such advantage, Sir Jervis?" inquired Dr Leighton, firmly, on seeing the eyes of the baronet fixed on himself.

"No one, I hope, my good Doctor; but, at all events, if they should, English good sense is able to resist Irish or any other encroachment.—Eh, my Lord?"

"With all deference," observed Mr Grimshaw; "so complete a revolution as my lady meditates in the management of the Irish estates would not only require deliberation, but I have doubts if, by the family settlements, any proprietor be entitled to perform acts which go to the virtual alienation of the estates from the family; for what less are perpetual leases?"

"Alienation!" ejaculated Lord Fanfaronade.

"Alienation!" repeated Sir Jervis Yates. "And in whose behalf, pray?" and his eyes again involuntarily sought Dr Leighton.

"In behalf—if alienation it be—of those who, I believe in my conscience, have the best right to these wild lands—of the people reared upon the cultivated portion of these rack-rented absentee estates, of those whose industry has given them

whatever value they possess," replied the Countess; "and," she proceeded, "I have not been, even in idea, a rash innovator. My power over that property is unquestionable. It is that by which alike the King holds his crown and the cottager his copyhold—*LAW*. And, while I retain that power, I am resolved to exercise it independently and to the best of my judgment, and with, I trust, a profound and ever-present sense of my responsibility. The lands already under some kind of cultivation, however imperfect, amount to nearly two-thirds of the whole range. Of these we—my counsellors and myself,"—and she smiled and bowed to her new Irish agent,—“propose to give long leases, preferring the present tenants, unless some insuperable objection exists—and at greatly reduced rents. I shall deem it wise for both parties—landlord and tenant—to encourage the spirit of improvement and industry by every proper means; and by making advances for improvements on a much more liberal scale than has been usual, where the principle is to draw and screw all away and to return nothing. I will not be an absentee, though I hope my Irish tenants will soon be very well able to do without me. The world does not offer more delicious summer retreats to the true lover of nature than are to be found in the bays opening on the Atlantic, on the shores of the Delamere, and of many other Irish estates, which the owners never see. 'Tis to such places my friend, Dr Leighton, says he would send invalids, in preference to the more fashionable haunts of the Continent. And there shall be my summer station. The mountain lands—those lying in a state of nature since the Deluge, but quite susceptible, I am informed, of cultivation, and at present of little or no use to any one—we propose to allot in small farms, held by perpetual leases, and at first at merely a nominal rent. We shall build good cottages and offices, and provide for the comfortable settlement and maintenance of the mountain farmers for the first years of their hard but hopeful struggle:—and from the first hour it will be hopeful; for they shall not feel that they are wearing out their strength, and encountering distress and privation, merely to pay a rack-rent to an absentee, but to improve their own little possessions, and increase the comfort and wealth of their families. It is my wish that every remaining poor family, that has been ejected from the estates of my ancestors, shall find a refuge in these mountain-farms. This is a justice which I owe to them and to the memory of their former landlords. Can their spirits rest in peace, while these poor people, driven out in their misery, are wandering as beggars on the face of the country which their toil has enriched.”

“And therefore your ladyship’s *wise counsellors* would have you generously open pauper-warrens to receive them all in your wild lands?” inquired Sir Jervis, sharply, and looking hard at the mute new Irish agent.

“Pauper-warrens! pardon me, cousin; but what has my grandmother’s Irish estate been, for

fifty years back, save one large and increasing pauper-warren, if you will name it so. My projected mountain-farms—and would that law gave me the right of disposing of them, out and out, to all whom industry might stimulate to labour to redeem them!—my mountain-farms shall, in the first place, not be too small, and one main condition of the tenure provides against subdivision. The rent—at first, nothing—like that of all the other farms, can only increase with the productiveness of the farm, and the consequent ability of the tenant; and it will be limited by being paid in kind—or as a grain-rent. We intend that a considerable portion of it, in the new lands, shall at all times go to maintain parish roads, mills, and such new improvements as the progress of society may introduce into agriculture; and also to maintain the school-houses, the chapel, the parish library, the infirmary, and other useful institutions.”

“The *Papist* Chapel, madam?” inquired Lord Fanfaronade, solemnly.

“Whatever kind of place for Christian worship the householders of the new township choose to have, my Lord; and any sort of school they approve. Where can the patronage and care of such institutions be so well placed as in the hands of those seeking religious instruction and consolation for themselves, and useful learning for their children?”

“In the hands of ignorant or bigoted Roman Catholic peasants, madam?”

“They are men, my Lord, endowed with like faculties as other men. Give them freedom, and motive to exercise those faculties under the stimulus of their dearest interests—whether as intelligent, responsible beings, or as fathers and neighbours—and my life upon the quick access of knowledge and liberal feeling among my Irish farmers. Your Lordship does not like the Roman Catholic religion; neither, abstractly, do I admire it; yet I please myself in thinking that my new mountain-farms—my emigration-colony, going only the short distance from the plains to the hills—may form a sort of atonement for the cruel hardships inflicted on the poor people of those estates through the harshness or the culpable negligence of my predecessors. My mountain-farms shall be a perpetual Mass for the repose of their spirits; and, I trust, not an unacceptable one.”

Lord Fanfaronade knew not what to reply to this wild talk; or what final opinion to form of the character and sentiments of so singular, so decided, or so over-bold a lady. Meanwhile he wished to get away. He required the counsels of his lady, and of his daughter, Lady Blande; of whose talents for penetrating character, and managing high-flown, and, indeed, all kinds of people, he had a great opinion.

On taking leave, he expressed a hope that Holy Cross and Fanfaronade Park should ever maintain their ancient amicable relations; and he mentioned the intention of his lady and her daughters to drive over to congratulate the young Countess to-morrow, as they knew that business engagements, and entertaining the tenantry, must

occupy all her hours on this important day. Some county business remained to be discussed between his Lordship and Sir Jervis; and, as their roads lay in the same direction for a few miles, the latter, with evident pleasure, from the condescending invitation, accepted a seat in the Peer's carriage, though, amidst the multifarious business of the day, one little affair of his own was still left unsettled. For this, he invited himself back at an early day. Sir Jervis Yates had recently withdrawn his now illustrious name from the vast concerns of the mills, but he was so far from having surrendered his pecuniary advantages to the ostensible partner, that the majority of the Countess had been impatiently waited for to obtain a lease, resolutely and angrily refused by her grandmother, of a piece of ground commanding a fine water power, where he proposed erecting new and very extensive cotton-mills.

"You know the terms," said the young Countess, smiling, when, at parting, he drew her aside to remind her of the request.

"I am ready—our house is—to pay not merely a good, but an enormous rent for that small reach of the river," replied Sir Jervis.

"I do not want—I would not receive an enormous rent—and I have none of my grandmother's repugnance to the neighbourhood of manufactories. I see their value, especially to the people of Stoke Delamere; perhaps I may yet find an asylum for some of my Irish families, or their off-shoots, in your new mills down the river. But you know the only conditions on which I can grant you a lease, not merely of these falls, but of the adjoining farms, for your establishment."

"Oh, flower-plots before the white-walled cottages, I believe. Was not that it, my lady?" And he laughed.

"Yes, flower-plots—but much more—neat, roomy, substantial, and fairly rented cottages—each with its *large garden or paddock* as well as the flower-plot; common greens and public walks; school-house and library; washing and cooking establishments; baths, brewery, store, and surgery. And these are but the husk—the beggarly elements of social happiness in my well-ordered, imaginary factory of *Beau Ideal*. You kindly warn me against forming a pauper-warren in the Donegal mountains; but, with every wish to forward your project, Sir Jervis, neither shall I be in any way accessory to establishing a worse sort of warren almost under my own eye. There are forms of misery still more squalid than those of the Irish peasant—a civilized lot still more dehumanizing—more soul-stunting than the peasant's in his worst cabin of the bog. But I am not merely willing, but *anxious* to facilitate this scheme of you and your partner; if, in so doing, I can be assured that I shall help to lay were it but one little stone to the sure foundations of a firmer and happier social system than that which is growing up around us."

"We have no doubt about satisfying your Ladyship's men of business, and also meeting

your benevolent views," replied Sir Jervis, "about the dame's schools and the flower-plots."

There was a little good-natured sneer conveyed in the tone of the last words; but Blanche was not offended with her millionaire relative, who she understood to be at least as considerate about the instruments which produced his wealth as the most of his brethren in England. It was agreeable to see them clean and looking tidy, if not healthy; and his interest that they should be industrious and temperate. He, therefore, encouraged Temperance-Societies and Savings-Banks among his partner's work-people—for he rarely saw them himself—and had no objection to a game at ball or cricket on a Christmas afternoon, if the amusement never interfered with the regular hours of working the machinery, which they, however, somehow always did.

It was with a sense of relief that the young Countess saw her guests depart; and the longest day of the year, and of her life, come to an end in the dispatch of business, which assumed the nature of important duty. She had signed her will, which was ready prepared, and also a deed, which secured for her natural life £1000 a-year to the next heir to the estates, beyond her own power of revocation.

"This is, indeed, to heap coals of fire upon the head of the ingrate," said her friend, as the deed, hitherto kept secret, from motives of delicacy, was witnessed by Dr Leighton and the Irish agent.

"It is an act of mere justice, and, perhaps, scanty justice. Can I approve the law which leaves this young man to languish in absolute poverty, while it enriches, to prodigal extent, a girl who has chanced to step between him and the large possessions which our common ancestors have gathered together—it will not do too curiously to inquire how. I have provided for every domestic and dependant who might have been disappointed by the sudden demise of my grandmother, I fancy, not what will be called nobly or munificently, but fairly. My few maternal relatives—those who have lately, in the most remote and unsuspected localities and degrees of consanguinity, made me aware of their existence and of our relationship—I shall endeavour to treat with becoming kindness and tenderness; but fortune is not given me to enrich them. I have an impression that it is temporarily intrusted to my stewardship for more expansive objects. With those abuses of public charities with which we are all conversant, I almost fear to complete the endowment of my *pet plan*—my schools in Stoke Delamere, and asylum, and annuities for poor lonely widows and destitute spinsters; but we have been so wary—our lawyers so skilful—that surely, for some generations, our scheme will not be vitiated. So let us to work on this—and then my birthday star may set when it will."

"I fear you have exhausted yourself already," said Leighton, looking anxiously on her eyes of preternatural brightness, and her flushed cheek. "The excitement of benevolent enthusiasm may

proves wearying as that of fashionable dissipation—and, for these many months of preparation, you have been suffering under the philanthropy fever;—shall we not, therefore, for this night, sweep away agents and lawyers, parchments and doctors, and leave you to repose?"

"Not till my task be accomplished; I should not else taste repose.—Could a Howard, a Wesley, a host of glorious men, devote their whole lives and energies to the most fatiguing labours in the service of their suffering fellow-creatures, and shall I drop in a day?—Don't think so meanly either of my mental or physical powers, I am ever strongest in trial. Let us finish our business."

There was more signing and sealing. The schools were founded and endowed—the asylum for destitute age, and respectable poverty, established—with all legal formalities; and the funds for their support provided partly from the rents of those lands which were intended to surround the manufacturing village; which lands, it was believed, must rapidly increase in value.

"And now," said the Countess, laying down her pen, "I do confess fatigue, for which the remedy shall be a soothing drive in the twilight to witness the rejoicings in my honour in Stoke Delamere. I am bound to return the visits paid me this morning. Where are our children?" And the little daughter of Mr Devereux, and the lost Rosamond, to whom Blanche felt as a tender mother, and kept constantly with her, and the boy now at home from school attended her to enjoy the spectacle of the night, as they had done that of the morning.

The first rocket of the fireworks, which were to render the natal day of Blanche Countess of Delamere brilliant and illustrious over all the surrounding country, announced the arrival of her landau in the little antique town; and loud were the huzzas, and hearty the cheers. It was with some difficulty that Dr Leighton was able to prevent the young men and lads from unharnessing the horses and taking their places themselves; and only his positive assurance that the Countess would be frightened, angered, and disgusted by such an attempt, prevented the degrading proceeding.

Among the most active of the volunteer beasts of draught was the husband of Phoebe Waterton, who, now that his wife's patroness had come to her kingdom, was convinced that his fortune was made, and huzzaed accordingly. The son of old Jacob Goodridge, keeper of the Bucks-hound gate, would be turned out at once, to make way for him. It went to the heart of the heiress, on this day of power and rejoicing, to deny the humble petition of her old friend and playmate; yet, even under the menace that Phoebe would be harshly treated or beaten by her disappointed and angry lord, she resisted importunity to perform a deed of injustice, which would have made fifty discontented, and one ungrateful; and thus allayed the murmurs of the maidens, and gammers of the Goodridge faction, who had whispered that a fair face,

though faded, and an oily tongue, went farther with great folks than good will and faithful service.

"I shall never be popular," said Blanche to her friends, as they drove from the town, immediately after she had dismissed, with something like severity, the second petition urged upon her by the tearful Phoebe. "When I consider the many preposterous, unreasonable, and impossible petitions and requests that have been made to myself from my earliest childhood, and which pour in upon me now, I could pity a harassed statesman in office. I must be content to be imagined hard and cold, though it wounds me—to deal impartial justice to all, and be understood and loved by few—how few! One by one, all will forsake me; and I shall be alone—alone!"

Her tremulous, desponding tone, and low-breathed sigh, revealed the depth of the sentiment which these few words embodied. The Quaker matron looked at her lady, as if tenderly deprecating and pitying, while she chided this desponding spirit; and the strong emotion of the young physician, overcoming his habitual self-command, was betrayed by an involuntary expanding of his arms, while the mute eloquence of passion, in his kindling eye and animated gesture, seemed to say—"Come to this heart and be cherished—come, if its life-long devotion may suffice thee." The full import of the slight involuntary movement on both sides, as Blanche, for an instant, seemed to bend towards her lover, as if about to throw herself into his arms, and to shed her grateful and rapturous tears on his bosom, was mutually understood; and to her heart, this self-betrayal of one usually so provokingly guarded and sage, so inflexible in purpose, was a triumph and a solace. A thrill of delight shot through her whole frame, to the exalting thought—"Although he so often imagines I may never be his, although thus ever-guarded, he loves me—he loves me! and I am happy!"

The twilight of the lovely evening had reached that point when, about midsummer-time, in England, twilight seems to kindle and brighten after the setting of the sun, and to shine with a splendour that seems all its own, unborrowed of the departed luminary.

"How balmy and refreshing is the air to-night. What a luxury only to live and breathe this sweet air," said Blanche, after a long pause. "I do confess something like collapse of spirits after the varied excitements of this day, and can fancy no restorative equal to a stroll home through the woods, and coffee under the beech trees—with the dearest friends of my childhood about me."

"Command your slaves," said old Dr Hayley, gallantly. "Coffee shall appear at the touch of my fairy wand; and my friend, Frederick, will give you his arm through the shrubberies. That is a felicity and honour which a small twinge of my old enemy prevents me from disputing with him to-night."

The Countess had alighted, and the last gleam of her white dress, as she disappeared among the trees, leaning on the arm of Leighton, enabled the Doctor to remark with impunity—

"Our Countess is at last her own mistress, and how deserving of every happiness. I do not, ma'am, affect ignorance of the state of her affections—but Grimshaw and the heir-at-law?—would they commence their schemes again? What do you think, ma'am? I wish I could make Dr Leighton a prince to-night for her sake!"

"Would she value or like him more?" remarked his companion, quietly.

"The poor, dear child, I could lay down my life to give her happiness; but another conspiracy, and no one to support her this time?" He shook his head. "But come, let us make her as happy as we can, ma'am; let us get supper arranged under the trees. Dr Leighton leaves us to-morrow morning, I believe. Come to-day, gone to-morrow—he is unkind to his friends."

The good Doctor really liked Leighton, and was not insincere, though he at this time certainly wished the young man well away and on the high seas. No shadow of insincerity found favour with the single-mind of the Quakeress, however innocent or speciously veiled it might be by kind motives, or so-called politeness. She drily answered—

"Frederick goes to-morrow, or haply this night. He will embark for the West Indies on Friday. He is pledged to see the experiment, which he heartily approved, fairly made. He will remain for the approaching cane-harvest, and probably the next."

"I hope it may answer," returned the Doctor, in a doubtful tone, "for the sake of our Countess, whose kind heart was set upon the thing."

"For the sake of humanity, of justice, I pray it may—and for her sake also."

They drove on in silence, much less embarrassing than that which was as solemnly kept on the wood-paths threaded by the lovers.

"I fear you have suffered much from the great exertions of this day," was the whisper which at last fell on the ear of Blanche, as she silently seated herself on a rustic bench, to rest for a few moments, after ascending a winding steep.

"I shall have abundant leisure to recover from fatigue," and she proceeded in a more impassioned tone—"Oh, Frederick! when you know that these are the last hours, the very last, we may ever spend together—the last moments that we may freely talk to each other—that I have to endure the anguish of seeing you depart to the perils of the sea, of climate, of all that may intervene, ere our far-distant meeting, if indeed we shall ever meet again—can you talk to me of personal fatigue?"

"Should I try to keep alive that anguish, dearest Blanche? Yet I confess I should be wretched to see you perfectly easy under this long and most painful separation. Am I selfish?"

"Not more than I would have you," she replied, now faintly smiling. "But sit down by me. I could forgive a little more of this kind of sel-

fishness, Fred. A little less philosophy, and even more suffering at our separation than you are likely to display, whatever you may feel. Oh, I am myself very selfish in this sort. I can conceive no true and strong affection without it. I remember when I was wont to be delighted to see you a little miserable under my caprices. That is past—yet, to say truth, I do not desire to be very reasonable to-night. I wish you to suffer.

... And I shall find time enough to be rested, and to be rational, in four long years. Four years! how shall I endure them!"

"Are they nothing to me?" was said in a tone of tender reproach.

"Forgive me, Frederick, if I indulge to-night in the luxury of complaining. While you are by my side, what is repining but another form of happiness. But, oh, the cold, dark, heavy days to which I look forward—the unappeasable anguish of the aching and yearning heart—to be endured in silence ere we meet again—if we shall ever meet:—and unchanged? How my heart sickens and misgives me at times. So large a portion of life given away a sacrifice to the world, to pride—a sacrifice which never will propitiate the spirit that tyrannizes over us, and imposes bonds which our Heavenly Father never laid upon the creatures whom he has made to love and to be blessed." She was weeping without an effort at control.

"Tempt me not too far," replied the soothing lover, "lest I, too, in turn become the tempter. Can I thrust from me the nearer prospect of bliss? Shall we risk all—brave all? We have been prepared for worse. Say, dearest, shall we give up our plans, and part no more? How easy it were to-night, inflexible as you upbraid me with being, were it to overset my firmest resolutions. ... And should our dearest hopes ever be realized—however distant the time—you must still be prepared for many saying that I have been aspiring, sordid, and worldly-minded. I make up my mind to this sort of censure—content with having done all that honour and manhood require of me to vindicate your choice."

"Oh, more! far more, Frederick!—unkind as you have sometimes seemed to me; yet, for that very repelling unkindness, I only loved and honoured you the more. It was the true fruit of your generous and delicate feelings for one whose best claim to your regard was, comprehending your noble character, and loving you for yourself. And surely mankind are not all ungenerous; your motives will come out, clear as your truth and your love."

"While you believe so, dearest—having done all that we can to propitiate the just opinion of society—I shall be indifferent in my own regard. Nor, philosopher as you call me, am I able to wish you less noble, less beautiful, less rich. The accidents of wealth and title—while the world continues to see them dispensed in such unequal measure—well befit my own Lady Blanche, who boasts yet higher nobility—well befit my promised wife;" and he clasped her towards him. "My soul's comfort and stay in every stage of

our blended existence—for Time and for Eternity!"

"I am better able to part with you now, Frederick," sighed Blanche, as she withdrew from the embrace in which she had gently sobbed away her rapturous emotions.

"Thank you, for speaking so to me. We have lived in love—such as few can understand—but how seldom have we spoken its language; and yet, now, I think I am less able to let you go. Oh, I am as fickle as the wind to-night—yet, in spirit so much lightened. O Heavens! the exulting and abounding joy that this one interview, these few words exchanged between us to-night, would have given me but one short year since—and I dare still repine."

"Our love has indeed stood fierce storms of adversity—will it, Lady Blanche, endure a severer test? I care not for the world—but, you—will *you* never repent—never regret—never look back."—

"Nay, Frederick," she interrupted quickly, "I have a right to be offended now. I do not, with all my faults, deserve this. The qualities are intrinsic, not accidental, which can ever change my feelings to any living thing, were it but to a dumb brute, that I had once loved. How long have we known each other, now?"

"Is your memory so frail, or so indifferent? It is now exactly ten years, since I, a bashful boy, saw the little Lady Blanche, sitting, *à la Turque*, in the window of that small parlour in the old laundry, reading the 'Pilgrims' Progress.' I should have dreamed of you ever after, as a Peri—the creature of an Oriental fairy-tale, save for that dear, old, quaint book."

"I remember it all now—though less distinctly than many other times;—as that burning, and your broken arm. I was not in love with you till that night—not quite," and she smiled. "Then my tenderest feelings were excited by your accident. We are kind creatures, we poor women, Fred. We will never make great mathematicians, I suppose; nor, they say, write tragedies or epic poems, like you men—but a much easier process might raise us into ministering angels than would be required with many of you of the nobler sex. . . . I should be sure you loved me to-night, Frederick, if I had before doubted."

"By what new token, dear Blanche? I fancied I had exhausted them all."

"That your thoughts carry forth my image—the idea of our blessed and blended existence, into Eternity," she said, in a very low and solemn voice. "Oh, this is true—this is exalted love."

"It is thus I have ever felt then—even in childhood—for my turtle doves, which I would have been unhappy not to take to heaven with me—

how much more for you, that sacred, that indestructible love

which ever burneth,

Which came from Heaven to Heaven returneth.

Courage, dear lady! It will exalt and sustain our souls to endure this long probation. Like the youthful patriarch, my years of bondage shall seem but as a day. Were they spent beneath your eyes—cheered by your smiles, soothed, charmed by your sympathy—as a rapturous day.

. . . I must not let my thoughts dwell on this, but the blessings, I can only win by deserving them—And you, my own Blanche?"

"I shall strive to follow your example. I am not insensible to the many, *many* great privileges of my lot; to the far greater blessings I possess and hope for. What woman's loving pride—what woman's unbounded faith in man, can be equal to that which I feel, and am justified in feeling? Forgive my querulousness and seeming want of fortitude; and do not grudge the relief of weeping with you, to one who must so often weep alone. I do not shrink from our resolution—yet suffer me to repine a little, were it but for the dear delight of finding your strength taxed to sustain my weakness. I have told you I am not always quite rational in my deeper feelings, and to say truth, I do not desire to be so. It is enough that the burden shall be unshrinkingly borne—we may surely adjust the load so as to fit the back." Such desultory talk, with many a pause, many a broken whisper, fond interrogatory, and soothing promise, brought the lovers within sight of the noble beech trees on the lawn in front of the Abbey; under which, by the prompt orders of their friends, the servants had already set out tables with refreshments—fruit and wine.

"How like a glow-worm, seen through the foliage, is the lamp on which the coffee is simmering," said Blanche.

"And how grandly and proudly the noble old house looks out from the ancestral woods in the twilight, as if it carried its head the higher to-day, because the Lady Blanche is every inch its mistress."

"There remains a prouder day for it and for her—that on which she can tell it to hold its head higher still, for a noble master; or bid it farewell for ever, and follow him to as happy although a much humbler home."

A long and silent embrace was the seal of this parting covenant, and unbroken silence brought them to their waiting friends. If suffering from their approaching separation, the young pair were yet too happy in their own feelings, not to feel with kindness and complacency for all things around them, animate and inanimate.

(To be continued.)

VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

NO. II.—VISITS TO POETICAL SITES.—BOLTON PRIORY.

THE man of genius is often looked upon as a being that shuts himself up and knows little of what is going on in the real world around him. He is supposed to live in a fairyland of his own creation—often a very barren and profitless one—delusions. In reference to him men of arts and full of all manner of enchantments and magical sciences, the men of spinning-jennies and steam-engines—nay, the naturalists, and many other writers—talk of themselves as *practical* men. They often smile at the poet and the romance-writer, as men of the world affect to do, and say—“Oh! a very clever, a very clever fellow indeed; but as ignorant of actual life as a child.” But the poets and romancers of late have proved themselves both to be profitable fellows and practical ones. To say nothing of vast sums coined from the brain of Scott and of Byron, look at the comfortable nest which Moore has feathered for himself. Very pretty sums he has fobbed now and then. See old George Crabbe going down to his parsonage with £3,000 in his saddle-bags at one time. Look at the poet's house at Keswick: it has a library in it which has cost a fortune; and the poet and historian sits there now, what with salaries, pensions, *Quarterly Review* articles, and residuary legateships, as no inconsiderable man of substance. There is that “old man eloquent” too, his neighbour, at Rydal Mount, who, if he have not amassed a mount of gold on which to build his palace, has got a poet's bower on one of the most delicious little knolls in Europe, warmed by as much affection and domestic peace as ever crowned one man's hearth; and having no mark or *stamp* of poverty about it. Yes, and spite of *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, and a host of lower critics who echoed their owl-notes, his poetry is become *fashionable*! Only think of that—“The Idiot Boy” and “Betty Foy,” “The Old Wanderer” in his worsted stockings, and “Michael” and “The Wagoner,” become fashionable, so that every critic who knows no more of poetry than he did ten years ago, now cries “glorious! divine! inimitable!” at every new edition of his poems. Yes, and so they shall cry—for such is the ultimate triumph of general sense and taste over professional stupidity. His poetry is become golden in all senses; and, if Government only act in the matter of copyright as a British government ought to act,* it will flow on in a golden stream to his children's children, to the third and fourth—ay, to the fortieth and four hundredth generation.

These are your dreamers and thriftless poets of the present days! But they are not merely the profitable, they are the really practical men too.

* Not, however, by passing Mr Serjeant Talfourd's present bill, with its retrospective clause, to smoothe the bridled manes of the booksellers.

We ask, where would your Watts and Boltons be, if it were not for them? Why, it is they—it is the men of poetical genius—who build your steamboats and steamcoaches. The man of genius is not now merely a scrawler on paper, a writer of poems or of tales; but his pen is become a magician's wand, the most potent one that was ever wielded: and, while other men think that he is merely inditing some pleasant lay, or matter for a winter-evening's fireside, they who see farther into a millstone know that he is actually building ships and boats, steamengines and steamcarriages; launching new and splendid packets; laying down railroads, and carrying them through mountain and forest; erecting inns, furnishing them with hosts, and guests, and waiters; spreading tables with every delicacy of the season—as witness, ye grouse on many a heathery hill, ye herrings of Loch Fine, and salmon of countless lochs, and rivers running like silver from the mountains—spreading them for thousands who run to and fro in the earth, not merely increasing knowledge of one another, but the good luck of landlords, and the employment of whole troops of poor and deserving men. The man of genius does this, and more: he creates joint-stock companies, he invests large capitals, he makes captains and stewards of steamers, clerks, coachmen, and sailors—these, and many other creatures after their kind, are of his creation.

Does any one doubt it? Why, Sir Walter Scott has done more than this, of his single arm. See what he has done for Scotland. See every summer, and all summer long, what thousands pour into that beautiful country, exploring every valley, climbing every mountain, sailing on every frith and loch, and spreading themselves and their money all through the land. And what roads and steamvessels, what cars and coaches, are prepared for them! what inns are erected!—and yet not half enow!—so rapidly does the spirit of the poetical and picturesque spread—so wonderfully do the numbers of its votaries increase, seeking a little easement of their swollen purses, a little outlet for all their taste and enthusiasm. No less than nine hundred persons, on a daily average, pass through the single city of Glasgow, chiefly of this class of persons, set astir by this great spirit which has of late years sprung up, the work of our poets and romancers. In summer all the inns there are filled jam-full; trains of omnibusses, or omnibis, are flying down to the Broomielaw every hour, to discharge the contents of the inns into the steamers, and return with the living cargoes of the steamers to the inns. Every hour, the bell of some packet, bound to the Highlands, the Western Isles, Ireland,^c Wales, and all such places, attractive as the ver-^dle

land of the Genii to poetical imaginations, is heard ringing out its call to the picturesque and pleasure-hunters; and that call is obeyed by swarms of eager tourists, to the height of all human astonishment.

And when did all this grow up? "Oh," say the mere mechanic heads, "why, when steam created such facilities." Yes, since the steam of poetic brains created it! Where would your steamboats and your railroads have been leading us, do you think, if Bishop Percy had not collected the glorious ballads of nature and of heroism that were scattered over Scotland and England—the leaves of a new Sybil a million times more fateful and pregnant with wonders than the old; if Bishop Percy had not done this, and set on fire the kindred heads of Southey, of Wordsworth, and of Scott; if the Border Minstrelsy had not been gathered by Scott; if ballads and eclogues of a new school, if poems full of a pensive beauty and a pure love, had not been framed by Southey; if Wordsworth had not—stricken, as he confesses, by the mighty power of nature through this very medium—gone wandering all over the mountains of Cumberland, filling his heart with the life of the hills, and the soul of the over-arching heavens, and the peace or passion of human existence hidden in glens and recesses where poets had ceased to look for them; if the first of these great men had not come forth again in a fresh character, with Metrical Romances, and with Historical Romances in prose, pouring a new spirit through field and forest; bringing down from the mountains of the North a clan life, and race of fiery warriors, with their pride, their superstitions, their bloody quarrels, their magnanimity of mutual devotion and fatal loyalty, such as we should otherwise never have known; and, besides this, peopling mountain and glen, palace and cottage, garrison and town, with a host of characters which live and move before us, as if they were not the offspring of a mortal brain, but of the earth and the heavens themselves? I say, where would these steamboats and railroads now have been leading their passengers? Why, dully enough, to the market—to purchase cottons and printed calicoes in Glasgow, Paisley, and Manchester; ashes and indigo in Liverpool; teas, and a thousand other things, in London. They would be going, not the packhorse, but the railroad round of dull and wearisome commerce, wearing out its own soul by its over-drudgery; and, even of these, there would not have been a tithe of the present outgoers. But now, the soul which has been crushed under the weight of daily duty, has felt a spark of this great spirit, has felt an indefinable impulse, which is, in fact, the nascent love of nature and of out-of-door liberty; and, in the summer months, the weavers and spinners, the thumpers and bumpers, the grinders and shearers, the slaves of the desk, the warehouse, the bank, and the shop, leap up, and issue forth—as bear witness Sir George Head—by undreds, and by thousands, in all directions, to a pleasure that their fathers, poor old fellows!

never dreamed of on the most auspicious night of their lives. O boats, whether on canal or river, driven by steam or drawn by horse! O ships, on loch, or frith, or ocean, propelled by engines of three hundred horse power! cabs and cars, omnibuses and stages, inns and lodging-houses, wayside rests and fishing taverns, Tom and Jerries, Tillysues or Kidley-Winks! bear ye witness to the tribes set on fire by this Walter Scott, these poets, and even these naturalists—Bewick, Walton, Gilbert White, and that class of quiet agitators—tribes who have gone forth, to scramble up hills, and tumble down them, to sport parasols amongst frightened sheep, and scream on precipices, that they may fall into the arms of careful lovers; to eat beef-steaks, and drink ginger-beer and soda-water, with open windows, and under trees, in boats or in booths—bear witness all of you in all quarters of these islands! Let us hear no more about the poets not being *practical* men: they are the men practical and promotive of public wealth and activity; they are your true political economists, your diffusers of the circulating medium; in fact, your ship-builders, house-builders, smiths, black, white, or copper; your tailors and clothiers, your very hosts, cads, waiters, and grooms—for, to all these, they give not merely employment, but life and being itself.

And yet, it is a curious fact that the poets and the mechanists struck out into a new and bolder line together; that this new growth and outburst of intellect and ideality, this *revival* in the world of mind, indicated its presence at once in the imaginative and the constructive crania. It is curious that steam, mechanism, and poetry, should have been brought simultaneously to bear in so extraordinary a degree on the public spirit and character. The love of poetry and nature, of picturesque scenery and summer-wandering, no sooner were generated by the means I have here stated, than, lo! steamers appeared at the quays, and railroads projected their iron lines over hill and dale. Impulse was given at the same moment to the public heart, and facility to yield to it. Had the one appeared without the other, there must have been felt a painful restraint, an uncomprehended but urgent want. Had the poetic spirit come alone, it would have lacked wings to fly to the mountains and the ocean shores. Had the mechanic impetus arisen without this, it would have wanted employment for its full energies. Their advent was coincident; and their present effect is amazing, and their future one, a matter of wild speculation and wonder.

But there is yet another feature of this subject that is worthy of notice; and that is, how cunningly our great masters have gone to work. Call them dreaming and improvident! It is the most absurd abuse of language ever committed. There is no class of men more notorious for saving and care-taking than that of your great geniuses. Accordingly, as we go through the country, propelled in the human tide by the double power of poetry and steam, what is one of the first facts that seizes on your attention? Why, the ingenuity and tact with which these

thoughtless poets and air-dreaming romancers have laid hold not only of the most glorious subjects, but the most glorious scenes. They know that, next to a popular theme, is the popular allocation of it—and what beautiful spot is there now, from Land's End to John O'Groat's—what spot known for its loveliness, or sacred for its history, or made mysteriously interesting by traditions—on which they have not seized? The monks were said, of old, to have pounced upon all the paradisiacal valleys and rich nooks of the country; but the poets have pounced upon them now. The ancients were accused of having robbed us of all our fine thoughts and spirit-stirring topics; but the modern poets have taken away our very mountains and cattle-fields, our fairy haunts and our waters, lying under the beautifying lights and shades of love, and heroism, and sorrow. They have preoccupied them before our very eyes. There is nothing which has impressed me so much with the prescience and deep sagacity of our great modern geniuses as the care with which they have perched themselves on every pleasant nook and knoll all over the land. It reminds me, ludicrous as the illustration is, of the nursery-tale of the young bears that came into their house; and one said, "Who has taken my fork?" and another, "Who has eaten of my bread?" and a third, "Who has sat in my chair?" and another, "*Who is this sleeping in my bed?*" Every spot of interest has this Scott, this Wordsworth, or this Campbell appropriated—and who does not admire their policy? The grandeur and intellectuality of a subject may, of themselves, give it a great charm; but it is better to have two strings to your bow—a subject noble and beautiful in itself linked to noble and beautiful scenery; not confined to the library or the fireside book, but thrown, as it were, in the way of the public, cast before the summer wanderers, where natural beauty and traditional romance exert a double influence. What a fine effect it has, both for poet and reader, when, as you stop to admire some lovely landscape, some sublimity of mountain or sea-shore, you hear it said—"This is the scenery of Marmion—this is the Castle of Ellangowan—this is the spot where Helen McGregor gave her celebrated breakfast—here fought Bailey Nicol Jarvie with his red-hot ploughshare—this is Lammermuir—or this is Atornish Hall." What a charm and a glory suddenly invest the place! How deep sinks the strain of the bard or the romancer into your soul! The adroitness with which great names have thus been written—not on perishable paper, but on every rock and mountain of the land—is admirable. To compare great things with small—it is like the handwriting on the wall, of Warren, or of Meehi; it is seen everywhere, and who shall possibly erase it from his mind? But, admirable as the plan is, who shall now adopt it? The day and the opportunity are past. Did the same ability exist to inscribe places at once to the glory of the poet and their own name, it is too late; the field is preoccupied. The clan

regions and the Borders of Scotland—ground rife with matter—are all Scott's, by right of discovery, and by the mighty hand of the conqueror. If you go to the isles—Shetland, Hebridean, or Orcadian—he has been there too; and Campbell has there placed his name, in Runic cipher, with that of Reullura and the "dark-attired Culdee." Wordsworth is

"Sole king of rocky Cumberland."

Scott, again, extends his influence over Durham, Derbyshire, and Warwickshire; and southward tradition becomes more faint—all, at least, which Shakespeare has not appropriated, and what he left to his proper heirs. We cannot, indeed, say what genius may yet draw from material which still lies unseen or unregarded—for its power is boundless; but, in the meantime, let us wander over a few spots of consecrated ground, and admire what has been done by "the giants that have been in the land."

SCENERY OF "THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTON."

We visited this scenery much in the order in which it is introduced to our notice in Wordsworth's poem. First, the White Doe is seen at Bolton Priory; then you have a glimpse of the history of the Shepherd Lord, and his residence, Barden Tower; lastly, the poet takes you to Rylston, and enters, with earnest heart, into the fate of the Nortons. We took the same course. We walked from Skipton Castle to Bolton Priory, on the morning of the 6th of July. The country had nothing very remarkable in it, if we except the wild aspect of Rumbold's Moor—a corruption of Romilley's Moor—on our left as we went; nothing which bore any relation to that exquisite scenery which we looked for in the neighbourhood of Bolton. As we drew near, indeed, we could not help saying repeatedly—"We fear we shall be disappointed in this place." Presently, however, a valley filled with dense wood appeared below us, stretching away northwards. We came to a few cottages in their gardens, to a high stone wall; and, passing through a small arched gateway, the valley and ruins of Bolton Priory lay before us; one of the most delicious and paradisiacal scenes which the heart of England holds. The effect upon our spirits was one of profound and soothing delight. We sat down on a rustic bench, placed just within the gateway, and contemplated it in silent enjoyment. We were on a green elevation somewhat above the valley, and the scene lay before us in all its loveliness; a vale in which all the charms of peaceful variety which poetry delights to combine in some fairy paradise, were concentrated. It was a splendid morning; and the freshness of the greensward, of the trees, the glittering dews, the cheerful voices of birds, the profusion of blossoms around on bush and bank, made the scene perfect. There were the gables and pinnacles of the Priory, appearing amongst a wilderness of trees in the open bosom of the valley; there was the Wharf, sounding on his way, with a most melancholy music, under the cliffs opposite; there was the silver line of a waterfall, thrown from a cliff of considerable

and nearly perpendicular height, a cliff of rich purple hue, facing the eastern end of the Priory ; there were the parsonage, and other houses shrouded in their trees ; beyond, lay the deep and densely-wooded vale ; on the northern slope above it, the ancient oaks of the park ; and, still farther, the fells and rocky distances of Barden and Simon-Seat. Whittaker, in his " History of Craven," says well, that, for picturesque effect, the site of this Bolton Priory has no equal amongst the northern houses, and perhaps in England.

As we descended and walked towards the Priory, the parsonage presented a very inviting aspect. Its garden, crimson with roses ; its ivied porch, in a sort of tower, with an ancient escutcheon emblazoned on it—I believe of the Clifford arms ; its pleasant shrubberies, and its little garden gateway up a few steps, overhung, on each hand, with drooping masses of yellow fumatory, made it one of the most perfect little rural nests we ever set eyes upon. As soon as we passed this, the Priory broke upon us with a fine effect. We need not attempt to describe it ; it is a fit subject for the pencil only ; and the pencils of many of our artists, particularly that of Turner, have made it familiar to the public eye. The magnificent ash-trees, however, which grew about, deserve especial mention. One, in particular, secured with iron hoops and stays from the effects of storms on its mighty limbs, shewed that their beauty was felt and appreciated ; and indeed, the ashes about this place generally, have an extraordinary stateliness and grandeur of growth.

The nave of the Priory church is now used for a parochial chapel.

" In the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part—
A rural chapel, neatly drest,
In covert like a little nest ;
And thither young and old repair
On Sabbath day, for praise and prayer."

Whits Doe, p. 8.

But the most singular feature of this beautiful structure, is a tower, or western entrance, built like a screen before the old western entrance. This was begun by Prior Moore, the last prior, before the dissolution, but never finished. It possesses a fine receding arch, and is embellished with shields, statues, and a window of exquisite tracery. Amongst others on this part of the work, is the statue of a pilgrim, with a staff in one hand, and a broad, flat, round hat in the other. The buttresses are surmounted with figures of hounds. Within this, partly darkened and partly hidden by it, appears the old front, with its lancet windows and slender columns—a work equally exquisite of its kind. The sculpture and carvings of the Priory altogether, its running trefoils and fleur-de-lis, have preserved their sharpness and distinctness most remarkably.

Opposite to this western entrance, stands the Duke of Devonshire's house—a small castellated building—a mere nut-shell to his other houses—Chatworth, Hardwicke, Chiswick, or Devonshire House. In fact, it is formed out of the

original gateway of the Priory—the principal room being the gateway itself, with walls run across it. It serves, however, for a sporting-box, when his Grace comes hither in autumn to the moors, and contains a marvellous number of beds for its compass. The walls of the principal apartment are adorned with pieces from classical subjects ; with horns of stags and antelopes, and with some paintings, the most interesting of which are, one of the boy of Egremont about to leap the Strid, with his dog in a leash, and a puppy at the dog's heels—a circumstance that I do not recollect as forming part of the tradition. A portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, and a curious picture of the seven sons of one of the Earls of Burlington. There is one of the celebrated Earl and Countess of Derby ; some family portraits of the Cliffords and Burlingtons ; and several of the Charleses and Jameses, and their Queens, of little value.

But our attractions lay out of doors. We hastened down to the Wharf, and crossed it, by a row of stepping-stones, into the woods on the opposite side. These stones are solid square blocks, of considerable size, and require some courage in the passer ; for, though the river is not deep here, it is very rapid, clear, and broad, and rushes on with an awful sound, especially after heavy rains, as had been the case then ; so that the water flowed, in some places, over the stones. Immediately after us, came across two young ladies, whom we found to be the clergyman's niece, Miss Kitty Crofts, and her young friend, Julia Somebody. They had their rural dinner in a basket, and were going to spend the day in the woods. They accompanied us about a mile up through the woods, and very kindly pointed out the striking points of the scenery, and gave us directions for our course to Barden Tower, which every now and then shewed itself up the valley.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and delightfulness of these woods, which run on each side of the sounding Wharf ; and the public owes much to the worthy clergyman, Mr Carr, for having rendered the forest banks of the Wharf accessible, opening up the turns and reaches of the river, and the views of the Priory downwards, and of Barden Tower upwards, with the most admirable taste and effect. All through the woods, for three miles on each side, run winding walks ; and wherever seats are placed, there you may be sure is some new view of river, ruins, forest, or fell. The woods themselves would form a delicious visit for a pleasant party, on a summer's day ; they present such perfect sylvan seclusion ; such dark and shadowy nooks ; such mossy slopes, where spring throws out by thousands her primroses, and summer her delicately-veined flowers and green leaflets of the oxalis ; such wildernesses of heather and bilberry, of pines and polypodies ; such dim chaos of craggy masses or uplifted grey cliffs, hung with ivy, and overshadowed with boughs. But then, the river below !—such a dark brooding stream at one place ; such a wild hurrying torrent at another, sending

up its softened roar all through the woods. I never saw a stream that so vividly brought before me the descriptions of rivers flowing through American forests, with their foamy rapids, and their dark woodland steeps, and wild boughs overhanging the stream.

About a mile from the Priory we came to the celebrated STRID.

"The pair have reached that fearful chasm—
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in,
With rocks on either side.

"This striding-place is called THE STRID—
A name it took of yore;
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

"And hither is young Romilly come;
And what may now forbid
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,
Shall bound across THE STRID?

"He sprung in glee, for what car'd he
That the river was strong and the rocks were steep?
But the greyhound in the leash lung back,
And checked him in his leap.

"The boy is in the arms of Wharf,
And strangled by a merciless force;
For never more was young Romilly seen,
Till he rose a lifeless corse."

The Force of Prayer. Wordsworth's Poems.

The Strid is not so much a waterfall as a narrow passage, torn by the river through its bed of solid rock, through which it rushes with tremendous fury and a stunning din. Many people who go expecting to see a sheer cascade, are at first disappointed; but no one can stand long by it without feeling a sense of its power and savage grandeur grow upon him. It is indeed a place "most tempting to bestride;" and, notwithstanding the repeated fatalities which have occurred there since that of the boy of Egremont—one of a young lady, in the very presence of her lover, but a few years ago—I felt an intense desire to take the leap, and should have done so, had it not been for the earnest dissuasion of my companion. I am, however, very sensible, that, narrow as the opening appears, its real width is much greater than its apparent one; and very dangerous, both on that account, and from the slipperiness of the rocks. One slip of the foot, and the leap is into eternity.

As we stood here, we were delighted to see the various parties that came up, or that were to be seen glancing here and there in the woods—gay, young spirits, full of the enjoyment of fresh life, of social affection, and natural beauty; another proof of the manner in which all places of natural or historical interest are now visited—the happy consequence of the spirit of our modern literature; and we were, perhaps, most pleased with the sight of a party of Friends, in their dove-coloured robes and drab bonnets. If you cannot see them at places of *artificial amusement*, there are no people whom you now more frequently meet at places of *natural amusement*—a satisfactory evidence that the spirit of modern literature has extended itself to them too; that the Wiffens, the Bartons, the Stickneys, the Hewitts, and other writers of the society, are not

exceptions, but merely indications of that love of poetry, polite literature, and the fine arts, which a puritanic zeal in some of its founders unhappily banished from it for a time.

We now advanced to Barden Tower, the walk thither being still up the valley, along the banks of the Wharf, and through the most delightful scenery. The splendour of the day, and the beauty of the place, filled us with delight and admiration. We crossed a fine bridge to Barden, and soon stood before the ruined tower of the Cliffords.

It is a singular circumstance, out of what peaceful, profound, old-fashioned nooks, have gone forth some of the stormiest, sternest, and most ambitious characters in history. Whittaker says—"The shattered remains of Barden Tower stand shrouded in ancient woods, and backed by the purple distances of the highest fells. An antiquarian eye rests with pleasure on a scene of thatched houses and barns, which, in the last two centuries, have undergone as little change as the simple and pastoral manners of the inhabitants." The place, in fact, seems to belong to a past age of English history; to make no part of bustling, swarming, steamengine, and railroad England; but of England in the days of solemn forests, far-off towns, and the most peaceful and rustic existence. The tower stands a mere shell; but the cottages about it are those which stood there in the days of its glory, and are peopled with a race as primitive and quiet as they were then. We inquired for a public-house to get a lunch; there was no such thing; but we procured bread and butter, and milk, at one of the cottages; and, as we sat looking out of its door, the profound tranquillity of the scene was most impressive. It was a sultry and basking noon; around were lofty, ancient woods; on the opposite slope, a few cottages half-buried in old orchards, and gardens, with their rows of bee-hives; and an old man at work in one of them, as slowly and gravely as an object in a dream, or a hermit in his unpartaken seclusion. Yet, from this place, and such as this, issued

"The stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France"—ay, and in Scotland and England too—conspicuous in all the wars, from the time of the Conqueror to that of Cromwell; the "Old Clifford," and the "Bloody Clifford," who slew the young Duke of Rutland, and afterwards the Duke of York, his father—of Shakspeare's "Henry VI." Thence, too, went out the great seafaring Lord Clifford, George, third Earl of Cumberland, of Elizabeth's time, who made eleven expeditions, chiefly against the Spaniards and Dutch, and chiefly, too, at his own expense, to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. But the most remarkable characters connected with this place are—the Shepherd Lord Clifford; the heroic Countess of Derby, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, and grand-daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Dowager Queen of France, sister of Henry V., whose romantic history is known to all readers.

of English history ; and especially Anne Clifford, Dowager Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, of famous memory : for the others made only occasional visits hither, from their more frequent residence of Skipton Castle, to enjoy field-sports at their lodge here ; but Anne Clifford has placed her memorial on the very front of the house, as its restorer ; and the Shepherd Lord constituted it his principal abode.

Anne Clifford has justly been termed one of the most extraordinary women which this country has produced. She was a woman of a high spirit, a determined will, of many good and magnificent qualities, and of a very commensurate consciousness of them. She did great works, and took good care to commemorate them. Two such builders of houses and of families, perhaps no nobleman of the present day can reckon amongst his female ancestry, as the Duke of Devonshire—Anne Clifford, and Bess of Hardwicke. The first thing which strikes your attention in front of Barden Tower, is this singular inscription :—

THIS BARDEN TOWER WAS REPAIRED
BY THE LADIE ANNE CLIFFORD COUNTE
SSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE DORSETT
AND MONTGOMERY BARONESS CLIFFORD
WESTMERLAND AND VERCIE LADY OF THE
HONOR OF SKIPTON IN CRAVEN AND HIGH
SHERIFFESSE BY INHERITANCE OF THE
COUNTE OF WESTMERLAND IN THE YEARES
1558 AND 1559 AFTER IT HAD LAYNE
RUINOUS EVER SINCE ABOUT 1589 WHEN
HER MOTHER THEN LAY IN ITT AND WAS
GREAT WITH CHILD WITH HER TILL
NOWE THAT IT WAS REPAIRED BY
THE SAID LADY. IS. CHAPT. 58. v. 12.
GOD'S NAME BE PRAISED !

The text referred to is—"Thou shalt build up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, and the restorer of paths to dwell in."

When she came to her ancestral estates, she found six castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the Civil War. She restored them all ; and upon all set this emblazonment of the fact. One of the first things which she built was a work of filial piety—a pillar in the highway, at the place where she and her unhappy mother last parted, and took their final farewell. She erected monuments to her tutor, Daniell, the poetic historian, and to Spenser—the latter in Westminster Abbey. She wrote her own life—of which the title-page is indeed a title-page, being a whole page of the most vainglorious enumeration of the titles and honours derived from her ancestors. Spite of her vainglory, she was, nevertheless, a fine old creature. She had been an independent courtier in the court of Queen Elizabeth, possessing a spirit as lofty and daring as old Bess herself. She personally resisted a most iniquitous award of her family property by King James, and suffered grievously on that account. She rebuilt her dismantled castles, in defiance of Cromwell ; and repelled with disdain the assumption of the minister of Charles II. "She patronised," says her historian, "poets of her youth, and the distressed

loyalists of her maturer age ; she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independence ; and, above all, she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains, in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young and a retreat for the aged ; an asylum for the persecuted ; a college for the learned ; and a pattern for all." To this it should be added, that, during that age when such firmness was most meritorious, she withstood all the arts, persuasions, and all but actual compulsion of her two husbands, to oblige her to change the course and injure the property of her descendants ; and, therefore, it must be confessed that she was a brave woman, and one whose like does not often appear. It is, however, her celebrated letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of Charles II., who had written to name a candidate for her borough of Appleby, that has given her name a Spartan immortality :—

"I have been bullied by an usurper ; I have been neglected by a Court ; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand.

"ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE,
AND MONTGOMERY."

The history of the Shepherd Lord is one of the most singular in the Peerage. When his father, Lord John Clifford—the bloody or black-faced Clifford—fell at the battle of Towton, which overthrew the house of Lancaster, and placed Edward IV. on the throne, his mother was obliged to fly with him, for safety, into the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. She afterwards married Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, of the latter county, who assisted to keep him concealed from the knowledge of the York family—to whom the Clifford blood was, for notorious reasons, most especially odious ; but, to effect this, he was obliged to be brought up as a shepherd, and so lived for twenty-four years. On the ascension of Henry VII. to the throne, the attainer against his father was reversed, and he succeeded to his ancestral honours and estates. At this period, it appears that he was as uneducated as his fellow-shepherds ; but he was a man of strong natural understanding, and had, it would seem, learned much true wisdom in his lowly habit, up amongst the hills.

"Among the shepherd-grooms no mate
Had he—a child of strength and state !
Yet lacked not friends for solemn glee,
And a cheerful company,
That learned of him submissive ways,
And comforted his private days.
To his side the fallow-deer
Came and rested without fear ;
And both the undying fish that swim
Through Bowscale Tarn did wait on him—
The pair were servants of his eye,
In their immortality ;

They moved about in open sight,
 To and fro, for his delight.
 He knew the rocks which angels haunt
 On the mountains visitant;
 He hath kenned them taking wing;
 And the caves where fairies sing
 He hath entered; and been told,
 By voices, how men lived of old.
 Among the heavens his eye can see
 Face of thing that is to be;
 And, if men report him right,
 He could whisper words of might."

WORDSWORTH.

These verses allude to the studies for which he became remarkable; for he resorted to this Barden Tower, and put himself under the tuition of some of the monks of Bolton. With these he appears to have contracted a strong friendship, and to have passed a life of what must have been a very delightful prosecution of the popular studies of the time. They applied themselves to astronomy; and, it seems equally certain, to *astrology*. In the archives of the Cliffords have been found manuscripts of this period, and supposed to belong to the Shepherd, which make it more than probable that *alchemy* was another of the fascinating pursuits of Lord Henry and his monkish companions. Some of these verses conclude with the usual declaration, that the writer could not disclose the grand secret.

"Hie wer accursyde that soo wolde done.
 How schold yow have servants then,
 To tyll your lande, and dryffe your plughe?
 Yff ev'ry mane to ryches came,
 Then none for oth'r owght wolde dowghe."

There is matter for a fine romance in the life of this Lord: the stirring nature of the times when he was born; the flight of his family; his concealment; his life on the mountains; his restoration; his secluded mode of existence, and mysterious labours; and then, his emerging as he did, after he had so spent the whole of the reign of Henry VII., and the first years of Henry VIII., at the age of nearly sixty, as a principal commander of the victorious army of Flodden; shewing, that the military genius of the Cliffords merely slumbered beneath the philosophic gown. There is something very picturesque in the description of his followers, in the old metrical history of Flodden Field.

"From Penigent to Pendle Hill,
 From Linton to Long Addingham,
 And all that Craven coasts did till—
 They with the lusty Clifford came;
 All Staincliffe hundred went with him,
 With striplings strong from Wharfedale,
 And all that Hanton hills did climb,
 With Longstroth eke and Litton Dale,
 Whose milk-fed fellows, fleshy bred,
 Well-browned, with sounding bows upbend;
 All such as Horton Fells had fed—
 On Clifford's banner did attend."

Before leaving Barden Tower, we must just notice the singular old chapel which bounds one corner of the court-yard. You enter at a door from the court, and find yourself in a dwelling-house; another door is opened, and you find yourself in the loft of a very old chapel, which remains in the state in which it was centuries ago, except for the effects of time, and where

service is still performed by the clergyman of Bolton.

We now directed our course to Rylston; but, hearing that the common way was circuitous, and being curious to pass over the very track of the white doe, we determined to cross the moor, contrary to the earnest dissuasion of the villagers, who declared it was perfectly trackless, and that a stranger could not find his way over it. And, sure enough, we found it the most untracked and impracticable waste we ever traversed. The distance was six miles; not a track nor a house to be seen, except a keeper's lodge, standing in the brown heathery wilderness, about a mile from Barden, with a watch-tower annexed to it, whence he might look out far and wide for depredators on the moor-game. We had the precaution to take a young man with us as guide, and on we went, plunging up to the waste in the heather, and sinking in deep moss at every step; now in danger of being swallowed up by a bog, and now put to our contrivances by some black ravine. A weary way of it the poor doe must have had every Sunday from Rylston to Bolton Priory; and well, we thought, might the people deem it something supernatural. Our guide himself found it no very easy matter to steer his course aright, or to pursue it when he thought it was right. He directed his course by certain crags on the distant hill-tops, called the Lord's Stones; and, when we gained the highest elevation, whence we had immense prospect, we came to a track cut through the moorland for the Duke to ride along on his shooting excursions. He told us to follow that, and it would lead us to the Fell gate just above Rylston. Here, therefore, we allowed him to return; but we speedily repented the permission, for the track soon vanished, and before us lay only wild craggy moors with intervening bogs, which extended wider and wider as we went. The moor game, ever and anon, rose with loud cries and whirring wings; the few sheep ran off as we made our appearance; and we seemed only getting farther and farther into a desolate region—

"Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal feet had ne'er or rarely been."

Knowing, however, that there was nothing for it but pushing on to the extremity of the waste, bring us whither it would, we hurried forward in spite of weariness and bewilderment, and presently found ourselves on a savage ridge of crags, from which a wide prospect of green and champaign country burst upon us, and the village of Rylston itself lying at the foot of the steep descent below us. We hastened down as well as we could, and proceeded towards the churchyard, knowing that near it had stood Rylston Hall, the abode of the Nortons. Here we soon found that all vestiges of the old house were gone, and that a modern gentleman's house was built upon the site. The village lies on the green and cultivated plain, just that sort of country which has a most attractive aspect to a grazier, but which the poet gives but one

glance at ; it has nothing picturesque in its own appearance ; a more commonplace collection of houses can scarcely be met with, though three or four of them are, no doubt, the dwellings of wealthy people. We found the tradition of the White Doe quite current still amongst the peasantry, who soon pointed out to us, on the moorland eminence whence we had descended, Norton Tower, still exactly answering the description by the historian of Craven:—"Rylstone Fell yet exhibits a monument of the old warfare between the Nortons and Cliffords. On a point of very high ground, commanding an immense prospect, and protected by two deep ravines, are the remains of a square tower, expressly said by Dodsworth to have been built by Richard Norton. The walls are of strong grout-work, about four feet thick. It seems to have been three stories high. Breaches have been industriously made in all sides, almost to the ground, to render it untenable. The place is savagely wild, and admirably adapted to the site of a watch-tower." Here, no doubt, stout old Richard Norton used to assemble his retainers, to make their inroads into Barden Moor amongst the Cliffords' deer, in which he delighted, and for which he constructed, by help of natural crag, and bog, and ravine, that famous, and, to the Cliffords, most provoking pound, of which abundant traces yet appear. Here too, as the poet has more than hinted, he used to come and make merry.

"High on a point of rugged ground,
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Above the loftiest ridge, a mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single, Norton Tower its name,
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.

"The summit of this bleak ascent,
Though bleak, and bare, and seldom free,
As Pendle-hill or Pennygent,
From wind, or frost, or vaporous wet,
Had often heard the sound of glee,
When there the youthful Nortons met
To practise games and archery.
How proud and happy they ! The crowd
Of lookers-on how pleased and proud !
And from the scorching noontide sun,
From showers, or when the prize was won,
They to the watch-tower did repair—
Commodious pleasure-house ! And there
Would mirth run round with generous fare ;
And the stern old Lord of Rylstone Hall,
He was the proudest of them all."

White Doe, Canto V.

If the village of Rylston has little in the aspect of the present, or remaining of the past, to draw the feet of poetic wanderers to it—if Rylston Hall itself, the hearth and home of the stout Nortons, be gone—if all its gardens, walks, waters, and topiary work, have vanished like a dream—yet there still stands that stern old tower on those dark and frowning fells, which will rear their black and storm-shattered heads till the shock which commingles earth and heaven. There they stretch along the grim edge of that region of moorland, glen and forest, river

and ruin, over which have passed the consecrating influences of heroic spirits crushed by malignant destinies, of human hearts and hearths laid waste and desolate for ever ; and over which, once more, the poet has thrown a new and indestructible enchantment.

In this beautiful poem, "The White Doe of Rylston," Wordsworth has shewn how far he was capable of handling a romantic and historic subject ; and nothing is more obvious than that, if he had chosen to select such subjects, rather than undeviatingly attempting to develope his own views of the real nature and compass of the province of poetry, he might, much earlier, have stepped into that popularity which he has now attained, and avoided the long reign of ridicule and abuse under which he lived. To say nothing of Peter Bell the Wagoner, Betty Foy, and that class of subjects—a class, and so treated, that I am free to confess to be fair game for critics that love a little fun—it is quite as true as it was ten years ago, that neither the simple pathos of his "Lyrical Ballads," nor the grave dignity and philosophy of his "Excursion," ever could or ever can be truly appreciated by the common run of readers. They can have no charms for those who delight in the literary dram-drinking of fashionable novels. You might just as well have expected a Persian to love Spartan broth ; just as well expect a London epicure, with his gullet on fire with curry and cayenne, to relish the girdle-cake and milk of the shepherd's hut. In this poem he has enlisted more of those stirring elements of historical action and national change, with all their sequences of family disruptions and disastrous overthrows, which, for the habitual story-monger, may become a tolerable *substitute* for his ordinary stimulus of tragic recital and piquant personalities ; and, for the spirit of genuine passion and healthful sensibilities, may combine with gentler causes and their emotions into a whole of living and exalting influences. He has beautifully woven into his scheme every history or tradition floating about the scene of action, with which our nature sympathises. The fate of the Boy of Egremont, the fortunes of the Shepherd Lord, blend like soft and sunset hues into the great picture of "THE RISING IN THE NORTH," of which the outline is gloriously sketched in the ancient ballad of that name ; the imposing, but ill-organized and ill-maintained attempt to put down in England the growing power of Protestantism, and restore the old religion. Here is material enough to quicken the pulse of every true Briton ; but we soon find the poet, amid the splendour of historic matter, fixing his eye upon a few characters, towards whom he irresistibly draws our hearts after him ; resting finally on that high-spirited old gentleman, Maister Richard Norton, and his family, his nine sons, and single daughter. In working out the characters and fate of these, he finds ample employment for that philosophic taste, and that delight in tracing the movements of our inner nature ; the power of our affections ; the conten-

tion between our principles and our interests ; the development of that highest pitch of mortal grandeur, the stern subjection of every hope, feeling, and ambition, to the sole and sovereign sense of duty shed into the heart of man by the law of Christianity. We, accordingly, behold with admiration the brave Richard Norton, who had spent his days amid his sons and vassals in the festivities of the hall, the excitements of the chase, and of Border war, now coming forward in his silver hairs to cast all the fortunes of his house on a single and hazardous die. We behold, with equal admiration, the unhesitating devotion of his eight sons, and their manly beauty, as they surround him, as he takes in his hand the banner wrought by the fair fingers of his only daughter—that banner which displayed

“The Cross,
And the five wounds our Lord did bear.”
Old Ballad.

The group, at this moment, would form a noble picture.

“They mustered their host at Wetherby—
Full sixteen thousand, fair to see,
The choicest warriors of the North !
But none, for beauty and for worth,
Like those eight sons, embosoming
Determined thoughts ; who, in a ring,
Each with a lance erect and tall,
A falchion, and a buckler small,
Stood by their sire on Clifford Moor,
To guard the standard which he bore.
With feet that firmly pressed the ground
They stood, and girt their father round ;
Such was his choice—no steed will he
Henceforth bestride ;—triumphantly
He stood upon the grassy sod,
Trusting himself to the earth, and God.
There, sight to embolden and inspire !
Proud was the field of Sons and Sire ;
Of him the most ; and, sooth to say,
No shape of man in all the array
So graced the sunshine of that day.
The monumental pomp of age
Was with this goodly personage ;
A stature undepressed in size,
Umbent, which rather seemed to vie,
In open victory o’er the weight
Of seventy years, to higher height ;
Magnific limbs of withered state ;
A face to fear and venerate ;
Eyes dark and strong ; and on his head,
Bright locks of silver hair, thick spread ;
With a brown morion, half concealed,
Light as a hunter’s of the field.
And thus, with girdle round his waist,
Whereon the banner staff might rest
At need, he stood, advancing high
The glittering, floating pageantry.”

Nothing, we think, for a moment, can be more beautiful and admirable ; but the poet soon shews us a character and a devotion far higher, in Francis Norton, the eldest son, who singly opposes, and attempts to dissuade his father and brothers from this enterprise ; and is repulsed, as a coward and a renegade, by the indignant father and the silently contemptuous sons. The wise spirit and unflinching fortitude of this English Abdiel, impress us with a respect and veneration

that are not easy to be heightened ; and yet they are heightened, by finding Francis, instead of satisfying himself with having striven to dissuade, and that vainly, and quietly sitting down to wait the result, or feeling resentful of the rude repulse and wrongful imputations received from them, now shewing that the devotion and nobility of his nature are of a far loftier stamp. He follows them unarmed, and, unmindful of their taunts or their suspicions, watches with patient endurance for that moment of reversed fortune which he is sure will come, and when he hopes to render assistance that may be accepted and available. That moment of reverse soon arrives ; but the indignant father only heaps fresh and more trying scorn on his faithful son ; and it is only when the vengeance of the offended law dooms the father and the sons in arms to perish in their blood, that the sleepless and affectionate attentions of Francis to soothe, and serve, and comfort them, breaks down the barrier of thick prejudice from the old man’s heart, and he sees and acknowledges the wisdom and magnanimity of his devoted son. Here one scarcely knows whether most to admire the frank confession of the old warrior, and the confidence he immediately places in Francis, or the filial piety with which, to gratify the mind of his dying father, Francis undertakes a task, hopeless and fatal to himself. The following out of these great human impulses ; the portraiture of this sublime character of Francis Norton, than which none in history or fiction is greater ; and, besides this, the beautiful sketch of his sister, equally devoted, equally strong in principle, though not so comprehensive and commanding in intellect as her brother ; she

*Whose duty was to stand and wait ;
In resignation to abide
The shock, AND FINALLY SECURE,
O’ER PAIN AND GRIEF, A TRIUMPH SURE :—*

these, altogether, were elements of heart and spirit, of character and action, in which the soul of the philosophical poet, who has sought to link fast to our theory of metaphysics, *the system of the affections*, was sure to revel ; although on one occasion we saw him, strangely enough, as the author of “Peter Bell,” and of this poem, lay down a volume of a contemporary, full of the same elements, and actually of a most kindred nature, saying that he could not read of “sin and sorrow, finding enough of them in the world about him.” Notwithstanding this paradoxical assertion, he has here, in his own case, cast over the sorrows of the Nortons a profound sympathy, and a golden glory over the scenery of the White Doe of Rylston ; over Bolton Priory ; the vale of Wharf ; over Barden Tower, and Norton Tower, on the grim Rylston fells—which, as it drew us thither, shall draw thither also, from generation to generation, other pilgrims as devoted to the charms of nature, of poetry, of history and tradition, as ourselves.

A BRIEF APPRAISAL OF THE GREEK LITERATURE, IN ITS FOREMOST PRETENSIONS.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

NO. II.—THE GREEK ORATORS.

Now, let us come to the orators. Isocrates, the eldest of those who have survived, is a mere scholastic rhetorician: for he was a timid man, and did not dare to confront the terrors of a stormy political audience; and hence, though he lived about an entire century, he never once addressed the Athenian citizens. It is true, that, although no *bona fide* orator—for he never *spoke* in any usual acceptation of that word, and, as a consequence, never had an opportunity of replying, which only can bring forward a man's talents as a *debater*—still he employed his pen upon real and upon existing questions of public policy; and did not, as so many generations of chamber rhetoricians continued to do in Greece, confine his powers to imaginary cases of political difficulty, or (what were tantamount to imaginary) cases fetched up from the long-past era of King Priam, or the still earlier era of the Seven Chiefs warring against the Seven-gated Thebes of Bœotia, or the half-fabulous era of the Argonauts. Isocrates was a man of sense—a patriot in a temperate way—and with something of a feeling for Greece generally, not merely a champion of Athens. His heart was given to politics: and, in an age when heavy clouds were gathering over the independence and the civil grandeur of his country, he had a disinterested anxiety for drawing off the lightning of the approaching storms by pacific counsels. Compared, therefore, with the common mercenary orators of the Athenian forum—who made a regular trade of promoting mischief, by inflaming the pride, jealousy, vengeance, or the martial instincts of a “fierce democracy,” and, generally speaking, with no views, high or low, sound or unsound, that looked beyond the momentary profit to themselves from thus pandering to the thoughtless nationality of a most sensitive people—Isocrates is entitled to our respect. His writings have also a separate value, as memorials of political transactions from which the historian has gathered many useful hints; and, perhaps, to a diligent search, they might yield more. But, considered as an orator—if that title can be, with any propriety, allowed to one who declaimed only in his closet—one who, in relation to public affairs, was what, in England, when speaking of practical jurisprudence, we call a Chamber Counsel—Isocrates is languid, and with little of anything characteristic in his manner to justify a separate consideration. It is remarkable that he, beyond all other rhetoricians of that era, cultivated the *rhythmus* of his periods. And to this object he sacrificed not only an enormity of time, but, I have no doubt, in many

cases, the freedom and natural movement of the thoughts. My reason, however, for noticing this peculiarity in Isocrates, is by way of fixing the attention upon the superiority, even artificial ornaments, of downright practical business and the realities of political strife, over the torpid atmosphere of a study or a school. Cicero, long after, had the same passion for *numerositas*, and the full, pompous rotundity of cadence. But in Cicero, all habits and all faculties were nursed by the daily practice of life and its impassioned realities, in the forum or in the senate. What is the consequence? Why this—that, whereas in the most laboured performance of Isocrates, (which cost him, I think, one whole *decennium*, or period of ten years,) few modern ears are sensible of any striking art, or any great result of harmony; in Cicero, on the other hand, the fine, sonorous modulations of his periodic style, are delightful to the dullest ear of any European. Such are the advantages from real campaigns, from the unsimulated strife of actual stormy life, over the torpid dreams of what the Romans called an *umbratic** experience.

Isocrates I have noticed as the oldest of the surviving Greek orators: *Demosthenes*, of course, claims a notice more emphatically, as, by universal consent of Athens, and afterwards of Rhodes, of Rome, and other impartial judges, the greatest, or, at least, the most comprehensively great. For, by the way, it must not be forgotten—though modern critics do forget this rather important fact in weighing the reputation of *Demosthenes*—he was not esteemed, in his own day, as the greatest in that particular quality of energy and demoniac power (*δυστονη*) which is generally assumed to have been his leading characteristic and his *forte*; not only by comparison with his own compatriots, but even with Cicero and the greatest men of the Roman bar. It was not of *Demosthenes* that the Athenians were accustomed to say, “he thunders and lightens,” but of *Pericles*, an elder orator; and even amongst the written oratory of Greece, which still survives, (for as to the speeches ascribed to *Pericles* by

* “Umbratic.” I have perhaps elsewhere drawn the attention of readers to the peculiar effects of climate, in shaping the modes of our thinking and imaging. A life of *inertia*, which retreats from the dust and toil of actual experience, we (who represent the idea of effeminacy more naturally by the image of shrinking from cold) call a chimney-corner or a fire-side experience; but the Romans, to whom the same effeminacy more easily fell under the idea of shrinking from the heat of the sun, called it an experience won in the shade; and a mere scholastic student, they called an *umbraticus doctor*.

Thucydides, I take it for granted that, as usual, these were mere forgeries of the historian,) there is a portion which perhaps exceeds Demosthenes in the naked quality of vehemence. But this, I admit, will not impeach his supremacy; for it is probable, that wherever an orator is characterised exclusively by turbulent power, or at least remembered chiefly for that quality, all the other numerous graces of eloquence were wanting to that man, or existed only in a degree which made no equipoise to his insulated gift of Jovian terror. The Gracchi, amongst the Roman orators, were probably more properly "sons of thunder" than Crassus or Cicero, or even than Cæsar himself, whose oratory, by the way, was, in this respect, like his own character and infinite accomplishments; so that even by Cicero it is rarely cited without the epithet of splendid, magnificent, &c. We must suppose, therefore, that neither Cicero nor Demosthenes was held to be at the head of their respective fields in Rome and Athens, in right of any absolute pre-eminence in the one leading power of an orator—viz., native and fervent vigour—but in right of a large comprehensive harmony of gifts, leaving possibly to some other orators, elder or rival to themselves, a superiority in each of an orator's talents taken apart, but claiming the supremacy, nevertheless, upon the whole, by the systematic union of many qualities tending to one result: pleasing the taste by the harmonious *coup d'œil* from the total assemblage, and also adapting itself to a far larger variety of situations; for, after all, the mere son of thunder is disarmed, and apt to become ridiculous, if you strip him of a passionate cause, of a theme saturated with human strife, and of an excitable or tempestuous audience.

Such an audience, however, it will be said that Demosthenes had, and sometimes (but not very often in those orations which survive) such a theme. As to his audience, certainly it was all that could be wished in point of violence and combustible passion; but also it was something more. A mighty advantage it is, doubtless, to an orator, when he sees and hears his own kindling passions instantaneously reflected in the blazing eyes and fiery shouts (the *fremitus*) of his audience—when he sees a whole people, personally or by deputation, swayed backwards and forwards, like a field of corn in a breeze, by the movements of his own appeals. But, unfortunately, in the Athenian audience, the ignorance, the headstrong violence of prejudice, the arrogance, and, above all, the levity of the national mind—presented, to an orator the most favourite, a scene like that of an ocean always rocking with storms; like a wasp always angry; like a lunatic, always coming out of a passion or preparing to go into one. Well might Demosthenes prepare himself by sea-shore practice; in which I conceive that his purpose must have been, not so much (according to the common notion) to overerow the noise of the forum, as to *stand fire* (if I may so express it) against the uproarious demonstrations of mob fury.

This quality of an Athenian audience must

very seriously have interfered with the intellectual display of an orator. Not a word could he venture to say in the way of censure towards the public will—not even hypothetically to insinuate a fault; not a syllable could he utter even in the way of dissent from the favourite speculations of the moment. If he did, instantly a roar of menaces recalled him to a sense even of personal danger. And, again, the mere vivacity of his audience, requiring perpetual amusement and variety, compelled a man, as great even as Demosthenes, to curtail his arguments, and rarely, indeed, to pursue a theme with the requisite fullness of development or illustration; a point in which the superior dignity and the far less fluctuating mobility of the Roman mind gave an immense advantage to Cicero.

Demosthenes, in spite of all the weaknesses which have been arrayed against his memory by the hatred of his contemporaries, or by the anti-republican feelings of such men as Mitford, was a great man and an honest man. He rose above his countrymen. He despised, in some measure, his audience; and, at length, in the palmy days of his influence, he would insist on being heard; he would insist on telling the truth, however unacceptable; he would not, like the great rout of venal haranguers, lay any flattering unction to the capital distempers of the public mind; he would point out their errors, and warn them of their perils. But this upright character of the man, victorious over his constitutional timidity, does but the more brightly illustrate the local law and the tyranny of the public feeling. How often do we find him, when on the brink of uttering "odious truth," obliged to pause, and to propitiate his audience with deprecatory phrases, entreating them to give him time for utterance, not to yell him down before they had heard his sentence to the end. *Μη δορυκαίρετε*—"Gentlemen of Athens! for the love of God, do not make an uproar at what I am going to say! Gentlemen of Athens! humbly I beseech you to let me finish my sentence!" Such are his continual appeals to the better feelings of his audience. Now, it is very evident that, in such circumstances, no man could do justice to any subject. At least, when speaking not before a tribunal of justice, but before the people in council assembled—that is, in effect, on his greatest stage of all—Demosthenes (however bold at times, and restive in a matter which he held to be paramount) was required to bend, and did bend, to the local genius of democracy, reinforced by a most mercurial temperament. The very air of Attica, combined with great political power, kept its natives in a state of habitual intoxication; and even wise men would have had some difficulty in mastering, as it affected themselves, the permanent bias towards caprice and insolence.

Is this state of things at all taken into account in our modern critiques upon Demosthenes? The upshot of what I can find in most modern lecturers upon rhetoric and style, French or English, when speaking of Demosthenes, is this notable simile, by way of representing the final

effect of his eloquence—"that, like a mountain torrent, swollen by melting snow, or by rain, it carries all things before it." Prodigious original! and exceedingly discriminative! As if such an illustration would not equally represent the effect of a lyrical poem, of Mozart's music, of a stormy chorus, or any other form whatever of impassioned vehemence. Meantime, I suspect grievously that not one of these critics has ever read a paragraph of Demosthenes. Nothing do you ever find quoted but a few notorious passages about Philip of Macedon, and the too-famous oath, by the manes, of those that died at Marathon. I call it too-famous, because (like Addison's comparison of Marlborough, at Blenheim, to the angel in the storm—of which a schoolmaster then living said, that nine out of every ten boys would have lit upon it in a school exercise) it has no peculiar boldness, and must have occurred to every Athenian, of any sensibility, every day of his life. Hear, on the other hand, a modern oath, and (what is most remarkable) an oath sworn in the pulpit. A dissenting clergyman, (I believe, a Baptist,) preaching at Cambridge, and having occasion to affirm or to deny something or other, upon his general confidence in the grandeur of man's nature, the magnificence of his conceptions, the immensity of his aspirations, &c., delivered himself thus:—"By the greatness of human ideals—by the greatness of human aspirations—by the immortality of human creations—by the *Iliad*—by the *Odyssey*"—Now, that was bold, startling, sublime. But, in the other case, neither was the oath invested with any great pomp of imagery or expression; nor, if it had—which is more to the purpose—was such an oath at all representative of the peculiar manner belonging to Demosthenes. It is always a rude and inartificial style of criticism to cite from an author that which, whether fine or not in itself, is no fair specimen of his ordinary style.

What then is the characteristic style of Demosthenes?—It is one which grew naturally, as did his defects, (by which I mean faults of omission, in contradiction to such as are positive,) from the composition of his audience. His audience, comprehending so much ignorance, and, above all, so much high-spirited impatience, being, in fact, always on the fret, kept the orator always on the fret. Hence arose short sentences; hence, the impossibility of the long, voluminous sweeps of beautiful rhythmus which we find in Cicero; hence, the animated form of apostrophe and crowded interrogations addressed to the audience. This gives, undoubtedly, a spirited and animated character to the style of Demosthenes; but it robs him of a large variety of structure applied to the logic, or the embellishment, or the music of his composition. His style is full of life, but not (like Cicero's) full of pomp and continuous grandeur. On the contrary, as the necessity of rousing attention, or of sustaining it, obliged the Attic orator to rely too much on the *personality* of direct question to the audience, and to use brief sentences, so also the

same impatient and fretful irritability forbade him to linger much upon an idea—to theorize, to speculate, or, generally, to quit the direct business path of the question then under consideration—no matter for what purpose of beauty, dignity, instruction, or even of *ultimate* effect. In all things, the *immediate*—the instant—the *præsens præsentissimum*, was kept steadily before the eye of the Athenian orator, by the mere coercion of self-interest.

And hence, by the way, arises one most important feature of distinction between Grecian oratory (political oratory at least) on the one hand, and Roman (to which, in this point, we may add British) on the other. A Roman lawyer, senator, or demagogue, even, under proper restrictions—a British member of parliament—or even a candidate from the hustings—but, most assuredly, and by the evidence of many a splendid example, an advocate addressing a jury—may embellish his oration with a wide circuit of historical, or of antiquarian, nay, even speculative discussion. Every Latin scholar will remember the leisurely and most facetious, the good-natured and respectful, yet keenly satiric, picture which the great Roman barrister draws of the Stoic philosophy, by way of *rowing* old Cato, who professed that philosophy with too little indulgence for venial human errors. The *judices*—that is, in effect, the jury—were tickled to the soul by seeing the grave Marcus Cato badgered with this fine razor-like raillery; and there can be no doubt that, by flattering the self-respect of the jury, in presuming them susceptible of so much wit from a liberal kind of knowledge, and by really delighting them with such a display of adroit teasing applied to a man of scenical gravity, this whole scene, though quite extrajudicial and travelling out of the record, was highly useful in conciliating the good-will of Cicero's audience. The same style of liberal *excursus* from the more thorny path of the absolute business before the court, has been often and memorably practised by great English barristers—as, in the trial of Sacheverel, by many of the managers for the Commons; by "the fluent Murray," on various occasions; in the great cause of impeachment against our English Verres, (or, at least, our Verres as to the situation, though not the guilt,) Mr Hastings; in many of Mr Erskine's addresses to juries, where political rights were at stake; in Sir James Mackintosh's defence of Peltier for a libel upon Napoleon, when he went into a history of the press as applied to politics—(a liberal inquiry, but which, except in the remotest manner, could not possibly bear upon the mere question of fact before the jury;) and in many other splendid instances, which have really made our trials and the annals of our criminal jurisprudence one great fund of information and authority to the historian. In the senate, I need not say how much farther, and more frequently, this habit of large generalization, and of liberal excursion from perhaps a lifeless theme, has been carried by great masters; in particular, by Edmund Burke, who carried it, in fact, to such

excess, and to a point which threatened so much to disturb the movement of public business, that, from that cause more perhaps than from rude insensibility to the value of his speculations, he put his audience sometimes in motion for dinner, and acquired (as is well-known) the surname of the Dinner Bell.*

Now, in the Athenian audience, all this was impossible: neither in political nor in forensic harangues was there any license by rule, or any indulgence by usage, or any special privilege by personal favour, to the least effort at improving an individual case of law or politics into general views of jurisprudence, of statesmanship, of diplomacy; no collateral discussions were tolerated—no illustrative details—no historical parallelisms—still less any philosophical moralisations. The slightest show of any tendency in these directions was summarily nipped in the bud: the Athenian gentlemen began to *deponē* in good earnest if a man shewed symptoms of entering upon any discussion whatever that was not intensely needful and pertinent in the first place—or which, in the second place, was not of a nature to be wound up in two sentences when a summons should arise either to dinner, or to the theatre, or to the succession of some variety anticipated from another orator.

Hence, therefore, finally arises one great peculiarity of Greek eloquence; and a most unfortunate one for its chance of ever influencing a remote posterity, or, in any substantial sense, of its ever surviving in the real unaffected admiration of us moderns—that it embodies no alien, no collateral information as to manners, usages, modes of feeling—no extrinsic ornament, no side glimpses into Grecian life, no casual historical details. The cause, and nothing but the cause—the political question, and nothing but the question—pealed for ever in the ears of the terrified orator, always on sufferance, always on his good behaviour, always afraid, for the sake of his party or of his client, lest his auditors should become angry, or become impatient, or become weary. And from that intense fear, trammeling the freedom of his steps at every turn, and overruling every motion to the right or to the left, in pure servile anxiety for the mood and disposition of his tyrannical master, arose the very opposite result for us of this day—that we, by the very means adopted to prevent weariness in the immediate auditors, find nothing surviving in Grecian orations but what *does* weary us insupportably through its want of all general interest; and, even amongst private or instant details of politics or law, presenting us with none that throw light upon the spirit of manners, or the Grecian peculiarities of feeling. Probably an Athenian mob would not have cared much at the prospect of such a result to posterity; and, at

any rate, would not have sacrificed one atom of their ease or pleasure to obviate such a result: but, to an Athenian orator, this result would have been a sad one to contemplate. The final consequence is, that whilst all men find, or may find, infinite amusement, and instruction of the most liberal kind, in that most accomplished of statesmen and orators, the Roman Cicero—nay, would doubtless, from the causes assigned, have found, in their proportion, the same attractions in the speeches of the elder Antony, of Hortensius, of Crassus, and other contemporaries or immediate predecessors of Cicero—no person ever reads Demosthenes, still less any other Athenian orator, with the slightest interest beyond that which inevitably attaches to the words of one who wrote his own divine language with probably very superior skill.

But, from all this, results a further inference—viz., the dire affectation of those who pretend an enthusiasm in the oratory of Demosthenes; and also a plenary consolation to all who are obliged, from ignorance of Greek, to dispense with that novelty. If it be a luxury at all, it is and can be one for those only who cultivate verbal researches and the pleasures of philology.

Even in the oratory of our own times, which oftentimes discusses questions to the whole growth and motion of which we have been ourselves parties present, or even accessory—questions which we have followed in their first emission and separation from the clouds of general politics; their advance, slow or rapid, towards a domineering interest in the public passions; their meridian altitude; and perhaps their precipitous descent downwards, whether from the consummation of their objects, (as in the questions of the Slave Trade, of Catholic Emancipation, of East India Monopoly,) or from a partial victory and compromise with the abuse, (as in the purification of that Augean stable, prisons, and, still more, private houses for the insane,) or from the accomplishment of one stage or so in a progress which, by its nature, is infinite, (as in the various steps taken towards the improvement, and towards the extension of education:) even in cases like these, when the primary and ostensible object of the speaker already, on its own account, possesses a commanding attraction, yet will it often happen that the secondary questions, growing out of the leading one, the great elementary themes suggested to the speaker by the concrete case before him—as, for instance, the general question of Test Laws, or the still higher and transcendent question of Religious Toleration, and the relations between the State and religious opinions, or the general history of Slavery and the commerce in the human species, the general principles of economy as applied to monopolies, the past usages of mankind in their treatment of prisoners or of lunatics—these comprehensive and transcendent themes are continually allowed to absorb and throw into the shade, for a time, the minor but more urgent question of the moment through which they have gained their interest. The capital and pri-

* Yet this story has been exaggerated; and, I believe, in strict truth, the whole case arose out of some fretful expressions of ill-temper on the part of Burke, and that the name was a retort from a man of wit, who had been personally stung by a sarcasm of the offended orator.

mary interest gives way for a time to the derivative interest; and it does so by a silent understanding between the orator and his audience. The orator is well assured that he will not be taxed with wandering; the audience are satisfied that, eventually, they will not have lost their time: and the final result is, to elevate and liberalize the province of oratory, by exalting mere business (growing originally, perhaps, out of contingencies of finance, or trade, or local police) into a field for the higher understanding; and giving to the mere necessities of our position as a nation the dignity of great problems for civilising wisdom or philosophic philanthropy. Look back to the superb orations of Edmund Burke on questions limited enough in themselves, sometimes merely personal; for instance, that on American Taxation, on the Reforms in our Household or Official Expenditure, or at that from the Bristol hustings, (by its *prima facie* subject, therefore, a mere electioneering harangue to a mob.) With what marvellous skill does he enrich what is meagre, elevate what is humble, intellectualize what is purely technical, delocalize what is local, generalize what is personal! And with what result? Doubtless to the absolute contemporaries of those speeches, steeped to the very lips in the passions besetting their topics, even to those whose attention was sufficiently secured by the domineering interest, friendly or hostile, to the views of the speaker—even to these I say, that, in so far as they were at all capable of an intellectual pleasure, those parts would be most attractive which were least occupied with the present business and the momentary details. This order of precedency in the interests of the speech held even for them; but to us, removing at every annual step we take in the century, to a greater distance from the mere business and partisan interests of the several cases, this secondary attraction is not merely the greater of the two—to us it has become pretty nearly the sole one, pretty nearly the exclusive attraction.

As to religious oratory, *that* stands upon a different footing—the questions afloat in that province of human speculation being eternal, or at least essentially the same under new forms, receives a strong illustration from the annals of the English senate, to which also it gives a strong and useful illustration. Up to the era of James I., the eloquence of either House could not, for political reasons, be very striking, on the very principle which we have been enforcing. Parliament met only for dispatch of business; and that business was purely fiscal, or (as at times it happened) judicial. The constitutional functions of Parliament were narrow; and they were narrowed still more severely by the jealousy of the executive government. With the expansion, or rather first growth and development of a gentry, or third estate, expanded, *pari passu*, the political field of their jurisdiction and their deliberative functions. This widening field, as a birth out of new existences, unknown to former laws or usages, was, of course, not contemplated by those

laws or usages. Constitutional law could not provide for the exercise of rights by a body of citizens, when, as yet, that body had itself no existence. A gentry, as the depository of a vast overbalance of property, real as well as personal, had not matured itself till the latter years of James I. Consequently the new functions, which the instinct of their new situation prompted them to assume, were looked upon by the Crown, most sincerely, as unlawful usurpations. This led, as we know, to a most fervent and impassioned struggle, the most so of any struggle which has ever armed the hands of men with the sword. For the passions take a far profounder sweep when they are supported by deep thought and high principles.

This element of fervid strife was already, for itself, an atmosphere most favourable to political eloquence. Accordingly, the speeches of that day, though generally too short to attain that large compass and sweep of movement without which it is difficult to kindle or to sustain any conscious enthusiasm in an audience, were of a high quality as to thought and energy of expression, as high as their circumstantial disadvantages allowed. Lord Strafford's great effort is deservedly admired to this day, and the latter part of it has been often pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*. A few years before that era, all the orators of note were, and must have been, judicial orators; and, amongst these, Lord Bacon, to whom every reader's thoughts will point as the most memorable, attained the chief object of all oratory, if what Ben Jonson reports of him be true, that he had his audience passive to the motions of his will. But Jonson was, perhaps, too scholastic a judge to be a fair representative judge; and, whatever he might choose to say or to think, Lord Bacon was certainly too weighty—too massy with the bullion of original thought—ever to have realized the idea of a great popular orator—one who

"Wielded at will a fierce democracy,"

and ploughed up the great deeps of sentiment, or party strife, or national animosities, like a Levanter or a monsoon. In the schools of Plato, in the *palaestra Stoicorum*, such an orator might be potent; not *in face Romuli*. If he had laboured with no other defect, had he the gift of tautology? Could he say the same thing three times over in direct sequence? For, without this talent of iteration—of repeating the same thought in diversified forms—a man may utter good heads of an oration, but not an oration. Just as the same illustrious man's essays are good hints—useful topics—for essays; but no approximation to what we, in modern days, understand by *essays*: they are, as an eminent author once happily expressed it to myself, "*seeds, not plants or shrubs; acorns, that is, oaks in embryo, but not oaks.*"

Reverting, however, to the oratory of the Senate, from the era of its proper birth, which we may date from the opening of that our memorable Long Parliament, brought together

in November of 1642,* our Parliamentary eloquence has now, within four years, travelled through a period of two centuries. A most admirable subject for an essay, or a Magazine article, as it strikes me, would be a bird's-eye view—or rather a bird's-wing flight—pursuing rapidly the revolutions of that memorable oracle, (for such it really was to the rest of civilized Europe,) which, through so long a course of years, like the Delphic oracle to the nations of old, delivered counsels of civil prudence and of national grandeur, that kept alive for Christendom the recollections of freedom, and refreshed to the enslaved Continent the old ideas of Roman patriotism, which, but for our Parliament, would have uttered themselves by no voices on earth. That this account of the position occupied by our British Parliament, in relation to the rest of Europe, at least after the publication of the Debates had been commenced by Cave, with the aid of Dr Johnson, is, in no respect, romantic or overcharged, may be learned from the German novels of the last century, in which we find the British debates as uniformly the morning accompaniment of breakfast, at the houses of the rural gentry, &c., as in any English or Scottish country. Such a sketch would, of course, collect the characteristics of each age, shew in what connexion these characteristics stood with the political aspects of the time, or with the modes of managing public business, (a fatal rock to our public eloquence in England!) and illustrate the whole by interesting specimens from the leading orators in each generation: from Hampden to Pulteney, amongst oppositionists or patriots; from Pulteney to O'Connell; or, again, amongst Ministers, from Hyde to Somers, from Lord Sunderland to Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke; and from the plain, downright Sir Robert Walpole, to the plain, downright Sir Robert Peel.

Throughout the whole of this review, the same "moral," if one might so call it, would be apparent—viz., that in proportion as the oratory was high and intellectual, did it travel out into the collateral questions of less instant necessity, but more durable interest; and that, in proportion as the Grecian necessity was or was not enforced by the temper of the House, or by the pressure of public business—the necessity which cripples the orator, by confining him within the severe limits of the case before him—in that proportion had or had not the oratory of past generations a surviving interest for modern posterity. Nothing, in fact, so utterly effete—not even old law, or old pharmacy, or old erroneous chemistry—nothing so insufferably dull as

political orations, unless when powerfully animated by that spirit of generalization which only gives the breath of life and the salt which preserves from decay, through every age alike. The very strongest proof, as well as exemplification of all which has been said on Grecian oratory, may thus be found in the records of the British senate.

And this, by the way, brings us round to an aspect of Grecian oratory which has been rendered memorable, and forced upon our notice, in the shape of a problem, by the most popular of our native historians—the aspect, I mean, of Greek oratory in comparison with English. Hume has an essay upon the subject; and the true answer to that essay will open a wide field of truth to us. In this little paper, Hume assumes the superiority of Grecian eloquence, as a thing admitted on all hands, and requiring no proof. Not the proof of this point did he propose to himself as his object; not even the illustration of it. No. All that, Hume held to be superfluous. His object was, to investigate the causes of this Grecian superiority; or, if *investigate* is too pompous a word for so slight a discussion, more properly, he inquired for the cause as something that must naturally lie upon the surface.

What is the answer? First of all, before looking for causes, a man should be sure of his facts. Now, as to the main fact at issue, I utterly deny the superiority of Grecian eloquence. And, first of all, I change the whole field of inquiry by shifting the comparison. The Greek oratory is all political or judicial: we have those also; but the best of our eloquence, by immeasurable degrees, the noblest and richest, is our religious eloquence. Here, of course, all comparison ceases; for classical Grecian religious eloquence, in Grecian attire, there is none until three centuries after the Christian era, when we have three great orators, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil—of which two I have a very fixed opinion, having read large portions of both—and a third of whom I know nothing. To our Jeremy Taylor, to our Sir Thomas Browne, there is no approach made in the Greek eloquence. The inaugural chapter of the "Holy Dying," to say nothing of many another golden passage; or the famous passage in the "Urn Buriall," beginning—"Now, since these bones have rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests"—have no parallel in literature. The winding up of the former is more, in its effect, like a great tempestuous chorus from the Judas Maccabeus, or from Spohr's St Paul, than like human eloquence.

But, grant that this transfer of the comparison is unfair—still, it is no less unfair to confine the comparison on our part to the weakest part of our oratory; but no matter—let issue be joined even here. Then we may say, at once, that, for the intellectual qualities of eloquence, in fineness of understanding, in depth and in large compass of thought, Burke far surpasses any orator, ancient or modern. But, if the comparison were pushed more widely, very certain

* There was another Parliament of this same year 1642, which met in the spring, (April, I think,) but was summarily dissolved. A small quarto volume, of not unfrequent occurrence, I believe, contains some good specimens of the eloquence then prevalent. It was rich in thought, never wordy—in fact, too parsimonious in words and illustrations; and it breathed a high tone of religious principle as well as of pure-minded patriotism; but, for the reason stated above—its narrow circuit and very limited duration—the general character of the Parliamentary eloquence was ineffective.

I am, that, apart from classical prejudice, no qualities of just thinking, or fine expression, or even of artificial ornament, could have been assigned by Hume, in which the great body of our deliberative and forensic orators fall short of Grecian models; though I will admit, that, by comparison with the Roman model of Cicero, there is seldom the same artful prefiguration of the oration throughout its future course, or the same sustained rhythmus and oratorical tone. The qualities of art are nowhere so prominently expressed, nowhere aid the effect so much, as in the great Roman master.

But, as to Greece, let us now, in one word, unveil the sole advantage which the eloquence of the Athenian assembly has over that of the English senate. It is this—the *public business of Athens was as yet simple and unencumbered by details*; the dignity of the occasion was scenically sustained. But, in England, the vast intricacy and complex interweaving of property, of commerce, of commercial interests, of details infinite in number, and infinite in littleness, break down and fritter away into fractions and petty minutiae, the whole huge labyrinth of our public affairs. It is scarcely necessary to explain my meaning. In Athens, the question before the public assembly was, peace or war—before our House of Commons, perhaps the Exchequer Bills' Bill; at Athens, a league or no league—in England, the Tithe of Agistment Commutation-Bills' Renewal Bill; in Athens—shall we forgive a ruined enemy? in England—shall we cancel the tax on farthing rushlights? In short,

with us, the infinity of details overlays the simplicity and grandeur of our public deliberations.

Such was the advantage—a mighty advantage—for Greece. Now, finally, for the use made of this advantage. To that point I have already spoken. By the clamorous and undeliberative qualities of the Athenian political audience, by its fitful impatience, and vehement arrogance, and fervid partisanship, all wide and general discussion was barred, *in limine*. And thus occurred this singular inversion of positions—the greatest of Greek orators was obliged to treat these Catholic questions as mere Athenian questions of business. On the other hand, the least eloquent of British senators, whether from the immense advance in knowledge, or from the custom and usage of Parliament, seldom fails, more or less, to elevate his intense details of pure technical business into something dignified, either by the necessities of pursuing the *historical* relations of the matter in discussion, or of arguing its merits as a case of general finance, or as connected with general political economy, or, perhaps, in its bearings on peace or war. The Grecian was forced, by the composition of his headstrong auditory, to degrade and personalise his grand themes; the Englishman is forced, by the difference of his audience, by old prescription, and by the opposition of a well-informed, hostile party, into elevating his merely technical and petty themes into great national questions, involving honour and benefit to tens of millions.

THE COVENANTERS.

CAN Scotland's son, who uncontrolled may climb the
heathery steep,
Gaze scornfully where guards the cairn her martyrs'
blood-courtesy sleep;
And say, "A fanatic lies here;" and, with a pitying smile,
Descant on mad Enthusiasts—the ignorant, the vile?

Enthusiasts!—by the freeman's step, that treads on Scot-
tish strand;
By the pure faith that sanctifies the altars of the land;
By hymns of praise, at morn and eve, unawed by fear or
shame,
Poured from our peaceful hamlet-homes—still honoured
be the name!

If on the plains where Wallace fought, the patriot's bosom
swell,
And the bold Switzer drops a tear upon the grave of
Tell,
Shall Scotland, with irreverent eye, behold the wild
flowers wave
Above the mound, once stained with blood, her Covenant
heroes' grave?

They sleep where, in a darker day, by dreary moss and
fen,
Their blood bedewed the wild heath-flower, in many a
Scottish glen:
When forced to flee their humble homes, for Scotland's
Covenant Lord,
They grasped, to save their holiest rights, the Bible and
usage sword.

They rest in peace—the Enthusiasts! who unreluctant
flung
To earth the proffered gold, and scorned the lures of
courtly tongue.
They rest in peace, who knew no rest when with loud
curses driven,
And hunted 'mid the wintry fells, and rest of all but
heaven.

Enthusiasts!—would the proudly wise, who flings his
scorn and sneer
On graves and names long hallowed by the patriot's love
and tear—
Would he, when gleams in mount and vale the persecu-
tor's braid,
To quench with blood the altar-fires of his own father-
land—

When all around are fainting hearts and falsehood's
hollow smile,
The bloody foe, the traitorous friend, fierce war, and
covert guile,
No hope on earth, unless he quit the banner of his God,
And crouch a slave upon the land where his free fathers
trod—

Would he renounce all earth-born joys, and choose his
wintry bed
On howling heath, with darkness round and tempest
o'er his head;
And, trusting in no arm of flesh, undaunted face the fires,
The axe, the torture, and the sword, like Scotland's Cove-
nant sires?

G. P.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

THE late travellers in America have generally gone "starring" thither, taking the grand route in grand costume. The humble traveller, whom we are about to introduce to our readers, saw nothing of fashionable hotels or watering-places, little of the great cities, and nothing at all of great or noted personages. He visited the Americans "at home," in their farms and villages; threw himself upon their hospitality; lived among them for years; and saw more of their real manners and character than falls within the ordinary scope of a stranger's observation. He was a young Scotchman, of respectable education, and very slender means, who, without apparently any very definite plan of proceeding, set off, in the first place, for Lower Canada, in national phrase, "to push his fortune." He lived for some years as a school-master about Chaleur Bay, and afterwards in different places in the United States. His bulky MSS., now before us, contain a long, minute, and faithful description of his original dreary sojourn among the fishermen, wood-choppers, and Indian tribes of Lower Canada. When tired of that locality, he formed the design of visiting the United States, partly from curiosity, and probably with some hope of bettering his fortune. For this purpose, he went from Chaleur Bay by a sailing vessel to Quebec, ascended the St Lawrence to Montreal by steam, and, finally, found his way to New York by the customary route. In the course of his voyage he picked up a young Irishman, still poorer than himself; and, on the faith of a reputed rich uncle at Baltimore, who was to send money to await his nephew's arrival at New York, the Scot made those pecuniary advances which confirmed their friendship, and left him almost penniless. We take them up at New York, exactly as, on an autumn evening, they had left the steamer which brought them from Albany.

CHAPTER I.

We landed at New York in the evening, the rain pouring down in torrents: of course, got to the nearest boarding-house as fast as our legs could carry us, where we passed a cold, comfortable evening; but our penance in the traveller's room was, in a good measure, compensated by a most excellent supper, and as good a bed. This boarding-house was situated at the corner of Washington Street—a most delightful situation—with one front to the Hudson, and the other to the Battery; and, what was still better, the people of the house were very civil, and produced at breakfast and supper the best coffee I have tasted in America; they also gave us a dish I had never seen before—namely, fried oysters, some of them as large as my hand. Next morning, early, my companion and I went out upon the Battery, "to snuff the caller air;" and, oh, how delicious! The rain had ceased during the night, the breeze came from the ocean fresh and exhilarating, and the sun shone with reful-

gence upon trees and grass sparkling with dew-drops. What is called the Battery is not so in reality, although it can easily be transformed into one upon an emergency. There you see neither embrasures, cannon, balls, nor soldiers; but the peaceful citizens taking their quiet promenade. It is but a small nook, and much the shape of a Scotch *farrel*, or cake of oatmeal bread—one of the straight sides being somewhat longer than the other, and the rounded side nearest the river. I know not how many acres it may contain; but, diminutive though it be, it is a most delightful spot, with walks, trees, and seats for the accommodation of those who frequent it. I sat for some time upon one of the benches with a young man whom, although dressed like a gentleman, I took to be a sailor, from his telling me that he had been in every quarter of the globe, and that, of all the pretty spots he had ever seen, he had never seen any equal to the Battery. Indeed, none but an eye-witness can have any idea of the beauty of the scene, as seen from this charming spot. The city, the broad Hudson, the shipping, the Jersey shore, with its towns, Staten Island, Long Island, Governor's Island, with its fort, and vessels of all kinds plying in every direction, from the trim-built wherry to the lordly frigate, with numerous steamers splashing, and dashing, and whizzing, like desperation, through the waves, are the prominent figures of the picture displayed before his eyes. But, after all, the view from the Battery, although exceedingly beautiful, in my opinion is still surpassed by that from the citadel of Quebec. The latter, to all the beauty of the former, over and above adds much of the grand, if not of the sublime. On the round side of the Battery is attached Castle Garden—what I take to have been a fort, or the real battery, but it is now used for the exhibition of fireworks, and so forth.

After breakfast, we made the best of our way to the far-famed Broadway. We had but the length of the shortest side of the Battery to reach the Bowling-green—a small oval green, railed in, and shaded with trees. From this starts Broadway, and runs in nearly a straight line for three miles: so they told me, although I scarcely think it quite so long as that. I know not whether I be right in placing the head of the street near the Bowling-green, since the other end must be nearly three miles higher up the river; but, according to my way of thinking, the end of a street next the country is the foot of it. However it be, along Broadway we went, from end to end; and, take it all in all, it is certainly a most magnificent street, the houses being large, the stores splendid, and filled with the productions of every clime. It may be prejudice, but, in my opinion, it is nothing equal to the Trongate of Glasgow: nor, in fact, have I seen any street which pleases me so much as the lat-

ter. One great drawback upon Broadway is the houses being built of brick; for, however commodious, substantial, and large you may build them of such material, still they are but brick houses, and I never saw a pretty brick house yet. Trinity Church—Episcopalian—one of the handsomest in the city, faces upon Broadway, as also some of the largest hotels, I believe, in the world: the chief of these are Hester Jennings's and the Astor House; the latter erected by Jacob Astor, the founder of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, and one of the millionaires of New York.

But, leaving brick walls and other inanimate objects, let us turn our attention to something more interesting. Whoever has strolled down Broadway, between the hours of eleven and twelve, A.M., must have seen as splendid a sight as can well be imagined, in the immense number of ladies on the pavé at that time. We were jogging it along, like good, quiet citizens, and had not proceeded very far down, when we encountered a band of ladies all dressed in white. This company having passed, we observed another as strong following hard in the rear, and another and another, *ad infinitum*.

"What the deuce is this?" exclaimed my companion.

"I believe it must be a wedding," said I.

"Faith, an' its a big faimale one, too, for the devil a gentleman's among them but ourselves."

"I think we had better take the other side of the street," I replied, "for the *faimales* seem to have taken complete possession of this one." So, crossing the street, we had a full view of the whole procession.

"What a sight!" exclaimed the Irishman, with an oath.

And well he might exclaim, for the whole west side of the street, as far as the eye could reach, was one dazzling line of white: it was a real *via lactea*—milky way—or, if the figure please better, a gigantic bed of white lilies. I have seen what is called Vanity Fair at Glasgow; but the Vanity Fair of New York outstrips it beyond all comparison. The above goodly procession moves along Broadway for the Battery; but by what street it returns I cannot tell, as every time I saw the ladies promenading, their faces were turned towards the same point. The comparison may not be a good one, and, for certain, it is not very polite, but they put me in mind of the lemmings which emigrate, at certain seasons of the year, from the northern regions—march straightforward in innumerable armies—but never find their way back again. Whether the New York ladies be pretty in general or not, I cannot say, but I certainly saw some pretty faces among them. My companion, however, who was quite enraptured at the first sight, seemed to have changed his mind on their second appearance. "Oh, it's all dress and show, and nothing else." But it must be confessed he had not a good opportunity of knowing the truth at the distance we viewed them from, besides, his mind appeared to be soured against everything

American, and, over and above, he had brought along with him a whole load of Old Country prejudices.

In your progress along Broadway, you will come to the Park—a triangular green, railed in, with walks and trees, the apex towards the street, and the base adorned by the City Hall, one of the most magnificent buildings in the United States. It is built of white marble, and royal enough for the proudest crowned head on earth. I am speaking of the outside just now; for, when you get into the inside—at least what I saw of it—you would never think you were in a palace. Outside, all is nobility and royalty; the inside sinks even beneath republican plainness. The Court was sitting at the time we were there; we, of course, followed the crowd up stairs into the Court-room—a very plain-looking chamber, very much resembling a college class-room. When we entered, it was nearly filled; and all were sitting with their hats on—a fashion much in vogue in the United States. Being newly arrived in the country, it could not be expected that we should know the fashions, or shake off our barbarism all at once; we, accordingly, were so very impolite as to remove the felt from our heads, and modestly retire to a back seat. Two Quakers followed us in the rear, and took their seats beside us, with hats on as broad as talipot leaves. On the appearance of the Judges, the cry of "off hats" arose from the officers of the court. The order was promptly complied with, except by our two friends the Quakers, who were determined to be extra polite on the occasion. The officers, seeing all the polls bare except the two in our immediate neighbourhood, came up to enforce the order; but all would not do: the refractory individuals, intertwining their fingers over the crowns of their beaver, set the officers at defiance, who, seeing there was no great glory to be obtained in the contest, retreated to their proper stations, and left the gentlemen to shew their respect to the Court in their own way. The trial was of a Mr Ellsworth and others, for some kind of conspiracy; but as I was too far back to hear the proceedings, we left the court.

On getting into the open air, our attention was arrested by an equestrian statue of Washington, immediately in front of the City Hall. I took it to be a stucco casting; but I may be mistaken. However it be, the statuary and the good citizens of New York deserve great credit; the former for mounting Washington upon a pony, and the latter for the costliness of the material. If Washington could look down and see something intended as a fac-simile of himself, mounted upon something little bigger than a Highland sheltie, with its fore-feet pawing the air as if it were making some attempt at preaching, I think he would laugh heartily.

Among the buildings facing one side of the Park is the Park Theatre, which receives good encouragement. When I was there, there was only one other theatre, the Bowery; but now they have got no fewer than seven, all which

receive their share of patronage ; besides which, there is Castle Gardens, a Vauxhall, and a Ranelagh—places of amusement sufficient, in all good conscience, for a population four times as great ; but the truth is, the United States is the best country in the world for players, lecturers, showmen of all kinds, and so forth. This is evident, from the amazing number of theatres, museums, race-courses scattered all over the country, and the amazing fortunes which foreign actors make in a short time. I don't understand it very well, but a village in the United States, which, if it had been located in the Old World, would scarcely have supported a schoolmaster, here, somehow or other, maintains a newspaper editor into the bargain ; and a town, which, in the Old Country, would not be able to maintain a newspaper, will, in the United States, have two or three, and a theatre into the bargain. After Broadway, the next street of note is Wall Street, celebrated all over the United States, and maybe, too, in the capitals of Europe, for its money transactions. As a street, it is elegant enough ; but its principal beauty, however, consists in the number of gamblers in Stocks, who frequent it as a mart, and the multitude of money-changers, who charitably help the needy by lending them money at cent. per cent. on good securities. In Wall Street is the Post-Office ; a so-so building when I was there ; but they were making preparations to set up a portico in front, to be supported by massive pillars of white marble. Water and Pearl Streets are narrow and ugly, and very much resembling some of the London streets ; but they are great places for business, and well stocked with auction-rooms, which are known by having a flag hanging over the door. Greenwich Street is a very good one, with trees planted on each side ; and the Bowery, Catharine, and William Streets, are worthy of attention. It is almost needless to mention that New York is in no want of churches, some of them handsome enough, but, at the same time, nothing extraordinary. Trinity Church, in Broadway, is a handsome building, and has one of the finest organs I have ever heard. A great alteration must have taken place in New York since I was there, partly owing to its increasing prosperity, and partly owing to the great fire of 1836, which consumed a great part of the city. This latter misfortune, though productive of great calamity at the time, will much conduce to the ameliorating the appearance of the city, as it commonly happens that the streets opened, and buildings erected, after a fire, are greatly superior to the ones destroyed. There is one thing with regard to New York, and I believe it holds good in respect to all the cities in the Union—the streets are not pestered by common beggars, like those of Europe. Indeed, during the twelve years I have been in America, although I have seen many poor people, yet I have never seen any who followed begging as a profession. But there is another nuisance, and worse, in my opinion, than the common beggars, which New York would do

well to get rid of—I mean the free blacks, or, as they are called, “people of colour.” These swarm like locusts in Broadway, and swagger along as if a white man was beneath their notice. If you meet a band of them, I'll not say that you must touch your hat to them, but you must take pretty good care they don't jostle you into the kennel. The City Council ought to hang one half of them, and the money would be well spent in shipping the other half to Siberia. During the stay I made in New York, I saw nothing like a mob, and congratulated the city on its quiet deportment ; but, since that period, I have had reason to change my opinion, as very serious riots have occurred in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. I have always said so, and the citizens of the United States may depend upon it, that when their cities become overgrown and filled to overflowing with a manufacturing population, the lower classes of society will become as unruly as those in European cities.

While in Albany, my friend, the Irishman, had written to his uncle, announcing his being on the way down to him, as also the leaky condition of his purse, with a wish that he would be so very kind as to have a quantity of the ready lying in New York Post-Office against the time he should be down there. Our main business, therefore, after our arrival in that city, was to dance attendance at the Post-Office in the expectation of finding a load of money ; but, like a great many searchers for gold, we were doomed to disappointment—no money made its appearance—and our patience began to wear out. As it was of no use to stay in a large city for the mere purpose of expecting money, and actually expending the little we had, I recommended to my fellow-traveller a trip out to the country, where we might find something to do, and at the same time be within watching-distance of the Post-Office, if he actually thought the money would come. He agreed ; and off we started down Broadway, and got into the country on the 7th of October. I don't recollect the name of the place at which we staid that night, but next morning we passed through Manhattan—a small place, and not worth mentioning ; as also another small place called Philipsburgh ; and then crossed the stream which runs from the Hudson or North to the East River, and forms the Island of Manhattan. From this island we passed to the mainland by means of Kingsbridge—a paltry thing built of rough plank, but, nevertheless, much spoken of in American history. By this day's travel we got into Greenburgh township, and put up at night in a decent enough house. The landlady was a tall, majestic-looking woman, with a very fine, pleasant countenance ; but, on further acquaintance, we discovered that her beauty did not extend much deeper than the skin. The biblical figure of the “painted sepulchre” suited her exactly : without, all beauty—within, all rottenness. She had a most unamiable temper, which was somewhat astonishing to me, as she seemed to have been actually

delivered of a lump of her ill-nature embodied in human form. This embodied sprite was her son, who lay on the floor, before the fire, in the misshape of—I don't know what; for he scarcely had the semblance of a being of this world. He might be about three feet long, with a monstrous head, and a mouth that would suit a shark. He was hunch-backed, his legs crooked, his eyes, like snakes', gleamed malignity, and he was continually restless, rolling from side to side, uttering imprecations and demands for grog, a glass of which was kept constantly by him on the floor. This being, if he was actually human—although to be pitied—formed one of the most disgusting objects I ever beheld. Sure enough, we were right glad to get out of the house next morning; and, although frosty and very cold, we did not even stay for breakfast, but made the best of our way towards White Plains, having a desire to see the battle-ground. On our way thither, we entered a farm-house to rest ourselves. This farm belonged to an Irishman: of course, my companion and he got quite gracious; and a bargain was not long in being struck, anent his remaining there until he should be enabled to start for Maryland. Whether it was owing to my being a heretic, or a Scotchman, or what other reason, I know not, but pretty strong hints were thrown out that I might take the road as soon as I liked. But having brought my friend and myself so far on my own resources, I did not like, and was determined not to be flung off quite so uncereemoniously; so made bold to stay two or three days, until I could devise some plan for my future guidance. Before I start afresh, it may, perhaps, not be amiss to give a short account of the country between this and New York. The surface of the country is rather inclined to be hilly, at least much broken, and some places remarkably stony—the farm we were now upon being of the latter description. The soil is not among the richest; but, withal, rich enough for growing good potatoes. About a mile from Kingsbridge, I think, we passed a quarry of white marble—a thing I had never seen before. We also observed some gentlemen's seats, which looked to have been built before the Revolution; at least they had the reverend look of age, and were in a style quite different from that of American houses in the present day. The road itself was a tolerably good road, although I think I have seen better. The most striking peculiarity of our journey was the great number of fine orchards we met with, and the plenty of fruit-trees, apples especially, along the road-sides, where the proprietors, when they planted the orchards, had been pleased, in a very kindly manner, not to forget the wayfaring man, but had planted fruit-trees also along the roads; from which, in their season, the traveller has nothing more to do than take up a stick or a stone, and knock down as many as will fill his stomach, and his pockets into the bargain. I return them my kind thanks for my share, for many a good feast have I had from them. The same remark will apply to the whole line of road that I have

travelled in the Middle States. Indeed, I have more than once gone over the fence into the orchard without asking anybody's permission, and pocketed as many as I pleased, and that before the house too, without anybody's saying—"What do'st thou?" America is the paradise for fruits, and the people are far from being nigardly of them. The first cider-mill I saw was at the house of a farmer, neighbouring to that in which we were. I assisted them at the work, and got as much cider as I could drink for my trouble. In my progress onward, I met with many of these cider presses; and generally when I asked for a drink at any house, they gave me cider instead of water. The best cider, I believe, is made in New Jersey.

I have to observe, that the New Yorkers, although a quiet and decent enough people, are not of such a kindly disposition, or don't shew their kindness with such a liberal hand, as the inhabitants of the States farther south—at least so it appeared to me. There is a certain air of bluntness, or rather roughness, about them, as if they did not want to be troubled, and which is very disagreeable to a stranger. I accounted for this from the amazing multitudes of emigrants which annually land at New York from foreign ports, as well as those which find their way down thither from Canada. The greater portion of these emigrants are poor; and, as it is impossible they can all find employment in the city, so as to keep soul and body hanging together, crowds of them must, of necessity, take to the country, and harass the inhabitants by demands for work, or help to carry them onwards. By these means, the people's tempers have got soured, especially towards poor strangers; and as for those foot travellers, who may chance to have pretty good coats on their backs, as was the case with us, who either want not, or may not be able to pay for a carriage, they very naturally take them for some runaways from the city, or, perhaps, for something worse. I recollect once, wandering among the Kilbirnie hills in Scotland, I encountered an elderly woman striving to collect some cattle together, and very good-naturedly asked her if she wished for any help; when, instead of thanking me, she stood staring as if she had seen a ghost—indeed, the place would have well suited Macbeth's meeting the weird sisters—and asked me, "Where d'ye come frae?" "From Glasgow," I replied. "Ay!" quo' she, "there's mony blackguards in Glasgow." So it may be the same with the New Yorkers; not that they want the milk of human kindness, but that they have been often troubled by strangers, and because they know there are many blackguards in New York.

Being now pretty well refreshed, I thought of proceeding onwards. I don't know if I could be said to have any regular plan laid down for futurity; all I know is, that I was determined to go to the south—if not as far as New Orleans, at least as far as Virginia. From what I had read in geographies and books of travels, I had formed a very high opinion of southern countries; and

as I had already seen enough of northern ones, and was tolerably well acquainted with ice and snow, methought I would be in a kind of paradise if once I could get into the sunny clime of the south, and bask in the sunshine of a perpetual summer. Often I figured myself lying along beneath the shade of the live oak, refreshing myself with the golden fruit plucked from orange groves, while my eyes wandered over the rich fields of cotton and sugar cane. It was, indeed, as a southern country of my own creating that I saw in my day-dreams; but it was none the worse for all that; oh, no! for I had peopled it with everything that was good. Our first parents themselves had not a prettier domicile than the one I had now created for the express purpose of passing the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, and wearing gradually away, like the last ray of the setting sun, as it departs to shine upon some land, perhaps still more fair and beautiful. With such notions in my head, no wonder I parted with my fellow-traveller in right good spirits; and although I had left all the property I had in the world at New York—the clothes on my back, and an exchange shirt or two excepted—my determination for the present was to cross the Hudson at the nearest point, and proceed direct to Baltimore. By this means I thought I could kill three birds with one stone. I could see James' uncle, and get some money forwarded to him; and by so doing, I also might procure some friends to myself—necessary articles in the world, especially in a foreign land: and, besides, I would still be prosecuting my main design of getting to the southward. My plan of travelling downwards was somewhat novel; for I had adopted the whimsical notion of moving in a straight line to Baltimore, or rather to the first bridge on the Susquehanna next to Baltimore, so that I might avoid the bays, be farther in the country, and have a better chance of seeing the Americans “at home”—as they actually existed; for staying in inns, travelling in stage-coaches, *et cetera*, and seeing only the population of large cities, is to see the people through a false medium, varnished over by the gloss of artificial modes and customs, and but too much corrupted by intercourse with the world. By keeping a direct course, like a ship in the ocean, and, like her, allowing for leeway—for it could not be expected that the road I had to walk upon would always lead in the precise direction I wanted to go—I conjectured I would meet with the people just as Providence presented them to me—the real people, the Republicans, not the politicians, but the real *bona fide* Democrats. I knew the precise spot where Baltimore lay from the point of my departure, and, to make the navigation complete in all respects, I was determined to ask nobody the road, but depend entirely upon the sun and my own head for guides.

Matters arranged, I started for Tarrytown in order to get a boat to cross the Hudson. On my way thither, I accosted a jolly-looking farmer, who was doing something in his cartshed, with, “Can you tell me, sir, if this is the straight road to Tarrytown?” “No, sir, it is not the straight

road, for it is a very crooked one.” I thanked the man for his wit, and went on. The road was actually none of the straightest, but that did not hinder me from reaching Tarrytown—a place of no consequence, except as being that near which André was taken by the American militiamen. I saw nothing like a town, except a few low houses on a kind of reef or breakwater, which, running out a short distance into the river, might be called by that name. But towns in the United States are very easily made: get up a store, an inn, a dwelling-house or two, and if you can add a church, so much the better; your town is already built. In the West they spring up like mushrooms—in a day's time. I have passed through more than one place called towns, and I was asking how far it was to them, long after I had passed through them. On the highway, a little above Tarrytown, I observed a neat two-story schoolhouse; and, at no great distance, I also saw a decent young man proceeding towards it with a step and mien as if he were going to be hanged. It must have been the schoolmaster. Yes, poor fellow, schoolmasters, and school-houses, and schools, are pretty much the same all over the world; plenty of toil and trouble, but very little for it. With three-fourths of all the schoolmasters in the world, the schoolhouse is a kind of penitentiary, where the poor fellow of a teacher has to get daily upon the worst kind of treadmill, in penance for his youthful indiscretions, or rather for that worst of all crimes, poverty.

The primary school system in the state of New York is, I believe, on a very good footing. What is called the school-fund, if I mistake not, is large; and there are numerous schools of all kinds scattered over the country. The United States deserve great credit for the attention paid to education, especially the Eastern and Middle States; and the Southern and Western are coming up pretty close behind them in the same honourable career. In all the public unsold lands, the General Government always keeps reservations for schools and colleges; and most if not all the Eastern and Middle States have school-funds, but how raised I do not recollect; for the past, the payment of the schoolmasters was much upon the same principle as the Scottish schoolmasters' salaries. Connecticut has a fund of two millions, and some of the other States are not far behind it in that respect. This is so far good, as the interest of such large funds, divided among the teachers, lowers the price of education to the people, and thereby enables the poor man to educate his family upon the same footing as the rich—that is, as far as primary schools are concerned. But would it not be an improvement, instead of adding more to such a large principal, to divide the surplus among the teachers, in order to enlarge their salaries, for certainly very few can maintain that the schoolmaster's income is too great? However, notwithstanding all that has been done, and is still doing in the United States for education, there appears to be “something rotten

in the State of Denmark ;" for, at a late meeting of some society or other in New York, a Dr Taylor asserted in his speech, that out of the 80,000 teachers in the United States, not 100 were fitted for fulfilling the duties of the station. What qualifications the Rev. Doctor may deem necessary in a primary school teacher, or professor, I know not ; but if his assertion be true—which I think very unlikely—so much the greater pity ; and if it be not true—which is very likely—the Doctor ought to be ducked in a horse-pond, and then heartily cow-hided by way of dessert.

Not getting a boat at Tarrytown, and after having taken a rest in a very poor house—for there are poor people in the United States, and plenty of them too—I took the road up the river for Peekskill, where I arrived late in the afternoon without anything uncommon happening. The country through which I travelled to-day was none of the richest, and very much broken and stony. I went into no houses, except a very mean-looking inn to take some refreshment—and the inside, sure enough, did not belie the out. I may add, that I passed along the Runicon Bridge, situated in rather a romantic spot. Peekskill is but a small place, not deserving the name of town, possessing only one store, a few houses, and no church that I saw. During the Revolution, it was a depôt for military stores.

I have mentioned the word store more than once, and as a store in America may be a different thing from a store in Europe, I may as well, once for all, tell the differences : In the Old Country, when one wants anything, he goes or sends to such a one's shop for it ; but, as it happens that mechanics have got their shops too, it would never do for such a respectable man as an American merchant to have one ; besides, Republican simplicity is very ticklish in such matters ; the shop has therefore been metamorphosed into a store, and what is actually the store is called the warehouse. As these stores in the country places sell a great variety of articles, they are, of course, like our meal-mills and smithies, great places of rendezvous for the neighbourhood ; and the storekeeper is generally a man of great influence.

Not long after I arrived at Peekskill, a boat with some young men was about starting for the other side ; and on requesting a place by them, they obligingly complied. For my fare I paid a shilling, or what they call an elevenpenny bit. From the decent appearance of the young men, I thought it somewhat curious that they should accept such a trifle from a stranger who cost them no trouble : but it is a very hard matter for an American to refuse a piece of silver when offered ; and, besides, the boat might have been a regular ferry-boat, which would greatly alter the case. I put up at an inn close to the place where we landed, built in the southern style—that is, the stairs leading to the upper story are on the outside, and land you upon a balcony, running the whole length of the house, which, of course, forms a kind of porch or veranda to the

lower story. The house was a very good one, and the landlord very civil.

Next morning, early, I started over a rough country, leaving Fort Montgomery two miles on the right. A good proportion of to-day's travel lay through woodland, and very stony. In proceeding along, I was much startled by a fox which came out of the wood, in rather too great a hurry, a few paces before me. I don't think he intended to frighten me, as, in his haste, he was half way across the road before he observed me ; when, stopping short, he looked very earnestly at me, and I did the same at him, for, being in a strange country, in my surprise I took him for a wolf or other savage animal. We both stood in the middle of the road, gazing at one another, as if we knew not upon what terms we had met, whether as friends or enemies, or whether we should advance or retreat. However, to make a decided change in the disposition of the parties, I lifted a stone, which sent my opponent out of sight in an instant—he taking his road and I mine.

The first town on my way was Goshen, a tolerably large village, and celebrated all over the States for its butter, although it appeared to me not to be in possession of the richest pastures. The fields, when I passed them, were black with the Spanish needle—a plant covered with a kind of prickles, which easily leave the plant and cleave to the sheep's fleece in such quantities that you cannot tell whether the sheep be black or white. This herb is very plentiful in all the pastures as far down as Virginia, and gives the country in many places a very black appearance. However it be, Goshen, as I have said, is famed for its butter ; and so great is the demand for it, that I am told there is no place where that article is so dear and scarce as Goshen—so much so indeed, that the Goshenites have to lubricate their bread with butter bought at New York.

CHAPTER II.

I inquired for the schoolmaster, and rested myself a little with him. He appeared to be a very quiet man, with a very decent wife, and a good many children. The house, the family, the *tout ensemble*, reminded me very much of that of a Scotch schoolmaster's. Leaving the teacher and Goshen, I afterwards passed Greenwood furnace, and through Monroe and Craigville, the latter consisting of only one store, a grist-mill, and a dwelling-house or two, romantically situated upon a small stream. The most remarkable feature of to-day's journey, was the large proportion of woodland I passed through ; and the same may be remarked as a general feature in American scenery, with the exception of here and there pieces cleared to a greater or less extent. Taking the line of road I have travelled in the United States as a sample, it was at one time through woodland, at another through cleared portions, but still with a sufficiency of timber on the farms ; now up-hill, and then down again, and so on repeatedly, with a

sameness in the appearance of the country, which rendered the travelling somewhat dull.

A little way past the Greenwood furnace, the road cuts a bank of very fine sand, which struck me as well suited for founderies.

At night I put up at the house of a Mr Anderson, a very respectable farmer, from the appearance of both him and his house. He was a quiet man, and spoke but little; but withal very kind, as also everybody about the house. Supper was over when I arrived, but I got a good bed, and next morning the breakfast-table literally groaned beneath the good things placed upon it. The main business with the cook, or whoever else set the table—for I saw no mistress—seemed to be, not how the dishes might be gracefully arranged, but to fill up every vacant nook with something or other. The Americans don't care so much about ceremony or taste—that of the palate excepted—but take good care to put plenty on the board, and then leave every individual to fill his stomach in the way he thinks best. I don't make the above remark because I happened to be well treated at Mr Anderson's, but I found it to apply, with a few exceptions, to all the people west of the Hudson. After breakfast, as it was raining very hard, the farmer, another man, and myself, sat down to shell hickory-nuts for the New York market—they bringing there about a dollar the bushel. These nuts, walnuts, and chestnuts, are very plentiful all over the United States, and, along with acorns, furnish a very nourishing food to vast droves of swine. There are two kinds of hickory-nuts, the large and the small; and both, like the walnut, are the better of a hammer to break them with. The wood is very tough, and of great use for many purposes; and it is from this good quality that General Jackson generally goes by the familiar appellation of Old Hickory; and surely of all the sobriquets that might be applied, none suits the stern, tough old chieftain more pertinently. In Virginia they have a method of splitting it into long thin pieces like tape, of many yards in length. These are worked, in a tub of warm water, into chair bottoms, and form by far the easiest to sit upon of any that I have tried.

The rain having stopped, and tired of shelling hickory-nuts, I again set forward on my journey, and, in the course of the day, passed through Warwick and Hamburg—both neat enough places. I don't know where I staid that night, but next night, I remember very well, I slept very comfortably in a corn-field. I had now got into New Jersey, and, by the time I reached Newton, the moon was also a good way on her journey. Having my pockets well filled with apples, my mind cheery, and my body light and springy, with the fine cool evening air, I thought it best to proceed, and make up for it by resting during the day; for the days were still very hot. I therefore marched on for a while very cheerily, but, by-and-by, a feeling of loneliness began to steal over me, with ardent longings after a warm fireside, a good supper, and a snug bed;

and these feelings became more intense when, on reaching a house, I observed all dark and silent about it, not even the baying of a dog to scare me—sure intimations that the inmates were all fast locked in the arms of sleep, and that it was now too late for me to gain admittance. House after house I passed, with the same uncheery notice that I must either walk all night or find a resting-place the best way I could. I chose the latter alternative, and the first corn-field I came to I made up my mind to make my bed there. For this purpose I collected a number of sheaves together, and made a kind of pent-house, in which, like the fox among the brambles, I for a while lay very comfortable: but, by-and-by, the cold, chilly air of night, notwithstanding all my care in patching my house, began to incommode me very much. I consequently, being now rested tolerably well, took the road again. When morning dawned, I found myself much tired, and in a very rough country, with the cleared places remarkably stony. One field, in particular, I observed on the side of a hill, where wheat had been growing, and, to all appearance, a good crop too; but, notwithstanding, it appeared astonishing to me how it could ever enter into the head of a farmer to think of sowing anything on such a place: you could not tell whether they had been sowing stones or grain, the crop of both being equally good; in fact, there was nothing like soil to be seen—no, nothing but stones and stubble. The stoniness of the land, however, can be very well accounted for, when it is remembered that I was now travelling among the spurs of the Kittakinny Mountains, which, farther to the southward, assume the name of Blue Ridge. My principal concern now was to get my breakfast; so, after having sat down by the road-side, and taken a little nap—for I was quite worn out—I proceeded to a house standing a little way off the road, on a piece of newly cleared land. It happened to be a German house, and the people could speak no English. I sat down, however, by a fine rousing fire, and took my smoke, while preparations for breakfast went cheerily onward—I, of course, expecting to partake, but as yet not knowing whether I was to have a share or not. I was not disappointed. The good woman pointed to a chair, before which, on the table, stood a huge bowl of coffee, with suitable accompaniments. You may be sure I made the breakfast of a king; for the table, although the people appeared to be none of the richest, was, in the American style, covered to excess; and, although early in the morning, everything was as clean and neat as if they had expected company. I believe, indeed, that on this identical morning I was one of the happiest mortals on earth.

The German settlers are a quiet, industrious, and cleanly race of people. I look upon them, as a body, as among the best citizens of the United States—at least they were very good citizens to me. When I went into any of their houses, I generally, in the Scotch fashion, bade them, "Good-day to you all." This was generally answered, by the one addressed, by a shake

of the head, as much as to say, "I don't understand you." My next manœuvre was to take a seat by the fire, if possible, pull out my pipe and light it, when it would not be long before some man or woman would take their seat on the opposite side of the fire, if not already there, as it were to keep me in countenance while smoking; and while whiff after whiff ascended the chimney, we would all the while be stealing glances at one another, not in a suspicious or hostile manner, but in a sort of kindly way, as it were, as if we had wished, if possible, to enter into conversation; for very commonly while this dumb-show way of friendly greeting was going forward, another individual would be placing upon the table apple-pies, milk, and other *et ceteras*, for the accommodation of my stomach, when the smoke was finished. In my peregrination through Pennsylvania, I met with many Dutchmen and Germans, and found my pipe to stand me in great stead. In the first place, it gave me an excuse for entering a house; and, in the second, it was a ready passport to their smoke-loving hearts. I was told by a German, that his countrymen and the Dutch, in these regions, have a great aversion to strangers—that is, to all those who cannot speak Dutch or German. That all such are by them called Irish; against whom, it seems, they have a bitter antipathy, but for what reason I could not learn. A man in such a predicament, I was further told, would travel in these parts with great danger of starving in the midst of plenty. But, thanks to my pipe, it was a good friend to me, supplying the places both of banker and interpreter.

Having filled my stomach, and thanked my kind entertainers the best way I could—for money they would take none—I set forward towards Hope, a lucky name; but the village, like the goddess frequently, turned out to be no great things. It had a dingy-looking appearance, and more of the antiquated air of European villages than any I had seen in the country. But, never mind, Hopeonians; hope is still hope—'tis the day-star, the beacon which leads men onwards from happiness to happiness, and without it the present is misery. Leaving the village behind, but not without another hope and brighter prospects before me, I jogged quietly on my way, until I reached a fine green knoll, shaded with hickory and chestnut, when I felt a most indomitable inclination to lie down and sleep. I have a great love to these green spots; they are oases in the wilderness of life; so, without more ado than choosing the shadiest chestnut, I laid myself down at its foot, and fell fast asleep. In such a position, in all good conscience I ought to have dreamed a handsome dream; and, if I had been some Samuel Johnson or other, I would have done so; but, as it was, I slept as sound as a marmot; and when I awakened, the sun was wheeling it rapidly down-hill towards the far west. My route soon abutted upon the Delaware—a charming river, with finely wooded banks—up which I wound my way, and, by-and-by, got mingled with the dismissed congregation

of a neat chapel, standing among the trees. I was informed by one of them that that day had been a high day—that a new organ had been just erected—and that all the world had been there to hear it play, to their great delight and astonishment. It was certainly a strange place for a church organ; but it is just like the United States—you will there find things in the woods which can be found in no other woods in the world. In the woods, and forests, and wildernesses of other countries, you may find wild beasts, banditti, and old baronial castles, and, maybe, ruins of various sorts; but in the woods, and forests, and wildernesses of the United States, in addition to the wild beasts, which are now getting scarce, you will stumble upon rising towns, and villages, and churches, and organs, and gentlemen, and ladies; and that in places too where one would never expect to find any such things—a sure mark of the rapid march of the settlement and civilization of the country.

In proceeding up the right bank of the river, I saw some handsome farms; and, hanging by the door of a house, I observed, for the first time, strings of peppers in pods of most beautiful red and green. Almost at every house I had hitherto passed, strings of apples, peeled and sliced, were suspended against the walls, in order to dry, for preserves and pies during the winter. These are very fine, and are sent down to the southern markets by barrelsfuls.

Night began to draw on again as usual, and, as I was determined no more to lie among corn-sheaves, I thought it best to look out for a bed in time. On turning a bend of the road, a large three-story stone house, with the door standing invitingly open, struck my view. A stone house is not a very common article, at least in the parts of the United States I have travelled—of course it struck me as belonging to some nabob or other; but never mind, quoth I to myself, let us try him—much better sleeping with gentlemen than rogues or corn-sheaves—so in I went. The first object that took my attention on entering, was a tall, gaunt-looking personage, in his shirt-sleeves: this was the master of the mansion; and, sitting by the fireside, was the son, still more robustious than the sire, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a fist that might have felled an ox; there were also two or three daughters, not a whit behind the males in bone and sinew. The family seemed to me to be some odd remnant of the Titans; and, to use a homely figure, although not altogether apposite, they very much resembled so many gaunt Irish oxen. The old man, a widower, was quite conversable, and somewhat of a wag; of course he and I soon got intimate. He told me he commonly went by the name of old Jack —, I forget his last name; and he was certainly in independent circumstances; for he was very rough, swore a good deal, and prided himself in being an atheist. Whether from vanity or a fit of kindness, I know not, but he took me through all the rooms in the house, high and low; and, by the time we got down, some visitors had called, one of them a decent young

man, whom I took to be a schoolmaster, from the circumstance of Jack asking me if I could write. Upon answering in the affirmative, he put a piece of chalk in my hand, intimating a wish that I should write something upon the door. Complying with his humour, I took the chalk and wrote the word *Delaware* backwards, at which he broke out into an uncontrollable fit of jumping about the room, and bandying the young man, as much as to say he was completely beaten at his own weapons. For supper we had boiled chestnuts; good enough things in their own place, but, like King Richard with Friar Tuck, I had strong suspicions that Jack and his family were used to stronger suppers than boiled chestnuts. It must be remembered, however, that many of the Americans, during the winter, make only two meals a-day—a breakfast and a late dinner—which accounts very well for the boiled chestnuts. Next morning's breakfast, anyhow, made amends for the meagreness of the previous night's supper; and after an invitation from my friend, Jack, to stay longer with him—but which my impatience to see what novelty the next turn of the road would present prevented me from accepting—I parted with him, and went on my way rejoicing. I proceeded about two miles further up the Delaware, and crossed that river at a small place called Columbia, remarkable for nothing that I could see but broken windows, and the piers of a bridge, which were either in course of being erected, or which had been stopped for want of funds. For want of the bridge, a man put me across in his skiff; and I think he told me that Columbia was about 200 miles above Philadelphia, following the course of the river; but it surely can't be so much as all that. I had now got into Pennsylvania, and, in appearance, into a totally different country from that which I had hitherto traversed—so much difference does the breadth of a river sometimes make. I had now got into a country where farming seemed to be better understood, where the houses were more substantially built, and the kitchens filled with pots of all sorts—copper pans burnished like gold, and shelves crowded with pewter stoups and plates—like to what I had seen in my young days in our ale-houses at home. To all these, were added a cleanliness and neatness corroborative of industry and comfort. The roads, too, were better; and the barns—yes, the Pennsylvania barns—are the most striking objects in the country, and surpass anything, I believe, of the kind in the known world, either for convenience or magnitude. In fact, they are more like factories than the things commonly called barns. In the end of one I counted no less than seven tiers of windows, all glazed and painted—true, a good many of these must have been supernumeraries, as there was one in the very angle at the top of the gable, which must certainly have been more for show than use; but it helps to shew what a Pennsylvanian Dutch farmer thinks of his barn. The lower story is used for feeding the cattle; and in the second, on each side of the house,

two large folding-doors open, through which they can drive their four-horse teams, loaded with hay, *et cetera*, right through the house, and deposit the burden, in passing, upon the mows. One would be apt to suppose that such large houses upon a farm were built more through vanity and display than utility; but it must be remembered that Pennsylvania is a great wheat country, and that they are not in the custom of stacking it, as with us. If I mistake not, all the crop is housed; and an extensive farm, of course, must require a barn of no small size; and if one of these, filled with produce, produces no emotion of pride, or vanity, or thankfulness in the owner, I think he deserves to be without one.

When I had surmounted the bank of the river, I stood for some time to gratify my eyes with the view down the narrow valley through which the Delaware flows. The valley being narrow, the view, of course, is confined, consisting of the slopes on each side of the river, finely variegated with farm and woodland; but away to the southward, following the course of the river, the eye wanders to the verge of the horizon, there leaving the imagination to roam still farther on the fertile banks, adorned with hamlets, towns, and cities. In progressing forward, I soon came to a large brick house situated a little way off the road. I mention this house, as it was the first of the kind I had seen, and will stand as a pattern for a great many more which the traveller will afterwards meet with, especially in Virginia. In Europe there are almost as many different styles of architecture as there are houses; and, I believe, I would be nearer the truth if I had said more, for there are some houses which are built in more than one style: but, in the United States, as far as private dwellings are concerned, there is not much display of architecture. When you have seen one brick house, you have seen all the brick houses in the country; as they are all the same, with the exception of the size, and, maybe, some other trifling modification. The same may be said of the log, frame, and stone houses—the first one you see is a kind of representative of all the rest. Leaving the houses in towns out of the question, the one of which I am now speaking was the first of the kind I had hitherto seen. It was three stories high, built of brick, and of proportional extent in front; at one end was attached a wing extending backward, so as to form, with the body of the house, the two sides of a right-angled triangle. In the present instance, this wing was three stories, but in some it is two, and in others only one. Around this large building—which certainly must have belonged to a Representative at the very least—there was nothing which had the semblance of pleasure-grounds. An English gentleman, whose estate enabled him to maintain so large a house as the above, would certainly lay off a portion in green and shrubbery, by way of ornament. But the case is somewhat different with the greater part of American gentlemen. As their income is derived, not from renting out, but cultivating

their property, they may be inclined to believe that the prettiest pleasure-grounds are those which are covered with wheat and Indian corn ; and I don't know but, after all, they are in the right. It may be remarked, that all these brick houses are new, and seem to be the commencement of a new order of things—a step nearer aristocracy ; the old log dwellings being by far too democratic now-a-days.

I'm not certain whether it was in this day's march or not that I went into a farm-house to rest myself. There was nobody in the house but the goodwife and her son, who was lying in bed sick of the fever. The old woman was of Dutch extraction, but spoke good English, and we soon entered into conversation.

"You don't belong to this country, I'm thinking," said she.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what country do you come from?"

"Scotland."

"Ay, Scotland ; that's far away?"

"Yes, ma'am, a long way from this."

"Have you been long in the States?"

"No, ma'am ; I'm newly come down from Canada."

"How do you like the country?"

"Oh, very well."

"Better than the Old Country?"

"No ; I like the Old Country best."

At this the old woman was taken rather aback, for an American cannot conceive how it can be possible for any one to love the Old Country better than America. She resumed—

"I have no doubt but your country is a fine country, but then you have got a King?"

"Well, what of that, provided I love my King and country?"

"Yes, but you are all slaves."

"That requires proof ; but, supposing we are, and we prefer being slaves to freemen, what hinders us from being as happy under a Kingly as you can be under a Republican form of government? I have not been long enough in the States yet to judge fairly of the comparative merits of the two governments, as regards the well-being of the great body of the people."

She shook her head ; but as she was busy covering the table with beef, potatoes, apple-pies, milk, and so forth, she had no time to reply.

"I'm thinking," said she, after she had finished her task, "that you have not got your dinner to-day yet ; you had better sit down to table and eat something."

The old lady guessed right ; so, without further ceremony than thanking her, I sat down to discuss something much more agreeable than the merits of the two countries ; and, as the good woman had spread the table expressly for me, I must confess I liked both her and her politics the better on that account. Excepting those which I had with my friend, the hatter, in coming down the Hudson, the above was the first political debate I had in the States ; but, as I progressed farther down the country, and began to get better acquainted with the nature of the

people, these disputes thickened much upon me. In fact, in that respect, I have literally had to battle my way through the country. The Americans, as far as I can see, have an idea that we are all slaves at home, or rather something worse ; nor can they comprehend how any man can be so foolish as to prefer a Monarchy to a Republic—or Europe to America. But the truth is, the Americans in general know just as much about the Old Country as the Old Country knows about them, and that is little or nothing, notwithstanding all the fine books that have been written about America and the Americans.

Having filled my stomach with apple-pie, and a second time thanked mine hostess for her kindness, I again took the road. During this day's march I travelled through a pleasant enough country ; and, towards nightfall, landed at a very comfortable-looking farm-house by the roadside, where I intended mooring for the night, provided the people were kind enough to let me stay. I entered. The evening fire was blazing cheerily up the chimney, and gleaming back from shelves well filled with pewter dishes of all sorts. Thought I, this is the very place for me ; so I addressed myself to one of three men who were sitting by the fire, taking him to be the master of the house. I was mistaken ; goodman he might be, but master he certainly was not, for, at the sound of my voice, a jolly-looking dame, who was sitting in front of the fire, with a child in her lap, turned her head round in my direction, and let fly a volley of Dutch, German, or Russian, I know not which, as I never studied these languages. It is easy, however, to translate "human natur," as Mr Slick calls it ; so, seeing there was nothing to be got there but a hearty scolding, and that not even "soft sawder"—Mr Slick's prime remedy in like desperate cases—could be of any avail, I turned upon my heel, and started for the door. I might have shaken the dust off my feet at the heroine, but as it is much more pleasant to bless than to curse, I left her to the pleasing reflections of her own good conscience, and went in search of a kindlier dwelling. Nor did I go far : the very first house I came to I was successful. To be sure it had a very ragged, wo-begotten physiognomy : 'twas evident it belonged to no Dutchman, and so much the better, thought I ; and as for its tumble-down appearance, misfortune begets commiseration, so there may be more compassion within these ragged walls than if they had been built of marble. A young man, in not much better plight than the house, was chopping firewood before the door. I asked him if he would be so kind as give me a bed for the night ; to which he gave me a ready reply, that I was welcome to such accommodation as his house afforded. We entered, and plenty of wood being heaped on, we soon had a good fire, and again I felt completely happy. The interior of the dwelling was as neat and clean as could be expected in such a crazy building ; but the principal piece of furniture that caught my attention was the mistress of the house, a very fine-looking young

woman, and withal very modest, quietly going about making preparations for supper. Among other items my host asked me what countryman I was, for he said he saw I was not American. I told him, of course, that I was a Scotchman. He could not believe it. I said I could not help that; for I could not make myself be born in any other country than the one I was actually born in. To resolve his doubts he had recourse to a school geography and atlas, from which he cross-examined me for a while to his entire satisfaction, and great honour to myself. Yes, says he, I see you're a Scotchman; and we'll have supper by-and-by. I don't know exactly what idea the Americans in general have of Scotchmen, but I believe it is a good one, for the Yankees call themselves the Scotch of America, and they are pretty 'cute chaps; and I myself, in more instances than one, have been kindly treated for being born in the "land o' cakes." But, somehow or other, it sometimes happened, as in the above, that it was with difficulty I could get credit for being so; and like enough, from my puny body and light-hearted disposition, they took me for a Frenchman. On sitting down to supper, which was a most excellent one, I was surprised by a door opening in the corner behind me, and a man of gentleman-like appearance making his entrance, and quietly taking his seat at table. As, during the repast, there was little or no conversation, my mind was busy forming conjectures upon who or what the stranger might be, or what could induce him to take up his quarters in such a ruin. Having supped, he retired as silently as he came, and went up stairs again to his solitary garret. Being a stranger myself, I did not like to make any inquiries about him, but went to bed immediately on rising from table, being much fatigued with my day's travel. Contrary to expectation, my supper, as I have said, was a good one, and my bed, to my no small surprise, was still better. The bed was soft as down, and the sheets as white as soap and bleaching could make them; and although the sickly state of the walls afforded quite a sufficiency of moonlight through them, yet I found myself remarkably comfortable, and it was not long ere gentle sleep, the friend of the weary, with its soothing and balmy influence, came stealing over my eyelids. Before I sleep, however, I wish to make this remark, that the Americans, whether they can get clothes and houses or not, always manage, somehow or other, to get plenty to eat. The above remark, too, does not rest for its truth only upon the state of things as seen in the house I am now lying in, but upon a great many more instances of the like kind, which I could mention.

Next morning, after having breakfasted and helped the man to gather some apples for the cider-press, I started upon further adventures. To-day I passed some lakes, which, however, the people called ponds—pretty large ponds, forsooth—but the Americans are so used to big rivers and lakes, that a stream which, in England, would make a most noble Thames, in America is only a branch or creek; and a lake which, in the Old

Country, would form an important part in the landscape to the splendid palace on its shore, in the New is only a pond—nothing but a mere pond. No wonder doctors differ. My first resting-place was at a small cottage at the foot of a hill, or rather rock, close by the wayside. One room was the only chamber in the dwelling, but, like the generality of American rooms, it was clean and neat. A good bed stood in one corner, and before it, on the ground, was a rug to keep the feet warm and dry on retiring to rest. By the fire was an elbow-chair, and in said chair sat a little old man, with a nightcap on his head, while his old helpmate was "todlin" about the house, doing various little, necessary turns. The old man was pleasant and sociable, and he and I soon got into familiar conversation. He was, moreover, a Methodist minister, and whether I told him or not that I was brought up in the Presbyterian persuasion I don't recollect, but I know we managed to get pretty deep into the comparative merits of the Arminian and Calvinistic creeds. The latter and its reputed author he held in utter abhorrence. Being no great adept in school divinity, the little old man had things pretty much his own way; and if his discourse did not shew much learning or cogency of reasoning, it at least shewed the goodness of his heart—a thing much superior. He dwelt much upon the passage, "God is love," and, of course, deduced from it his conclusions that such a good being could not possibly doom any son of Adam to eternal damnation. But he ought to have remembered, and the Methodists along with him, that there are a great many more passages than the above in the Bible, and also that the Supreme Being possesses a great many more attributes besides that of love. Further, the Arminians ought to recollect that no descendant of fallen Adam has any right, claim, or title to the least particle of the love of God; and that, thousands of years ago, our fallen ancestor subscribed virtually and *de facto* to his own damnation. Further yet, it is declared by an express revelation, that man cannot save himself; and, in the nature of things, it is utterly impossible that he could do so, however willing. Well, then, the whole work of man's salvation must necessarily rest upon God, who is love, both to will and to do 'of his own good pleasure. But all men are not saved. God, then, does not vouchsafe of his love to those who are not saved, or else they would be so, for God is stronger than man. I have already said that I am not much versed in theology; for a voucher, therefore, I give the Arminians the Apostle Paul. Perhaps they look upon him as no great authority in the question, but he is the best I have; and from what little study I have given his writings, it is very plain to my mind, that, in every sense of the word, he was a strict Calvinist; or rather Calvin, far from being the author of the creed which goes by his name, was, in reality, a strict Paulist. So much for divinity. Having got my smoke, and the old man's blessing, I trudged along the road again. Little worthy of remark occurred to-day; I passed through much the

same kind of country as heretofore ; and in the evening I passed Nazareth on my right, it not lying exactly on my course. It is inhabited, I believe, principally by the Moravian brethren. At night I slept at a German's house, and the people were kind enough to me. In the morning—and a most beautiful morning it was—I started early, and got to Bethlehem somewhere in the forenoon. It is a fine town, and finely

situated on the Lehigh ; very clean, with a handsome inn and some large stores. It is the headquarters of the Moravian brethren in Pennsylvania, if not in the United States. The Society's buildings are on a large scale, resembling colleges, barracks, or cotton-mills, as you like to take it ; and, I think, somebody told me, they possessed a great deal of property throughout the town.
(*To be continued.*)

CLARKSON AND THE MESSRS WILBERFORCE.

To the Editor of Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,—You have manifested so warm an interest in Mr Clarkson's cause, against his depreciators, that I am encouraged to forward to you a communication, the first portion of which, concerning no one but myself, would not merit your attention ; but it will be compensated by what follows.

In my supplement to Mr Clarkson's *Strictures on the Life of Mr Wilberforce*, I have stated that the books of the Abolition Society, instead of proving that Mr Wilberforce from the beginning directed the Society, (as stated by the biographers,) shew him in scarcely any other light than as being engaged to conduct their cause in the House of Commons. Commenting on their statement that the Committee were persuaded, by Mr Wilberforce's arguments, to modify and rescind certain resolutions, I said, "There is no trace in the books of any modifying," &c. ; but, at the same time, I (p. 131) quoted a minute of the 28th of July 1788, directing that Mr Clarkson should pay regard to "advice contained in Mr Wilberforce's letter of the 8th of July." Now, to my great surprise, I have just discovered in the books the very minute the existence of which I so unqualifiedly denied. It is in these words:—

"15th July 1788.

"The resolution of the committee on the 1st instant, for calling a general meeting of the Society on the 7th of August next, being read ; and many doubts respecting the expediency of the measure, at this juncture, having arisen in the minds of several members ; and a letter from William Wilberforce, dated Rayrigg, the 8th instant, to the treasurer, containing many forcible arguments against it, being produced—

"Resolved unanimously—'That the calling a general meeting of the Society be for the present suspended.'"

This minute fully justifies the statement of the Messrs Wilberforce as to this one transaction ; and I very much regret my unaccountable oversight. I owe to the Messrs Wilberforce an apology for my mistake ; but I owe it to myself to remark, that it was, after all, absolutely immaterial as to the great question at issue between them and Mr Clarkson. The only object of these citations from the books is, to shew how much or how little Mr Wilberforce actually interfered in the business of the Committee, beyond what must be done by any one who conducts Parliamentary business. Now, this newly disco-

vered minute adds nothing to the information given by the one before printed by me. It still remains a very remarkable fact, that there is no evidence on the books of Mr Wilberforce having ever suggested a single idea, beyond that of warning the Committee against giving "offence to the Legislature by forced, unnecessary associations." Mr Clarkson having organized the Society, and brought Mr Wilberforce into connexion with it, proceeded to establish Societies through the kingdom ; Mr Wilberforce, with the instinct of a friend and partisan of Mr Pitt, naturally enough objected to so much agitation, and succeeded in checking what he thought too active measures ! And on this single act rests the right of Mr Wilberforce's son to represent him as the *Director* of the Committee. I have set out the several references to him.

I have now, sir, to lay before you a document of a very different character. You will bear in mind that the biographers state, that Mr Wilberforce had received so unfavourable an impression of the character of Mr Clarkson's history, that he, at one time, resolved not to read it ! Now, the letter which Mr Wilberforce wrote to Mr Clarkson, on receiving a presentation copy, has been very lately found. I send you a copy of it, because it supplies a most significant comment on that text:—

"May 20, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been, for several days, intending (indeed ever since I heard the book was out) to write to Mr Allen, to beg him to secure me a copy. That which is now on my table will be more valuable to me, on account of its being your gift. I shall assign it a distinguished place in my library, as a memorial of the obligations under which all who took part in the Abolition must ever be to you, for the persevering exertions by which you so greatly contributed to the final victory. That the Almighty may bless all your other labours of love, and inspire you with a heart to desire, a head to devise, and health and spirits to execute them and carry them through, is the cordial wish and prayer of your faithful friend, &c.

"W. WILBERFORCE.

"I beg my remembrances to Mrs Clarkson. My wife would join ; but I never get to her, at Broomfield, from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning."

This letter does not amount to a recognition of

the correctness of Mr Clarkson's statements, (Mr Wilberforce's continued friendship with Mr Clarkson to the day of his death prove that ;) but the letter is in this respect very remarkable; that while others have idly objected to Mr Clarkson's History on the ground that it contained too much of Mr Clarkson's own doings, Mr Wilberforce assigns it a distinguished place in his library, for no other reason than it is a " memorial of the obligations of all Abolitionists to him for his persevering exertions"—that is, because it records his own actions. The pious prayer that follows shews in what estimation Mr Wilberforce held the " other labours of love," " the heart to desire, the head to devise," &c. of his friend. Mr Wilberforce, writing such a letter, had no presentiment that his sons, becoming his biographers, would one day endeavour to cast all possible reproach on that same book; that they would not refer to it as an authority even when their statements had no other authority; asserting of it that it contains numberless misstatements, which

they declined pointing out ! Nor did he anticipate at any time that they would do—what the public are sufficiently apprized of, and it may be added, have generously resented.

It must be allowed that the attempt to degrade has been turned into the conferring of honour ; and that it is to the Messrs Wilberforce that Mr Clarkson is indebted for this ; that he has been allowed to take possession, during his life, of a portion of that " estate " which good men, as well as wits, in the usual course of events, " inherit after death." Had the Messrs Wilberforce never written, posterity would have assuredly assigned Mr Clarkson the first, and Mr Wilberforce the second place of glory, in effecting the Abolition of the Slave-trade ; but Mr Clarkson's merits would not, without their fostering aid, have been thus honouringly and honourably acknowledged during his life.—I am, Sir, yours,

H. C. ROBINSON.

Plowden Building,
20th April 1839.

GUIZOT ON DEMOCRACY.*

THE work, the title of which we have subjoined, was originally written by M. Guizot, as a contribution to one of the latest numbers of the *Revue Francaise*—a Doctrinaire monthly periodical, commenced in the last years of the Restoration, suspended in 1830, and revived in 1837. The second series is, in our opinion, destined to possess no farther value than as representing, in some sort, the registry of the decease of that political and philosophical eclecticism the registry of whose birth was represented by series the first. M. Guizot's contribution has had the honour of being twice translated into English, the one quoted by us being the second and best translation. It has also been done into German, praised and quoted by both Whig and Tory journals, and designated to the public as an important tract on an important subject.

The importance of the subject we are by no means disposed to deny. It is immense and urgent : immense, for the safety of generations depends on it—urgent, for a time approaches when the solution of the problem may, with us, as throughout all Europe, be imperiously called

for. And, whatever may be said, it is to a presentiment of this epoch universally diffused—to the too long despised power of this word, DEMOCRACY, dazzling us here in the first page, and which, though branded not long since as the watchword of certain obscure fanatics, now meets us as if by enchantment—the nucleus of all questions of any weight—the burden of all writers, even the most quiet-loving, to whatever rank they may belong : to this it is we attribute, in a great degree, the interest that M. Guizot's pamphlet seems to have excited ; for its real importance is, in our opinion—(can we hope to be pardoned by our Whig and Tory contemporaries?)—none, or next to none. Perhaps the most evident lesson it teaches, is the incapacity of the Doctrinaire or Juste-Milieu school to comprehend the existing question, and the inevitable degradation of superior talents, as often as they undertake the defence of an unjust cause.

The abilities of M. Guizot are really superior, and destined him for something better than the part he has played since 1830.† Freely disposed

* Democracy in Modern Communities, translated from the French of M. Guizot. London : Senior. 1838.

† " How can M. Guizot bring himself to lay his noble mind at the service of the intriguers and jackals of a Court ? How can he, who is an honest man, feel himself at ease in the midst of a ministerial crew, so servile and depraved ? Does not he, who has so closely inspected the bottom of so many false hearts—of so many debauched consciences—of so much venal or pride-pandering corruption—does not he blush to his eyelids at the position he fills ? How can he, a Protestant, whose ancestors endured persecution for the liberty of religious opinion, forbid the liberty of political opinion to those who have been the sovereign manipulators of charters, of oaths, and of kings ? He who demanded the abolition of the punishment of death, how could he propose that writers should be condemned to the thousand times more cruel penalty of transportation—to the sullenness of a desert isle, under a sky of fire ? He, a man of feeling and taste, how could he set material interests, so coarse and brutal, above the interests of morals—above the sacred love of country and liberty—above all those noble affections which are the life, the charm, and the grandeur of a civilized people ? God has permitted him so much evil, in chastisement for his pride. . . . Pride fills too much of his soul, to leave any room there for other sentiments. He would be the first to dive into the ocean, for that he should drown would be contrary to the fitness of things ; and he believes in his own infallibility with a violent and desperate faith.

" M. Guizot is of short and slender stature ; but he has expressive features, and fine eyes, with extraordinary fire in their glance. His bearing and aspect have something severe and pedantic, as have all the professors, and particularly those of the Doctrinaire sect—the sect of pride. His voice is full, sonorous, and positive—if it exhibit not the flexible emotions of the soul, it is rarely hollow or husky."—*Studies on the Parliamentary Orators*, by Timon, (M. Cormenin,) 1837.

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to do justice to his volumes on European History, though they are destitute of all insight into the future—recognising the gravity and the conscientiousness of his disquisition on our own Revolution, though the light in which he compares it with the French Revolution, appears to us totally false—ready to admit all that there is of excellence in his character, provided it be also admitted that the love of power has modified it considerably—we do not contest his right to the first place among the men who compose the Doctrinaire phalanx. Alone, perhaps, among them, does he possess the qualities requisite for the chief of a party; for he alone, perhaps, has a decided system and a resolute purpose—he alone knows from whence he is setting out, and whither he wants to go. The middle-class Aristocracy which has substituted itself for that of blood, has not a more able supporter, a more faithful representative than he. Only, what are we to say of a party who thus make intelligence slay its best friends—who force men, matured by searching historical study, to break the law of continuity, which is the very foundation of history—sturdy spirits, to speak in misty and unintelligible phrases—hardy and choleric politicians, to recoil before the antagonist, *Idea*—to attack it by by-paths, and never confront it bravely and honourably?

All this there is in the pamphlet of M. Guizot.

All this there is; and, what is still worse, there is nothing but this. Wherefore, we should not have cared to write these few pages, had we not espied danger, on the one hand, in the exaggerated reputation which, for some time—not without design perhaps, on the part of certain persons—has been gaining currency amongst us for M. Guizot, the statesman; and if, on the other hand, we had not found in this little essay a summary expression of the general tactics that govern the operations and discussions, parliamentary or otherwise, of the entire party.

The danger we refer to is that of suffering to be resold to ourselves—brushed, smartened, trimmed, and disguised by a Continental cut—those very clothes that M. Guizot bought from us some fifteen years since; that of becoming enamoured of a translation, just precisely when we begin to weary of the original; that of retracing a road already gone over, fancying ourselves all the while on the march forward. We can now but enunciate this danger, without further explanation; with a promise to return to it, should the case occur.

Their tactics, summed up in as few words as possible, are these:—Whenever you desire to refute a principle and impede its action for the future, begin by approving all that it has effected in the past. You risk nothing by accepting what is accomplished Fact; and you give yourself an appearance of impartiality and moderation, which, with the majority of readers, will create a presumption in your favour. The business of the past thus settled, you have nothing further to do with it—all your efforts are to be directed to the perversion of the principle—a question falsified

is a question destroyed. Take the material expression of the principle, the mechanical process of its agency, and constantly substitute this last enunciation for the enunciation of the principle itself. Analyse the principle, then take, *one by one*, and separately, the elements composing it, and shew what there is incomplete in each of them. Never look at the whole—never define—nothing more dangerous—talk phrases—be positive; and, if you succeed so far as to get your position of the question accepted, the victory is yours, and in the deduction from your premises you may play the logician at your ease.

We are much deceived if, among all the political works of the school known as the firm of Cousin, Guizot, & Co., there be found a single one that does not, more or less, betray the influence of the above system. And this we can rapidly verify by the little sample before us.

The democratical Fact exists; it exists in a state of power; it has fought, conquered, destroyed other rival powers. Like the ghost in Hamlet, it reveals itself here, there, and everywhere. Some hope in it, others tremble at it, none deny it. Of the two writers who furnished M. Guizot with the occasion for his article, the one, M. Billiard, belonging to the Republican creed, maintains, in his "Essay on the Democratic Organization of France," that the existing condition of society "must inevitably tend to establish an equality of political rights, universal suffrage, and, in fact, end in a republic." The other, M. Alletz, yesterday siding with the Carlists, to-day with the Doctrinaires, asserts, in his book "On the New Democracy, or the Habits and Influence of the Middle Classes," that "the natural result of this condition is the consolidation of a constitutional monarchy, (as established by the Revolution of 1830,) in the spirit of the charter, and in the persons of the present dynasty." If democracy be nothing more, as his title would indicate, than *the aristocracy of the middle classes*, he is perfectly right; but "all unanimously concur in admitting that the present state of society is thoroughly democratic, and that the democratic principle will ultimately triumph over every other." Let us not, however, suppose that M. Guizot mistakes his path so far as rashly to abjure this principle; far from it—he takes it under his protection. "Assuredly," says he, "there must be truth, considerable truth, in this opinion." Is there not, as it were, a shade of sadness hovering over these words? It may be—and that is all; a mere passing cloud, a weakness hastily suppressed. M. Guizot performs his part with tolerable grace; he creates himself the historian of democracy: he recounts and confirms its conquests. "It has destroyed"—these admissions are precious—"the feudal system, or the personal power of one man over another, by virtue of the right of property; the system of castes, or the immovable and perpetual concentration of social privileges and power in the hands of a few; the system of the right divine, lay or ecclesiastical—that is, the presumption of representing God upon earth, and the suppres-

sion of all human control over power: these are the victories of modern democracy. They are victories at once glorious and legitimate."—P. 16.

Now, should we not expect that M. Guizot would go on to educe the law of the movement of futurity from a principle endowed with so much vitality? Should we not expect that, whilst seeking to imbue its march with regularity, he would go on to assign its future conquests? Should we not suppose that, strong in the past and in that prophetic series of successive emancipations so logically accomplished, he would go on to cry in the ear of the retrograde and stationary—"Movement is the law of the world; all your efforts will but communicate a violent and dangerous character to that force whose action will evolve itself mildly and productively if it encounter no obstacles. You could not prevent the transmutation of the slave into the serf, of the serf into the peasant and artisan—you will not prevent the transmutation of the peasant and artisan into the citizen."

Alas, no! This would be logical enough for us, who have no reason for halting on our route; but not so for M. Guizot. He has two systems of logic; one for the past, the other for the future—or rather for the existing state of things—which he intends to maintain as long as possible. M. Guizot is revolutionary—but only to the year 1830; progressive—but only to the amended charter of the 7th of August. On that day democracy should have sent in her resignation. In destroying the aristocracy of blood, she did well—M. Guizot is not noble; but for the moneyed or middle class aristocracy, let her beware of touching it—M. Guizot is of the middle class. If she has overturned the eldest branch of the Bourbons, so far so right; but for the youngest, that is immortal. And so with the rest. What talk you of the eternal rights of humanity—of the incessant working going on in its bosom? Entire humanity has worked but to achieve the charter of 1830; and, perhaps, too, the laws of September worked just so far as to attain the system of M. Guizot. Humanity is truly fortunate; she has now only to repose in quiet. By a legislative labour of seven hours, the seventh of August raised those Pillars of Hercules, beyond which there is to be no progress.

What if some one should say to M. Guizot—There are no pillars of Hercules known to progression? God alone has fixed them; and we know not how he should have revealed his secret to you. In virtue of what right, of what criterion, of what principle, then, do you dare to determine their place? On what law do you rest yourself, in pronouncing that certain conquests of the human mind are lawful, while others are not so? How do you dare to approve the past, if it be not in virtue of a principle traced up to God himself, and legitimating the movement hitherto pursued? If you possess the knowledge of this principle, why not proclaim it boldly? Can it be that this principle would be inconvenient to you? If, instead of

bowing down only before the material Fact of conquests already accomplished, you should recognise in this Fact a manifestation of the will of that God who is the eternal source of the life of humanity, would you not also be compelled to ratify all the conquests that humanity may accomplish in the future? These conquests which you have just approved are either merely the fruit of chance, of capricious revolt crowned with success—and, in that case, by what title do they appear to you *glorious*; by what title do you declare them *legitimate*—that is to say, in conformity with the law of the existence of humanity—or, rather, they are the effect of a divine impulse, in accordance with which men unceasingly strive to develop themselves—to associate themselves—to perfect themselves—to approximate themselves to that UNITY willed by God when he caused humanity to proceed from a single man—to that LIBERTY willed by God when, placing before them good and evil, right and wrong, he made them responsible for their choice—to that EQUALITY (which is, at bottom, but liberty for all, and without which liberty is but a bitter deception) willed by God when he gave to all an immortal soul, called to the same certain end—to that ASSOCIATION, lastly, willed by God when he made man a being essentially social, and unable to exist where there exists not a common law, a common aim, a common consent, a common co-operation: and, in this case, how dare you fix an arbitrary limit to the activity of this impulse? How dare you shackle the march of the People? How dare you hinder them from overturning successively all the obstacles that ambition and selfishness may heap on their route? The People first encountered the aristocracy of the nobles, and overturned it. It did well, say you: true—but why will it not do equally well in overturning all else that may rise before it? France has overthrown Louis XVI. and Charles X. She did well, say you still. But was it because Louis XVI. and Charles X. were called by these particular names that she did well; or, is it that she would do well to overthrow every influence, by what name soever called, which threatens to strike at her nationality, her honour, her liberty of progress? Very evidently, it cannot be from a *detail*, but from a *principle*, that we must deduce the legitimacy of the undertakings of humanity. It cannot be the overthrow of the aristocracy of *nobility*, or of any particular man who may encroach on the rights of the mass, that forms its destiny, but rather the overthrow of ARISTOCRACY, by whatever term of privilege and exclusiveness it may be called—whether it may be incarnate as a man or as a caste, as a king or as a tribune, as an individual or as an assembly; and, by interdicting the democracy from combating the aristocracy of the *middle* classes, whilst you are lauding its contests with the *higher* classes, are you doing aught else than renouncing every rational basis for the appreciation of events, and substituting for law the caprices of your own individual impressions?

To this—judging from his pamphlet—M. Guizot has little to offer in reply ; at least, nothing directly ; but, by suddenly changing his ground, he takes the question in another point of view. You can—he says to Democracy—you can only reject, overthrow, destroy ; you can build nothing ; you possess not a single positive principle able to organize anything. Now, the world cannot repose on ruins—cannot live on negations. Thus, it is not I who desire to arrest progression ; it is you who are unable to produce it. Answer me that.

There is in this argument, coming from M. Guizot, a great deal of chicanery, which we could be well content to meet by a series of interrogations.

What is to destroy ? we would ask of M. Guizot—What is to build ? Is not to reject anything, to affirm its contrary ? When the religion of Christ superseded the Pagan belief of two nations, and produced, in consequence, the Abolition of Slavery in Europe, did it not make for humanity the first essential step towards its union ? When Democracy rejected the feudal power, did it not affirm human liberty ? When it overthrew the influence of castes, did it not proclaim the equality of men amongst each other ? On these two bases of all association, has there not been organized, in America, something which, though far from being faultless in our eyes, yet lives, proceeds, and prospers, at least as much as any government now existing in Europe ? Moreover, would not the argument have applied at the very birth of Democracy as well as at the present day ? and, if it had been applied and admitted, should we not have been deprived of those two conquests or successive overthrows which M. Guizot proclaims to be glorious and legitimate ? Would it not have been far more natural to affirm that no principle can effect the work of organization till it has annihilated the opposing principle in all its manifestations ; and that the aristocratic principle not being yet conquered—since its existence in the middle classes is the very pith of the present question—we have no right to reproach the still unthroned Democracy with its inaptitude for organization ? When we have asked all this, we shall have done but one half of our questioning. But it is our wish to meet M. Guizot on his own ground.

Democracy (says M. Guizot) has only two principles wherewith to re-organize. These are—"Personal sovereignty, or the right of every individual over himself ; the sovereignty of the number—which its partisans, in order to disguise it, term the sovereignty of the People—or the right of the majority over the minority. Whoever considers modern Democracy closely, will discover that all its ideas, all its attempts at social organization issue from and finally return to these principles."—P. 17. He then goes on to examine these *one by one*, (see above,) and thence to prove the impotence of these two principles, which should, on the contrary, harmonize themselves into a true Democratic constitu-

tion. This should be particularly remarked ; for, in the separate consideration of two elements equally sacred in our eyes—but which are only complete the one by the other—rests all the force of M. Guizot's pamphlet.

Straitened as we are for space, we cannot stop to point out our author's errors in what he says on personal sovereignty. Besides, no one maintains that the sovereignty of the *individual* over himself can singly furnish the basis of a charter for the social system. All association has a common end ; and this is not implied in the right of each over himself. Agreeing, then, at bottom, we shall only observe, that M. Guizot's assault on this principle is, on his part, a logical error. His philosophy, in fact, like all the *eclectic* philosophy, rests on no other basis than this very sovereignty of Eco.

But, on the Sovereignty of the People—a phrase which, in accordance with the tactics before explained, M. Guizot abandons for that of the sovereignty of the number—we have much to observe.

First, On a close examination of the argument, we find that all M. Guizot's declamation on the oppression of the minority by the majority—the inevitable consequence, he says, of the sovereignty of the People—goes to object to the consent of the greatest number, that same right of each individual over himself, which he has the moment before been condemning. The right of the minority cannot, indeed, be aught else than the right of a part against the whole—that is, of *individuality* against *association*.

Secondly, What is the meaning of all this argument coming from a constitutional writer and ex-minister ? What is a constitutional government, such as now exists, if it be not a government of the majority ? What decides the proceedings of the State, unless a majority of Parliament ? Whence the nature and bias of a majority of Parliament, save from a majority of electors ? Only, as in ancient states, there were a mass of slaves without the pale of all institutions, political and social, there are now an unrepresented *People* without the sphere in which power is constituted : but in what does this change the question ? In the system that M. Guizot attacks, parliamentary majorities would represent the majority of the nation ; now, they represent but the majority of a small fraction. Is that, perchance, the advantage of the present system ? Taking M. Guizot's position, there are now two oppressions, in place of one, on the part of the Parliamentary majority—an immediate oppression of the parliamentary minority or of the represented ; an eventual oppression of the whole mass of the unrepresented. In our system there would be but one—the first. The inconvenience pointed out, then, belongs to both systems, but to his much more than to ours. To parry this, M. Guizot would have but one remedy—that of right divine, and the infallibility of power. Perhaps he has detected this ; perhaps his constant choice of examples from the constitution of a family, hides an instinctive predilection

for a government of a *paternal despotism*. He dares not, at all times, be logical ; perhaps, also, it occurs to him that there is hope that France may a second time find its saviour in him. It is by the aid of this parliamentary majority that his friends strive to reconquer it for him.

Moreover, this is not the question ; and all this solicitude for minorities, pleasant enough from the mouth of a minister who declared from the tribune that it was necessary to govern by fear, tends but to falsify it.

As respects society, there is oppression only where there is injustice. Whenever what is done is out of regard to the good, to the duty, to the object, to the principle of association, there is, on the one side, a right to impose—on the other, a duty to submit : selfishness alone can then complain. Are the chances greater, however, that this may happen under the system to which M. Guizot belongs, than under our own ? In other words, is it more easy to find the expression of a love for the general good, which is the object of association, in the universality of the elements composing it—that is, in the People ; or, rather, in a class—that is, in some one of these elements, in some one of these interests, no matter whether patrician or territorial ?

There is the question—there only—and the ex-minister has not even hinted at it. To be in a position to judge of it, or even to throw the least light on it, a beginning must be made by a sound, rational, and complete definition of the words *people* and *sovereignty*. M. Guizot has not done so. He has altogether taken the material fact for the principle—the sign for the idea—the effect for the cause. In the People, he sees but an agglomeration of a certain number of *individual* interests—in the sovereignty, one numeral greater than another—in the will of the national majority, a caprice.

Now, it is not true that the People is but the sum, the agglomeration of the interests of all the *individuals*. A *People*—and we have said it before, in an article on Siamondi—our People is not a class, even though it should be the most numerous ; it includes all—it is not a mob drawn together by chance. It is an *association* of men on an ascertained territory, with an ascertained language ; it is one country, one law, a moral and material unity, a common interest, a common aim—all this it is that constitutes a nationality. And in this there is nothing of obscurity, or of abstruse theory : The first among us who, being asked, “ Who are you ? ” shall proudly reply, “ I am a Briton,” will say all that we have just said. He will express, by these words, that he has a country—that he is attached to it—that he seeks, not only the satisfaction of his moral and physical wants as a man and an individual, but also as an Englishman and a citizen—that he not only cherishes his own honour, but that he feels himself bound also to that of his country—that, not only does he like to be able to carry his head boldly amidst his family, and in his personal transactions, but also before the children of other nations—that he desires that

his country's flag should be environed with love at home, and welcomed with respect and sympathy abroad—that it is his wish that the rank and the mission marked out for his nation, by her situation, her strength, and the principles of her constitution, should be faithfully preserved. In a word, that he recognises in himself a double existence, personal and social.

Neither is it any truer that the Sovereignty is but a numeral more or less great ; for the Sovereignty is not power, but the legitimacy of power ; and this legitimacy in an association can only be found in its tendency to discharge its functions in the stead and for the good of the entire body—that is, for the common end, for the common interest, and for the common progress. Wherever this is not, power is an usurper. The Sovereignty of the People signifies, then, the sovereignty of the national aim—the sovereignty of a tendency to the progressive welfare of the association. Now, this tendency that constitutes the legitimacy of power, should manifest itself by acts. There must, then, be established a mode of verifying it by the test of action ; so that the legitimacy of power may be contested if this tendency be wanting, or the submission and co-operation of all be guaranteed if it be present. Now only begins, if we may so call it, the question of the numeral.

The democratical opinion maintains, that the universality of the nation, for whose good power ought to execute its functions if it desire to be legitimate, is alone able to judge whether what has been done be for its good, and that the only possible means of expressing this conviction, is national or universal suffrage.

The opinion with which M. Guizot sides, maintains that to a fraction of the nation belongs the right of suffrage, and that of judging if the functions of power be employed for the common end, for the good of the universality.

But, whatever may be the solution adopted, how, after these brief explanations, are we to estimate the language of M. Guizot ? how describe the cunning with which he endeavours to terrify consciences, by likening the exercise of the national sovereignty to that of brutal and capricious force, by constantly talking of the aggregate and the numeral without announcing what they represent ? Whom does he pretend to refute, when he cries, in the tone of an alarmed moralist, that the will alone is not the legitimate law of man, that it cannot make what is just unjust, and that “ reason and justice are completely supreme over all will ? ” This is perfectly true ; but Democracy admits this supremacy of the moral law as fully as M. Guizot—she admits it so fully that she is seeking which may be her better method for its interpretation and application. But, as M. Guizot has not the law in his pocket—as it is written only in the history and experience of generations—as it has not yet been proved to her that either M. Guizot, or his friends, or the doctrine he preaches, are universal history and experience incarnate—she inquires whether she be more likely to see it oftenest interpreted and applied,

by confiding it to the whole of society or to a minority? In treating of the existence or non-existence of the law, M. Guizot has discussed a question that does not exist—that no one has provoked. Now, if it be permitted to discuss the value of democracy, it is not permitted to calumniate it—it is not permitted to M. Guizot, if he really mean well, and therefore conscientiously studies the opinions and progress of the age, to be ignorant of the ground on which the democrats of the present day pursue their labours—it is not permitted to him, a continental writer, to be ignorant that, all around him, the formula *Sovereignty of the People*, is better understood at this day than it was in the time of Rousseau—to be ignorant that existing democracy has far outstepped the narrow and reactionary idea of *right*—that she is no longer in the hands of materialism—that she has inscribed on her flag, *God and the People*—that the word *duty* has sprung up to aggrandize the question, and endue it with all the sanctity of a religious source—to be ignorant of La Mennais, of the principal political schools of his own country, and of the entire associations of other lands, that have for their point of departure the ideas we have set forth.

Neither can it be allowed, as we have already remarked, to separate, one by one, for the purpose of refuting, the elements of a complex idea, without taking into account what may proceed from their combination; for it is not by analysing the substances composing a medicine, and discovering each to be pernicious or inefficacious, that we form our opinion of its value.

The sovereignty of the individual is legitimate.

The sovereignty of the people is legitimate.

For there is a sphere of action, springing entirely from the individual, which lives in him, having respect to the personal wants of his physical and moral life; and for these it is necessary that the individual sovereignty exercise itself freely.

And there is a sphere of social action, springing from the ideas of country and nationality—from a common aim—from the vital principle of association, internally and externally applied; and for these it is necessary that the social sovereignty be admitted and exercised without obstacle;—but the social sovereignty cannot reside in a fraction of the society, but in the whole.

These two spheres spring from a principle—from a superior law, reflected in the conscience of the individual, for individual acts—in the conscience of the reunited nation, for social acts.

Now then, is it good, as to the acts of individual life, that the individual himself intervene to watch, as far as in him, to the support and amelioration of the means necessary to his accomplishing them unfettered?

Is it good, as to the acts of the social life, that society itself intervene to watch that they be accomplished with the least possible departure from the superior moral law—the primitive source of all sovereignty?

Or, is it better for the one and for the other,

that a very small minority, chosen by the hazard of birth or fortune, be intrusted to fulfil this function of *surveillance*, without test, without control, save that of violence.

Save, we say, that of violence; for, in fact, that no minority can abolish—it is the source of revolutions, and it is also the only one that the adversaries of Democracy, by, we know not what fatal blindness, open to the people; they even approve it—for every revolution accomplished, is with them legitimate, and a passage is to be found in M. Guizot's pamphlet, admitting it as a right.*

Such is the way in which every conscientious writer should state the question, when about to treat of universal suffrage and "Democracy in Modern Communities." To state it as M. Guizot does, is to deceive the reader, and to be self-condemned to say nothing useful.

When the question shall have been thus stated and resolved, it will remain to examine what is the best organization to conciliate and harmonize the two spheres; and then, which is the speediest and most efficacious path for throwing more and more of the light of the sovereign moral law on the souls of men, so that the People may wander from it as little and as seldom as possible. The solution of the first question will be a plan of organization; that of the second, a plan of general education.

We are not going to enter on this at the present moment; we were only desirous of proving that M. Guizot has not even thought of it, and that, consequently, his pamphlet, translated, retranslated, and be-praised, cannot furnish a single idea, abstract or practical, to advance the discussion a single step.

We will proceed to his conclusions, and we may then ask what may be learned from them:—

"Permanent unity of social opinion represented by the government!" Who does not desire this? But a few questions necessarily present themselves:—Does this unity exist at present?—Did it exist in France eight years ago, when a revolution exploded that you applaud?—What guarantee do you give us, other than the *individual sovereignty* of your own intelligence, that it exists at the present hour?—Does a government represent the unity of the social tendency when it is in a state of permanent struggle, and when millions proclaim the contrary?—Who guarantees, who verifies this representation, when the majority is deprived of all means of so doing?—What protection do you furnish to the nation against monopoly, against the substitution of the ends of private interest, of the wishes of a privileged class—against the substitution of these for the

* "Permanent and universal rights are all centred in the right of obeying only such dispositions as are just and wise. Variable rights are all comprised in the right of suffrage,—that is to say, in the right of passing judgment, directly or indirectly, upon the wisdom of laws and government."—P. 42. Thus, disobedience is placed in a more favourable condition than the expression of the wherefore we find ourselves compelled to disobey.

general good, and the advancement of the general interest? Does the ex-minister resolve one of these questions?

"Respect for public authorities!" Who does not desire this? But is it not necessary to ascertain that all their *dispensations are just and wise*?

"Subordination of individual inclinations to the law?" Who does not desire this? But is it not, beyond all things, necessary to see whether the power that makes the law be legitimate? Is not the law the prerogative of sovereignty? And is not the source of sovereignty the very question at issue?

"Partition of rights according to capacity!" Well—very well; but here arise a crowd of questions. What is capacity? Is it intelligence? Is it morality? Who is to measure capacity? What is to be the standard? Works—public, social works? Who so fit a judge as society? If the power of various abilities, some law must be defined for its application? And where is the college to which we can blindly confide that function? Are we to take the tax-collector's list as the just valuation of the human faculty, and translate intellect into pounds?

To these questions, M. Guizot offers no reply. Thus much the oracle utters—divine it who can:—

"The capacity here spoken of, is not merely

that of intellectual developement, or the possession of *this or that particular faculty*; it is a *complex and profound* whole, comprising *spontaneous authority*, habitual situation, and *natural* acquaintance with the different interests to be regulated: in fact, a *certain* aggregate of faculties, knowledge, and *methods of action*, which animate the whole man; and which decide with more certainty than his spirit alone upon his course of conduct, and the use which he will make of power."—P. 43.

What a precise definition of the capacity for an elector! What a foundation for an improved system of government!

And, a page afterwards:—"Its (rights of suffrage) legitimate limit is a *concealed* principle which unfolds itself in a ratio with the material and moral developement of society: and, in a free community, in proportion as this principle is well or badly defined in its laws; so that community is well or ill governed, and becomes steady or unsteady, under the hand of its government."—P. 44. What a splendid discovery!

We will take our leave of M. Guizot with one more extract, to which our readers will be, by this time, prepared to yield a hearty assent: "It cannot be that truth imposes upon man so much confusion, impossibility, and incoherence."—P. 23.

J. M.

MRS BROUGHTON'S SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ALGIERS.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century, Henry Stanyford Blanckley, Esq., held the appointment of his Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Algiers, then an important and delicate post. If without definite duties, Mr Blanckley seems also to have held a general superintendence in the Mediterranean. He was a judicious and highly popular public functionary, acting on all emergencies with remarkable courage and good sense. It is, however, with his lady that we are principally concerned. Mrs Blanckley and her little daughters accompanied the Consul to Algiers; and, during a six years' residence there, she kept a diary, noting, however briefly, every important occurrence, and every striking novelty, in a land where all was new, strange, and wonderful; and where, from the public situation of her husband, and the perpetual succession of visitors, at a period when the Mediterranean was crowded with Algerine rovers, with British ships, and those of every nation, abundant scope was afforded to a fluent and lively pen. Native characters and customs, traced by a lady having such admirable opportunities for close and continued observation, form, however, the charm of Mrs Blanckley's journal; together with the circumstances of domestic life in a heterogeneous household, composed of natives of half the countries of Southern Europe, besides Turks and Algerines. The extracts from the diary would often be imperfect or unintelli-

gible, save for the commentaries and explanations of the editor of the book. Mrs Broughton, the daughter of the author, who, though a child in years, when her parents resided at Algiers, by her vivacious reminiscences, has added not a little of beauty and interest to her mother's narrative. Let us give an example.

The Dey received Mr Blanckley very graciously, although, on his offering him his hand to salute, Mr B. respectfully, but, in the firmest manner, declined doing so, as being an homage he only felt due to his own Sovereign. The Dey looked earnestly at him, whilst the dragoman interpreted Mr B.'s answer, then good-humouredly held out his hand, and shook Mr B.'s very heartily.

Mrs Broughton adds:—

From that moment was my dear father's popularity established. His gracious and firm deportment, his fine countenance and noble presence, ensured universal respect.

The Dey understood good manners, and also what was due to himself.

Shortly after Mr B.'s return from the palace, the Dey sent an officer to present his compliments, and a poor female slave, (with a lovely infant in her arms,) to wait upon me. Poor helpless unfortunate, she appears unable to do anything for herself or child. They had just been brought in by an Algerine cruiser, which had captured them when on their passage from Gaeta to Leghorn, whither she was going to rejoin her husband. She is a pretty girl of only seventeen, her poor babe but three months old. Her whole wardrobe was snatched from her as their perquisite, by the crew of the vessel that captured her. Her money and jewels falling to the Dey's share, he has, out of compliment to me, given orders that all the latter shall be restored, that by their sale she may be enabled to purchase clothing. This is the first instance

ever known of such an act of mercy, and it is considered a mark of high consideration to the British Consul and nation.

"21st Nov. 1806.—We were awakened by hearing a royal salute fired, on the Niger frigate anchoring in the bay. Captain Hillyer has been sent by Lord Collingwood with a watch for the Dey, and he accompanied Mr Blackley to the palace to present it. It is much to be lamented that so trumpery a present should have been sent, since it is to be feared, that far from its being a benefit in promoting feelings of good-will towards our nation, it may very probably have a very opposite effect."

On Mr B.'s presenting it to the Dey, he drew it from the case, and twisting it between his thumb and finger, eyed it with the most contemptuous expression of countenance, and calling to his head cook, (who, it appears, is a person of consequence in his household,) gave it to him, saying that he made him a present of it, as it was more fit for him than *himself*. Mr B. and Capt. Hillyer were much mortified, and join in regretting that these matters were not better understood at home.

The sort of entertainment which the reader may expect from this new Lady Mary Wortley, with much of her sprightliness and with goodness of heart to which she was alien, may be surmised from the following passage:—

I understand our dragoman, Rais Ali, was married last night, although he says that he had no intention of the kind two or three days ago. He is a strange being. He served several years in our navy, where he acquired his present *refined* knowledge of the English language. The name he bore was Tom Lee. He professes himself to be a most devoted admirer of the English, more especially of the ladies of that country.

The three sailors are returned; the prize had disappeared. I have ordered each of the poor fellows a suit of linen, and I have had beds made up for them, which they stand in great need of, as they have been lying on the bare ground ever since they left their ship.

This morning, I remarked that Rais Ali had a large key stuck in his sash, and inquired what it belonged to. He said it was the key of his house. "What! have you locked up your wife?" "Yes." "And who with her?" "Oh! nobody but the cat. I go to-day to buy her a slave." I pitied the poor bride so much, that I offered to pay her a visit, at which the Rais appeared much pleased."

"15th Nov. 1806.—I went, according to my promise, to pay my wedding visit to Rais Ali's wife, but found that he had not yet fulfilled his intention of purchasing her an attendant; for he unlocked the door himself, let us in, and ushered us up stairs, where we found the lady in lonely grandeur. She was literally laden with pearls, and appeared very passive and contented, merely staring at us. She had on a high gold flaggee cap, from which were suspended on each side of her face long rows of pearls, with many of which her neck was completely covered.

The dress of the locked-up lady is minutely described; but as we believe it is she that figures in the frontispiece of the book, we shall skip that. When the visitors had satisfied their curiosity, the silent bride was again locked up. Very frequent occurrences of those days were, the Algerine cruisers bringing in captured vessels, with their crews and passengers as slaves,—and romantic stories of this sort abound in Mrs Blackley's diary. One strange tale of a beautiful Mrs Farara, born at Minorca, of English parents, left an orphan at an early age, and married to an Algerine merchant, who treated her ill, completely realizes in its sequel the prophecy in Guy Mannering. A wandering *Gitana*, or female gipsy, looking hard at Mrs Farara's beautiful infant, said—"It will be well for you if you

pass your fourth birth-day." The slaves drove the woman from the door, and, in their anger, told the mother the fatal prediction. From that day she constantly declined accepting the invitations of the Consular families, by whom she was much beloved and respected. One day, the lady of the American Consul, who was the niece of the wife of General Washington, and had been brought up in his family, went to her friend, Mrs Farara, determined to carry her and the Signior back to dinner. Mrs Farara was prevailed on by great importunity, her husband joining in the request; and the party mounted their mules, and set off for the country residence of the Consul. The tale is wild and affecting, but it appears perfectly well authenticated.

But ere they had reached it, what were the poor mother's feelings of self-reproach and regret, when she recollected that this was the birth-day of her precious child; that this day completed his fourth year. Oh! why then had she been induced to leave him? The gipsy's prediction was not yet fulfilled, and surely will not be now, added she, as she strove to smile, in answer to some remark of one of her companions. Again, let me repeat, this is not an imaginary story, but one which I have often heard repeated by more than one witness of this sad, but, alas! true event; and need I add, that the sorrowful impression with which I heard the circumstances related, has not ceased to keep alive in my recollection all the affecting details.

So careful was every individual of the family in sympathizing with the strict orders of the absent parents, that they each strove who could best watch over the precious child; and the most confidential persons of the household, the two *scribanos* or clerks, had desired that the *Carissimo Piccolo* might play about the counting-house, that they might be enabled faithfully to fulfil their promise of watching over his safety. The playful boy scrambled up the back of their chairs, pinched their hair, then tried to snatch the paper they were writing upon from beneath their pens; their desks were placed parallel to each other; they ceased from writing and gazed, admiring his playfulness; instinctively they both took up their pen-knives to mend their quills, when, strange, awful fatality! the devoted child, in playful defiance, attacked one of them, who in return pretended to stab him with his penknife; he turned to his other guardian, who as thoughtlessly did the same, and the blooming boy fell upon its blade—it pierced his little heart. The dire forebodings of the *Gitana* were realized, and the disconsolate parents were forever bereft of their only child.

The marriage of the daughter of the Cadi—a lovely widow of nineteen—at which Mrs Blackley attended, gives her an opportunity of describing the wedding customs of the country. She was astonished and dazzled by the profusion of jewels worn by the ladies. They were quite as fair as Europeans, and many of them beautiful. Nothing could exceed their courtesy, and the politeness of the reception they gave the English lady. The bridegroom was a middle-aged, one-eyed Turk. Before the bride was introduced to him, she literally staggered under the weight of the ornaments heaped upon her, and required two attendants to support her head. A visit which Mrs Blackley and her little daughters made to the wife of the Dey, is still more oriental, and like an Arabian tale.

She received us very graciously; indeed, most kindly. Her father was also present, and met us at the entrance. He led us up stairs, and introduced us; and, as he speaks *lingua Franca* perfectly, and I begin to understand it very well, he acted as my interpreter. Her Majesty or

Highness is twenty-three years of age, very pleasing in appearance, and unaffected in her manners. She has two fine children, both girls. We dined there; a vast variety of dishes of meat, poultry, pastry, and sweetmeats, succeeded each other. Each dish was placed separately upon a small low silver and mother-of-pearl table. I was accommodated with cushions; but the children were quite adepts at sitting in the Moorish fashion, which we all followed, in eating out of the same dish. The Sultana appeared much gratified at the admiration (which I could not restrain) with which I observed the splendidly embroidered napkins which were placed on our laps, as also the curious rosewood spoons, tipped with amber, with which we were served; and she afterwards presented me with three of the former, richly embroidered in gold, silver, and various coloured silks, on a curiously wrought linen ground, and with ten spoons similar to those we had used. I understand that it is contrary to the Alcoran for Mussulmans to eat or drink out of silver, although they have not any scruple to have articles of furniture made of this costly material. I was perfectly astonished at the grandeur of all I beheld. When we entered the room in which the Sultana received us, jewels were strewn all over the carpet, which was of cut velvet, in a pattern of the richest flowers, and most varied colours. Before we left this room, to go to that in which we dined, some beautiful-looking women (who appeared to be her favourite attendants, and who Sidi Cadua told me were Georgian slaves) gathered up these treasures, and placed them on the shelves of two glass cabinets that stood against the wall at our backs. In the centre of this apartment was a shallow recess, and on its walls were hanging several pistols and swords, whose handles and scabbards were entirely covered with diamonds. At the opposite end of the room from where we were seated, was a gilt four-post European-shaped bedstead, on which were placed four mattresses of gold brocade, and the curtains were made of blue tiffany, embroidered with gold sprigs. My Elizabeth gave the Dey's eldest daughter a toy watch, with which she was delighted.

The lady of the British Consul was among the most loyal and patriotic of the English women of those loyal days, and the most devoted of wives. Her feelings were accordingly often excited and interested by those delicate public affairs in which Mr Blackley's devotion to his Sovereign, and zeal for the honour of England, engaged him. But these transactions, how important soever at the time, and though highly honourable to the actor, have sunk into comparative oblivion; while the record of Mrs Blackley's domestic and social existence, and the fond reminiscences of her daughter, of bright and happy days, long since elapsed, remain fresh and engaging as ever. The families of the different Consuls of Algiers may be taken as representatives of their different nations in character and manners. Those of the French and American Consuls appear to be fixed with peculiar tenacity in the affectionate memory of Mrs Broughton. One day the French Consul invited the other Consuls and their families to a grand entertainment in honour of the Emperor, then in the first flush of the imperial dignity. The loyal Englishwoman writes:—"Mr Blackley is not a little puzzled, as he says *drinking* the usurper's health is perfectly impossible—for nothing shall prevail upon him to act the hypocrite."—"Mr Blackley" escaped the infliction, by taking the opportunity to visit the Balearic Islands on official business; but his lady and family went to the fête, and she exultingly says—"At eleven o'clock there was a brilliant dis-

play of fireworks, during which a machine, on which the French colours were suspended, caught fire, and we had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing them burnt and fall to the ground. It augurs well." This good lady was, at the same time, sincerely attached to her Gallic friends, whose history exhibits one more instance of those numerous vicissitudes of fortune, of which so many have been displayed among the satellites of Napoleon. Mrs Broughton tells the story of the French Consul's family very pleasingly. She does not seem to be aware of the alleged fact that Buonaparte himself first paid his addresses to the future wife of his brother.

In these days *couleur de rose*, dear Madame de Thainville, was, in the fullest sense of the word, a charming woman. She was by birth a Mademoiselle Cléry, cousin-german to *deux Majestés*; the one wife of Joseph Buonaparte, or (as my dear mother would name him) the mock King of Spain, and the other, her sister, still a *bona fide* queen, viz., the consort of Bernadotte, the present King Charles of Sweden. These ladies were the daughters of a banker of Marseilles, of great wealth and respectability, and their alliance was considered a very desirable one by both the brother and followers of General Buonaparte, as I believe Napoleon then only was.

Madame de Thainville, from her alliance with the Imperial Court, was, when in Paris, *lançée dans le grand monde*, and it may be supposed, that, to one so fully suited by taste and inclination to delight in all the gaieties and splendid elegance of that bright period of the Court of the magnificent Napoleon, the comparatively monotonous and quiet style of the European society at Algiers could not have had sufficient charms to win her from Paris. Paris! who, that has lived there long enough to feel the full strength of the regret of all, who by birth or adoption have claimed it as their home, will not understand the magic of that word *Paris! ce cher Paris! il n'y a rien tel que Paris!* and, therefore, the greatest part of Madame de Thainville's life was passed in that fascinating region, where also she had a strong additional tie, as her only son and her eldest daughter were both left at schools there. M. de Thainville joined her whenever he was at liberty to do so, and she always returned with him for a few months to Algiers, where her arrival was hailed with great delight by all her more stationary friends; nor could the sincerity of her female ones be doubted, for amiable and *charmante* as she was, she also was their guide and model in *tous les derniers goûts*; and even during her long absences, she failed not to compassionate them in their exile, for most kindly and good-naturedly did she execute all their commissions, so that European Algerine belles (unless an English cruiser happened to capture the last *chef d'œuvre* of the Parisian *artistes* on their voyage) were far more fashionably attired, in accordance to the taste of the undisputed emporium of fashion, than even the most celebrated London leaders and settlers of it, who in those glorious days were restricted to follow their own tastes, and sighed in vain for a copy of *Le Journal des Modes*. Of Madame de Thainville's youngest daughter, the lovely fascinating Irène, I retain a very affectionate and sisterly recollection. She was my sister's and my most favourite playfellow; but we have never met since, although a few streets or miles have for years only separated us; for both the Diles de Thainville made a determination, as firm as it was deeply deplored by all, who loved them for their own as well as their parents' sakes, that they never would, in their reduced circumstances, have any intercourse with, nor even be seen by those who had known them in their days of prosperity. Their mother was our constant visitor in Paris, after mine had succeeded in discovering her, alas! most humble abode; but never could we prevail on her daughters either to receive our visits or accept our invitations. Nor was such their conduct to us alone; the rule was invariable towards all their former friends, not even excepting their father's vice-consul, who had resided in

their family for years, and loved them as his own children. I cannot bear to dwell on the sad reverses of this poor family, or I could relate a tale of woe. Both M. and Mme are no more, and their children are lost to me; but should they yet survive, they have my earnest prayers for their peace and welfare.

We have seen Mrs Blanckley and her daughters visiting the beautiful wife of the Dey; but the final exit of that Sovereign, and the accession of a new one, was quite as summary, though not so agreeable as a morning visit.

"7th Nov. 1808.—Our janizary, Sidi Hassan, returned from town in great consternation, and came into the drawing-room, saying that the Turks had risen, and were going to kill the Dey. Our dragoman, Rais Ali, has taken sanctuary in our house." Further accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying that the Pacha Achmet was shot on the terrace of a house belonging to a Jew, when endeavouring to escape; he had succeeded in running over the terraces of several houses from the palace of his wife, to which he had first escaped; and on being pursued thither, he got upon the terrace, and from thence over several others, until he was shot through the body and leg, by a very young Turk. He was then by the soldiers dashed from the terrace into the street; and they cut off his head, and carried it to shew the new Dey, his successor, who is called Ali Pacha.

"In the evening we heard that everything was quite quiet, and the usual order restored in town.

"26th.—Sidi Cadua, father-in-law to the late Dey, Achmet Pacha, and the proprietor of our garden, has been stripped of all his immense property and possessions, with the single exception of this garden, and had been thrown into prison; but on the day of Bairam (the Mahomedan feast answering to our Easter) he was restored to liberty. Our janizary, Sidi Hassan, at my desire, called upon him yesterday, and found the venerable old man seated upon a sheep skin, which alone replaced all the beautiful carpets and splendid cushions with which he had previously been surrounded. He was very grateful for the coffee and other necessaries which I had ventured to send him by Hassan. Such are the vicissitudes of life under this government.

"I have, in secrecy, been informed, that in addition to the many tyrannical measures which have of late caused so much misery, it is suspected that to-morrow there will be more bloodshed; but I hope (however unworthy of governing the expected victim is) that the above plot will be checked. The public news is, that Sidi Omar, the very Turk at whose marriage with the Cadi's daughter we were present, and who had, for a length of time back, been concerned in a conspiracy with the present Dey, Ali Pacha, has been put to death. This Sidi Omar being a man of great influence with the late government, Ali, to ensure his co-operation in placing him (Ali) at the head of the Regency, had promised that he would reward him by bestowing upon him the next post in honour and dignity in the country. After Ali was firmly established on the summit of his desires, Sidi Omar claimed his expected reward, and the Pacha in return presented him with a commission, naming him Caid or governor of some distant town and province. Sidi Omar was so enraged at the appointment falling so far short of his expectations, that before the face of the

* Complete anarchy was consequent upon a revolution taking place, and until a new Dey was elected by the janizaries. All the Moors and Jews were at the mercy of the ruthless soldiery, and any one who had reason to fear or suspect that he had an enemy among that lawless body, sought to hide his person and self from their researches, until the reign of misrule ceased, by the ascension of the green standard of the Prophet on the terrace of the palace, which announced that a new Dey was seated on the warm seat of his massacred predecessor. Probably our heroic dragoman might have had some reason to induce him, by seeking the protection of the British Consulate, to prove that he agreed in Shakespeare's definition of the better part of valour. The Jews invariably paid a large ransom to avoid a general pillage.

Pacha, he tore the commission in pieces, and, leaving the palace, stirred up several Turks, his adherents, to rebellion. On this plot being discovered by the Dey's spies, the conspirators were seized and bastinadoed, and two of them died in consequence; Sidi Omar alone was strangled, and, to relate, I hear that he was betrayed to the Dey by his own sister-in-law. She is in great favour with the Dey at present, having become acquainted with all the details, and even knoweth the name of the Turk whom they intended to have placed on the throne, and who proves to be too influential to suffer with his partisans. This Brutus-like lady is, without exception, the prettiest woman I ever saw; and the recollection of her mild and gentle aspect, with the knowledge of the part she has acted, tends much to excite my wonder.

"30th Nov. 1808.—Sidi Cadua is again in prison, in consequence of the dragoman of the late Achmet Pacha, who made his escape to Gibraltar, writing to the Dey, that seven quintals* and a half of gold, and two sarmas of brilliants, were concealed under ground. A black man, slave to Sidi Cadua, who was brother-in-law to the possessor, and father-in-law to Achmet Pacha, impeached his master, and accused him of knowing where these treasures were buried. This Sidi Cadua denied; and alas, alas! even the poor widow, (whom I visited and witnessed in the enjoyment of regal splendour,) she too has been (dreadful to think of it!) subjected to the bastinado, to force her to reveal that of which she declares herself ignorant—"where the treasure is." The late Dey's head piscary has also, from being involved in a similar suspicion, been this morning hanged, after receiving, in the course of the last two days, a thousand strokes of the bastinado."

Such is a revolution in Algiers, or the main features of one. Truly the European residents need not have lacked sensations. Sometimes, too, an earthquake varied their feelings. In the fifth month of his reign, this Ali Pacha was poisoned, and the European Consuls paid their respects to a new Dey, also named Ali.

"5th March 1809.—I understand that a cup of coffee, containing the powder of ground diamonds, a most effectual poison, (P) was offered to the late unfortunate Pacha, out of respect, as they said; but he refused to drink it, saying, that he did not choose to be accessory to his own death. He therefore politely declined the honour which the Turks intended him, preferring rather to be led out by the chaousses, like a culprit, to the usual place of execution, where he was strangled. A distinction was, however, made in his case, as he was strangled at once, instead of undergoing the usual refinement of cruelty, in being twice revived by a glass of water, and only effectually executed the third time that the bowstring is applied."

Mrs Broughton refers, we presume, to a period previous to this, when she relates the preparatory ceremonies—

One morning, shortly after day-break, when my dearest father was proceeding to town, preceded, as usual, by Sidi Hassan, and unaccompanied by any other attendant, he was much astonished at seeing a great number of janizaries prostrated at their devotions in a field at the back of this old house. Whilst he gazed at them, they simultaneously arose, and drawing their attaghans, swung them round their heads, and then appeared to be uttering some solemn oath or invocation. Before my father had time to inquire from Sidi Hassan the explanation of so strange a circumstance, the latter had fallen back on a line with him, and in an earnest whisper said, "Signore Console, look only before you, and hasten your horse's pace; and, for the love of God! let me entreat that Il Signore Console will allow what he has witnessed to be as if he had not seen it." He then instantly resumed his usual distance in advance of my father.

On their reaching town, Sidi Hassan appeared studiously to avoid being left for an instant alone with my father; but as he was equally desirous to receive some explanation of the mysterious occurrence, he at length sent for him. On entering the apartment, the janizary,

* Weights and measures used in the country.

with a decision of manner most unlike that in which he had ever before addressed his master, interrupted him by saying, in a deprecating tone, "*Signore, you have seen nothing* ;—and as I would sue for my life, so let me, with all respect, urge you not to ask me a single question. When I shall be at liberty to answer, you will have nothing to learn." He then impressively put up five of his fingers, and added, "*cinque luno*"—five moons. After this interview, with the exception of a certain trace of anxiety visible in his countenance, and a seriousness of manner evincing great iniquitude, Sidi Hassan, to all appearance, fully acted up to the advice he gave. This occurrence took place very shortly after the accession of the almost imbecile successor of Achmet Pacha :—and exactly at the expiration of the five months, Ali Pacha was offered a diamond-powder-seasoned cup of coffee, to which he, however, preferred submitting to the bowstring. Then, for the first time, Hassan broke through his self-imposed silence. How far it had been altogether voluntary is uncertain, and raising up the same number of fingers, said, "Signor Console, was I not right? But even now let me entreat you, sir, to remember, that you saw nothing."

"An M. Arago," whose name is now better known both in Europe and Africa, chanced at that period to seek refuge in Algiers, in an attempt to reach his own country, after having been driven from Spain, whither he had gone on some scientific pursuit. He had a British passport; but the new Dey refused to let the Frenchman go, even although he could shew *King George's Seal* on his passport. He said "that no Frenchman should leave his kingdom: and that if he wished to find the longitude, &c., he might take his spy-glass, and go up one of the mountains in the vicinity, which would answer his purpose quite as well as any other part of the world."

However, the enlightened prince at last yielded to importunity, and M. Arago was permitted to leave Algiers.

At this period, there was in Algiers one of those self-devoted and apostolic Roman Catholic priests, whose exalted lives shed lustre upon their faith. Padre Guiseppa was an universal favourite; and Mrs Blanckley's diary only expresses the general sentiment of affection and regret for him.

"8th Jan. 1811.—Poor Padre Guiseppa, I am distressed to hear, has a pleurisy; and the ignorant and obstinate doctors, who bleed on every unnecessary occasion, refuse taking blood from this good man. I am truly distressed and unhappy on his account, and join my prayers to the many which doubtless ascend from the innermost hearts of the poor slaves, to whom he has indeed been pastor, father, and friend, in this moral desert."

"6th.— The extreme unction has been administered to the excellent Padre Guiseppa. Our cook, Salvador, was present, as he had gone to inquire how he was. The good man recognised him, and sent by him his respects and his blessing to us all. The prayers and blessing of the righteous avail much. How much do I feel!

"7th.—The humane, the charitable, the man of God, Padre Guiseppa Jesuit, is no more. He, at eight o'clock last night, resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, whom he imitated to the utmost of mortal power. May my life be influenced by his holy example, and may my death be like his! My heart is afflicted beyond description at the unspeakable loss the poor slaves have sustained. May the Almighty in his mercy make it up to them!

"My dear husband was so much affected at the loss of so valuable a member of society, that the gout attacked his stomach; but, thanks be to God! some ether I gave him immediately removed it. I find the mortal remains

of the venerable man cannot be interred to-day, (as is the custom among the Roman Catholics in warm climates,) on account of the Moorish feast, and the great concourse of people at Bab-el-Ouate—the gate which leads to the Christian cemetery. The Guardian Pacha came to see Mr B. this evening, and, at my request, he assured me that all the slaves shall attend the *Marabout* Padre Guiseppa to his grave; and he added, that he thanked me for telling him how to testify the respect he felt for this very good man.

"8th Jan.—All the Consuls attended the funeral of the worthy Padre—Mr D. acted as Mr B.'s representative. There is scarcely a dry Christian eye in Algiers."

Mrs Broughton fills up her mother's outline, and we are tempted by her faintly picture. Padre Guiseppa arrived at Algiers in the prime of life, and in the habit of a religious order, many years before this time.

From the instant he set his foot upon its shore, his every moment had been devoted to the service of his unfortunate brethren in the bonds of slavery; but he brought not alone himself to their relief, but likewise the produce of the sale of all his great landed estates which he had sold, that he might bestow all that he possessed in the ransoming of as many Christians in Mahomedan bondage as his ample means could effect. After thus expending all that he possessed, he remained amongst those unfortunates, for whom he had only prayers and consolations to offer, instructing them by his exhortations, and encouraging them by his holy example, to look beyond this state of trial towards that "better and enduring" heavenly country. So consistent was his whole life, that the Mahomedans undeviatingly shewed him the greatest respect, and spoke of him with scarcely less admiration than the Christians.

He had three different times had the plague; but as long as his strength was unexhausted, he ceased not to attend to the bodily as well as the spiritual wants of his beloved children—for so he ever called the objects of his affectionate care. The Moors used to think he had a charmed life, and, I believe, many of the poor slaves shared that conviction. All those free Christians, who were disposed to share a portion of this world's goods with their unhappy *coreligionnaires*, willingly made Padre Guiseppa their almoner; from the charitable in France he likewise received remittances for the benefit of the slaves; and by these means he was yet enabled to relieve their temporal necessities, and gladly did he so. I remember that a gentleman, having visited him, perceived that he had nothing but a straw *paillasse* to lie on, and on leaving his cell, he went and ordered two good wool mattresses to be sent to the poor (in this world's sense) old man, and added half a dozen shirts from his own wardrobe. A few days afterwards he repeated his visit, but the mattresses had disappeared. He could not refrain from expressing his surprise to the Padre. "Oh! my son, that *paillasse* is a very good bed for me, so I was very glad to send those nice mattresses to two poor suffering old slaves in the Bagnio!" and he instantly turned the conversation. The disappointed donor afterwards, on inquiry, found that the shirts likewise had accompanied the bedding. His ever-benevolent and cheerful countenance never assumed a look of sadness, except when, on one of his children asking for relief, he could but open his *tabatière*, and say, "Alas! my dear son, this is all I have to-day to offer you; but let us hope and pray the Lord to send us assistance." And I have heard the poor creatures say, that his affectionate look and words failed not to inspire them with submission and resignation, as they well knew how constant were his personal privations for their sakes.

His *tabatière* my dear mamma, from the time of her first acquaintance with him, ever took care should not be empty, as she always furnished it in kind; for she knew that money would offend her to another destination than providing for this single gratification. His was a tall and most erect figure, although he was, I believe, about eighty years of age, and his countenance was most benign. He always wore his black religious habit. My

dearest parents were never happier than when they welcomed him to their house. Indeed, I believe, the whole family felt as if a particular blessing rested upon it whilst he was under its roof; and a certain one was surely derived from the benefit of his pious conversation, divested, in our regard, of all sectarianism; for nothing was more pleasing to him, than to listen to my reading the French Testament, when he never failed to impress upon us the necessity of attending to its divine precepts. When he was expected, an air *de fête* seemed to pervade the whole household; and when he appeared upon the mule which had been sent for him, all our servants pressed around him, each anxious for his paternal recognition and benediction, whilst they actually kissed his garments, until each in their turn could press their lips upon his aged hand; and his departure from our house was attended with like demonstrations of love, which, although they, in our own case, partook of a different character, were not less warmly felt. My mother especially loved him with filial affection. I have often heard her say she had indeed mourned for him as a daughter.

Bastinadoing, decimating, and strangulation, are such common occurrences in Mrs Blanckley's journal, that they fail at last to affect the reader, unless attended by some picturesque circumstance, or from the victim being a person of rank or note, as, for example, the King of the Jews.

"5th February.—Our feelings have been dreadfully shocked by hearing that David Bacri, the King of the Jews, has been cruelly massacred at the palace, whither he had been sent for, and at first received with apparent courtesy; indeed, the Dey was almost unusually gracious during the whole time of the audience, conversing on the most indifferent topics; and it was only on the unfortunate victim's leaving the barbarous presence, that he had even a suspicion of the dreadful fate to which the smiling tyrant had doomed him. As he descended into the skiff of the palace, two of the chaousses seized him, whilst a third, wielding a sabre, but too evidently informed him of the sentence that had been passed upon him."

This man was assassinated, that the Dey, Ali Pacha, might obtain his vast wealth. His brother, Jacob Bacri, was benevolently concealed in the garden or villa of the British Consul, and many of the Jews at this time, found a sanctuary in his town residence. His home seemed, indeed, ever open to the distressed of all nations. The Dey led a stirring life.

"12th March.—The news to-day is, that in consequence of a command from the Dey, the Bey of Constantina, Alifa, and his father-in-law, an Arab Sheik, are both strangled, as it was discovered that large supplies of wheat were constantly sent by them to the Bey of Tunis, with whom this country is at war, and to the injury of the British commerce at Bona.

"18th.—The first news this morning was, that our poor landlord, Sidi Cadua, had been sent for by a chaous to the palace, where, without any accusation, his turban and shershia were taken off, he was then dragged to Bab-el-zoon, and hanged like a dog. Thus died the head of the most noble and ancient Moorish family, at seventy years of age, whose only crime, it proves, was marrying yesterday his only daughter to a Turk, who was hogia at the palace in Achmet Pacha's reign. The two elder sisters being now widows, the one of Achmet Pacha, who cannot ever marry again, and the other of the late Aga. The bridegroom has taken sanctuary in the barracks. The body of Sidi Cadua is to remain exposed for three days.

"The Guardian Pacha called in the evening, but was very grave, as are most of the Turks; such arbitrary acts cannot be long successful without some change.

"19th.—A relation of Sidi Cadua's, the Calid or Governor of Tesso, was this morning seized and taken to the strangling-house. The plot begins to thicken. I just have heard, that fear or policy has caused the Dey to liberate the Calid this evening. His house is so near ours,

that we could hear the sound of the women's rejoicing at his unhoped-for return; he caused a sheep to be killed before his door, and then distributed to the poor. Sidi Cadua's body has likewise been allowed to be buried.

"6th September.—We hear that the Dionysius of Algiers yesterday condemned a poor Jew to receive twelve hundred bastinadoes, for having disturbed the tyrant by the noise of his hammer during the night. This poor creature had been ordered to continue working during the night by the Lamine della Ricca, or Master of the Mint, who employed him to coin or make money for the use of Government; for which compliance the poor wretch was to receive the enormous sum of three mezunas, 56 of which make a Spanish dollar!

"9th.—The poor Jew, who was bastinadoed, is not yet dead, but has been obliged to submit to lose three pounds of flesh from the part where the bastinadoes were inflicted.

"24th.—When Mr B., &c. &c., went to the palace this morning, to present the present from our King, the Dey was in the worst possible humour, on account of not having received an answer to the letter which he wrote to the King; and scarcely would he credit Mr B. when he assured him that he had not received a single line from our Government. When a musical snuff-box, which cost £500, was presented, he asked if the King took him for a child, to be pleased with *ting, ting, ting*. He ridiculed a beautiful cestus, or clasp of brilliants and emeralds; he also seemed to think very little of a bale of broad-cloth, but more graciously received some instruments of death, viz., a splendidly ornamented brace of pistols, but peremptorily asked, "Where is the gun that belongs to them?" No such thing had been sent. Had the same expense been bestowed upon a suitably arranged present, the interests of our country would have been advanced, instead of weakened, by the disappointment the barbarian now experiences. Had the opinion of any one versed in oriental customs been taken, a gun, no matter of what intrinsic value, (so that it was brilliantly ornamented, and to match the pistols,) would have been sent, instead of the beautiful *ting, ting* box, and the useless cestus. The result has been any thing but to influence the Dey in British favour.

"Our chagrin is great at the impolitic conduct of our Government, in sending such dissatisfactory, yet expensive presents here, actually casting pearls among swine; when an old brig or cutter would have been highly acceptable, many of which are falling to decay in our ports.

Many little traits of humanity and amiable feeling among Algerines, Turks, and Jews, as well as in their Christian friends, impart a peculiar grace to this volume. It was the duty, but still more the inclination of the British Consul and his lady to do good to the many unfortunate persons of different Christian nations, whom captivity and other causes threw upon their kindness and compassion. When Mrs Blanckley was about to return to England, the guardian Pacha, an excellent heathen, called for her. She says—

"I offered to pay him for the support of some poor old slaves a twelvemonth in advance, that they might be exempted from labour. He pushed back the little bag of money I held out to him, saying, 'Take back your money, signora: you have paid too much for those people already; and believe, that such is my respect for you, that whilst I am Guardian Pacha, those old people whom you have protected shall never undergo any labour.'"

This worthy man was one of the first of his countrymen who fell under Lord Exmouth's fire. . . . He was highly connected, and his whole life and conversation, public and private, proved that nothing mean or dishonourable could be associated with him. He would, as I have constantly heard my father say, have been an ornament and honour to any country or creed. He was a most strict Mussulman; yet often, when he was obliged to call up the Christian slaves in the night dur-

ing the violent hurricanes to which the port of Algiers is so liable, he would, at his own private expense, bestow a glass of *agua ardiente* upon each of the poor dripping creatures.

The servants of the English Consul were generally Christian slaves, whose services he hired from their owners. The cook, a faithful and attached creature, named Salvador, belonged to the King of the Jews. Mrs Broughton relates that, David Bacri, whose assassination we have noticed, paid her mother ceremonial visits on New-Year's Day, and other holidays, and made her the usual compliment of declaring all that he possessed was hers—

When he, in the usual courteous *parlance* of southern foreigners, declared, in paying his compliments to my mother, that all that he possessed was at her service, she never failed, in mood of half seriousness, half *plaisanterie*, to say, "I shall be very glad to take you at your word; and tell my cook, Salvador, that he is at liberty, for that you have made a present of him." The repetition of this *burlesque* ended by the poor eagle-killer being restored to liberty, of which he had been deprived at the age of twelve years, under the most afflicting circumstances.

Salvador had once killed a tame eagle instead of a Guinea fowl.

A respectable old man, a native of Sicily, had, with his sons, been captured by an Algerine corvette. One of the sons obtained employment in the family of Mr Blanckley, who took a warm interest in the whole family. Mrs Broughton relates—

After many abortive attempts to propitiate the Dey in behalf of the poor old man, whose wife and daughters had sold all they possessed in the world, to send the products to Algiers, in the hope that it might suffice for his ransom; though, alas! it fell so far short of the fixed large sum, that the Dey would not hear of its acceptance. My dear father, on a particular occasion, (what exactly I do not now recollect,) on which, according to *usage*, the Dey was bound to make a present of value to the English Consul, as was his constant practice in similar circumstances, made a public request that his Highness would graciously be pleased, instead of any other offering, to bestow upon him a Christian slave. This, in royal courtesy, even in Algerine etiquette, the Pacha could not refuse, and Francisco, as well as several other equally fortunate slaves, were granted by his request, although the Dey latterly said, "Take care, Signore Console, that you have not to reproach yourself with the loss of my head, for I fear I may with justice be accused of being over-generous in thus parting with the property of the state."

When the old man was on the point of leaving us, my father asked him, if he should ever find a propitious moment in which he might prevail upon the Dey to grant him the liberty of one of his sons, on the payment of the hitherto-considered inadequate sum of money which had been forwarded for the purpose of his own ransom, to which of his sons the preference should be shewn? "Ask me not, sir," replied the agitated father; "I cannot make a choice between two children equally dutiful and affectionate, and equally dear to me."

An opportunity for the furtherance of my father's benevolent intentions did at length occur, and he named our own servant Marianno as the object worthy of being benefited by the Dey's liberality; and in consequence, his passage was engaged on board a ship going to Malta. He took a respectful leave of the family, and we all looked at the vessel as it sailed out of the bay—of course believing that it contained our honest *sotto cuoco*. But to the astonishment of the whole household, Marianno entered the drawing-room that very evening, and throwing himself at the feet of my parents, he exclaimed, "Pardon me, my benefactors, if your servant has thus presumed to deceive your goodness. Luciano was my elder brother, and in every respect more worthy, and

capable of being more useful to our parents than I am; and I have therefore—against his own will, by proving to him, as he is able to do more good, that it was his bounden duty to go in my place—with difficulty persuaded him; and believe me, that it is far happier for me; and I hope it may please God to let me serve you while I live."

These are charming anecdotes, heightened, too, by farther proofs of the warm gratitude of these poor people, and the sympathy of their English benefactors.

In the description of Maria, the maid or nurse of the young ladies, we have a lively and characteristic portrait of the Neapolitan coquette of the lower order, as well as a romantic story:—

She was a decided *brunette*, of a clear transparent complexion; the roseate tint, however, positively predominating in her plump cheeks. Her black eyes were *bien fendus*, and bright at all times, but brighter still when we presumed to disobey. Her jetty hair was knotted back from off her full forehead, and fastened in a turban at the top of her head by a large silver bodkin, two long curls alone being allowed to escape, and hang down from her temples;—and yet Maria was not a beauty—she was rather what the Scotch would denominate *consie*, for her nose, mouth, and proportions generally, were on too large a scale. What her age was I do not know, and children are so apt to fancy their seniors so much older than—as they themselves rise in the scale of humanity—they afterwards find them to be, that I shall not say what my own presumptions were on that delicate point, to which a *femme de chambre* is as susceptible of an unfavourable misconception as the fairest and most courtly of dames.

Reggio in Calabria was our worthy *Bonne's* birth-place, and she always wore the costume peculiar to it, namely:—On great *festas*, her hose were of red silk, ornamented with golden clocks—her high-heeled shoes, of crimson and blue satin—her rather short petticoat was of striped white dimity—and her tightly-fitting laced bodice of the same materials and colours as her shoes. She at all times wore large gold ear-rings, and never for one instant, night or day, did she separate herself from a row of coral which surrounded her olive throat. To this she attributed many supernatural qualities; as I have often heard her declare, that when any evil, either of sickness or of the other innumerable calamities our nature is prone to, were on the eve of occurring to her, these became of a paler hue, and only recovered their usual deep red colour after the evil they so truly prognosticated had passed away.—Colourless, indeed, then, should they have been on the fatal night, when their poor hapless wearer occupied her couch, in a small fort on the Calabrese coast, for the last time—where her husband, Antonio the Stupid, commanded in the capacity of Sergeant of veterans; and it being his duty each night to raise the drawbridge, he, with his usual regularity, left it in that convenient state that made it quite unnecessary to let it down in the morning. In short, Antonio thought raising and lowering the *ponte-levatoio* a mere work of supererogation; and the other four veterans under his command, with true Neapolitan love of the *dolce far niente*, of course, were not so mutinous as to interfere with their sergeant's duty. The consequence of this perfect good understanding in the garrison was, that one starry night a boat's crew from an Algerine frigate landed; and the first sight our good Maria saw, was her chamber filled with Turks;—the next instant, ere they perceived her, she slipped from her husband's side down the *ruelle* of her bed:—While she lay beneath it, scarcely alive from fright, her husband and little boy of seven years of age were seized, and, with everything of any value their room contained, removed out of it. Scarcely did she begin to breathe and think that she was at any rate spared to her daughter, (by a former marriage, who, at the time was on a visit to her grandmother at a village, a few miles in the interior,) than she heard some one re-enter her chamber, and a Turk stooping down with a drawn attaghan, proceeded to flourish it under the bed, and in so doing, he discovered

ed the trembling unfortunate, as he had anticipated. For just as they were leaving the fort, the thought had struck him, that some one might have been under the sergeant's bed, especially as the poor boy's cries of "*Lamia Mama, Mama mia dove siete,*" gave him to understand that such an individual was missing. As all these veteran watchmen were married, and had all of them families, this proved a most successful harrying to the Algerines.

Maria, on her arrival, was consigned, with her little son, to the house of some Turk in office, where she lost her poor child before the second year of their captivity elapsed. She always spoke of the great kindness she experienced, as indeed is universally the case, for all private individuals always treat both Christian and negro slaves rather as if they stood in the relation of children to them than in a state of bondage. How dreadful is the opposite picture that we have heard drawn of the conduct of those, who bear the outward name of disciples of Him, who for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty might become rich.

Maria entered our service immediately on our arrival, and remained, even after our departure, for some time nominally in it, as I have quoted from the journal. But in vain did we try to find an occupation suited to the avilities of her husband. To please my mother, the Christian head gardener at the Dey's garden caused him to be removed from the wretchedness of the bagnio, and entered on the list of slaves employed under him. Vainly, however, was any labour, however trivial, given to the stupid old man, for he invariably acted in direct opposition to the orders received.

By a singular accident, a temporary janizary, employed in the Consul's family, was discovered to be the very Turk who had dragged poor Maria from her hidingplace. He expressed contrition, but Maria never forgave him. The caprices

and waiting-maid tricks of Maria are as amusing as her portrait is piquant. Fainting, and taking hysterical fits, and sudden violent illness, was her ordinary mode of gaining an object, excusing a fault, or gratifying a caprice. Maria is a good type of her class.

More than half of this pleasant volume is from the pen of Mrs Broughton; her mother's entries, in the earlier part, merely serving for pegs on which to hang her own *souvenirs*; while the latter division is wholly her own, and occupied with descriptions of the country, of the Consular residence, and those modes of life in which there must have been, spite of stranglings, earthquakes, jackals, and white ants, much ease, freedom, and enjoyment. To her young life in "dear Algiers," the author ever looks back with delighted recollection. A warmer tone in speaking of her relatives, not merely upon great occasions, when expressions of sensibility or affection come naturally, or are called for, distinguishes Mrs Broughton's book, warmer than is usual among the cold, seeming-proud, shy English; and critical readers may, perhaps, object to the language occasionally running into something like the *lingua Franca*, familiar to her childhood, from the odd and unnecessary mixture of French and Italian words. These are the only blemishes of a work always readable, and often pleasant and attractive, from the new aspects of life, and the goodness of heart which it displays.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Diary of the Rev. John Ward, Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon. London: Colburn.

Dr Charles Severn, Registrar to the Medical Society of London, in examining the Society's multitudinous papers, fancied he had made a great discovery, when some MSS., written by the vicar of Stratford, fell into his hands, as he hoped to obtain many anecdotes of Shakespeare, who died in 1616, while Ward only finished his notices in 1662. He states that he has not been entirely disappointed, but we apprehend that his readers will differ from him on this point. The diary of the good vicar, who was also a medical practitioner, contains much quaint, curious, and amusing, as well as much trivial matter; but so far as Shakespeare is concerned, it is the old story of the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted.

Dr Severn has indeed done his best by fresh research, and the expression of the most fervent and enthusiastic admiration, to atone for the deficiencies of his author. If the vicar of Stratford had ever covenanted or pretended to tell the world anything about Shakespeare, it would have had a right to complain of him; but if the public be discontented now, the blame lies with his "editor." Bating Shakespeare, however, the book was well worthy of publication, from the light it throws upon the manners and history of the age. Though entitled a *Diary*, it is, in fact, a commonplace book of anecdotes, good sayings, and, generally, of what is called table-talk. Thus, we have a story of a woman in Warwick, who, being very ill in labour, was exhorted to patience by Lady Puckering, and gravely informed that her cruel suffer-

ings were brought upon her by her grandmother, Eve, eating an apple! "Were they?" said the woman; "then I wish the apple had choked her." Whereupon Lady Puckering was compelled to retire from the room, to indulge her inclination to laugh. The originals of a good many old *Joes* will be found here. The joke imputed to half-a-dozen, or, for aught we know, half-a-hundred Scottish clergymen, of having, when discoursing on the parable of the Feast, remarked of the man who pleaded that "He had married a wife and could not come"—"Bonny like excuse that! Could not the fool have gone and ta'en his wife wi' him?" is here attributed to Dr Prideaux, who improves on the Scottish divines, by saying—"What a fool was he not to bring his wife with him, for then he would have been all the more welcome." We learn this singular fact in physiology, "that it is a certain truth that women with blue lips are always scolds." Mr Dod, a friend of Ward's, learned this interesting fact in London—"Ware blue lips, then, bachelors—they may prove more troublesome than blue stockings.

"That lisping people are usually good-natured," is another of these facts. It is here recorded that Hippocrates advised physicians to cure their patients with physic and compounds, and themselves with sack and claret. Many of the *mots* are smart or pithy, but many more mawkish or pointless enough. Still a diner-out, or professional story-teller, particularly if he have a turn for adapting old sayings to modern circumstances, may add considerably to his stock in trade by the perusal of Ward's

Diary. He remarks, that the phrase of a lying-in woman "being in the straw" argues that feather-beds are not ancient. But we fear that our frugal grandmothers saved their feather-beds, upon such trying occasions, and punished themselves. In primitive parts of the country, we have heard the preparations for a confinement described by the phrase: "Such a one is gathering her straw." Missionary zeal was almost as fervent in former generations as it is now; and some learned divines gravely proposed that missionaries should be sent to More's Utopia to preach the Gospel to the natives! Here is one of the pithy sayings—"Lawyers' gowns hurt the common wealth as much as soldiers' helmets." Here again is a merry physician's prescription to dyspeptic patients—"Dr Dolphine bade his patients abstain from windy meats. They asked him what windy meats are. He tells them, bellows, bagpipes, trumpets, and such like diet."

Ward's account of the slogan or curfew song of the erring wenches of Edinburgh, if not the best we have seen, is among the most ancient—"In Scotland, especially in Edinburgh, when they throw out a chamberpot, they cry *cardeleu*! to signify to those that go under, to take heed, knowing what is coming." It must have been perilous walking in those days, "when in Edinburgh you shall hear twenty *cardeleus* altogether, so that by endeavouring to avoid one you fall under the persecution of another." Winifred Jenkins' interpretation of this warning cry is, however, far more classic than that of the vicar of Stratford. They cry "*Garde-loo!*" says Win, "which means, The Lord have mercy upon you!"

It seems to have been the common belief in Mr Ward's time, that Charles I. was privy to the Irish massacre. He remarks:—"Some say they (the Irish) had the broad seal for it, but it is hard to accuse Majesty." Ward was a rather liberal loyalist. We find this curious query—"Whether there are not more men than women that are naturals, notwithstanding women are the weaker sex?" Here is a saying applicable to our palace-diners:—"Sir Henry Ward, hath said—'He that hath tasted the King's broth never likes any other.'"

The vicar of Stratford disliked about equally Papists and Quakers, whom he takes pleasure in girding, though his hits are generally blunt. Of one of these denominations, he remarks, "An oath on a Papist's conscience is like a collar on the neck of an ass, which he will slip on for his master's pleasure, and slip off again for his own. The Puritans are wittily said to speak through their noses, because the High Commissioner stopped their mouths; and, because conventicles were forbidden in Scotland, one there said grace of an hour-and-a-half long, so couching a conventicle in it." Of the Quakers, he says, quoting the Latin proverb—"A swine's soul serves for salt to keep the body sweet, and a Quaker's does no more." Their books are "flatly and dully written;" and their doctrines, like those of the Alcoran. "They would need a second Bible to ascertain the truth of the first, and a third to ascertain the second." How consistent is prejudice in every age!

Medical science has made some progress since the days of this clerical physician; but his frightful account of certain surgical operations, tediously and clumsily performed, may well make the moderns bless their stars. He mentions some practices of respectable physicians, his contemporaries, which surely could not be tolerated by the profession now, though strange things are sometimes whispered. "Some doctors have a noble out of the pound of

their apothecaries, as Dr Wright—and many, a crown, as an apothecary of London told me."

It was only about thirty years after the death of Shakespeare that Ward began to write, and he settled at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1662. Much might then have been learned from the surviving connexions and contemporaries of the bard; but the precious material which mainly sent this volume into the world is, as we have intimated, exceedingly scanty. About the whole amount of the vicar's information is as follows, after he has mentioned the number of Shakespeare's children.

"I have heard that Mr Shakespeare was of a natural wit, without any art at all." [This helps to put to rest the pretensions to regular classic scholarship lately set up for the dramatist.] "He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays a-year; and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1000 a-year as I have heard."

"Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a feavour there contracted. Remember [Mem.] to peruse Shakespeare's plays and bee much versed in them, that I may not be ignorant in that matter."

In describing the localities of the town and neighbourhood, he mentions "John Combe" as steward of the lands and possessions of the Guild, and probably the descendant of Shakespeare's John o' Combe, and also the Lucies or Lucys of Charlote. Among the witnesses to a grant in his time, was "Goody Hathaway."

In his select sentences on theology, politics, and philosophy, it is probable that Mr Ward is not always original, and that many of his sayings are the fruit of his reading or conversation.

Bevan's Thirty Years in India. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

Major H. Bevan, of the Madras Infantry, has here run through his adventures in India "e'en from his boyish days." He went thither a cadet in 1807; spent five-and-twenty years in military surveys, campaigning, sporting, and the other customary duties and pastimes of a solitary British officer generally stationed in the Mofussil; acquired a good knowledge of the Malabar language and of some of the other dialects of Hindostan; was just and kind to the people; and gained their esteem and affection. In 1832, Major Bevan came home on leave, married, and returned to India a happy husband and father; but shortly lost his wife and three children by cholera within a very few days of each other. He gave up the service, under great depression of spirits, and again came home, having seen much of India, and being deeply interested in the future fortunes of the country where he has passed the most important part of his life. He delivers "his round unvarnished tale" with a soldier's plainness and frankness, but with much more of thoughtfulness and enlightened benevolence than the world, however unjustly, has been in the habit of attributing to persons of his profession. It may be presumed that in so long a residence, and so much of it passed in remote stations, and among the natives, without another European, save perhaps a brother officer, within hundreds of miles of him, he has seen much of India and has much to tell. Among the first spectacles which (disguised as a woman) he witnessed in India, was the performance of a native drama, somewhat, we imagine, like *Les Anglais pour rire*; in which the English were ridiculed, and the tricks by which they are, on their arrival, plundered and outwitted by their native servants and people of business, were shewn off as capital jokes. Thirty years, during which there were

several regular wars and many eruptions, afford material for public history, and sketches of the native chiefs and sovereigns with whom the author came in contact. Major Bevan is an Irishman, and a man of Liberal opinions, which, moreover, must have been formed free from all bias, as the fruit of his solitary reflections. His views of Indian policy appear enlightened and comprehensive, and are well worth the attention of those interested in the preservation and improvement of that vast and important portion of the empire. He is the advocate of a free press in India; but, doubting if the country is yet prepared for a native representative government, concludes that the Government of the Court of Directors is, on the whole, better than that of the British Parliament and Ministry. The question is beset with difficulties, but we believe no Liberal man would wish to see the British Minister armed with the enormous patronage of India; and representing India directly in Parliament would too surely be merely representing the handfull of whites.

Major Bevan suffered the too common misfortune of losing his savings—by the failure of the house of Palmer, we presume, for he gives only the initial letter of the name. He was, after long service, promoted, and appointed to the command of Wynaud, where he successfully introduced the cultivation of the coffee-plant. But the natives were either listless, or averse to follow up his attempts, from the very natural idea that Government would levy a tax on the new production. They were probably of the mind of the Irishman who, when reproached by the Parliamentary Commissioners for lounging about idle, while there was no road to his cabin, replied—"Is it a road I'd make, that the agent might drive his gig up to the door and raise the rint on us?" The immense resources of India for many valuable productions are hardly yet developed; nor have those productions which are raised received anything like the care and attention necessary to their perfection. Major Bevan gives many judicious hints for improvement.

We must abruptly conclude—recommending Major Bevan's book to all who are interested in the condition or prospects of India. They will find it sensible and unpretending, full of information, and entirely devoid of fudge.

Rambles in the South of Ireland. By Lady Chatterton. 2 vols. With numerous illustrations. London: Saunders & Otley.

Were Lady Chatterton's work greatly inferior, as a literary performance, to what we find it, it is still to be valued for the excellent motives of the writer. Her object in publishing "is to endeavour to remove the prejudices which render so many people afraid to travel or reside in Ireland." There can be no doubt that *strangers* may travel with as great, and, we may aver, with greater security in Ireland, than in almost any part of the world. Permanent residence, both as to comfort and security, must be affected by many considerations; but every one who, like Lady Chatterton, goes among the people in the spirit of trust and love, with the determination to abide by the rule of impartial justice, and to use generous forbearance in its application, need have no fears in settling in Ireland. Lady Chatterton's sketches of national character and manners confirm whatever has been said of all that is most engaging in the Irish. She made herself at home in their cabins, and in the humble homes of the Catholic curates; travelled in carts and cars; picked up acquaintances by the wayside; and everywhere found kindness, courtesy, cordial welcome, and unexpected vir-

tues. Her work may be of gossamer texture; but, if somewhat spun out, the staple is good. We had marked, among other specimens, a description of Mr O'Connell's residence in Kerry; but the world has, perhaps, heard enough of Darrynane. Lady Chatterton indulged in antiquarian researches, and has presented her readers with several architectural *drolleries*, traced by her pencil, which she seems to have exercised as freely as her pen. Her book, exteriorly, is handsome enough for any boudoir-table.

"Wearing its trappings gaily, as a lady's ought to do."
The Fergusons; or Woman's Love and the World's Favour. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

This new novel of fashion is whispered to have a very fashionable origin. It is solely about persons of fashion and their vulgar imitators; their daily occupations of dinners, balls, and operas; and their serious business of flirtation, intrigue, scandal, courtship, and schemes of matrimony. The characters are the ordinary commonplace, and somewhat threadbare, personages of a fashionable novel; the sentiments *ditto*; the moral good. Of heroes there are three or four, of varying grade; but the hero *par excellence* is Arthur Ferguson, who, with many good and amiable qualities, sacrifices every solid virtue to the desire of charming, and of being universally popular in society, or of gaining "the world's favour." His young brother, William, is one of the "good young men." Of heroines, we have one of the impassioned school, Clara, a beautiful Italian; one noble and dignified—an English perfection—Lady Cecil; and one or two of the sweet, mild, ingratiating, timid, and sensitive caste. The novel winds up with three happy marriages, every Jack, after the usual game of cross-purposes, getting his Gill. With this very ordinary material, clever sketches of society are interwoven, at least, in the opening scenes. The second volume lags sadly.

The Phantom Ship. 3 vols.

So much more than could be agreeable to any one had been heard of Captain Maryatt's new nautical romance previous to its appearance, that inclination to speak of it is altogether damped. As a whole it is unequal; but it contains some fine and wildly imaginative sea-scenes, which the writer has never surpassed. Among these are the burning of a ship at sea, and those charmed glimpses of the Phantom Ship, which occur ever and anon. There is but one female character; and she is almost Shakspearian.

Miller's Rural Sketches. London: Van Voorst.

This new work of the basket-maker is of that purely English school and class in which the lovers of nature delight—of that native school, in which, in one sense, Cowper and the author of "Grongar Hill," Isaac Walton and White of Selborne, were eminent masters; of which Miss Mitford and the Howitts are distinguished living disciples, and the present writer of no mean reputation. Such books, springing from an intense love of rural beauty—and of rustic and homely manners and usages, halloed by associations of the brave olden times, and exalted by the purest spirit of poetry, peculiarly deserve to be cherished, and even taken fondly to the national heart. There is, however, less of still-life painting in this volume than in some of the author's former scenic works, and much more of real life in these little stories than is to be found in his long romances. It consists of sketches, of which the nature may be surmised from such titles as "The Old Bull's Head;" "The Country Courtship;" "Old Customs of Travelling;" "Bonny Bell," &c., &c. Some pretty papers are devoted to old English rural

poetry. The work is beautifully embellished with really fine and characteristic wood engravings, which style of art seems to us better adapted to works of natural history, and of this kind, than for depicting battle-pieces, and heroic, tragic, or historical scenes.

Lives of Wellington.

Three Wellingtons are in the field together. One life is issued by Longman's house; the other by Colburn. Both are appearing in Parts, and at the same price. The third memoir is published by Fisher and Son. Longman's *Life of the Duke* is under the care of Major Basil Jackson and Captain Rochfort Scott; and Colburn's is written by Sir James E. Alexander, the ready and clever literary undertaker of so many books of travels. Of the Messrs Fisher's life, we cannot at present speak beyond the portraits, which are very fine engravings. These works must progress a little farther, before any sound opinion can be formed of their respective merits, though each starts fairly and promises well.

The Metropolitan Pulpit, or Sketches of the most Popular Preachers in London. By the Author of "Random Recollections," &c., &c. London: Virtue.

Whatever difference of opinion there may exist about Mr Grant's abilities as an author, no one will deny that he has the knack of seizing upon subjects which are calculated to excite curiosity among a large class of readers. These sketches are often bald enough—the best being the reminiscences of Irving, Rowland Hill, Wilks, Waugh, &c., &c.; but they will be eagerly read by many, for the private lives of the divines interest nearly as much as those of the players. Mr Grant, who is rather remarkable for crudities, has also fallen into inaccuracies, probably from a too easy adoption of the current gossip about popular preachers which abounds in religious circles.—Some of the stories about Rowland Hill are of such a description. Irving—poor Irving!—is spoken of in a very kindly and even affectionate spirit. Whatever were his failings, he certainly had the virtue of making himself beloved—an unfailing sign that he possessed qualities deserving of love. Mr Grant may henceforth hold Dr Waugh free of the sin of quoting Burns' songs on a Sacramental Sunday, as Burns, as every Scotsman should know, was not the author of the song he refers to.

The most memorable late event in the religious world recorded here is, the conversion of an anonymous Duke by the preaching of the Rev. Mr Beamish. His Grace has forsaken Almack's, and "given it," we are solemnly told, "a blow under the effects of which it is now staggering, and from which it is doubtful if it ever will recover." Devonshire is the noble convert hinted at. Two of his servants stood out against family prayers; but the refractory varlets were subdued, and all the domestics now attend family worship regularly, morning and evening. Mr Grant anticipates farther great revolutions in the fashionable world from his Grace having become devout. We must confess that there is a sort of solemn simplicity in our author's statements and reports, upon many occasions, which is almost ludicrous.

In noticing the Rev. Mr Ford, the predecessor of Fletcher, he gives a characteristic picture of the avarice of that reverend person, who, as the plain pastor of a Dissenting chapel, contrived to amass a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. Mr Ford, being an excellent preacher, wisely left his salary to the generosity of his congregation, which was one of the wealthiest among the Dissent-

ers in London. He refused regular seat-rents, and, taking whatever gratuity was offered, the money was generally collected and deposited in his pockets in the vestry before he mounted the pulpit. When the sum was large, it was noticed that he looked uncommonly pleased, and preached with remarkable unction: thus verifying the Scottish proverb about a minister preaching according to his stipend. If the silver and sovereigns were heard jingling together in his pockets, on the pulpit stairs, "he preached with peculiar life and animation." But we vouch for nothing of this. Mr Grant has volumes to spiu out, and seems blessed with an enormous organ of wonder.

A popular Treatise on the Kidney. By George Corfe, of the Middlesex Hospital.

A very singular work this for our age, or from the pen of a medical man of any age. As a scientific treatise, though we do not at all pretend to pronounce upon its merits, it appears to us ingenious and original; but the characteristic feature is the violent tendency of the author to spiritualize the most homely details of his subject, and perpetually launch out into mystical divinity.

"And when divinity comes 'cross him,
His readers, then, are sure to lose him."

So strange an admixture or jumble of science and piety was never before presented to the world; and this is the more to be regretted, as the writer, with great scientific knowledge, appears sincerely devout. It may be asked, if Harvey might spiritualize the starry heavens, or the flower garden, why may not a devout physician adopt the same course with that particular part of the strangely and wonderfully made human frame which he has selected for his treatise? We do not deny the right; yet the results are, in this instance, often inconceivably incongruous, if not irreverent; and yet nothing, we are persuaded, was further from the intention of the author. Let us take a brief example of his singular way of treating a strictly scientific subject. "That dense mass of oil shut up in its numerous cells, above and around the kidney, I propose calling 'The Log of Oil,' after the language used by God, the Holy Ghost, in His Word, in describing the various offerings for the Jewish people." The circulating animal oils, or their connexion with the functions of the kidney, form a vital part of Mr Corfe's treatise; and he has wild and wonderful things to say on the mystical nature of this substance, which we really do not care to cite. It would, however, be unwise in men of science who are fond of speculation to be repelled, by the metaphysics or transcendental soarings of the author, from the perusal of this queer but original book. Nor is it extraordinary that some medical men should become mystics, while others "go the whole hog" in Mesmerism.

A Voice from America to England.

Much sound truth, and some vigour of thought, is in this work, kneaded up with a vast quantity of rank American Toryism. But, then, the Toryism of the United States is but the mild Liberalism of British Whigs. The leading evil tendencies of American society—those which threaten its dissolution—are, we are assured, the Demon of Radicalism, and the worse demon of spiritual tyranny—which has originated in Voluntarism, or the separation between Church and State. The author spares no pains in exposing what he considers the rash folly of the crusading attempts of the Abolitionists; and brings a railing accusation against Miss Martineau for coming from England to stir up the American women to

claim no less "than a share in the 'Parliamentary deliberations and other affairs of the State!'" We were not aware that Miss Martineau had gone quite this length; but the Abolitionist doctrines of *amalgamation* had previously, it seems, prepared the way to the acknowledgment of the equality of the sexes, and the American rebellious ladies were only "aided and abetted by the seditious labours of Miss Martineau." The Abolition Convention, held last autumn, consisted of 123 men to only 42 women—this might still the fears of our author; and only two ladies to seven men were on the committee which drew up the constitution of the society. The ladies, save a very few heroines, are still backward; but our author hopes their amiable diffidence may soon wear away "under the encouraging gallantry of the gentlemen hitherto improperly called their lords." The Mauses Headriggs or Jenny Geddesses of the Abolition Movement are named Maria Chapman and Abby Kelly. Their crude declaration reminds us of the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, or the old Covenanters; and in some of its doctrines of the Fifth Monarchy men:—

"We cannot acknowledge," they declare, "allegiance to any human government—we recognise but one king and lawgiver, one judge and ruler of mankind. We are bound by the laws of a kingdom which is not of this world; in which there is no division of caste, or inequality of sex. Our country is the world; our countrymen all mankind. The interests, rights, and liberties of American citizens are no more dear to us than are those of the whole human race. The dogma that all the governments of the world are approvingly ordained by God is not less absurd than impious. We register our testimony not only against all wars, but all preparations for war; and against every edict of government requiring of its subjects military service. . . . As a measure of sound policy, we adopt the non-resistance principle. It appears to us a self-evident truth, that whatever the Gospel is designed to destroy at any period of the world, ought now to be abandoned. We may not fight in defence of life, property, or religion. We must obey the powers that be, except in those cases in which they bid us violate conscience. It will be our leading object to devise ways and means of effecting radical change in society," &c., &c., &c.

Our author believes that this society, or its doctrines, will have great vogue, and prevail in America. The women are brought into play. "It is the best hit of all," this change for them, where all, according to this report, are ever panting for continual change.

The Vegetable Cultivator. By John Rogers.

A plain, sensible, and comprehensive treatise on the cultivation of vegetables, which may benefit the market-gardener, and prove a useful guide for the management of the private kitchen-garden, of whatever extent. This book is the production of a practical man, who has proved his own directions.

The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usages, &c., &c. By John Dunlop, Esq., President of the Temperance Union of Scotland.

Second Report of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society.

If not a nation of absolute tea-totalers, we shall certainly by-and-by become a temperate people. The higher classes of this country have, in the natural progress of civilization, and without any associations, become temperate; and there is little doubt that, if more fortunately situated in the articles important to human comfort in this northern climate, the inferior classes, also, would

have gradually renounced excess without any compulsory or ostentatious means; and their increased temperance have been the natural result of increasing social comfort, improved morality, and refinement of manners. As it is, and without admiring the extravagance to which even a good thing may be carried, we must say, from observation and conviction, that the Tee-total Societies have already done great good among the lower orders of the community, and are, together with many concurrent causes, paving the way for a state of things in which their active and rather obtrusive operations may no longer be required.

Among the zealous or the enthusiastic apostles of *Total Abstinence*, no one is more distinguished than the philanthropic author of the book before us. Mr Dunlop may carry his opinions to the extreme; but there can be no more doubt of his good intentions, than of the many excellent results of the associations which he patronizes. His history of the *drinking usages* of the three kingdoms is, besides, curious, as a part of the history of the social life and manners of the people. Nor have we any hesitation in pronouncing compulsory drinking a much worse evil than compulsory abstinence. Both are injurious to the free growth of that mental strength which teaches a man to rule his own spirit—to regulate his conduct by his own independent judgment. Mr Dunlop commences Chapter I., sentence first, with a high and deserved compliment to Sir Walter Scott's knowledge and masterly delineation of Scottish manners. Does he remember that passage in "The Antiquary," when Monkbarns, meeting Maggie Mucklebucket, hopes the distilleries may never work again. "Ay, ay," said Maggie, "it's easy for your Honour, and the like o' you gentlefolks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claith, and sit dry and canny by the fireside; but, an' ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, which is worst ava, wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilden, and claise, and supper, and heart's-ease into the bargain, till the morn's mornin'?"

This might be very fallacious reasoning on Maggy's part—no doubt of it; yet Monkbarns admitted her apology as "too true;" and we cannot see why every advocate of Total Abstinence should not therefore cordially join with those who demand for the people the cheap, the untaxed bread and meat, and the lightly taxed tea and sugar, and other comforts which their industry is sufficient to procure, and which would leave to no one Maggy's "too true an apology," for giving away the last twopence, whether for gin or for opium. There are, however, we admit, a very great majority of all cases of intemperance which have no claim to Maggy's apology.

Has not Mr Dunlop's credulity been abused in some of the anecdotes he relates? In what British towns are the following dark revels held?—"It is notorious [notorious?] that in great towns, and in the populous districts around, there are secret assemblies of females, instituted in revenge of their husbands' self-indulgences, for the purpose of the vilest excesses out of the presence of the men; which diabolical resorts have all their peculiar dark and hateful regulations. Town missionaries, sometimes in their researches among the abodes of sin, stumble unawares on these receptacles." We entertain strong doubts about these regularly organized clubs of British matrons. Had such existed, Pilet must have heard of them.

The very Kirk itself does not escape Mr Dunlop. "In

some presbyteries," he says "the presbyterial dinner is furnished with liquor, not by each member present paying his direct proportionate share, but by fines imposed on various occasions. When a clergyman gets a new manse, he is fined a bottle of wine; when he has been newly married, this circumstance subjects him to the same amiable penalty; a child also costs one bottle, and the publication of a sermon another." Reverend bachelors are, on the other hand, fined for having no new wives nor children. Now, we apprehend, some will think the fine exceedingly moderate, and that the bottle should be, at least, a magnum. In a certain *burgh*, the elder sent by the magistrates to the General Assembly, presents them, we are told, in return for his appointment, with two guineas to drink! and if a clergyman of Edinburgh, during the sitting of the venerable Assembly, preach in his own pulpit and thus dispense with the assistance of his provincial brethren, the customary bottle of wine is forfeited to the Presbytery. But the Kirk has much more to answer for. One lass, when married, became a drunkard, from the evil habit of sipping out the dregs of the minister's toddy-tumbler every day after dinner; and some of the grave senators of Great Britain were "unfeignedly amazed" to hear that it was not unusual for the clergymen of North Britain to take a dram! We wonder that, among these anecdotes, the fact does not appear, that the number of glasses of toddy to which a minister's wife is entitled being by regulation three, she may claim an additional glass on every augmentation of stipend; so that three augmentations during one incumbency would double her originally prescribed allowance. It is to be regretted that this zealous author should have impaired his real usefulness among rational people by this sort of over-doing. Lord Teignmouth, whom he frequently cites, was lately horrified at seeing ladies and gentlemen in the Highlands drinking whisky before breakfast. He found it the invariable practice among clergymen's families and in every gentleman farmer's; and the good people were simple enough to wonder that his Lordship should be surprised at the common custom of their country. Would they not have as much cause to feel astonishment, if coming south, at his Lordship or his contemporaries imbibing a nauseous morning draught, called soda-water or saline mixture? And we will venture to affirm that the "mountain-dew," the plain dram, or the *bitters*, no more affected the faculties of the Highland ministers, or the Sutherland sheep-farmers, than as much soda-water would have done the brains of his Lordship.

Mr Dunlop must not be offended at these remarks. We respect his motives, and we acknowledge that great good has been accomplished by Temperance Societies, and therefore regret that carrying matters to the extreme should draw sneers and ridicule upon the efforts of the most useful associations with which he is connected.

Excursion in the Interior of Russia. By Robert Bremner, Esq. 2 vols. royal octavo. London: Colburn.

In the course of a rather extensive tour on the Continent, Mr Bremner and a small party of friends made, in the autumn of 1836, a dash into Russia, entering at St Petersburg, and making their exit by Odessa. Their adventures, personal observations, and acquired information, supply the contents of two bulky and interesting volumes. The travellers, or traveller, is not unjust to Russia, where any bias is perceptible; but, upon the whole, the work is very fairly written. It accordingly does not

present the most flattering view of that vast and cumbersome empire, in which a French gentleman told a late traveller, that the only distinction existing between the noble and the peasant was, that the one wore his shirt outside his trousers, while the other tucked it in. The Russian nobles, those of them who do not come abroad to other countries to un-Russianize, still beat their wives occasionally, as Mr Bremner states, and shew equal refinement in other points. Love is unknown in Russia, (which we should doubt,) marriages being made from vanity or convenience; and a man may buy himself another man's wife for his bride, if he gives her price. At least a case is noticed of one of "the most powerful of the Russian nobles" having lately bought such a partner for £2000. Mr Bremner, like other travellers, may, however, be apt, in this and some other instances, to forget that one swallow does not make a summer. Like all selfish, pampered, and half-civilized persons, who value everything merely by its cost and rarity—and there are plenty of them in every wealthy country—the Russians prize forced delicacies, such as cherries, at a guinea a-piece, or peaches, at two guineas, and sterlet, at from £7 to £50 for a single fish. Another trait of unrefined or low taste, is ostentatious extravagance in wines. Of Champagne alone nearly half a million bottles are imported yearly into Russia. Mr Bremner wonders where so much *genuine* Champagne is obtained. Let him consult Dr Granville's German Spas for the solution of this mystery. The Russians, though far from being tea-totalers, are universal tea-drinkers. And they have delicious tea. The superior quality of their tea they impute to getting it overland—sea-air being supposed to destroy the exquisite aroma of the tea on long voyages. Tea brought so far by land-carriage is necessarily very high-priced. The mushroom is another universal and delicate article of food, with all classes; and, from abundance and wholesome quality proves a blessing to the poor. As we cannot attempt anything like justice to this work, nor to give even a slight idea of its contents, we must satisfy our consciences by recommending it strongly to those who would acquire a mass of fresh and authentic miscellaneous information respecting the important country which it discusses.

Deerbrook. By Miss Martineau. London: Moxon. 3 vols.

Deerbrook is not a novel, in the common acceptation of the term, and it is yet less of a romance. It is one of Miss Martineau's little stories, illustrative of social morals, and of the domestic life of the middle classes, expanded into three volumes, and suffering in the process, from what necessarily becomes too copious a mixture of the merely trivial and commonplace details of every-day life—such, details, as throw little or no light upon individual character or the workings of the passions. Rapid or startling incident is excluded, probably upon system, and there is none of the broad caricature or rage for the ludicrous exhibited, which is at present carried to excess in novels. None of the characters are of the kind which "elevate and surprise," but some of them are finely discriminated. Yet young novel readers will be disappointed in *Deerbrook*, though the fault may haply lie with themselves, for there is much that is admirable in these village annals, both of the naturally interwoven and the artificially embossed. It is, in short, a picture of real life, of which all the excellence will not be apparent at the first perusal. It must be taken up a second time, and will repay the study.

Claims of the Animal Creation on Humanity. By the Rev. John Styles, D.D.

This is the essay to which the hundred-pound prize of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was adjudged, out of thirty-four given in. It contains the usual arguments, facts, and appeals addressed to human reason and feeling in behalf of the lower creation, and needful strictures upon the new-fangled forms of torturing animals by captivity in the Zoological Gardens. These places, wherever they exist, it is justly remarked, "contain a great amount of animal suffering, for which no compensation whatever is made, either in advancing natural science, or in domesticating animals of other countries. In both these objects they have been a total failure." It is, however, forgotten, what pretty morning lounges they form for idle people. This volume contains many interesting anecdotes of animal intelligence. Dr Styles is alike the denouncer of fishing, fowling, coursing, racing, and caging animals and birds; but his special horror is reserved for the anatomists, or rather the experimenting physiologists; and he relates an experiment in vivisection that took place in the Edinburgh University, which is so utterly appalling and disgusting—so truly demoniacal, that we would fain hope it is greatly exaggerated.

Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By Montague Lyon Philips.

These Lectures have been delivered to the author's pupils, and are published from his notion of the want of such an elementary treatise. A set of questions intended to test the knowledge and exercise the understanding of the pupils is appended to each lecture.

The Conversations Lexicon. Parts 47 to 50.

This solid work draws to a close. The 7th volume is to finish the work, and to contain a Supplement and Analytical Index. The progress of science and discovery renders a Supplement to every Encyclopædia which has been going for some years absolutely necessary. The late Parts contain a History of the United States of America and a good many biographies.

Foreign Monthly Review. No. I.

This new Review is addressed to those whose thirst after the novelties of Foreign Literature will not allow them to abide the leisure or slow pace of the Foreign Quarterly. The first number is of fair promise; the contents are light and diversified.

A True Picture of Australia. By a Friend to Truth.

It is not easy to give "A True Picture of Australia," of which every man speaks as he personally feels, where candour prevails so far, as to permit the humiliating confession of sanguine, senseless expectations resulting in disappointment and suffering. This pamphlet has the merit of shewing the reverse of that flattering picture, by which so many persons have been misled. A number of original letters, from emigrants of different classes, are given, and form the most valuable part of a little work which, however, falls very short of what might be said either in giving the information required, or the cautions necessary to emigrants.

The Family Sanctuary,

Is a portly, handsome volume, in full canonicals; containing a sermon and prayer for every Sunday in the year, with the Collect of the day, and a portion of Scripture. The author is a zealous, and, we have no doubt, a

conscientious Churchman; but why should he think that, if we had no Established Church, we should have no Sabbath—no day of holy rest. Do Voluntaries disrespect the Sabbath more than Churchmen?

Letters to the Bishop of Durham, relative to his Subscription for the Rev. W. Turner's Sermons, &c. &c.

These Letters are written by a Unitarian, and their object is to shew that the Right Reverend Bishop need not have taken so great alarm at the imputations cast on his orthodoxy, for merely buying a Unitarian work. The writer, in short, in his Letters to the Bishop, takes occasion to give a popular view of the Unitarian creed.

Outline of the Sacred Literature of the New Testament. By D. Macintosh.

A little work or pamphlet, containing a good deal of useful information, compiled from safe and trustworthy quarters.

The Discovery of the Vital Principle, or Physiology of Man.

A very singular book, composed by a man more bold than wise, we should think. Animal magnetism, phrenology, nay, even the perpetual motion, the transmutation of metals, and the very elixir of immortality itself, are thrown into the shade by the discovery, of the "Vital Principle." The discovery, the author of it believes to be made just in time. We do not pretend quite to understand him and perhaps he is not always sure of himself, though a theory more cut-and-dry could not be wished for. His speculations on progressive life, animal and vegetable, in its oval, fetal, and locomotive stages—on the "Mundane Egg," on Man, &c. &c., are at least stimulating. In "the wreck of worlds" which the author of this new cosmogony believes will be hastened by our mining processes and waste of coal, he predicts that a remnant of the virtuous portion of the human race will be saved, by means, not of arks, as at the Deluge, but of balloons! A spirit of benevolence and piety pervades these philosophic reveries; and the writer, in his search for materials to prop his theories, has collected a vast number of curious facts.

The Little Book of Knowledge.

A very neatly printed and most legible tome for little readers; and one which is adorned with some pretty cuts, and quite stored with useful knowledge.

SERIAL WORKS.

Heads of the People.

The last number of this clever publication which has reached us, is so conglomerated by the stitcher or binder, or whatever his proper title be, that we can make little out of it. It seems a compound of different numbers. We have the *Undertaker* complete, with Douglas Jerrold's graphic illustrative sketch of that functionary; and this tells for something; and that latent spirit of philanthropy which we were delighted to recognise in this series from its first number, is manifested in the *Chimney-sweeps*—those black spots upon the garments of a Christian community. The Chimneysweep tempts us to relate a trifling illustrative anecdote:—A few days since we chanced to witness the mingled surprise, horror, and pity of a Highland servant-maid—a fine specimen, in every way, of the mountains from which she had very recently emerged—on coming into personal contact with chimneysweeps. Two of the black-whites had come to her master's house, and she was ordered to see that the

soot was not allowed to escape from the chimney about to be swept, through a room in which there were a good many books, and other things that might be injured. The full-grown sweep, who went aloft, she did not seem to heed, or to regard only with a passing feeling of disgust; but she became absolutely fascinated by the extraordinary creature in human form who held the sheet opposite to her to keep in the soot. He was like all his kind—a miserable, stunted wretch, very ill with what seemed purulent ophthalmia—a spectacle such as no savage country ever did present, and which was quite new to his temporary assistant. She gazed more and more intensely into his stupid or rather dull and begrimed face; and at last fairly turned the strange creature round with the points of her fingers, under evident excitement.

"Och! poor boy, how long have you been at this work?"

"Six years," grumbled out the blackened undergrowth.

"Six years! How old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"Fourteen!—he's liker nine. Sic a miserable wee chieldie! What took you to the sweeps, boy? Could you na rather herd, or do anything in the world?"

No reply.

"Why do you not run away? Lord be good to us! Och heine! Such a miserable black cratur!" And the Highland lass, in her benevolent excitement, said things about the appearance and condition of the object of her compassion, which must have deeply wounded the feelings of the little sweep, if sweeps have feelings—which we sincerely hope they have not—physical sensation being quite sufficient for their torture. A hint was given that the poor boy might have some remaining human sensibility, and that he certainly could have had no choice of his trade, as large towns do not afford many opportunities for little boys getting even the poor employment of herding. Nothing could pacify the natural and unsophisticated feelings of the woman regarding the cruelly-defaced human image. Her final advice or entreaty was, that he would run away, which the boy seemed to hear with the same indifferent or stupefied air as the rest of her vehement discourse. He was quite subdued to the quality of his degrading office. The only gleam of satisfaction which was visible on his countenance, was in gulping, rather than swallowing, the draught of beer which his patroness said he did more greedily than the big man. So, again ejaculating, "Och heine! the black cratur!" she resumed her own business, probably thanking heaven that there were no chimneysweeps in the Highlands. Mr Ogden, the author of the *Sketch of the Chimneysweep in the "Heads of the People,"* inquires why the legislature does not at once provide, that all chimneys should be so constructed as to admit the free use of the machine. We have often thought that the chimneysweeping department, like that of street-cleaning and lighting, ought to be under the management of the police. Not only are boys tortured contrary to law, but thefts, burglaries, and fires, are occasioned by the present system; many persons being seemingly willing to endanger their own house and neighbourhood, rather than pay for the cleaning of their chimneys when it is required.

Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare.

Parts VI. and VII. contain the first and second part of King Henry IV.; and, among other embellishments, a whole gallery of Falstaffs, and an admirably discrimina-

tive appreciation of the character of the fat knight. Some of the architectural and other plates are very fine; and there is, as usual, a vast quantity of learned lore in the preliminary critical remarks and annotations.

Smith's Standard Library.

This is among the best of the many popular libraries now in course of publication. The works are well selected—the printing, paper, and size unexceptionable—and the price, at first too cheap, still moderate. We wish every respectable young man, or young householder, no worse a stock of refined English literature to commence his collection with than these very handsome and cheap books. There are seventeen parts already published, which would make two very handsome volumes of about 650 pages each—containing, *The Lady of the Lake*, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and *Marmion*; *Crabbe's Borough*, *Thomson's Poems*, *Burns's Poems*, *Goldsmith's Poems and Plays*, and *Vicar of Wakefield*; *Coleridge's Translation of Schiller's Wallenstein*; *The Poetical Works of Henry Kirk White*; *Paul and Virginia*, *The Indian Cottage*, and *Elizabethe*; *Anson's Voyage round the World*, *Kneckerbocher's History of New York*; *Locke on the Reasonableness of Christianity*; *Mrs Inchbald's Nature and Art*; *Meeting of the Bounty*; and *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*.

Christian Literature.

This series commences with Boston's "Crook in the Lot," and West's "Observations on the History and Evidence of the Resurrection." It is well printed, and moderate in price.

Records of the Kirk of Scotland.

Part VI. of these curious ecclesiastical and historical annals has appeared. It brings the Records down to the eve of a perilous period of the Kirk's history—1640. In the General Assembly of 1639, when zeal against Episcopacy was at blood-heat, the Moderator gave this amusing definition of *Tulchan Bishops*:—"Tulchan was a Scots word used in their common language. When a cow would not let down her milk, they stappie [stuff] a calf's skin full of strae, and sett it down before the cow, and that was called a Tulchan. So those Bishops brooking [enjoying] the title and the benefice, without the office, they wist not what name to give them, and so they called them Tulchan Bishops, (at which the Assembly laughing heartilie,) the Moderator said—"Their follies were worthy to be laughen at in this General Assembly."

Views on the Shores and Islands of the Mediterranean. By W. L. Leitch. With Descriptions of the Plates by the Rev. G. N. Wright. Fishers.

The taste, talent, and care with which the publishers of this series get up such works, is already appreciated. Those familiar with their "Illustrations of Syria and the Holy Land" have, therefore, only to transfer their thoughts to this fresh region to obtain a lively and correct idea of the work. Some striking views are taken in Sicily, Algiers, and on the Barbary coast.

Early English Authors.

This is a new set of reprints, of which the first is well chosen, but not so well executed. "It is Percy's Reliques of Ancient English (and Scottish) Ballad Poetry. The works deserve to be well printed; and the price will afford it, as modern cheap publications go.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

The Melbourne Ministry has resigned and again resumed office. After a lengthened debate on a Bill introduced by Ministers, to suspend the Constitution of Jamaica for five years, a division on the motion, that the Bill should go into Committee, took place on the 6th of May, when there appeared, for the motion, 294; against it, 289—the Ministerial majority being only 5. Ten Radical members voted with the Opposition, and five Tories with the Government. At the meeting of the House next day, Lord John Russell announced the resignation of Ministers, on the ground that the Jamaica Bill required more than ordinary support and confidence, but that it had received less than Ministers have usually obtained; and that, besides, there was the Canada Bill, which would likewise require more support than Ministers were likely to receive. On his resignation, Lord Melbourne advised the Queen to send for the Duke of Wellington; who went to Court on the 8th May, and advised that Sir Robert Peel should be placed at the head of the new Ministry. At the first interview, the Queen informed Sir Robert Peel that she entirely approved of the conduct of her late Ministry, and parted from them with regret. Next day Sir Robert submitted to the Queen a list of the new Ministers, among whom were the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Sir Henry Hardinge, and Mr Goulburn. On the 9th May, however, a difficulty arose. In discussing the question of the household appointments with his future colleagues, Sir Robert Peel had said he would make no change in the subordinate offices, or those below the rank of a Lady of the Bedchamber; and with respect to the superior offices, he assumed that all difficulty would be prevented by the voluntary resignation of the ladies who held them. But, on applying to the Queen, her Majesty stated, that she would allow no change whatever. The Duke of Wellington having agreed with Sir Robert Peel in the opinion, that if the Queen adhered to her resolution, the attempt to form a Ministry must be relinquished, the Queen consulted Lord Melbourne. A council was held, at which the matter was discussed; and the result was, that her Majesty was advised to send a note to Sir Robert, refusing to consent to a removal of the Ladies of her Bedchamber; which was, she stated, a course contrary to usage, and repugnant to her feelings. In three hours afterwards, Sir Robert Peel resigned, and the negotiations ended. The Queen then sent for Lord John Russell; and, in answer to a question from the Queen, Lord John gave it as his opinion, that she was justified in refusing to dismiss the female part of the household. The question was again considered by the Ministers at a Cabinet Council, and the following was the deliberate judgment of the Cabinet:—"That the great officers of the Court, and situations in the Household, held by Members of Parliament, should be included in the political arrangements made in a change of the administration; but they are not of opinion that a similar principle should be applied or extended to the offices held by the ladies in her Majesty's household."

The course adopted by the Queen is said, by high authority, to be unconstitutional; but it has been generally approved of by the country, and numerous addresses have been voted to her Majesty denouncing the attempt to make her a state prisoner in her own palace, to place spies over her domestic movements, and to make the Crown a mere pageant, to be used only for the purposes of an oligarchy. What has occurred will go far to open the eyes of the people to the real nature of the constitution of this country. The three estates keeping each other in mutual check, is a mere pretence. Before the Reform Act was passed, and in a great measure still, the House of Commons was and is not the representative of the people, but of the Aristocracy; and as the Crown must always receive such persons as Ministers whom the majority of the House of Commons support, the aristocracy has a com-

plete control over the Crown. The power of the Crown to check the acts of the two other branches of the Legislature, was almost annihilated by the Revolution of 1688; and since that event, only one Bill, which passed both Houses of Parliament, has been rejected by the Sovereign. Where any measure particularly obnoxious to the Crown is likely to pass through Parliament, the true constitutional mode of rejection by the Crown is not now adopted, but the unconstitutional course of using the secret influence of the Sovereign on the House of Peers; and the same course is adopted, when measures are likely to be rejected by the Peers, which the Crown wishes to be carried. For example, the rumour that the withdrawal of the opposition to the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, was the effect of his late Majesty, William IV.'s personal interference, is now proved beyond doubt by the letter of Lord John Russell to the electors of Stroud, and the answer to that letter by Lord Brougham. No person ventures to defend the conduct of the King on that occasion as constitutional.

The Whigs are congratulating themselves that the Tories have received a blow from which they will not soon recover; but that depends entirely on the conduct of the new Ministry: if they go on as hitherto, acting on Tory principles, and thwarting every measure the Liberals have at heart, a very few months will place the Tories in office, notwithstanding their recent defeat. In a country where so much deference is paid to rank and wealth, a great party possessing probably three-fourths of the land in the country cannot be permanently put down; nor is it desirable that they should; for the last few years have proved that Tory principles may prevail in, and be acted on by a Whig as well as a Tory Ministry. That the new Ministry will make any great change in the line of conduct pursued for the last four years, we do not expect, although they may possibly make plenty of Liberal professions at the outset. They will certainly not extend the Suffrage, give Vote by Ballot, nor shorten the duration of Parliaments; neither will they Repeal the Corn Laws, nor attempt to carry out the principles of Free Trade. They will probably make some slight change on the Reform Act, such as the repeal of the Rate-Paying clauses, and the simplification of the Registration, and if the revenue can safely bear the experiment, reduce the rate of Postage, and this is all that we expect from the re-establishment of the Melbourne Ministry.

Before the resignation of Ministers, the Speaker of the House of Commons, feeling the approach of old age, had resigned his office. Whether he is to go to the House of Lords is not yet known. The candidates for the Speakership are, Mr Shaw Lefevre on the Whig side, and Mr Goulburn on the Tory; so that the power of each party will be soon ascertained. A general election appears to be very generally expected; but we can see no reason why the Whigs should make so dangerous an experiment. If they do, we do not believe that they will gain any accession of strength.

ENGLAND.

THE CHARTISTS.—The Government has taken serious alarm at the violent language used by the Chartists, and numerous arrests have taken place in London, and the manufacturing districts, without, however, intimidating their leaders. Exhortations to arm continue to be poured forth, though apparently with little effect; for it has been ascertained that the sale of fire-arms has not increased; and, in the searches which have been made, few fire-arms or pikes have been found. The Convention finding itself perfectly insignificant in London, has removed to Birmingham; and frequent meetings of the Chartists are held in most of the manufacturing districts. We are convinced that those of the Chartists who wish to resort to physical force are a very inconsiderable body; but not in the least dangerous, unless persecuted. The arrests and imprisonments are not only unnecessary, but highly in-

judicious; and much more likely to inflame the masses than to inspire them with the spirit of peace. Instead of attempting to put down the agitation for the Peoples' Charter by legal violence, it is high time the middle and upper classes were considering what amount of justice there is in the Peoples' claims.

DINNER TO MR HUME.—A party of from two to three hundred dined at the Crown and Anchor on the 1st May, on the occasion of the presentation of a silver tea-service to Mr Hume, for which subscriptions were commenced soon after his defeat in Middlesex in 1837. Sir Edward Codrington was in the chair. Sir Edward, as well as Mr Hume strongly recommended union among Reformers. The Ballot, extension of the Suffrage, and Short Parliaments were among the toasts. Mr Aglionby said, that he did not think that the Ballot, without the extension of the Suffrage, would work out the principles of Reform. He was for Household Suffrage, as a stage to which he was prepared to go, and although he had been for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, he had never dreamed it to be a final measure. Mr O'Connell attacked Lord Brougham, and accused him of being the supporter of Wellington and Lyndhurst; but was very properly admonished by one of the company to leave Lord Brougham out of his censure.

PENNY POSTAGE.—The petitions for the adoption of Mr Rowland Hill's plan of a uniform penny postage, have been presented to the House of Commons in hundreds; and there is little doubt that the Ministry must soon yield on this point. The attempt to increase the Post-Office revenue, by high rates of postage, has entirely failed; for, comparing the six years ending 1837 with the six years ending 1820, there is an annual increase of £3823 only; whereas an increase in the ratio of population would have given £500,000, and an increase in the ratio of stage-coach duty would have produced £3,000,000 annually. The evasion of postage is almost universal. In Manchester and Glasgow, it has been shown that four-fifths and five-sixths of the letters sent do not pass through the Post-Office. The chargeable letters are only three-fifths in number, and one-fifth of weight of the whole mail; and the cost of transit being the only portion of the whole charge which is affected by the distance which the letter has to travel, is less than a farthing per letter. The present mail-coaches could carry, on the average, twenty-seven times the number of chargeable letters; while a sixfold increase would, at a uniform rate of a penny per half ounce, nearly preserve the present revenue. The Committee of the House of Commons have recommended a uniform rate of twopence per half ounce, and one penny more for each additional half ounce; but this is not Mr Hill's plan at all, and, if attempted to be carried into execution, will prove an entire failure; for, while it will cause a great diminution in the revenue, it will not increase, in any great degree, the number of letters sent through the Post-Office. At present, the evasion is practised either by sending the letters in parcels of goods, in which case they go free, or by collecting them by carriers and delivering for one penny each. It is proved that even a very low postage prevents the sending of small orders; and we therefore hope that no experiment will be made with a twopenny postage, for its failure will be held out as an argument against Mr Hill's plan, which must shortly be carried into effect if postage is allowed to continue at its present rate. The progress of the question is very remarkable, and shews, in a strong light, what can be done by agitation. Before Mr Hill's pamphlet appeared, no complaints were heard of the high rate of postage, at least none reached the Legislature. In 1837, five petitions were presented to the House of Commons for a low and uniform postage; in 1831, 320; and this year, to the 15th May, no fewer than 880.

ANTI-CORN-LAW CIRCULAR.—Following the excellent example of the London Mercantile Committee on postage, an Anti-Corn-Law Circular has been established, which has already a great circulation. Of the first Number, 10,000 copies were printed; 12,000 of the second; and 15,000 of the third. It cannot fail to be highly beneficial in removing the misconceptions and prejudices

which exist, even among the Liberal party, on the subject of the Corn-Laws.

THE NEW POOR-LAW.—Notwithstanding the high price of provisions, the reduction of the rates occasioned by the New Poor-Law has been very considerable. For example, in the Ulverston Union in Cumberland, which consists of twenty-seven parishes and townships, the expenditure, ending Ladyday 1839, as compared with the average of the last three years under the old law is twenty-two per cent., although the expenditure this year is nearly twenty per cent. higher than the expenditure of 1837-8. In some parishes the reduction is as much as sixty-one per cent., and in all, except two, there is a reduction more or less; and this although a new work-house has been built and furnished. As 679 parts in the 1000 of the poor-rates are paid by the land, it is obvious that the new law—whatever it may be to the poor man—has been a great boon to the landed-interest, and justifies a demand, on the part of the industrious classes, of a repeal of the restrictions on and prohibitions against the importation of food.

ARISTOCRATIC TAXATION.—If we looked to nothing else than our tariff, we could easily discover who were the real rulers of this country: beef, mutton, pork, cattle, sheep, and all fresh animal food, or animals fit for food, prohibited to be imported; wheat, at present, a period almost of dearth, loaded with a duty of seventeen per cent., and oats with forty-five per cent on the selling price here, to increase the wealth of the land-owners: horses, with a duty of £1 each, that the sports of racing and hunting may not be interfered with; dogs and cats free, for a similar reason; asses—the only foreign commodity we ought to dispense with—only 10s. each; stockfish—the food of the poor man—5s. per 120; eels a fish consumed by the middle class, £13, for a cargo of 15,000 or 20,000 lb.; turbot and lobsters—the luxury of the rich—*free*. These facts are more instructive than Blackstone's Commentaries, in shewing the practical working of the British Constitution.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh and Leith seem destined to remain, as they have been since the passing of the Reform Act, Government Nomination Burghs, and always to be represented by placemen or pensioners. Leith, every one is satisfied, will always afford a seat to the Lord Advocate of the day, be he Whig or Tory; and Edinburgh can only be represented by Members in the confidence of Government. Has Edinburgh really gained anything by the Reform Act? Were our *jobs* not as well managed in the time of William Dundas, except that Tories, and not Whigs, were the recipients of the plunder? What imaginable claim has Macaulay—not the really useful Macaulay of the police board, but the other; he who has been feathering his nest in India—on the constituency of Edinburgh?

SURPLUS CHURCH PROPERTY versus UNEXHAUSTED TEINDS.—At a time when so much noise is made about Church Extension, and when demands are made upon the Legislature to vote money for that purpose out of the pockets of the industrious classes, we need not apologise to our readers for again directing their attention to the immense surplus patrimony of the Church, which has not yet been applied to its proper objects—education and spiritual instruction. It appears, from the Reports of the Church Commission, that there are no fewer than 351 parishes in Scotland with more surplus teinds than are required for their spiritual wants; and that the total of those teinds amounts annually to no less a sum than £124,318:12:11, being a fund adequate very nearly to double the number of the Established Clergy, for it will yield an endowment or a stipend of £150 a-year to no fewer than EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT ADDITIONAL CLERGYMEN! Surely this is an extension which would satisfy the greatest glutton of endowments. What a comfortable addition these surplus teinds make to the rent-rolls of our landed interest may be easily imagined. Unexhausted teinds of above £1000 a-year are to be found in the following twenty-one parishes:—

Airth, . . .	£1489	Kilbarchan, . . .	£1414
Cannobie, . . .	1063	Larbert, . . .	1180
Castleton, . . .	1508	Liff, . . .	1006
Cavers, . . .	1134	Linlithgow, . . .	1029
Dunbar, . . .	4350	Paigley, . . .	1615
Eckford, . . .	1254	Rathven, . . .	1082
Falkirk, . . .	1144	Roxburgh, . . .	1346
Greenock, . . .	1639	St Ninians, . . .	2700
Inveresk, . . .	2034	St Vigean, . . .	1086
Inverness, . . .	1073	Wemyss, . . .	1066
Jedburgh, . . .	2100		

We must confess that we do not understand that species of piety which insists on the Legislature taking a portion of the hard-wrought earnings out of the pocket of the working man, rather than demand that the magnificent income arising from the spoils of the Church shall be taken out of the hands of the landed interest and applied to its legitimate and appropriate object. That the landowners would be very unwilling to disgorge it, we do not doubt; but if the friends of Church Extension will bring the matter fairly and repeatedly before Parliament and the public, which they have never yet done, the landlords will be forced to capitulate. We cannot leave the subject without pointing out the conduct of some of the landowners on this subject. Some of them, who are drawing hundreds a-year from church property, subscribed £5 or £10 to Church Extension; and one nobleman, who is in the annual receipt of £5000 of surplus tithes, subscribed £100! We cannot for a moment suppose, although it is very generally insinuated, that the reason for the clergy not directing the attention of Parliament and of the public to the unexhausted tithes is, that they wish them to remain as a fund from which future augmentations may be claimed. But if this is really the true reason for the silence of the Established Clergy, we hope that the Dissenting Clergy and lay extensionists will not longer overlook this great fund, destined by our ancestors to the diffusion of sound education and true religion.

FRANCE.

On Sunday, the 12th of May, a serious insurrection broke out in Paris, of which neither the authors nor the object have yet transpired. About three o'clock in the afternoon, a body of some two hundred workmen, clothed in their usual dress, appeared in the Rue St Denis. Their numbers soon increased, and proceeding to the shop of a gun-maker, they broke it open, carried off a great number of fire-arms, chiefly fowling-pieces. They then proceeded in good order through different parts of the city, successfully attacked and disarmed some of the military posts, and with great rapidity erected several barricades. Although 50,000 troops of the line were in Paris, or within a few hours march, besides some twelve or fifteen legions of the National Guard, a handful of insurgents kept possession of the city for the greater part of the afternoon; and the insurrection was not effectually suppressed till late next day. The "*emeute*" seems to have taken the authorities by surprise, for no preparation whatever had been made to resist it. The inhabitants of Paris generally seemed to have looked on with indifference. As happens in most attempts to overthrow an established power, it is likely that the greater number were watching the chances of success, as they did in the "glorious days of July"—glorious certainly for Louis Philippe. Forty-seven of the military and National Guard were killed, and probably double the number of the insurgents. About 200 wounded had been carried to the hospitals. A large proportion of these were soldiers. The wounded revolutionists would, of course endeavour to

get out of the way. The insurrection is attributed by various Journals to the Republicans, to Prince Louis Napoleon, to the Société des Familles, to a coalition among some journeyman batters, and an attempt to liberate some of them who had been imprisoned, and finally to Louis Philippe himself, who is accused of having resorted to this expedient with the view of alarming the inhabitants of Paris, and inducing them to consent to a Conservative Administration. Be this as it may, it is shrewdly conjectured that Louis Philippe has, for some time past, purposely been throwing impediments in the way of the formation of a Ministry, till he saw whether the Tories could resume office in this country or not; and it is certain that the news of the defeat of the Tories, in their attempt to reinstate themselves in power, was known in Paris on Saturday night; that the outbreak took place next day; that, in the midst of the tumult, and within an hour or two after it broke out, Soult went to the Tuilleries, and immediately undertook to form a Ministry; and that, next morning, the *Moniteur* appeared, containing a royal ordinance, with the appointment of a Conservative Ministry. If Louis Philippe, therefore, is not, in reality, the author of the outbreak, he has, with great promptitude, taken advantage of it for his own interest; but no one expects that the Ministry can last long. They were very coldly received in the Chamber of Deputies; and already differences have arisen among themselves.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts, generally represent trade to be in a dull state; and a considerable fall in the price of manufactures has taken place within the last month or two. An extensive speculation in cotton-wool has been going on, which has proved painful to the cotton trade; for, since its commencement, the total rise in prices has been from seventy-five to eighty per cent. The consumption of cotton in Britain, which, last year, averaged 23 785 bales per week; has, as is calculated, sunk this year to 18 000 bales. But as an agreement to work only three days in the week has unanimously been entered into in some of the most important seats of the trade, a much greater diminution in the consumption of cotton will take place; and this will tend to break up the speculation. The wool trade has also been in a state of depression; but the recent sales of wool having dissipated the expectation of a decline, either in the raw or manufactured article, the demand has improved. The supply has of late been very deficient, and the manufacturers have been producing with the utmost caution.

AGRICULTURE.

The cold weather has greatly retarded vegetation, and the season may be considered three weeks later than in average years. Pastures are exceedingly bare. The superiority of the Italian rye-grass, in point of early maturity, has been clearly shewn, in various instances, in this neighbourhood this year—that grass having been cut before pastures of the ordinary grasses were an inch high. The accounts from England of the appearance of the wheat crops are generally favourable; but in many parts of Scotland, a considerable breadth of wheat was found to be so thin and weak, that it has been considered expedient to plough it up and sow barley in its stead. The weather, though cold, being dry, has been favourable for the sowing of the spring crops of all kinds. Little fluctuation has taken place in the corn-markets; and, as large quantities of foreign wheat continue to be imported there appears no great probability of prices rising much higher, even although harvest should be later than usual.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1839.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS FOR ESTABLISHING A CONSTABULARY FORCE IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

EVERYTHING in this Report denotes a foregone conclusion. The inquiry does not even purport to be, whether what is misnamed a Constabulary Force is required or not, but what are the best means the Executive can adopt for establishing an efficient force. There is a class of Whig commissions, the members of which appear to feel themselves in the position of the girl, in one of Burns' songs, who earnestly craves counsel, offering her "bonny black hen" if her sister "will but advise her to marry the lad she loves dearly." Mr Chadwick and his coadjutors are in the exact predicament of the fond girl's sister; and their advice has not baulked the Government, languishing for the consummation of an innovation which, whether called for and justifiable or not, would certainly be a greater violation of the old principles of British institutions than any of those changes about which so loud an alarm has been sounded. To speak of the Militia in blue coats, or rather of the Standing Army in round hats—starting at once with an organized, trained, armed, and partly mounted force of 8,000 men and officers—as a "Constabulary Force," is an abuse of language—a futile attempt to disguise the tiger under a calf's skin—i. e., to wrap the trained and paid police private, armed to the teeth, with truncheon, cutlass, sword, and pistols, in the tattered cloak of the old parish constable, with no more deadly weapon than that rather obsolete emblem of authority, his baton. We are not now arguing whether this national Standing-Army be required or not, but contending for the propriety of calling things by their true names. The projected new force possesses not one feature in common with the existing constabulary establishment of the kingdom. It is intended entirely and speedily to supersede it. Why, then, retain the name, save for some sinister purpose? To a certain extent the objects of both may be identical, but those of the projected force are far more sweeping and comprehensive, and are meant to be accomplished by very different means. It is not the increase of thieves and vagrants, and of fraudulent crimes, which renders this great change desirable, and a new and powerful arm necessary to the Executive; but the increase of an unruly population in the manufacturing districts, and the necessity of

restraining or forcibly putting down the expression of discontent, where there seems very little desire or expectation of removing the causes of discontent. The Report makes out no case from the increase of vagrancy and ordinary crime; but the riots at Bristol, the intimidation employed, and the other guilty acts of the combinations of Norwich and Glasgow, do furnish something like a case. It is, however, a very different question whether the organized force to be appointed and wielded by the Executive is the true remedy for this growing evil. The great increase of the Irish in the manufacturing districts, and in all large towns, is another argument for the adoption of this continental scheme of repressing disorder; for the Commissioners would have no case at all, if they rested only upon the increase of crimes against life and property. By their own estimate, the whole of the thieves, coiners, pick-pockets, vagrants, and rogues of all descriptions, amount to 40,000 persons. It is not clear whether they include prostitutes in this number, as in the 17,600 bad characters found in the metropolis, with its population of upwards of a million and a half, 5,800 prostitutes are included. But it cannot be for the restraint and punishment of 40,000 depredators and other bad characters, scattered over the kingdom, and often migrating—and of whom a large proportion is always in gaol—that a trained force of 8,000 men is required; especially as we are assured, nor is it unlikely, that where a trained police is in operation, the number of depredators rapidly diminish. The great, if not the only object of the new force then is, to keep the discontented population in check—to put down tumults among paupers and artisans; and, in few words, to strengthen the hands of the Executive—first, by vast and increasing patronage; and, next, by an accession of power of a character hitherto unknown in England. There is, without question, necessity for great reforms in the institution of the civil force of the country; but, in the slang of the day, it is not reform and improvement which Mr Chadwick and his coadjutors recommend, but complete revolution. They can hardly deny—when the recent increase of the population, the magnitude of trading and commercial concerns, and the vast accumulation of wealth,

are taken into account—that crime has diminished within the last twenty years, and is still progressively decreasing. Crimes of violence, by their own acknowledgment, are become comparatively rare; and petty thefts, and crimes of fraud, when the privations of the labouring classes, —through heavy taxation, the imposts on food, and the fluctuations in trade and manufactures, are considered, have not increased so much as might have been anticipated. In a year of dearth, like the present, the apparent amount of crime must be prodigiously swelled, by the number of hen-roosts robbed, potatoes, or turnip tops, or water-cresses stolen, or palings carried away in districts where coal is scarce; and yet the extent of depredation infers no great increase of moral turpitude among the population, nor any fresh necessity for a rural *gendarmerie*, though it powerfully suggests the necessity of improving the condition of the working classes.* The present Lord Mayor of London, (Alderman Wilson,) is a great advocate for a rural force, for the special repression of crimes of the above description. Four years ago, the village of Beckenham, in Kent, where he has a farm and grounds, was a most dissolute place; but his Lordship went roundly to work, brought down two trained policemen from London, and zealously aided them himself—sitting up whole nights to assist and direct their operations. And now, Beckenham may be termed “The happy village”—a sweet Auburn—only we fear it will, in future, always require at least as many policemen, and a zealous functionary, like the Mayor, to maintain its new character. His Lordship is a great authority with the Commissioners. His *experience* is quoted as settling the question of a rural police over the whole country. The policemen also checked the depredations of farm-servants, and occasional farm-labourers; but we shall cite his Lordship’s opinions—passing over the useful service he performed, in fining some men for cutting quantities of turnip-tops:—

The first year that I established this police, I am sure I cannot tell how many sacks of turnip-tops were stopped by the police at all hours of the night, and early in the

* As we write, the following paragraph, in the *Anti-Corn Law Circular*, meets the eye. Is it wonderful that labouring men, in the condition described, and under the harsh working of the New Poor Law, which allows no out-door relief, should be guilty of even more serious crimes than pilfering food and fuel from the farmers?—

“PEASANTS’ WAGES.—It appears that the average wages paid to the labourers who till the soil of that garden of England, (Devonshire,) are under eight shillings a-week! The price of provisions, as well as house rent, is, we believe, somewhat lower than in London. Tens of thousands of heads of families are there toiling for a shilling or fourteenpence a day each; which, supposing them to have a wife and three children, will not be more than eightpence a head—less, by sixpence, than is allowed for the subsistence of a pauper in the Manchester workhouse—nay, less than is paid for the food and clothing of the criminals confined in our New Bailey prison! Such are the peasants of beautiful Devonshire. Truly may it be said of that county—God created a paradise, and man surrounded it with an atmosphere of misery, and peopled it with the wretched victims of selfish legislation.”

morning, and vegetables, and water-cresses, and everything of that kind—persons coming from London to fetch them. One night they found two fellows fast asleep upon the common, with their baskets, and they had got their strap to put round their waist; they said they had only come to gather water-cresses; however, they were known. *I had had them before, and I sent them down to Maidstone [to jail] for sleeping in the open air.* The report which I sent to the Metropolitan Police Commissioners states the quantity of sacks that we discovered, the first year. There was an acre and a half of Swedish turnips destroyed in one night—the tops cut off; but we have put a stop to that now; we have been a year without any thing of the kind occurring, except this one case last year; and the year before last, we had not any turnip-tops taken. There was one *very strong case indeed*. At ten o’clock at night, as the police were going across a field, they observed two men; they thought they would watch them, to see where they were going to. They hid themselves, one in one part and another in another. By and by they heard from one of my field gates a whistle; they looked through the hedge and saw a man come to the gate, and get up as if he was coming over; then he whistled again, and the man got down; in a few minutes more he said, “All right, Jack;” and over the gate he came with a sack on his shoulders, to go back the same way they had met come. The police ran through another field and met them. “What have you got here?”—“Nothing at all.”—“I must see what it is.” One had got a sack of *green gages*, and another of *potatoes*. That is one proof, among many others, *I could give of the use of a police.*

At present, then, the neighbourhood is freed from vagrants within the village?—I should say entirely so. We hardly know what a beggar is. You do not see a beggar publicly. They may get into the grounds under the pretext of selling tapes and things of that kind. I have not been asked for relief by a vagrant in the village of Beckenham for the last twelve months.

Are we not right in styling Beckenham “The happy village.” Unfortunate, though, that it can only, in all time coming, be maintained in this attitude by a trained and armed police, appointed by the Executive, and partly paid out of the consolidated fund, to protect the turnip-tops and green-gages of ruralizing Mayors. Yet, without his Lordship’s energetic, and rather sharp practice, it is questionable if so much could have been accomplished. The inveterate attachment of English villagers to old foot-paths, is a well-known source of injury and indignation to all rural dignitaries; but Alderman Wilson was able to correct this vicious propensity:—

A farmer of the name of Deane, who held land but did not reside in the parish, complained to me that in one field of his, where there was a public thoroughfare, it was a loss of some pounds to him, the villagers in the evening trampling all over his high grass. I desired him to put up a notice board, warning all persons trespassing; this was very soon taken down and carried away. I then told the police to keep watch and warn all persons; several ran into the high grass, even into the very midst of the field, and laughed at the police. I granted summonses, fined some a few shillings, and promised them, upon repeating the offence, if I could get a second magistrate to agree with me, I would put *Mr Peel’s Act* in force, and have them *publicly whipped round the field*. I have had no further trouble.

His Lordship thinks that the Force should be shifted about, and not allowed to remain longer in one locality than a year at most, lest they “get corrupted by becoming too intimate with the inhabitants.” The Commissioners asked:—

Your Lordship has said that you think it essential to a police, from your experience of a rural police, that it

should be changed from time to time. Do you think it essential that they should come from a *trained force*? Certainly. To go into those rural parishes, where there is no one to instruct them, would be almost useless. I very much doubt whether the police would have succeeded at Beckenham, but for my experience, and the support I gave them. I practically superintended it. I have been out with them the whole night. I have gone out at ten and been out till five in the morning, to watch suspected characters.

Now this is about the strongest authority the Report contains for the necessity of a Rural Police. It is therefore disheartening to find, that even the trained men—the *élite* of the metropolis—might have been baffled, save for the activity and zeal of a local magistrate, who had gained his knowledge in London. There are other considerations. The maintenance of those two policemen at Beckenham, by the general estimate of the Commissioners, would cost the country considerably above £100 per annum, besides the expense of the superintendence, gratuitously given by Alderman Wilson.

We have seen, in part, the class of offences which a rural police is intended to suppress; for the Report never once alludes to riots in the rural districts, in consequence of the New Poor Law, or other causes. They do not pretend to deny that life was never more secure in this country than now; and the same thing, we apprehend, may be affirmed of property, when its vast diffusion, and the great changes which have taken place in the relations of society, and, above all, the hard condition of the labourers, are duly estimated. But it is at this time that a project is broached by the Government, of entirely doing away with the local conservators of the peace, recognised by the constitution, and for placing the whole kingdom under a centralized system, familiar under arbitrary governments, but hitherto happily unknown in Great Britain.

This Constabulary Force, or rather this police—this corps of *gendarmes*—to be efficient, must, at the outset, as we learn from the Report, when in full operation, amount to 8000 men and officers, who are to be appointed by a Central Board of Commissioners—i. e., by the Executive. They are to be drilled or to learn their duties in the metropolis, sent in detachments to the provincial towns and country parishes, and shifted about at the discretion of the omnipotent Board. They are to have more than double the pay of ordinary soldiers, and, indeed, not very much less than that of excisemen and other petty revenue-officers; they are to be systematically organized, co-operative, and wielded by their commander-in-chief, the Central Board. Though the local magistracy are to have no voice in the appointment of the force, that there may be some seeming check, the privates are to be amenable at the Petty Sessions, and the officers at Quarter Sessions, for misconduct or neglect of duty: they may even be dismissed. All vacancies are, however, to be filled up by the Board sending draughts from the Police Normal School of the metropolis. With amusing *naïveté*, the Commissioners openly acknowledge that the local authorities having the power of appointing offi-

cers under the Poor Law Act, has not worked pleasantly; and that, in organizing the Force, it would be preferable to have the original power lodged in the Board, leaving to the local authorities the power of controlling the squadrons appointed by the Central Board, trained by it, and shifted about at its pleasure. The Commissioners have no hope that the country will all at once, or simultaneously, adopt their scheme for the appointment of a national Force by the Executive, by acclamation; and they therefore do not recommend “the immediate, absolute, and general adoption” of it; but they trust that a blessing so desirable may steal upon us by degrees; and suggest that a first great step will be to have the trained men in readiness, to be located as fast as communities can be brought to endure, or, if possible, to request their presence. This, however, can only be granted upon the specified conditions. The Commissioners state that they “see no reason to doubt the general and voluntary extension of this desire, especially in favour of a force expressly organized to meet the wants and conveniences of the rural or provincial districts, aided by the contribution of a part of the expense. Here is the quickener. The squire and farmers, when the game can be protected from poachers, and the produce from bad, or fraudulent, because often underpaid servants, partly at the expense of the public—i. e., the consolidated fund—will, it is anticipated, no longer demur.

But, besides the force stationed over the whole of the country, when the scheme shall have crept into general acceptance, the Commissioners recommend that a trained body of from 300 to 400 men—and wherefore not as many thousands?—shall form at all times a disposable force, stationed at head quarters, to be despatched, in any emergency, wheresoever the commanders-in-chief of the Force may deem necessary. They, moreover, consider it desirable, even before that gradual extension of the scheme, for which they deem it prudent to wait, that immediate power be given to the Government to provide for the peace of the manufacturing districts, without consulting their wishes, by the appointment of an efficient Constabulary (i. e. trained and armed) Force; and for this reason, “that, in these districts, free deliberation on the subject is prevented by the influence of the interests adverse to good order or legal restraints:” in other words, the bulk of the inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, having an interest in disorder and lawless license, must have no voice; must not be allowed to deliberate; will not be waited for to come gradually in, like the inhabitants of the agricultural districts. They trust that Parliament will see the necessity of making exceptions to the permissive indulgence: in other words, that Somersetshire or Devonshire may be allowed to take their own time, and to display voluntary acquiescence; but that Manchester and Birmingham ought to be dealt with summarily, and at once placed under the Centralized Force. Those places, and others in the same category, have already police establishments, appointed and controlled by themselves.

But so has the city of London ; and we have just witnessed the late struggle, though not yet all its results. We have seen that the misnamed Constabulary Force recommended to her Majesty in Mr Chadwick's Report, is not only different from the old constitutional force of the kingdom, from the *prose comitatus* of Old England, but its direct opposite. It has a new origin, new functions, and new and very extraordinary powers. It adds the cutlass and the pistol to the truncheon and the baton ; it spurns at local control ; it is to know no sympathy with the People ; it is arrayed in almost formal hostility against the poor.

There is no feebler part of the case of the Commissioners than that in which they attempt to prove that a rural force is necessary for the protection of the property of labourers from petty depredators and vagrants roaming about as pretended sailors, who, once in a year, or seldom, may, perchance, frighten a dame, found alone in a cottage, into giving them alms, while they deserve the stocks. No one will deny, that, among other reforms, great reforms are required in the existing institutions for the preservation of the peace and the repression of crime ; but it is somewhat curious to find not necessary change and improvement alone, not organization and extension corresponding to the increase of the population and the progress of society, but entire revolution, sweeping away all the old bulwarks and landmarks, and making all things new, advocated by the same persons who, in every other instance, shew such rabid horror of innovation. By the new system, the local magistracy are not even to have the selection of special constables. These are recommended to be taken from lists drawn up by the County superintendent of the Force—the creature of the Central Board—of the persons he considers “properly qualified.” The Commissioners treat the additional patronage, which the Executive would obtain by these 8000 appointments, as a very slight matter, as the slender emoluments are really not worth thinking about, and as it is even now difficult to get the places filled. Times must change for the better in this country before the appointments which, with a tolerably easy life, gives a private nineteen shillings a-week and his clothing, and a superintendent £200 a-year, shall not be a source of great, and, it may be, mischievous patronage. What small farmer or village dealer, for example, would not, at a hard-run election, give his vote “the right way,” be that Whig or Tory, in exchange for a son or two being sent to London to be drilled for the force, with the chance of afterwards achieving the dignity of sergeant, or haply of superintendent ? And the respected correspondent of the Commissioners, the high sheriff of Shropshire, makes the abuse of patronage by the local authorities an argument for placing the power of appointments in the Executive. But what does not exist cannot be abused. Yet if some sixty or eighty appointments, vested in a set of magistrates, may be made, according to the high sheriff, a source of jobs in a county, is it too much to presume, that 8000, which may be

increased to double the number, may not be a source of corruption in a country ? The reasons given by their great authority, quoted by the Commissioners—and they have on this head only two—is, that with the magistrates' favouritism, local politics, or an active canvass, would have more weight than the efficiency of the candidate. Now, these reasons, in our apprehension, apply almost equally to the supreme government and the local powers. It is not a little extraordinary—and the fact embraces a wide range of objects besides policemen—that it should uniformly be presumed, that governments are not only better qualified to judge of the efficiency of functionaries of all kinds than the communities requiring their services, but that it should be as uniformly assumed, that governments have a stronger interest in making such appointments impartially than the parties directly concerned ; that the people have not merely no adequate knowledge, but no regard to their own interests. It is yet more remarkable, that as a society becomes more enlightened in every other respect, it gets more and more incapable of interfering with, much less of managing its civil and religious affairs ; and that the supreme government, in its paternal kindness and wisdom, must gradually slip from out its hands, whatever is held, and at the same time refuse any vestige of new power.

It will clear the ground at once to admit that the existing system, in its practical working, is far from being perfect, though the few instances of its inefficiency, adduced by the Commissioners, do not go for much ; and we have, indeed, little doubt that many more flagrant might be found. The constable—honest man !—is not fond of getting his head broken ; and the watchman likes his bed o' nights, or at least a nap out of it. Serious inconveniences sometimes arise in the prompt execution of warrants, from the limited jurisdiction of county functionaries ; and there are many other blemishes and drawbacks on the existing system, requiring revision. But is it incapable of being improved ; and is there no medium, no choice, save between new King Stork, entrenched behind his arbitrary Board, and old King Log, rambling loosely, and with less power and dignity than would become him, over the parishes ? The Commissioners gravely inform her Majesty, that although a diminution instead of an increase of political liberty were to be the consequence of the establishment of an organized force, or *gendarmérie*, throughout her dominions, it would be better than the existing state of things ! How the increase of political power is to arise, is a riddle we need not perplex ourselves to unravel ; but the state of things which, it seems, atones for its possible diminution, even with all appliances and means to boot forced into the service, is not half so appalling as we had anticipated.

The Commissioners divide the depredations, midnight thefts, and darker horrors of this unhappy country, into many different heads. One head is entitled, *The insecurity of the highways ;*

which might suggest, that we live in the times of Abershaw or Turpin. But, no; "a mounted highwayman is never heard of." The "oldest inhabitant" scarcely remembers to have heard of the mail or a stage coach being attacked; and yet strange it is, that commercial travellers dare not travel after dark, and that the farmers—no longer the *bold yeomanry*—will not venture to go home from market after dark, save in bands of threes and fours. We shall afterwards cite the evidence of this state of the roads. The evidence given in the Report is on every point feeble, and the tabular statements are often fallacious, as we shall afterwards shew; but the proofs of the insecure state of the roads are, above all, unsatisfactory and lame. The principal witness, one of three, to the perils of travelling singly overnight, is Mr Elliott, who has for twenty years taken commercial journeys in the south-eastern counties, from Norfolk to Devonshire, but who has never once, so far as appears, been robbed, nor even threatened. He, however, never travels after dark, and we imagine that few commercial travellers do—they have enough of it before dark; and their correspondence, and other business, occupies their evenings, without taking into account the terrors of the highway to men with a charge of money, and dangers which, according to Mr Elliott, would seem as great in England in 1838 as in Scotland in the days of Rob Roy. Mr Elliott states:—

Occasionally in a moonlight I may; but it would be contrary to prudence for any person who travels about the country with much money in his pocket to be out after dusk. I would rather travel before light in the morning than very late at night.

Is that habit general amongst the travellers? That is their general, almost universal habit. So much so, that if a person were to come into the room where travellers were collected together at eight or nine o'clock in the evening in the winter time, it would be the general remark that he was very late; that he was doing that which was obviously contrary to their prudent custom.

Prudent with respect to the avoidance of danger on the roads? Yes, with regard to thieves. There is no other danger now; the roads and appointments are so good, that there is no other danger.

Have you travelled on any of the roads where there is a patrol or a police? Along the roads within the distance of five or six miles from the metropolis, at all hours riding and walking, and I never was interfered with, nor did I ever see anybody attacked; and I feel the most perfect security and confidence, and I never go about with any kind of fear within that line.

If you went out beyond that line of the police — ? I should feel considerable alarm. I should not do it without I had a very strong motive.

The most dangerous time reputed to be so in the country is not at midnight, or the very late hours, but about six or seven o'clock in the evening, when working people are about. The habits of the country people are so much earlier than those of people in the towns, that very few people are about at ten or eleven o'clock at night.

As you do not yourself travel out at night, you do not carry any arms? No; because I do not make a habit of being out at night; but occasionally some young men do, who like to sit late at dinner, and they frequently have a dog and pistols with them.

That is when travelling out on unpatrolled and unprotected roads? Yes.

In the course of your travelling, have you observed any instances of like fear or apprehension on the part of people

who are more constantly resident within the district? There is a general habit in the country, to avoid being out after dark.

This prudent person, so far as appears, has never once been molested in his journeys of twenty years, by night or day. A second witness to the alarming state of the highways of England, in which the Commissioners themselves could find "no traces of a mounted highwayman," and no recent robbery of mail or stage coaches, is a Mr Burt, a London straw-hat maker, who travels to Luton with money in his pocket to buy straw plat, and probably in some small tremor in consequence, but who never was robbed; though once, after dark, he fancied he was shot at, as a pistol was discharged that frightened his blood-horse, which accordingly galloped off, and thence saved him. Probably the pistol was intended for him; yet it is all conjecture. This gentleman, of his own knowledge, can tell of no more attempts at robbery: but he has heard of some. The neighbourhood of Manchester, (though Manchester has a regular police,) and the northern manufacturing towns, he considers the most dangerous districts in England. Mr Burt considers the roads in Belgium and France much more safe than those of England, though he has heard bad accounts of Spain. Mr Cole, the third and concluding witness as to the alarming state of the roads, has been a commercial traveller for six years. He considers the roads in certain parts of Yorkshire as particularly exposed, and we doubt not, that still "there be takers in the vale of Beever;" yet he does not say, though often in fear, that he was ever either threatened or attacked. When travelling alone in solitary places, with three or four hundred pounds in gold or notes, Mr Cole, though never attacked, has very naturally thought, "what would happen if I were to be? I would have little chance either of saving my money or recovering it afterwards;" and so, to allay the temporary fears of the Messieurs Cole and Elliott, upon roads much more secure than they ever were before, the country must be saddled with the expense of a mounted patrol, and all the other blessings of a rural police, having its headquarters at Somerset House! The table of the Commissioners shews a regular decrease in the number of convictions for robberies effected by violence on the highways, from 1831 to 1837, and also in the number of commitments for such offences. The number committed in 1830 was 573; the number of persons convicted 279; executed, 7. In 1837, the last year quoted, the number of highway robberies committed was 290; the number of individuals convicted, 158; executed, none. In short, the evidence of the three commercial roadsters, and of the table, proves the very reverse of what is intended, namely—that the roads generally are now more secure than they ever were at any former period. When Mr Cole was asked what would relieve him of the natural qualms of travelling in the dark with several hundred pounds upon him, he replied,

A police like the metropolitan, on which one might rely in case of need.

Have you not felt the same security from any local or

municipal police? I have met with none; nor should I rely on the people where such states of things exist, for I have found protection against them wanted in times of excitement. I know of an instance of a gentleman travelling in the neighbourhood of Leeds during an election, who was hooted and pelted in consequence of his unconsciously having ribbons at his horse's head of the unpopular colour, which were intended only for ornament.

Surely this awful case completely establishes the necessity of an armed patrol! In the heat of an election, the "ignorant rabble" hooted and pelted a gentleman for decorating his horse with colours which were probably those of the opponent of Sir William Molesworth, or some other Liberal candidate. He did this in ignorance; but it must also have been in ignorance of his ignorance of what was a very notorious fact, that the people insulted him. Truly the Commissioners must be ill off for reasons when they have recourse to what Mr Cole thought to himself *might happen*, or to such electioneering hootings and peltings. The frauds committed owing to the deficient protection of goods conveyed by canals and highways, form another head of the Report; and we are made acquainted with very ingenious and extraordinary ways in which goods are abstracted from bales and packages, which yet look as if untouched. These depredations are not attributed to regular professional thieves, but to the boatmen on the canals, and carters' and carriers' servants, who would seem to be all rogues together. We can have no doubt that, admitting the packages were fairly made up in the warehouses—and why might not a spice of roguery be presumed sometimes to exist in the warehouse as well as on the road?—the details of the systematic plunder of goods *in transitu* is, like all details of plunder, greatly exaggerated. There is little question but that, in rural districts, one stolen sheep often rates for two or three, and that one stolen fowl may cover the plunder of a whole yard. If we are to attach implicit credit to this Report, the state of the canals in England are as bad as that which travellers ascribe to the canals of China. The thieves are the captains and crews; receiving-houses are found all along the banks; and the systematic plunder is represented as so enormous, that it is remarkable manufacturing houses do not send supercargoes to take charge of their goods. So far from that, they treat the matter with indifference; they will not even complain; they don't seem to feel or understand it, though in other departments some complain loudly. Raw silk is particularly liable to be pilfered in all its stages: the carriers steal it, the boatmen steal it; and a manufacturer, who was examined by another Commission, declares that he believes one person in four of the men, women, and children engaged in the manufacture, are pilferers. We should be very cautious how we implicitly received evidence like the following, though given by one of the greatest silk-manufacturers of Leek. There is such a thing as fanatical suspicion, where self-interest is the animating motive; and witnesses, in their own cause, are not unfrequently under its strongest influence.

Silk is pilfered in every part of the process, and perhaps one in four of the people in employ—men, women, and children—are pilferers. It goes without any ready means of ascertaining the thief. And there are several persons in the town who get a good living merely as receivers, without any other means whatever. A boy now committed to Stafford gaol stole £15 worth of silk, which he sold to a man, who sold it to a known receiver, who parted with it to a "more respectable" (somewhat richer) party. There is much work given out to wind and twist, and there is great variety in the amount of waste, according to the quality of the silk, which it is very difficult to estimate. It is also very easy to load the silk so as to increase the weight and conceal any deficiency of quantity.

There are two things wanting to correct these evils. One is, a *greater penalty* on the holder of silk who cannot shew whence he purchased it. It is now only £20, which, of course, while driving a thriving trade, the receiver can easily pay. Robbery has become almost universal. Within the last eight years, it has increased tenfold. There are as many as ten men in Leek who live in idleness and drunkenness on their gains as receivers. It is said by large manufacturers, though it is of course impossible to prove it, that they believe themselves to be robbed annually to the extent of from £100 to £200.

The other requisite is some better means of detection. It has been debated in the town to have down a London policeman, to put them on a system to detect the offenders; but unless one will tell of his accomplices, it is difficult to know how detection is to be attained. Some of the manufacturers have determined to incur this expense, though others, yet uncertain that they are extensively robbed, are unwilling to take part in it. At present the sole police of the town are a parish constable and a night constable, under the Commissioners for Lighting and Paving. The Commissioners, it is probable, will assist in the experiment of trying a London policeman. The receivers dispose of the silk to people "respectable" in circumstances, who get it dyed by the dyers, men of capital and property, and then take it to Manchester and Macclesfield, where they sell it at good bargains. The whole set of receivers in succession are putters up in defence of the subordinates, and detection is almost impossible. About two years ago an association was formed among the manufacturers to defend their property, but it has been of little effect.

Now, the question is—Do these mysterious and impenetrable frauds really exist to the extent imagined by the irritated and suspicious losers of some quantity of silk; and if so, what police establishment could afford an adequate protection? From the evidence, it would seem that one or more incorruptible policemen would be required in every boat, and to accompany each waggon, besides the ordinary general protection. But how could the most vigilant and numerous police protect property of all sorts against the hazard to which it is wilfully exposed by the blinded economy of those concerned in its safe transmission? If a man will employ a servant at under wages, whose honesty is doubtful, and who is placed under strong temptation by the inadequate remuneration of his labour, are the public to pay for his self-incurred losses? One of a respectable company of carriers, when questioned about the pilfering of silks and other goods, answered:—

We find, that where men work their own horses, they will work a boat for less than it can be done honestly for, —lower than we can do it. They have to pay for hay and corn, and everything of that sort, and it can only be done by making it out from the barges. A great deal of robbery is committed by those men; they work at so much a mile—at much less than it can be afforded to be done at by any possibility.

Are the parties who employ such persons deserving of protection at the public cost?

The Commissioners strongly object to rail-road and other companies being allowed to protect themselves by a police on their own lines and works. These objections are exactly those which a certain class of politicians bring against voluntary associations—that they are expensive, ineffectual, and would be detrimental to the efficiency of the all-embracing scheme to be directed by the Central head. In brief, it would be both better for the public and cheaper to the companies that they obtained protection from the trained force, and placed themselves fairly under the Board.

Another species of property requiring increased protection is wrecked vessels. Now, the black crime of plundering wrecked vessels, we have no doubt whatever, is steadily decreasing, though it still exists to a considerable extent. The Cheshire coast, where shipwrecks are frequent, is notorious for wreckers; but, since a regular police has been established in Liverpool, some protection has been given to wrecked property in that quarter. In other localities the coast-guard interfere. We admire the answer given by the magistrates of the Hundred of Wirral, who, when asked—

Does any nightly patrol appear to be requisite within your division? answered, No, except as a coast guard to protect wrecks; and such guards should be appointed at the expense of the port of Liverpool merchants and underwriters, as entirely affecting them.

The Commissioners condemn this reply. They affirm, that the inhabitants of the places where such practices of plunder prevail, are of the worst description and the most demoralized character. Now, we should doubt this. They do no more than all their forefathers have done. A Guinea captain, who stole and sold Africans, using fraud and violence, or the Bristol or Liverpool merchant who fitted out his ship, and profited by his crimes, even he, in his day, was not necessarily the most demoralized and the worst of men. The Commissioners hint that the magistrates and respectable inhabitants of these wrecking districts ought "to be made sensible of their duties, by heavy amercements and other salutary punishments."

The state of the rural districts, in respect to crime committed by resident delinquents, forms the heading of a long section of the Report. It gives a deplorable picture of the condition of the agricultural districts; yet we must bear in mind the circumstances and position of the witnesses—squires or farmers; nor can we doubt but that the very darkest of the returns made, figure in this Report. Among the worst of those published, which are to the number of eighteen or twenty, from all the parishes of England and Wales, or, at any rate, all those to which interrogatories were addressed, is this from a parish in Devonshire; that county where the labourers, at present, earn eight shillings per week, while the four-pound loaf costs ninepence:—

The crimes committed by residents are those of petty

robberies, such as stealing wood; which goes on here to a great extent, even to the lopping of trees, cutting up hurdles, gates, &c.; also the nocturnal work of stealing turnips, poultry, and portions of ricks; all of which, it may be said, were overlooked, principally through *fear of revenge* from the criminal parties, and partly through the trouble of catching the depredators.

In the return from Little Laver parish, Essex, it is stated—The number of petty thefts is very great; no kind of portable property is safe unless well secured: fowls, bees, wood, &c. The inconvenience from sheep-stealers is very great: no farmer dare fold his sheep.

Since 1835, more than twenty sheep have been separately slaughtered within two miles of my house, without detection.

From the parish of Lytchett Minster, near Poole, it is stated—No felonies within the parish, but many cases of stealing bees and honey, potatoes, turnips, wood, &c.; and repeated riots at the beer-houses and meeting-houses.

The Commissioners seem to have sometimes fancied themselves in Ireland—not the real country, but the Earl of Roden's frightfully demoralized Ireland. They gravely assert, that the depredations in some rural districts—and the parish of Brangling, in Essex, is instanced—"are carried to such an extent, as even to threaten to put a stop to useful sorts of cultivation!" Formerly, the poor-rate was about to drive farmers from cultivating their lands; and now it is the "depredations" of paupers, or nameless miscreants of some sort. This appalling state of things is thus described in a communication from the guardians of the parish to Mr Chadwick and the other Commissioners:—

No cattle have been maimed, but many sheep have been stolen, both in this parish and in the surrounding neighbourhood. It is not an uncommon practice to lay open sheep-folds and turn the flocks loose at night; to pull up and destroy young trees; to lift gates off the hinges, carry them away, throw them into ditches, or, what is still more dangerous to the public, lay them flat upon the roads.

During the whole of last winter scarcely a week passed without sheep, pigs, poultry, corn, or straw, being stolen, generally with impunity. Although two men were transported for stealing £40 in the house of a publican, two others for sheep-stealing, and one other for breaking into a hen-roost, where he was taken early in the season, these punishments caused no interruption of the practice. Scarcely a hen-roost in the parish escaped robbery; some were broken into very early after dark, and the poultry left killed, if not all taken away. Ducks, fowls and turkeys were several times stolen or killed in the day-time.

The facility of committing depredations with impunity is, in great measure, caused by the general reluctance of all labourers to give evidence against each other, or any member of their families. The temptation to steal wood and injure fences is strengthened by the usual high price of coals in this part of England.

Trespass generally begins with venial offences of wood-stealing, injuring and breaking fences, turnip and potato theft; which lead to poaching, sheep-stealing, and other more serious crimes. [Poaching is a very serious crime.]

But the most serious losses which the farmers seem to suffer, are from their servants and labourers. The consolidation of small farms, the sudden rise of the class which Cobbett termed the bull-frog farmers—the division of commons, where no share, or no adequate share, was left to those who, till then, largely benefited by the commons, and the change of manners to that modern refinement, which led the gentleman farmer and his lady to turn their servants, who formerly

constituted a part of their family, out of doors, have certainly had a most unfavourable influence upon the whole rural population of England. A certain sharp and energetic person, a Mr Richard Gregory, who holds a large farm in the parish of East and West Ham, Essex, gives decided evidence to the general system of plunder carried on by farm-servants and carters, and very pleasant pictures of the petty depredations committed on the roads. He states:—

The person I succeeded had been very much plundered by his servants. The men engaged upon the farm promises would get up between twelve and four o'clock in the morning, while the farmer was a-bed, and help themselves to every kind of produce. Most of the plunder was regularly disposed of by the carters at the different watering-houses on their way to the London markets. There, almost as a matter of course, they sold their horses' corn, and much that should have been part and parcel of the produce they delivered to the different salesmen. The general plan was for them to put the things into cellars, or boxes left open on purpose at these houses, and as they returned they were paid for what they had left by the ostlers at the side of the road.

That was the state of things when you took the farm; do you know whether such practices prevail at the present time?—To a great extent.

Perhaps the practices may be somewhat abating; but, alas! he affirms, that they still exist to "a great extent;" and Mr Gregory, notwithstanding many vigorous prosecutions, acting the part of a policeman himself, at "the roadside cupboards," having plenty of people every now and then, "up to Lambeth Street police office," and, enjoying the protection of the horse-patrol, is obliged to keep two or three paid watchmen. And what security, we should like to know, has he for their honesty, if farmers may be plundered without detecting their losses? The case of Mr Richard Gregory and his compeers, if any other farmer be so very unfortunate, appears to us far beyond the remedies of the projected Force. If the farmer must have his potatoes, his cabbages, his palings, his hurdles, his turnip-tops, his fowls, the weighing of his grain, and its safe transmission to the purchaser by his own servants, provided for, not by their care and fidelity, but by the sharpness of the police and the penalties of law, where is the matter to stop? Every householder has an equal right to demand that his domestics and work-people shall be watched on his premises; that the cook shall not purloin the butter, nor the dairy-maid the cream, nor the footman embezzle the beer. There is, indeed, no end to it. Every person expecting a parcel; every traveller, by coach or steam, is entitled to demand that his trunks and packages shall be cared for, not by himself, or those conveying them, but by the general police of the State; and there is an end to the natural operation of individual interest and responsibility. Now, to be really efficacious, the padlock must principally be placed on the mind. The depredations in gardens, poultry-yards, cabbage and potato fields, are represented as enormous; but were the new force to consist of 80,000 instead of 8,000, how would it be possible to put an end to the commission of offences, which are, at present, sure of impunity, from the circumstance, that the

bulk of the rural population consider them laudable, or at least venial. A clergyman, near Bath, describes these petty depredations as taking place at "certain seasons of the year;" and of late, there "are certain seasons," in every year, when hunger, on the one hand, and the Union Workhouse on the other, may urge starving men to break through stone walls. In the meanwhile, the Ismaelitic condition in which Mr Gregory, and those of his condition, must live with their poorer neighbours, might well drive a man to the Bush. There are no painters among the lions, however, else we should have liked to see how the labourers depict the farmers. He is asked—

Have you known instances of farmers being ruined whose ruin you would attribute to the prevalence of these practices?—The young man I succeeded was one, and the same has been the case with many of the first farmers in the county of Essex.

Besides these depredations you have described, have you experienced much annoyance from vagrants and such casual plunderers?—I have one field adjoining a foot-path, from which I lost half an acre of potatoes in the course of a week by children. They scratched them up with their hands, their parents standing a little way off ready to carry them home.

An old vagrant repeatedly stole cabbage-plants from Mr Gregory. He says—

As the law administered by others was of no avail, I took the law into my own hands. I inflicted corporal punishment, and it had the desired effect. I took a stick and thrashed him most soundly, and he has never troubled my fields since. My neighbours are not so fortunate.

Are you molested by gipsy vagrants?—I am not: because, as soon as any of them make their appearance, I get a horse patrol to go and tell them if they do not depart I will take them at once to Lambeth Street police-office. That is always enough.

If we have understood you, then, by your three watchmen, and your constant enforcement of the law, you keep off a considerable amount of plunder?—Yea.

Are your neighbours, who do not use the same means, plundered as you expect you would be if you did not use them?—Yes, and considerably more; for being many of them timid people, they encourage depredators. If they catch a thief, they do not punish him; being afraid of having their houses set fire to, or their cattle destroyed. The other night a man near me, named Farrel, had been thrashing his wheat over night, and in the morning all was gone. The next farmer had one of his horses stabbed, because he had accused a man of stealing a pig he had lost. A Mr Chope had a calf's throat cut. I persuaded him to prosecute; and the court at the Old Bailey gave the offender fifteen years' transportation. It was quite a deliverance for us all. Another farmer had just before had his farm-yard set fire to by the same fellow. Everybody had been afraid of him, and afraid to punish him.

In all these cases of depredations upon farmers, the plunder must be considerable to bring anything worth while to the parties, as the produce must be sold at so much less than its real value?—It is great; and the great source of the evil is the beer-shop. You are sure to find the robberies concocted at beer-shops. When I took my farm there was no beer-shop; one was set up, and the difference seen in the working people before and after was such as no one would conceive. I had hardly lost anything before that by my own people's dishonesty, and now I was obliged to watch them every way. They would take my fowls, and go there and have them cooked right opposite my farm-yard. They would cut the hearts out of the cabbages for the same purpose. I once went with a patrol and took one half boiling out of the pot. I took the man and the cabbage to Lambeth Street, and then it was found out that he and his brother had been

plundering in a larger way; and they were both transported. [How was the boiled half cabbage identified?]

One gentleman states—

We have exercised the right, very beneficially indeed, of searching men in going to market in every direction. We almost make a point, without they are very well known, to search the higglers' and even farmers' carts, to see that they take nothing more than what ought to go to market; that they do not take a truss of hay, or nest of eggs extra, or anything on their carts not right. If so, we take them away.

You are speaking of your subscribers', the farmers', own men?—Yes.

Is there a great deal of that description of depredation?—Not with us. [A great deal of searching, though.]

Is the burning of a light at night an important point?

—Yes, a very essential point. If they live on the edges of commons, it is a guide to bring the rogues home, because they come over hedge and ditch. If there is a light put up, then they can see the way to come home. *There is no reason for a cottager burning a light.* If we see one burning, we always inquire whether they were sick, and so on; and by that means we come at the cause.

Is such a state of things tolerable?—We are not greatly surprised at the irritated and revengeful feelings of the peasantry.

Such is happy, rural England! Merry England! By the way, we may inquire, why, if the beer-shop ruined the morals of Mr Gregory's men, and tempted them to plunder him, it happened that his predecessor on the farm was fairly ruined by much worse plunderers, before beer-shops existed? Like Mr Gregory, the paid police, established in some localities, take the law very freely into their own hand. In one case we hear of them entering all the cottages in a village before dinner, (those castles of Englishmen, which "the King may not enter!" though the policeman, like the winds of heaven, may at his own discretion,) and examining the pots to see if there was any mutton cooking, because a sheep had been stolen in the neighbourhood! In another place, the policemen are directed to tap with their staves the pockets of all labourers, and other humble persons abroad after dark, in order to break pheasants' or partridges' eggs, if by chance any of those precious articles should be lodged in the plebeian pockets. We must give a little extract, illustrative of the vaunted freedom of Englishmen, who are "all alike in the eye of the law."

In conformity with the directions of the chief magistrate of one considerable town, the constables seized all vagrants found within his jurisdiction, and took them to prison, where their heads were shaved; and they were then set at liberty. The superintendent of this police was asked—

What legal right have you to apprehend them and crop their hair?—The Mayor, who is a man of few words, says he crops them for cleanliness.

Do you think that system is effectual with the vagrants you get from the various districts?—Yes.

Then the town itself is very little infested?—Very little indeed. We do not, in fact, allow them to beg—I do not mean to say we have no beggars.

Before the Police was established, this town was infested both with vagrants and migratory depredators from other towns, was it not?—Yes it was; and others used to go to a distance and commit robberies, and come here to spend their money and their time. At our races, we have had 800 known thieves.

How have you dealt with them?—They dare not come near us now. I adopted the plan of apprehending them before the races, and keeping them in custody till the races were over.

What law had you for that?—I took that upon myself.

This is an exact parallel to the police of Milan, locking up all the beggars in gaol, at the late coronation of the Emperor, lest the motley crowd might haply contain traitors, or because their rags would have been a foul blot on the glory of the pageant!—This was a stretch of power at which the English in Milan were either indignant, or amused. They may look nearer home.

Alderman Wilson dispatches persons found sleeping in the open air to Maidstone, as vagrants; but neither are the magistrates pleased with their present restricted powers over the only sort of lodging-house that the way-faring poor, however respectable, can afford to take shelter in. The magistrates of Chelmsford complain that the parish officers and constables, though they have a right to enter the lodging-houses, have not power to take "travellers," or "trampers," as they call them, into custody, "unless they are found in the commission of some offence." There is cruel hardship in this restriction! Not allowed to arrest poor people—a *lettre de cachet*; from their workshops not reach a trumper, or any sort of low wretch, who cannot give above 3d. or 4d. a-night for his lodging in "the low haunts" which the travelling poor must frequent, unless they choose to be surprised asleep in the open air, and punished for misdemeanour! Whether, we would inquire, are the classes subjected to this rough and prompt handling by justice, or those liable to have their fowls stolen, the most to be commiserated? The Commissioners ought to have opened their Report, as Mr Senior commences his dissertations on political economy. They should have premised—"We are not treating of the causes which deprave the morals of the lower orders, nor of the misery and ignorance which produce mendicancy, vagrancy, and crime of all descriptions, but of how the private property of respectable individuals is to be protected, and the public peace preserved, amidst the many causes which are unsettling society."

The Commissioners repeatedly and strenuously insist, that want—real want—is in no case the cause of pilfering and other crimes. Indolence, averseness to labour, the love of dissipation, are, according to the Report, the uniform and universal causes. Yet the history of the origin and progress of felony in England, given by them from the information, or on the authority of Mr Chesterton, the Governor of Cold-Bath-Fields prison, sets out—"Most thieves commence their career at seven or eight years of age, and are engaged for some time in petty thefts of loose articles," &c., &c. But are not these thieves in many, if not in a great majority of cases, neglected orphans, and either starving or ill-provided children? If "most thieves" have this early initiation, the State, if it shall assume the sole care of the peace of the country, and the prevention of crime, will need to have large recourse to the schoolmaster, and the nursery, and dietary, as well as to the Force. The local authorities have more sympathy with the poor. They act

as if they knew that real destitution is, in the rural districts, sometimes the incitement to pilfering.

The Commissioners, after mentioning occurrences of tyrannical character, admit, that if falling under the observation of an English traveller in a foreign country, "Such things would be cited as instances of arbitrary government, and of the oppressed condition of the people." Yet they conclude—"That they were, no doubt, *efficient*, and might have been beneficial, *if legal*." An important *if* this. And why, if found "efficient and beneficial," not at once make these "instances of arbitrary government" legal? Is it not precisely for the purpose of rendering such acts, and many more such, legal, that the new Constabulary law, to be administered at the large discretion of a Central Board, is so imperatively required, and so earnestly recommended? We wish no mistake to exist, and shall therefore cite the passage leading to the logical conclusion about the efficiency and legality:—

I never wait for warrants—it is not my plan. It is a waste of time. The magistrate's clerk was rather particular about it, because, I believe, every warrant was something to him. I said they are things I do not know much about. I rarely act upon a thing that is not very clear. I am for being prompt in everything. I act first, and take the responsibility afterwards. I say, if I can take the man up with a warrant, I can take him up without a warrant.

Have any other means of prevention occurred to you, as to guarding property, and preventing its conversion into money after stolen, or for stopping stolen property?—I have a system in our town, I do not know *whether legal or not*, to visit the marine store-shops once a-week—that is a great source of annoyance to the marine store-dealers. A constable or sergeant goes and sees their books for the week. Some of them kept no books at all before, and never made any entry of property received. Since I have sent the men to examine the books, I believe, and am satisfied, that there are not those facilities given to young thieves that there were before. I mentioned publicly to the magistrates the system adopted by me, merely that they might hear, from the newspapers, that I was going to carry that on. Since that, they have books; and they are cautious who they buy of. That course you have taken upon yourself—the regular inspection of the marine store-shops?—Yes.

Searching and looking into the books?—Yes; looking into their books, and looking at their property—whether legal or not, I take the risk of it.

These modes of proceeding were, no doubt, efficient, and might have been beneficial, *if they were legal*.

The necessity for the introduction of this arbitrary centralized system, drawn from the evidence of the increase of crime, is, as we have said and in part shewn, though our limits forbid detail, lame and inconclusive; but some of the tabular statements either involve equally fallacious conclusions, or are founded on false data. It seems wholly inexplicable, for example, why the proportion of known bad characters, in different large towns, should vary so much.

In the metropolitan police districts, the proportion is only one bad character to every eighty-nine individuals; while in Liverpool, it is one in every forty-five; yet Liverpool has a paid and trained police. In Bristol one in every thirty-one is the alarming number of the guilty; and more remarkable still, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, one individual in every twenty-seven is a *known*

rogue of some description or another; and yet in that unhappy town, thieves enjoy a much shorter career than in the well-protected metropolis, where their average period is four years, while those of Newcastle, on the average, are stopped short in two years and a half. The depravity of Liverpool, if numerically little more than half that of Newcastle, seems bad enough. In one important department, it boasts no fewer than 102 houses for the reception of stolen goods; while the whole metropolitan district, with a central position and teeming population, has only 227. In Liverpool, by the evidence of these tables, there are 520 common brothels, 625 houses of ill fame, where prostitutes resort, and 136 houses where they lodge. Save in the number of private residences, this far exceeds the rate of London. Elsewhere, we find the brothels of Liverpool stated at 300, and we hope the lower number may be the correct one. Liverpool has 2071 houses for the resort of thieves, and 146 where thieves reside. The first number, is, however, qualified in a note, as it includes the 520 brothels, and also 55 public houses, to which places other persons than thieves—classes beyond the control of the police—may also be supposed to resort. Humanity must rejoice to find the appalling number of unfortunate women, often vaguely assigned to the metropolis, vanishing before the plainest application of the common rules of arithmetic. There is still enough of vice and misery to be found in London; but the 50,000, and sometimes 80,000 prostitutes alleged to harbour there, are on reasonable, and it would seem exact data, reduced to less than 9,000. The number of gambling-houses in the different towns, as shewn by the tables, draw suspicion upon their accuracy. There are 32 in London; in Liverpool, Newcastle, and Hull, *none*; but in Bristol, 31. The amount of plunder and of lawful property, which goes to the support of vice in Liverpool, furnishes a curious table, though it is probable that many things are counted twice or three times over. It is not drawn up by the Commissioners, but was furnished to the municipal council in 1836, by one of their own functionaries. The sum specified is £700,000, of which £499,200 is reckoned to be expended in supporting brothels and prostitutes in private lodgings. The remainder of this large sum is divided among adult and juvenile thieves, dock-wallopers, hawkers, and men who pilfer in discharging vessels. In Liverpool, there are above 4000 prostitutes; and, including all descriptions of depredators, about an equal number of thieves. The numbers have also been greatly diminished by the new police, who, as in other places, if they do not diminish the aggregate of bad characters, succeed in driving them beyond certain boundaries. The native thieves of Liverpool are noted for dexterity; like those of the other large cities, they are migratory, making occasional extensive tours, and attending races and fairs. Town-bred thieves, who do business in a large way, seldom prowl in country places. These are left to the peddling, petty-larceny rogues and trampers. The num-

ber of depredators of all classes to be found in all England must be partly conjectural; but the estimate of the Commissioners is, as we have noticed, in round numbers 40,000. Of these, including above 8,600 prostitutes, London alone contains 17,600 individuals, from the gentlemen of the swell mob to the dealer in begging-letters.

The training and habits of thieves of the lower class are detailed in copious confessions and narratives of adventures, in which we should be disposed to place much less reliance than the Commissioners seem to do, qualified as their belief is. These romances and personal histories are curious, and though they occupy too much space in a grave and weighty Report, will certainly prove the most popular portion of its contents to many honourable legislators. Yet the tame, sly, prowling thief, or sneak of our civilized times, is a despicable creature compared with the daring, bold-faced villains of the ancient "Newgate Calendar," whose courage, enterprise, and masterly self-possession, gave such gusto to their adventures. The commonplace "family-men" of the present day appear to possess no quality in common with their illustrious predecessors, save fidelity, not always unimpeachable. The anonymous personages who figure in the Report, are, we apprehend, greatly indebted to fictitious embellishment for the brighter parts of their career. They make no pretension to the swaggering generosity which made the pursuit of their predecessors something like a dispensation of wild justice. One of the heroes of the Report was in durance in the jail of Salford. Like every thief when in the confessional, he was "the son of honest parents." He was born in Manchester, and "travelled" freely for four years, though occasionally in trouble. His adventures occupy a considerable space in the Report. Unless he kept a diary of his depredations, this individual must have a wondrous memory. This respectable youth assigns superiority, in dexterity in doing business, to Liverpool and Manchester; and he asserts that the latter town and Birmingham turn out more practitioners than even London. "They are thought to be of Irish parents, and have most canning." He adds—"In fact, I'll be bound to say, that three parts of those who are now travelling throughout the kingdom have Irish blood in them, either from father, mother, or grandmother." The Irish monopolize one branch of knavery entirely—illicit distillation. It is singular, but not unaccountable, to find the Irish become so dexterous in England, for there is no people more honest at home. Save for them, the police of Manchester would enjoy nearly a sinecure, though the functionaries do not accuse them of dishonesty, but of turbulence, a tendency to riot, and drunken, "brutal rows." Quelling the Irish, when they run-a-muck, becomes a rather perilous duty. The writer, in Cold-Bath-Field's Prison, who describes the habitual practices of the London thieves, which is found in the appendix to the Report, states, that the "love of fame forms no small proportion of a thief's composition." This passion

must have inspired some of the narrations of which we shall now submit a few specimens to the judgment of the reader. The hero of our first tale is twenty-two years of age, and, as usual, "the son of honest parents." In January, 1838, he left Manchester, and enjoyed a six months' plundering tour in the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland, before he was again nabbed. He travelled with a companion, and they did some trifling business at Chorley:—

Then to Preston a fortnight; got a decent sum, about £30. Thence to Garstang; market day; just as we got in, met a drunken man; we knocked him down; robbed him; did not hurt him much; got £12, and went on without stopping. Got to Lancaster at night by coach, which overtook us soon after we left Garstang; stayed about a week. Just as about going out, a native of Lancaster, just out of the castle, (gaol,) told us he would take us to a house, if he would get "screws," (housebreaking implements,) &c. It was a gentleman's house. Just as we had got the door open, two gentlemen, at eleven at night, came up the walk, took him, and we two escaped. We went right away for Kendal; did nothing there. Only one night over Shaffels and to Penrith; then to Carlisle; stayed fourteen days; got "very fair" there. If people in Manchester were same as they are there, there would not be so much got; "it is up in the north;" "they are near the Scotch." We got what kept us on the road; most we got was £5. Next intended to go to Scotland, but changed mind and to Altwistle, a village; then to Hexham three days; some little money in the market-place. Got £25 off a flour-dealer; the man was not drunk; flattened his nose; about three minutes about it. Went straight off all night to Newcastle; got there early in the morning; big town; no suspicion. There a fortnight; robbed a warehouse there by ourselves; my companion had been up the country before and knew the people; done between seven and nine at night; a "crack" burglary; got two dozen of silver spoons, and some silk, which fetched £15; a piece of silk handkerchiefs; got them off in a bag. My companion disposed of them; he gave me the full half of what he said he got. Kept his handkerchiefs in piece for wear, as we were going out of the town; got them hemmed by the women where we lodged; all thieves. Went thence to Durham; only there one day—to look at the cathedral; did nothing there. Next to Darlington; nothing. Stockton next, where we stayed (in March) a week; got about £12. One thing particular there—we were suspected after we had got away; they followed and took us; they could not swear to the purse and £12, but we were sent to Durham gaol for a month. This was done by picking the pocket of a person on the move; "more done that way than any other now-a-days." In the winter they don't work at the mill; they can only put on twelve on the mills at once, the rest tease oakum; its not so sharp service as the New Bailey; governor was formerly surgeon of the prison. Bread is better than here; the diet altogether better there; the skilly (broth) is thicker, though less of it. From Durham we went to Sunderland; we had given up £18 to the turnkey, and received it again. Went to Sunderland; there a week; did not attempt anything. I used to read at night. One night I could find no other book but the Bible, and I read that; at the time I was much struck with a passage in Isaiah, which I could not shake off for some weeks; it was about "the sending a Saviour who should deliver." From Sunderland to Shields; got about £8 by pockets; then to Newcastle again; two days did nothing. Then to Durham, and were very careful and determined to work back to Manchester. To Darlington—Richmond, Yorkshire; Bedale, Gunboro'; and to Whitby. The constable was gone to Northallerton sessions; we got £4—a lady's pocket in the Market-Scarboro'; (about May;) got about £3 two days; thence to Burlington one night, Hadden did nothing there. Then to a place near Sir Clifford Constable's; through villages to Garingwold; got a country farmer, and robbed him of £5. (We were low, not

working now.) Came next to York; two days; got about £2: 10s. off a gentleman looking at the Minster, talking to him and admiring the building. Thence to Leeds; got some little, about £10; there two days. Then Bradford; got £3. To Halifax, and then to Rochdale, and so home. Arrived there in May, about the 25th; stayed about three days; went off with the same men to Warrington, St Helen's, Wigan, Bolton, and Manchester. One of the constables stopped us coming in at Windsor Bridge; took 7s. 6d. off us; we got it by application at Town Hall. Went out to Ashton; got £5; then started to Huddersfield; nothing much; about £5 pockets; had to fly very quick. To Wakefield three days, got about 25s. Selby was not drunk. Thence to Newcastle, Morpeth, and did nothing more till we got into Edinburgh; there we were a fortnight. Drawed a till there, out of a shop; and Hull, some few pounds. Then to Beverly, Scarboro'; there, on the coronation day; pretty fair that day; got in the procession about £3, and at a supper at night got £25 off a gentleman who had come out of the hall—pocket. Next morning to Whitby, Loftus, Stockton, Hartlepool, when we lit of an old sailor, just landed, who had got £25, his wages, just received: picked his pocket; he got about £30, about ten in the morning; a grocer's; there was no one in the shop. The drawer was open, and a bowl in it; £20 in silver, 10 sovereigns. Thence to Stirling, Falkirk, and Glasgow; there a fortnight, got about £20 the day before we went out, to help us on the road.

Thus our friend proceeds. Whether he really did so great a stroke of business, or is inspired by the love of fame, is to us doubtful. At Ayr he was suddenly parted from his comrade, after they had robbed a lady; and they never met again. He never slackened running till he had reached Burns' cottage; and by this route he pushed on to Portpatrick, and afterwards did a little in the country towns of Ireland. In Dublin the youth was prospering—the police not being so sharp there as in any town in England—but he took an infatuated longing to return to Manchester, and ran into the lion's throat.

This "traveller" dropped some useful preventive hints, which, for the benefit of those of our readers who are householders, we shall afterwards notice. The most picturesque part of these adventures is the embellished relation of a juvenile thief, describing a country excursion which he made from London, with a companion. We wish that the birth and early education of these two boys had also been given:

A twelvemonth ago he and P—— were together in Cold-Bath-Fields, where they planned a thieving journey to Kidderminster.

They built a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, bought hardware, brooms, &c., at a shop near Farringdon street, to the amount of 17s. While they were purchasing the articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and a half of hand-brooms from the door; they valued them at 5s., making, as four were concerned, 1s. 3d. each; P—— and H—— paid them 2s. 6d. They also took with them twenty sixpences and ten shillings bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H—— with 5s., P—— with 15s. 6d., they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1s. 4d. and a broom for 11d. They went on to Wimbledon, and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner bar and continued serving. The boy H—— reached down and took four silver salt-spoons which were on a shelf; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some

bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a traveller's house and sold the spoons to the landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5s. for the bargain.

At the next town, (the boy did not recollect the names of the places,) about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market day. H—— made cloth caps, and, in the course of the evening, he sold a dozen and a half, at 1s. 6d. each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a greatcoat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a hue-and-cry for it; some suspected the boys; but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3s. H—— considers it to have been worth about 7s.

For three weeks they lived entirely upon the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

They put up, for a short time, at a traveller's house. Houses of this kind are in every town, price 3d. or 4d. a night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P—— confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6d., and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

At every lodging-house on the road H—— met plenty of trampers; and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St Giles'. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of good houses. They all lived well, never eat any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3s. a day; many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5s. and average 3s. 6d. per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside. (All this is confirmed by P——)

P—— having been employed at a carpet-manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H——. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to take whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two and three dozen balls of a day in their greatcoat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about £1, and they got 10s. 6d. for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory, and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.

P—— and H—— were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches—one was pawned for 15s., the other two for £1 a-piece. P—— is very clever at "easing a yoke of his watch."

They went to a fair about fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P——, who can play "prick in the garter," soon got a mob, and soon found "better." He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then won it back with double interest. In the meantime H——, who never appeared to know P——, was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money bags. (He minutely described the bags as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He took eight bags in a short time; but the richest of the eight contained only 15s.; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse; a row ensued; every one felt his pockets; the robbed and the swindled gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P——, took him to a pond and ducked him. H—— decamped when the storm was brewing, as he had all the bags and property about him. This occurred at about four in the afternoon; and, at about

nine, P——, having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H—— at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle.

They left the neighbourhood, and shaped their course for London. On their journey back, they entered a gentleman's house, about half-past eight in the evening. It stood upon a hill, and was to let. They opened the kitchen window, and rummaged all over the house for about an hour, taking away a greatcoat, some glass decanters, and a hearth-rug. On arriving at the next town, which was about ten miles off, (and they travelled in the night after this robbery,) they told the landlord they had something to sell. His wife went out, and returned shortly after with a man, who bought the lot for £1 : 5 : 6; but H—— remarked, "the fellow swindled us, for the decanters were worth all the money; but we were glad to get rid of them at any price." At some distance from this town they came near a large village, and saw several persons coming towards them, when P—— put down the table for the "garter story." H—— began betting, and the people, when they came up, stopped to see the fun. Shortly they began to play, and H—— began to thrive; at length they became exasperated at their losses to P——; H—— had retreated, and, having packed away the property in the dog-cart, was moving off, when the storm broke out, and P—— again got into a scrape. He was severely thumped and beaten; H—— was accused of being an accomplice; and they were both locked up in the cage till next day, when the magistrates acquitted them, remarking that P——, if guilty, had received punishment enough, and as for H——, there was no charge against him. It remained a mystery amongst them what had become of the stolen property, for neither boy had been out of their sight, and yet nothing was found either on them or in the cart. They never suspected the false bottom.

The boys, on their return, robbed some soldiers who were billeted at a house where they lodged—stole a pair of silver salt-cellars at a public-house where they baited—and, when disposing of a broom at a gentleman's house, picked up a valuable watch and a silver egg-stand; for all of which they readily found purchasers. For the watch they got £15. This seems incredible, whatever might be its value. A boy of fourteen, in Knutsford gaol, gave the following account of his career and that of his comrade.

I have known many persons who would not prosecute, and many a one who has taken money which has been sent by the woman at the lodging-house for them not to tell a strong tale. We would frequently at night get a wire and turn the key in the lock, which was inside, straight with the hole; we could then push it out on to the floor; we had then another long wire to feel for the key and draw it under the door; then unlock the door, and help ourselves. Sometimes I have been sent begging to different houses; the people have been watched up stairs to make the beds; I have then gently opened the door, pulled the key out of the lock, and pressed it against a piece of tempered clay which I had in my hand. We could then cut a key, and go in when we liked. There were sometimes three or four of us. We always endeavoured for money, but we could do with anything if we could not get it. If we were strangers in town, the lodging-house folks would find us a receiver for the property. We would often hide it while one of us went and made sure of the receiver. Lodging-house folks always tell us to do so, instead of carrying it into the house. They often cheat us out of half the value.

I never did work much; while I did work in the day, I thieved at night. I only worked for two or three weeks at once. There were plenty of places to dispose of anything we got. I lived by housebreaking, picking pockets, and stealing money-drawers; the number of thefts was according to what we got. They used to put me sometimes through a window, by taking a square out, and I opened the doors; sometimes down a cellar-hole. I was

often suspected; but as soon as I got anything, I gave it to the men that were with me, and they could find nothing on me. I have been taken by the constables many times, and got off in that way. I was apprehended at Stafford with two £5 notes in my pocket, and my companion came and said he was my father, and he had given them me to change. The man who had been robbed, could not swear to us nor the notes. My companions were very sharp; they were dressed like gentlemen; and when we were at fairs, nobody would think of them being thieves. They had all sorts of tools and skeleton-keys, and were first in the country at using them. Have committed, altogether, many hundred depredations in my life, little ones and big ones. I spent my time, when not on the look-out for booty, with my companions, in certain beer-shops or public-houses, where we were known. The landlord knew of our courses. My companions used to make it up with some (landlords) when we should be in at night, and changed their clothes to go out, that they might not be known. We were nearly always travelling. We did not commit our robberies near the towns we stopped at, but went a good way off. We went to Chester, Shrewsbury, and different towns in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, and many places I did not know the names of.

A lad, aged seventeen, in the course of a confession of his career, gives the following answers:—

Sometimes I worked for two or three months, and then went to thieving for some months, and then go to work again. Some places I did not like to go to, because the constables were sharp. The lodging-house keepers would put us down to the traps, and find us a receiver when we wanted one. I have been at a burglary, but I generally went picking pockets, or on the sneak. In one lodging-house, I got off many a time by being let down a trap-door that led to an entry. I have many a time been caught by the people I have been robbing, and been let off. Myself, and two other chaps, stopped a Scotchman on the road near Preston, and took his pack off his back, and his money, tied his hands behind him, and left him. One of my companions was taken; but we gave the woman at the lodging-house a sovereign, to swear that he was in bed at the time, so they only vagranted him. I have travelled through Yorkshire and Lancashire, but have done very little in Cheshire. We moved from one town to another, that the traps might not know us.

One of the lads states that there is now little to be done in *his* way, save in picking pockets; a species of depredation which no police can wholly prevent. We do not think it prudent to explain all the ingenious modes of picking pockets—a science long well understood in London, though there appears to be a few late improvements. Still more ingenious is the new machine for abstracting goods from bales. One scapegrace of nineteen, of most respectable parents, seems to have been, by mental constitution, an ill-conditioned fellow—*un mauvais sujet*—one of those predestined "hand-wiled blackguards," whose career nothing but a gaol can arrest, and who appears beyond the reach of moral influence. He was always of dissolute habits, and repeatedly, when a boy, ran away to sea. His history shews a finished specimen of the incorrigible vagabond.

A thief glories, of course, in the number of his exploits, and will naturally exaggerate their number; but the Commissioners like to hold them at their widest word. When the juvenile depredators were interrogated as to the extent of their petty thefts, their round reply was—"Could not remember a tenth of them"—"hundreds, many hundreds." It is estimated that each, to live, must steal six handkerchiefs in a

day, or things of similar value; but when the limited number of persons wearing silk pocket-handkerchiefs is considered, in relation to the number of thieves, this seems excessive. The great evil of the uncertainty of conviction is generally admitted; but the Commissioners have adopted what appears to us a most fallacious way of contrasting the amount of crime with that of conviction, that great defect in the operation of the criminal law.

The crime they specify is the uttering of forged bank-notes; and they do not quote the number of prosecutions, in a table, extending from 1805 to 1837, but only the number of convictions. The prosecutions must have been comparatively few; for, of all imaginable crimes, it is the most difficult to convict upon this, the law having settled—or being understood to have settled—that no one can hold property in a forged Bank of England note, or a right to detain it. Now, the notes generally come into the Bank; but, in a multitude of cases, through channels that cannot be suspected, and it is enough that an innocent man suffers the loss of the value of the note, without being subjected to prosecution. Hence, there must be very few prosecutions for uttering forged notes, compared with their number; and, consequently, almost no convictions, though considerable numbers of forged notes are issued. This crime, also, seems decreasing rapidly. In some years, the number of forged notes stopped at the Bank amounted to from 20,000 to 30,000. Of late years, the number has not reached 300. In 1836 there were 223 forged notes presented, and probably few or no prosecutions, as there is not one conviction. In 1837 the number was 263, and three convictions took place, out of what number of prosecutions we are not told, but certainly very few. Hence the fallacy of selecting this particular crime to prove that, in all offences, the number of convictions gives no true idea of the vast number of crimes that escape conviction. The average of escapes drawn from such data must, we are satisfied, be very erroneous. The preventive hints thrown out by the thieves merit attention. One clever vagabond suggests that not an organized force consisting of 8,000 men, but forty or fifty vigilant policemen, should be on the move through England, and attend at all fairs, races, &c., wherever rogues do congregate. They ought to learn the cant of the thieves, and they would soon know their faces. Another is of opinion that as picking pockets is now the only sure card, it would do more good to transport two or three master pickpockets, who give instruction in the science, than hundreds of boys. This same experienced person adds:—"If I had a house I would not have a *grid*, (a coal grating,) as many robberies are done in that way. A boy and most men can get down. Underground kitchen-windows are bad places to guard. A drop-latch, connected with the outside, should have a button on it, to turn down at night. Inside bolts should be at top and bottom, and, to be good for anything, should be locked, when in that position, by one of the patent locks, so that

no boy could be shewn in. The main-door key is best left in the lock. A young gentleman of nineteen—the same who ran away to sea, and who has been engaged in about a dozen burglaries, seven of them in inhabited houses—tells that skeleton keys were the general means of access; and, when these failed, back-cellar windows were forced by small crow-bars. The object was silver-plate, money, or clothing. We need not detail his varied methods; but a chain he considers safer for a door than a bolt, as it cannot be got out without noise, "Thinks it (the chain) would be a sufficient impediment to stop the work altogether. Never met with a bell; thinks it better than even a drop-latch, which is the most serious impediment he ever met with. The drop-latch is formidable, because it forms part of the lock. The bolt of the lock may be shot, but the thief not know it, because the door binds by the drop-latch, and so they may work for an hour, thinking the lock not picked. . . . Thinks there is a general deficiency of caution—careless servants not fastening what bolts there are—or a deficiency of bolts. Would recommend every door to have a drop-latch, a chain right across the door, and a bell. Doors are preferred to windows, because the chains are often rusty and easily broken by a lever. Windows are not liked on account of the glass. It is very difficult to take it out, in the dead of night, without letting some part drop, and the noise generally alarms people. The fastening of a shutter is very awkward to get out, as the brace cannot easily be worked to it, as in using much noise must be made. If a bell were on the shutter, it would be impossible to break in. . . . Never heard of a man turned by a cellar-window, unless interrupted. They ought to have no communication that is not cut off by night bolts, locks, and bells. . . . The best means of preventing the escape of offenders, is to search them in the very first house—man or woman. Very often get rid of the property on their way to the station, by swallowing, chewing notes, dropping it in the sludge, crossing the streets. By keeping every prisoner entirely separate, many may be convicted who now escape."

Pickpockets say that if a handkerchief be carried in the inside coat-pocket, hat, or even pinned to the outside pocket, they are foiled. Shop thieves say, if a till be locked, or a nail at the back part to prevent its being drawn entirely out, they are baulked. Pickpockets say, if they can get a man into a push, he must be robbed unless he be aware of them. If so, their cant words will save him: if he keeps out of a push, his cash in an inside pocket, his watch well guarded by a chain, or wears a cloak in the season, they are foiled. The house-breaker says, a plate of sheet-iron in the inside of the door, foils him in his attempt at panelling, and that Chubb's locks give a great deal of trouble in opening; but Bramah's have, as yet, defeated all their attempts. The thief who robs shop windows, says, wire-gauze curtains within the glass, foils him. The thief who robs shops by "palming," says, that shop-

keepers must be aware of the game of palming to guard against his attacks; and the most notorious *smashers* state, that bad gold is known by its deficient standard and weight, and bad silver by its malleability and greasy feel. Base silver coin is chiefly made in London; gold in Birmingham. The metallic dealer obtains £6 worth of base coin for £1. One individual chiefly supplies the town. He meets the venders every morning at a stated place, and supplies them at 4s. the sovereign, and the crown at 10d. There must be a great deal that is purely conjectural in these statements—they are all derived from doubtful sources.

We have been wandering from the main business of the Report, into more amusing, but much less important matter, and must now sum up as briefly as possible. If the increase of crime and immorality of a kind that a police can repress, prevent, or punish, be made the ground of the novel and arbitrary scheme recommended by the Commissioners, then the proof has entirely failed. In crimes that may be checked, there is a positive decrease. If the demoralized condition of the rural districts be pointed out, greatly exaggerated as we are persuaded, the amount of evil is—from the witnesses being all parties interested, by their actual losses, or selfish suspicion—we should look back to the causes; to the consolidation of farms, the enclosure of commons, the low rate of the wages of agricultural labour, the extreme scarcity of fuel in many parts of England, the corrupting influence of the old Poor Law, and the harsh or stringent operation of the new system. And is it the establishment of a State *gendarmérie* that is to correct these evils? Is the policeman to usurp the place of the schoolmaster, and to be maintained by funds which might be better employed in removing the latent causes of crime? Laying aside the unconstitutional character of the projected Force, and the novel and anomalous powers and influences to be vested in the Executive by its existence, the expense is some, though an inferior consideration: The number of the force to start with, is estimated at 8,000; to start as soon as all the rural localities accede. The expense of a police of the kind intended for the county of Chester alone, is estimated—and we may be pretty certain the estimates are as moderate as possible at, £8,112:8:4 per annum. But this is no fair calculation: if the Irish police, consisting of 8,203 men, cost £380,208 a-year in a country where wages are so low, what would the entire national Force necessary for England and Wales cost? It is delusive to speak of the same rate of payment in the two countries; but at the Irish rate, which can be little more than one-half the expense of the English, the amount requisite at the outset would be, according to the Commissioners, £680,222. But the expense is the least consideration in this monstrous proposition: the Commissioners hint

that, in process of time, the suppression of delinquency might make a smaller Force equal to the multifarious, and many of them useful duties, which the Report suggests for it. But when was ever any source of patronage and power to a Government voluntarily reduced, while funds could be found to maintain it? The financial part is not, however, the worst feature of the plan; the funds expended in the repression and punishment of crime being already enormous, and there being little doubt that a centralized system might, under strict management, be rendered the least expensive.

The project of the Commissioners has not, we perceive, obtained anything like general approbation in the rural districts. Many of the magistrates, to whom inquiries were addressed, appear quite contented with the old modes. Of 435 petty sessional divisions, 123 recommend the appointment of "an improved rural police;" and in 13 divisions, they recommend that it shall be under their own control. In 77 divisions, the appointment of a patrol and additional constables is recommended; and 16 recommend that the present constables be better paid. In 37 divisions, the magistrates consider some farther security necessary; in 47, they give no opinion; and, in 122, it is declared that no change is required. This analysis shews no great alacrity in embracing the centralized system; and the few authorities, the very few, that the Commissioners have been able to rake together, are not much entitled to attention, in the adoption of a scheme subversive of the fundamental principles of British freedom. We see but one magistrate of Hertford—an anonymous one—mentioned as approving that "central control" which Mr Chadwick and his two co-Commissioners consider more essential to the nature of a constabulary, than even to the administration of relief to the poor—one magistrate, and Mr Wolryche Whitmore, the high sheriff of Shropshire. The returns from half a dozen other places, small towns or villages, are construed to favour the novel and magnificent scheme; but the words do not fairly bear out the interpretation. They all speak of arrangement and co-operation, but do not recognise the grand central head.

The strongest argument for the establishment of a small movable civil force, independent of local connexion or control, is found in the shameful events attending the combinations at Norwich and in Glasgow. Many abuses are also pointed out requiring reform, and which are quite susceptible of it, without the introduction of a new system entirely subversive, as we gravely re-assert, of the fundamental principles of British freedom. No case whatever, we again affirm, is made out in this elaborate Report, for abridging the liberties of Englishmen—for placing Great Britain under a continental police. As a complete system of State espionage, we have not yet considered the scheme.

THE GUERNSEY SYSTEM OF LAND-TENURE.*

To the Editor of *Tail's Magazine*.

SIR,—Your Guernsey correspondent has not been sufficiently explicit with respect to the mode of letting, or rather *disposing* of land in that island. It is always done for a certain annual payment, consisting of *quarters of wheat*, (the Guernsey quarter being much less than the English;) and it is generally optional with the purchaser to pay it either in wheat or in money, at the rate (on an average of years) of £1, English, per quarter; or to redeem a certain number of these quarters, as may be agreed on between the parties, for the sum of £20 each. Except in this payment *in kind*, the system differs little from the English mode of disposing of property, and allowing a part of the purchase-money to remain on *mortgage*, at the rate of five per cent., per annum; with this manifest advantage, however, in favour of Guernsey, that all sales are inscribed in a public register, and are open for inspection for a trifling fee, consequently no frauds can take place. The Guernsey farmer is thus an absolute landholder; and, from the number of small farms, the fields being proportionately contracted, the hedges or fences are extensive; but this latter circumstance is not injurious, as they are merely furze (gorse) banks, the produce of which pays them handsomely.

The following is the general mode of farming:—The sea-weed (called *varecq*) thrown up and growing on the coast is a valuable manure; but is not allowed to be gathered except at stated periods, which are regulated by an “*ordonnance*” of the royal court of the island. The first gathering is about Shrove Tuesday, which the farmers usually lay on the barley field in its natural state, in the proportion of six or eight cart-loads per vergeé, (two-and-half of which rather exceed an English acre,) and shortly after plough it in. The second is about midsummer; and this is generally dried and used as fuel in the winter by the country people, the ashes of which is a valuable manure. Their mode of ploughing, though not Mr Owen’s system, is one of co-operation. When they intend to plough, they give notice to their neighbours, who make it a practice to assist. They have a small plough which precedes a large one; the former going two or three inches deep, and the latter, drawn by ten or twelve horses or oxen, penetrating nearly a foot deeper; thus making the whole depth about fourteen inches—equal to spade husbandry. After the business of the day is over, those who have contributed their aid repair to the owner’s house, where they are regaled with a sumptuous

supper. This is a very general practice, and the farmer, therefore, need never have more than two or three horses, or one ox and two horses, for all other purposes.

Parsnips are cultivated in large quantities. They are twice hand-weeded, and the last time thinned out to the distance of five inches. This, however, might, with care, be performed equally well with the hoe, and save much labour. A horse-load per perch (of twenty-one square feet) is reckoned an average crop. The succession of crops is c’over, wheat, parsnips, lucern; or wheat, parsnips, wheat, barley. Parsnips require rather a wet summer. Neither cows nor horses are allowed to range over the fields; but they are staked to the ground, with a play of rope of about eight feet, allowing them a circle of grass of sixteen feet diameter, which they are obliged to clear completely before they are changed; and the cows are generally milked three times per day. The milk is always so rich, that it is immediately made into butter, without the preliminary operation (in England) of taking off the cream for that purpose.

From a residence of fourteen years in the island, I can confirm your correspondent’s report of the integrity, independence, and absence of poverty among the natives generally; and, during the whole of that period, even in the town, bars and bolts were quite unnecessary, except to exclude the English soldiers; but then, it must be remarked, that these small farms cannot possibly support all that are born on them, and, therefore, a constant stream of emigration is always in operation. I have the pleasure of knowing Mr Brock, the bailiff or chief magistrate of the island, and can bear my testimony to that gentleman’s comprehension of intellect, sound sense, and general philanthropy. No one can doubt the correctness of his recommendation: but how the plan is to be executed in Ireland but by compulsion, is the grand question.

I beg you, Mr Editor, particularly to notice, for the information of the bigoted landholders of Great Britain and Ireland, that although the Island of Guernsey is open to all the world for the free importation of corn, without any duty whatever, still the rent of land there is not less than £5 per acre! Will not this convince them that they are blind to their own interest in opposing the Repeal of the Corn-Laws?

Yours respectfully,

H. A. M.

Bristol, 10th April, 1839.

* See the article, “A New Remedy for the Distresses of Ireland;” by a Guernsey Correspondent; in No. LXIII. of this Magazine; page 138.

PERILS AND ESCAPES OF A COVENANTER, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

THE times of the Covenant, as every person even moderately read in the history of that period must know, were productive of innumerable hardships, oppressions, and cruelties, to the people of Scotland. Their faithful adherence to their own parish ministers and the Presbyterian form of worship, drew down upon their devoted heads the vengeance of a tyrannical and persecuting Government. For the space of eight-and-twenty years they walked in the fiery furnace of affliction, exposed to all manner of sufferings for conscience' sake, and compelled, like the primitive martyrs, to hide themselves from the fury of their persecutors in the dens and caves of the earth.

The origin of these sufferings—which increased every year, until they became absolutely intolerable—may be expressed in a single sentence: the ill-advised and barbarous determination of Charles II. to force Prelacy, by violent means, upon the Scottish nation. And it was for their noble and persevering resistance to this arbitrary policy, that our covenanting forefathers were exposed to all the severities which a corrupt Parliament and a lawless soldiery could inflict.

By a decree of the Council, called the Glasgow Act, passed in October, 1662, all parish ministers who refused to submit to Episcopacy, were ordered to remove with their families, by the 1st of November, beyond the bounds of their Presbytery; otherwise the military were authorized to expel them at the point of the bayonet: the people were forbidden to own them as lawful pastors, or attend their sermons, or pay their annual stipend.

The intention of this rigorous decree, doubtless, was either to produce acquiescence on the part of the ministers, or to provoke the more refractory and indiscreet to measures that might afford a pretext for violent extrusion. But the Council had reckoned without their host. The Presbyterian clergy declined to compromise for their livings by sacrificing their conscience, or betraying the interests of their religious establishment. They hesitated not a moment as to the course they should take. In one day, nearly three hundred pulpits were left vacant, and above a third part of the Church laid desolate. The people of that day, who were attached beyond measure to their spiritual teachers, beheld with sorrow and dismay the dispersion of so many witnesses and champions of the "good old cause." They universally approved of their resolution to offer no violent opposition, even to a statute passed by men who deserved the name of debauchees rather than legislators. It was not unfrequent to see them at once regretting and recommending the departure of their beloved pastors; shedding tears of pity at their misfortunes, yet applauding their constancy and unconquerable integrity; and encouraging them to enter on their trials with Christian resigna-

tion, trusting to the kindness of Providence and the charity of their friends.

One of the first consequences of this arbitrary Act on the part of the Government, was the almost immediate commencement of field-preachings and private lectures by the ejected ministers, who were scattered over the country wherever the hospitality of relations or acquaintances afforded them a temporary habitation. The practice soon became very general, especially in the more sequestered parishes. It proceeded, however, from no wish to furnish new matter of offence, but from a clear persuasion that forcible deposition would not denude a minister of his clerical rights. The secular arm, they admitted, might extend to their persons or their properties, but could never unminister lawful pastors, or take from them an office which they held immediately by divine commission. This they considered as arrogating a power that belonged to the Church alone. A mere paper proclamation they held incompetent to nullify the ceremony of ordination, or the will of the people; and therefore, the hallowed union between them and their flocks still subsisted, though nominally dissolved by an act of the regular power. As they were now forbidden access to the Established pulpits, they had no resource but to exercise their profession in a less secular way, and to lend their spiritual assistance wherever it was craved. To have refused this, would have been to implicate them in the guilt of looking with indifference on the religious destitution of the land; for many parishes in the south and the west were totally vacant, and in some districts people had to travel twenty miles to hear public worship.

From these causes, the custom of itinerary preaching soon became prevalent. The displaced clergy lectured, exhorted, baptized, and dispensed ordinances in their own houses, or at places in the neighbourhood; frequently in the woods, or such other sequestered spots as were most convenient.

The attachment of the people to their old parish ministers, seemed to increase in proportion to their dislike for the curates who succeeded them; and who, generally speaking, were men very ill-qualified, either by learning or morals, for the sacred office. Wherever they were settled they were regarded as intruders, thrust in against the will of the congregation, and kept in their pulpits by military force. To serve as an excuse for not attending their sermons, the church bell was sometimes purposely deprived of its tongue—that appendage being now regarded as the symbol of their degradation, and embittering their miseries by reminding them of their spiritual slavery. Its weekly summons rung in their ears as the voice of the oppressor proclaiming his conquests, and insolently bragging of his triumph. In several places the doors of the churches were built up or barricaded, that the

Scriptures might be literally fulfilled, and the "hireling" be made to climb in by the window. The minds of the people became disgusted with the incompetency and the irregularities of these intruders: nobody attended them except those who were compelled by violence to do what was against their conscience and their principles. In this extremity, they were driven to seek, at all hazards, their ordinances and spiritual instructions from men whom they venerated for their unblemished reputation, and still recognised as their lawful ministers.

The desertion from the curates called down upon the heads of the disobedient peasantry the severest vengeance: all private meetings for religious exercises were discharged, under penalty of contumacy to ecclesiastical authority. Fines were exacted, for every offence, from all persons absent from their parish church. Heritors and masters of families were commanded to see that their tenants, servants, and cottars attended; otherwise to remove them out of their houses and lands, and to grant them no new leases unless they subscribed a bond for conformity. The same injunctions were applicable to magistrates and inhabitants of burghs; and, for neglecting to enforce the statute, landholders and civic rulers became liable to imprisonment or sequestration. For personal absence, heritors forfeited a fourth part of their rents; householders and citizens a fourth of their substance; and, if merchants, the freedom of their incorporation and the privileges of trade.

As for the deposed clergy, they were forbidden, under pain of sedition, to reside within twenty miles of their former parishes, within six miles of Edinburgh or a cathedral church, or within three miles of any burgh in the kingdom. It was strictly prohibited making charitable collections for their use, or from contributing in any way to their support.

To enforce these despotic regulations, an army of twenty-two thousand foot and two thousand horse was dispersed in companies over the more refractory districts, to compel church attendance, uplift fines, and bring offenders to punishment. As an auxiliary to this crusade, a high commission court was instituted, which assumed the power both of the sword and the keys, exercising a civil as well as a spiritual jurisdiction. The greatest noblemen in the land were amenable to this tribunal; the inoffensive peasantry might be fined, incarcerated, or transported beyond seas at pleasure; and by captious questions, the most wary might be entangled and decoyed within the meshes of the law.

With a court so constituted, and provided with such auxiliaries and accomplices, it may be readily conceived what excesses would be committed against all who refused implicit submission. Accordingly, the history of the times is filled with the sad memorials of the cruelties and exactions practised by the Turners, Claverhouses, Dalzells, and other booted missionaries of Prelacy, who acted as the leaders in these disgraceful expeditions. The people were dragged to

church like felons to the dungeon, and severely beaten or fined if they resisted. When families were unwilling to pay, the military were sent to live upon them at free quarter, until they should eat up the value of the penalty; and frequently they continued until they had consumed their whole substance. Cattle, grain, furniture, &c., were seized to defray church arrears, or wantonly burnt and destroyed. The food they could not use was wasted; hen-roosts were plundered; chests and presses were ransacked, and their contents carried off in large panniers or creels. In the dairy, "they upset the butter-kirns, and hacked down the cheeses with their swords, among the horses' feet." The widow and the fatherless were thus robbed of their necessary subsistence; "and when the children cried for bread, it was snatched from their mouths and given to the soldiers' pleasure-dogs."

The usual mode of discovering the obnoxious, was by means of a parish list, generally drawn up by the curate. After sermon, this muster-roll was called from the pulpit, and absentees marked out for the weekly fine. Many were arrested without either proof or presumptive evidence, and amerced on mere suspicion. The process was brief—the curate was the accuser, the soldier was the judge and the executioner of his own sentence. It was in his power to demand a sum exceeding that specified by law; and, as a stimulus to exertion, the surplus was allotted to his own pocket. Whenever the performance of his duty required him to travel, he could claim "riding-money"—an expense chargeable on the person of whom he was in quest.

Sabbath was the day on which these extravagances were very often committed. The troops sat drinking and revelling in the nearest ale-house until public worship drew to a close. The last psalm was the signal for attack; they then sallied from their cups, surrounded the churchyard, and placed sentinels at the doors. The congregation were made to pass out one by one, and interrogated whether they belonged to that parish. If they answered in the negative, they were fined upon the spot: generally all the money they had was taken from them. Those who had none or too little, were plundered of their coats, hoods, plaids, and Bibles; and the soldiers, laden with their sacrilegious spoils, returned from the house of God as from a field of battle, or the pillage of a stormed city.

The tyrannical measures thus resorted to, designed to remedy the evil, tended, as always happens in similar cases, rather to aggravate the disease. New and severer proclamations were issued; amongst others, that called the Scots Conventicle Act, in 1666, discharging all conventions for religious exercises "as seminaries of insurrection and rebellion."

The natural effect of these tyrannical proceedings, was to goad on the people to mutiny and rebellion, the first outbreaking of which was the ill-starred and disastrous Battle of Pentland Hills, fought in November, 1666. That defeat, and the bloody executions which followed it, re-

pressed, for a while, field preachings and private conventicles; but in a short time, they revived and spread more extensively than ever. For ten years they continued to be held in every county, and almost on every hill, from the Frith of Tay to the banks of the Tweed and the Solway.

A milder expedient than arms was now tried by the Government, to check them, and that was the Indulgence; but it had only a temporary and partial effect. It was a fertile source of dissension among the exiled clergy, but it did not in any degree abate the desire of the people to attend their clandestine ministrations. Again the military were let loose, and encouraged by the Privy Council to apprehend these "hot and fiery teachers" whom neither clemency nor indulgence, as they complained, could reduce to submission. The consequence was, that the people, when they met at these field-preachings, carried arms to defend their ministers, and repel this hostile invasion of their worship. As many as ten or twelve thousand often attended these armed conventicles. Sometimes the King's troops, who were ordered to disperse them, dared not venture to molest them; or, if they did attack them, they were repulsed and put to flight, as at the Beith Hill, above Dunfermline, on the Lomonds, and at Kinkel, near St Andrew's, in 1674.

The arrogance of Lauderdale, then lord of the ascendant in Scotland, at length exasperated the people to open rebellion. The Parliament issued acts of new and unprecedented rigour; the progress of legislation became more and more severe; and the barbarous executioners of the law were not only sanctioned in their cruelties, but instigated to greater excesses by rewards and impunity. All the resources of art and ingenuity were put in requisition to bear down the Covenanters. As a more effectual expedient for rooting out conventicles, garrisons were appointed to be planted in the districts where these religious assemblages were most frequent—that is, in Galloway, Nithsdale, Annandale, the Merse, Teviotdale, the Lothians, Fife, the shires of Perth, Stirling, Lanark, Renfrew, and Ayr. Each garrison was provided with a company of foot and ten horse, to be supplied with provisions and necessary accoutrements by provincial assessments. Heritors were made responsible for the good behaviour of their tenants and domestics, magistrates for their citizens, householders for their families, fathers for their children, and husbands for their wives.

It was made sedition for the non-indulged clergy to pray or expound Scripture anywhere but in their own family; and they were punishable if more than four individuals were present, not belonging to it. For a minister to preach in the fields, was death and confiscation of goods; and double fines for the hearers. A premium of five hundred marks was offered, out of the treasury, to any one who should apprehend and secure the persons of those who held or assembled such unlawful conventions, with

full indemnity to the seizers and their assistants for any slaughter they might commit. Four hundred pounds sterling was the price set upon the heads of the most celebrated field-preachers, and others were valued according to their notoriety. Letters of intercommuning, as they were called, were issued against all delinquents who refused to appear in Council and confess their guilt. By these letters, the absent were outlawed; and whatever persons intercommuned or held converse with them, either to fulfil the duties of relations or to administer the common offices of humanity, were liable to the same punishment as if equally involved in the same offence. In a single writ, above ninety clergymen, gentlemen, and even ladies of distinction, were interdicted from the common intercourse of social life. To procure evidence of guilt, all persons were required to inform against offenders, under the highest penalties—to swear upon oath whatever they knew tending to criminate them, or lead to their discovery. Whoever should refuse, when called upon, to depone according to their knowledge, were subject, at the Council's pleasure, to fine, incarceration, or banishment to the American plantations. The son was bound to witness against the parent, the husband against the wife; and every man became a spy and informer on his neighbour. A justiciary power was lodged in the officers of the army; and the meanest sentinel had the license of an inquisitor.

These despetical and sanguinary acts struck people's minds with terror and consternation. At a moderate computation, 1700 persons of either sex, and of every station and rank in life, in one year, were thus harassed and oppressed. Many of them voluntarily abandoned their properties and their houses, which were surrendered to the plunder of an unbridled soldiery. Deprived of the refuge and protection of laws, they took to flight and concealment, or assumed an attitude of defence. Driven from cities and society, and hunted like partridges on the mountains, they began to acquire the fierce habits of a vagrant, unsettled life.

"Maddened by oppression," says a writer on this period, "they seized the fastnesses and natural defences of the country, and boldly unfurled the standard of religious liberty. They retired with their flocks to the wilderness and the solitary places, carrying their ark along with them; there to worship God in peace, according to the custom of their fathers. Necessity prompted the use of defensive armour, and prudence taught them to select the most sequestered and inaccessible retreats. For the purposes of escape or concealment, they often pitched their tents in the neighbourhood of morasses, or in the deep and silent glen, embosomed within the green inclosure of the mountain. Denied the privilege of worshipping in temples made with hands, they made the lonely hills their pulpits, their sanctuary the high places of the field. They sought the mist and the cloud to hide them from the vigilance and fury of their pursuers;

and they have been known to choose the darkest and most tempestuous nights, when the enemy durst not venture to prowl abroad. To them, the terror of the elements was less appalling than the cruelties of their inhuman oppressors; and the wildest scenery in nature wore a more friendly aspect than the face of man!"

As might have been anticipated, these merciless coercions had an effect the reverse of what the State intended. The more that outlaws were multiplied, the more did conventicles increase, both in frequency and numbers. The religious ardour of the people grew in proportion to the obstacles that opposed it. The intrepid champions of Presbytery waxed bolder and more fervent in the discharge of their professional duties. The concourse of hearers became immense, when they could reckon with certainty on the means of protection; for they had learned, from their continual exposure to danger, to adopt more systematic measures for precaution and defence. Scouts were stationed on the hills, to prevent surprise, by timely alarm. The boldest and best accounted were posted, during worship, on the frontiers of the congregation. At the conclusion of the service, they were escorted to their quarters by troops of horse; and, during the night, watch was kept by regular patrols. When attacked, they repelled the assault; and, occasionally, bloody skirmishes ensued, in which acts of violence were committed on either side.

This state of affairs continued for five or six years—the hatred of both parties being inflamed to an incurable degree—so that the aspect of the country looked more like an insurrection to be quelled by arms than a contest about forms of Church government. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that occurrences such as the murder of Archbishop Sharpe, and the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, should have happened, and all of them in one year, 1679. The course of events had gradually paved the way for insurrection and bloodshed. The people had borne their wrongs with great patience; and their forbearance must appear astonishing, considering the extent and duration of their sufferings. It is more surprising that they should have endured so long, than that, after twenty years of almost unrelenting misery, they should try, by armed force, to extricate themselves from beneath the feet of their oppressors, and shake off the intolerable yoke under which they had so patiently groaned.

The murder of Sharpe, and the rising in the West, entailed fresh severities on the Covenanters, and were made insidious tests for inveigling many innocent people into the snares of persecution. All who had taken a part in these unhappy affairs became the objects of relentless vengeance. The prisoners were executed or banished; and those who made their escape were hunted for their lives like wild beasts on the hills. Many remarkable preservations are recorded of the poor, persecuted fugitives about that time. The soldiers frequently got their clothes and cloaks, and yet missed themselves.

They would have gone by the mouths of the caves and holes in which they were lurking, and the dogs would snook and smell about the stones where they lay hid, and yet they remained undiscovered.

One of the most extraordinary of these retreats was that of Major Learmont, residing near Lanark, who had commanded a troop of horse at the Battle of Pentland. He had dug a vault under ground, and formed it for his hiding. It had its entry in his own house, upon the side of a wall, and closed up, with a whole stone, so close that none would have judged it but to have been a stone of the building; it descended below the foundation of the house, and was in length about forty yards; and, at the far end, the other mouth of it was closed with turf, (fail,) having a fail dyke built upon it; so that, with ease, when he went out, he shot out the fail and closed it again. Here he was sheltered for the space of sixteen years, betaking himself to it at every alarm; and many times had his house been searched by the soldiers. At length he was betrayed by his own herdsman, in March, 1682.

But, instead of enumerating more examples, or extending our general remarks on the history of these troubles, which, it is well known, terminated at the Revolution of 1688, we shall confine our relation to the perils and escapes of the individual who is properly the hero of our story. We shall give the details in his own artless, simple manner, only modernizing some of the expressions, and omitting what may be considered superfluous, from not being immediately connected with his personal adventures. The narrative was addressed to his children and grandchildren, intended for their instruction and encouragement amidst the trials of their earthly pilgrimage. It professed to give an exact account of the author's experiences, both as to his "soul exercises" and the "strange and remarkable Providences he was trusted with," and bears the somewhat quaint title of "A Rare Soul Strengthening and Comforting Cordial for Old and Young Christians." After giving a detailed account of some of his religious experiences, he proceeds to the narrative of his providential deliverances:—

The first I shall mention was what I met with at Bothwell. I am not ashamed to own I was there, and do declare it was not a spirit of rebellion against the then King and Government that took me there, as that rising up and association is slanderously reported of by many. That which moved us to join together—yea, appear in arms—was the necessary defence of our lives, liberties, and religion; for it is well known that the enemies of God did eat up his people as bread, and called not on his name; and whenever they met with honest ministers or private Christians, they either shot them, banished, or dragged them to prison, and for no other reason but because we worshipped the God of our fathers according to our conscience. We took cheerfully the spoiling of our goods, had not the enemy sought to lord it over our conscience, which we could not submit to with-

out incurring the displeasure of God. Since many of us could not be edified by a set of men forced on us by the prelates. And it is well known how scandalous and immoral the generality of them were; and yet, for not going in communion with them, we were hunted like partridges upon the mountains, and exposed to the rage of the bloody soldiery, whose tender mercies we found to be cruelty; yea, when we complained of our grievances to those in power, in the most humble, dutiful, and loyal way, we were the more harassed and oppressed; and, as if our persecutors had a mind to shew the world that they were entirely void of humanity as well as religion, they made acts against our laying grievances before them: all which considered, it was no wonder we joined together for our common safety; and our uniting together was on the very principle on which our happy Revolution was afterwards brought about—namely, the preserving ourselves and posterity from popery, slavery, and arbitrary power.

Having shewn you what made us take up arms at Bothwell, I come now to let you know the providence I met with there. Whilst we lay at Hamilton, before the engagement, I observed all my acquaintances and others providing head-pieces and breast-plates, and what was necessary for their safety in this day's battle: I not having money to spare on these things as some others had, looked up to God and took him for a covering to my head in the day of battle, as he had been to David of old; for, I observed, whatever pieces of armour they had prepared for their safety, there was still a possibility of their being slain, therefore, I humbly told the great God I would entirely depend on him as my shield and buckler. Accordingly, when our forces fled before the enemy, and all took what way to go they judged most proper for their safety, I rode not through Hamilton with the rest, but went about the town, and got near a glen. When I got to the other side of it, I espied a party of the enemy just below me, and in the very way by which I behoved to ride. I could not turn back without alarming them, and therefore rode on. My comrade was riding just before me, with his head-piece and other armour, which he had provided for his safety. I saw him dismayed, and that he could not well sit on his horse through slavish fear; on which I whispered him to go on composedly; and I went before him with my carbine over my arm, and my sword drawn in my hand. The enemy came so close up to the way, and all standing under arms, that I could not ride past without touching clothes with them; on which the commander, in a threatening tone, asked me the word. I had resolved not to speak whatever they asked of this nature, because I knew not their word, and thought it would irritate them the more if I told them what was not their word. As I spoke nothing but rode on, depending entirely on God, I got past them unmolested. But whenever my comrade came up, I heard the officer ask him—"The word, dog?" on which question he told them what was not

their word; which so provoked the commander, that he struck him over the head with his broadsword, which, by reason of my comrade's head-piece, broke in two. This so enraged the officer, that he ordered some of his men to fire, which they did, and killed him on the spot. I still rode on without the least hurry or confusion, and they never so much as molested me. Just as I passed them, I saw Colonel Burns, lying in his blood, whom they had shot a little before; so that I must own the Lord was my safety in the saving of my head on the day of battle. He hid me as in the hollow of his hand, and set remarkable bounds to the remainder of the enemy's wrath, so that I escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.

From this time till our happy Revolution I was obliged, for the space of nine years, to retire and hide myself as much as possible from the rage of my persecutors. And I, knowing the wrath of the enemy, and fearing, if I were taken by them, I should be tempted, through my weakness, to any sinful oaths which they ventured to ensnare souls with, or be exposed to the greatest sufferings, I set apart times for prayer, and pleaded with God that he would make out graciously to me what he had promised to do for his Church and people in the days of fiery trial, which I own he did, and preserved me remarkably as you may hear afterwards.

Sometime after this, a troop of the enemy was quartered about Daily, and five of them upon my father, in Camragen. As they came to our house, they were informed that I had that morning come home; for there were many informers in the country, who sold themselves to betray innocent blood, and that for a piece of bread. They had told the soldiers what sort of man I was, what clothes I had on, and what sort of hair; and it was so that I had come from a hiding place just into the house to get some refreshment. I had not sat down, neither did I resolve to sit down, when all of a sudden my sister and I heard a great noise before the door. We ran to the door to see what was the matter, and found three of the five dragoons, who asked if I was the Goodman of the house, or if I belonged to the family? I answered, I was not the head of the family, but I belonged to it. I expected the next question would have been, Are you his son? But the Lord restrained them from it, for his wise ends and my safety. They told me they were to quarter with us, and dismounted, and were in a great rage. The Lord ordered it so, that neither my sister nor I were in the least daunted before them. I spoke civilly to them, and told them to be calm and easy, and they should get for themselves and their horses in great plenty. I offered them either straw, hay, or corn, for their horses; and took them into the stack-yard, and made up a bundle for each of them what they desired, and also one for myself. I let them take up their bundles first and return to the stable, and I just followed; but when they entered the stable door, I skipped back and got over the garden ditch, and so escaped from them. They after-

wards were in great rage at the disappointment, and when they met with my father, threatened to have him ruined for entertaining such a person as I in the house. But my father turned the abuse on them, and threatened to tell their commander that they had let me go after having me in their custody; upon which they held themselves quiet; and the Lord kept me from that hour of temptation, as I had begged, and as he had made me hope.

Shortly after this, some of the dragoons being quartered in my father's, I was lying out by night and by day on a neighbouring hill, to which I had my meat sent me for ordinary. It fell out that the Scotch troops which lay at Girvan and Daily were all ordered to rendezvous; upon which they who were quartered in my father's, went to meet with the rest at Girvan. I, seeing them go off, came down from the hill where I used to lurk, and came with a design to get some refreshment. Whilst I was taking it, my father came in and told me he saw some dragoons coming back in great haste, and that they were just at hand, and desired me to fly for my life, and he would divert them at the entry till I could hide me in the garden. I told him I would lie on the other side of the garden in a blackberry bush, till he had got them settled; and when he had done so, he might bring me an account, and I would go off. Accordingly, I went out and hid me in the bush, whilst my father helped them to lay off their furniture; for they were the dragoons who used to stay with him, and had been sent back in haste. Before the dragoons would go into the house, they would see their horses put to the grass; and notwithstanding of all my father could do to divert them, they would put their horses to grass that night at the place where I lay hid. Whereupon, one of the dragoons seeing the blackberries, came to eat them off the very bush at the root of which I lay. My father seeing him at the bush where I was, cried to him that he would poison himself, for now in harvest these berries were full of worms, and desired him to bring him a berry and he would shew him a worm in it. The dragoon went to him accordingly, and gave him a berry, which my father opened, and shewed him a worm in it, which is ordinary in many of them at such a time of the year; and thus he got him from the bush, and persuaded him to go into the house with the rest, and to take meat. Whenever they were set down, my father came out as if he had been to take care the horses should not break in upon the corn; and he told me they were settled, and so I slipped off to my ordinary lurking-place upon the hills. And here again it is evident that I dwelt under the shadow of the Most High, and lay in the secret place, when my enemies were so near and did not discover me.

After this some time, having entered into the married state, my father made a secret place in a hay-stack, where I stayed a whole winter by night, and some part of the spring time, when my wife was not with me. Sometimes a friend, in like circumstances with myself, would come

and stay a night, for there was room under the stack for two; and this was my secret chamber for the time above mentioned, and a very cold one too, notwithstanding all the hay that was about us. One morning when my wife was with me, she got up and went out at the little hole we had to get out at, and then stopped it up with the bundle of hay which was our door. As she stood in the garden, all of a sudden she observed four men hard at hand. She stepped back and stooped, as if she had been drawing hay, and whispered to me that I should keep close, for she saw some of the enemy. Within a little, one of them struck her on the back with the flat of his sword, and told her she was their prisoner; on which they took my wife and sister to prison, for no other reason alleged against them but that they would not hear the curate; which they had no freedom in their conscience to do, considering these came not in by the door, but were blind guides forced upon us by the prelates, and very immoral for the most part too. For this they were carried to Maybole and put in prison, where they lay some days, till a party of friends got them out by night.

As for the four men who took them, three of them were afterwards served by my wife as common beggars at her door, and the fourth man's wife also, when we lived to see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, and our spoilers in straits, and we provided for in plenty, able and ready to feed our enemies. Now here I also remarked the kindness of Providence, that suffered not these men who took my wife, to see her just coming out of the stack; for had they done so, I either had been apprehended, or been obliged to shed their blood, in which I had no pleasure.

Sometime after this, a kind Providence had provided a nursing for my wife at Craigdarroch, in Nithsdale, in the house of Mr Ferguson, who suffered much in the cause of the Covenant. Here she stayed till the Revolution; and by this the Lord opened a door for my safety and comfort, for I was, for the most part, well entertained there, though I was kept hid in the house, none knowing I was there but the good lady and my wife; for so dangerous were those times, that kindness could not be shewn to one in my circumstances without endangering the family that did it, were it once known. Now my wife having gone to nurse there, some months after, I left Carrick to go and see her; but not knowing the way, I got a lad who had been in that country to be my guide.

Accordingly we set off, but durst not keep the common road for fear of the enemy, it being now like the days of Jael, when the highways were unoccupied, and no peace to honest people when they went out or when they came in. Being obliged, then, to go by the mountains, there came on a frightful mist and fog, so that we wandered in a desert and pathless way, and knew not whither we were going. I told my guide that we were surely wandering, and therefore I would sit down and pray, as I usually did and do in such a case. Before I prayed, I sung some verses of

the 107th Psalm, about the chosen people then wandering in a pathless way, and how they cried to God, and were by him brought to a city of habitations. Having sung some verses, I went to prayer, and was so burthened with Zion's distress, that I forgot to beg of God to remove the mist, and lead us in a right way. I considered that the oppressed Church in this land was like sheep without a faithful shepherd, and scattered on the mountains, in the dark and cloudy day; as for our own pastors, who were careful of their flocks, many of them were banished, others of them executed, and the rest durst not be seen. All this made me hang my harp upon the willows, when I remembered Edom's children, that were crying out—"Raze, raze Zion to the foundation." I was much enlarged both in my mourning and supplications for Zion, which was now afflicted and not comforted, and helped to wrestle at the Throne of Grace, that now, when of all the sons that Zion had brought forth, there were few left like to take her by the hand; therefore the Lord himself would yet build up her broken walls, and that he would not forget the prayer of the destitute, nor let the expectation of the poor fail for evermore. Before I had done, the mist was carried off, so that we saw we had wandered, and afterwards were directed into the right way. And as the hearer of prayer did prepare my heart to lift up my supplication for the remnant that was left, so he inclined his ear also to hear me in that; for not long after, our captivity was brought back, and Zion again built up since our happy Revolution.

About a year and four months after this, I carried my daughter, Elizabeth, to Craigdarroch, my wife still being dry-nurse there. The lady had desired me to bring my child to stay in her house, and be company to her child, which was about the same age—namely, about two years and a quarter. I got a horse, and a woman to carry the child, and came to the same mountain where I wandered by the mist before, which is commonly known by the name of the Kells Rinnas. When we were going up the mountain, there came on a great rain, which, as we thought, was the occasion of the child's weeping; and she wept so bitterly, that all we could do would not divert her from it, so that she was ready to burst. When we got to the top—to the place where the Lord had been formerly kind to me in shewing me the way—I looked round me for a stone, and espying one, I went and brought it. When the woman saw me set down the stone, she smiled, and asked me what I was going to do with it? I told her I was going to set it up as my *Ebeneser*, because hitherto, and in that place, the Lord had formerly helped, and I hoped would yet help me. The rain still continuing, and the child weeping bitterly, I went to prayer, and no sooner did I cry to my Deliverer but the child gave over weeping; and when we were about to depart, the rain was pouring down on every side; but in the way wherein we were to go there fell not one drop. The place not rained on was as long as an ordinary avenue;

and so we went on our way rejoicing, the child well pleased, and we wondering at the goodness of Providence in keeping us dry whilst it continued to pour down on each side of us.

After this some time, whilst I was kept hid at Craigdarroch, my ordinary was to go out some nights to walk in the fields to get fresh air; and having been there a considerable time, my shoes failed me in a strange part of the land. My wife and I durst not let this be known to any, lest it should make a discovery of me—not knowing those who were our friends and who our foes; and we could not tell the case well to the lady, who knew I was about the house, lest she might think I was expecting them from her. Therefore, not being able to want shoes, when frequently wandering out in the night, I at length betook myself to prayer, and begged humbly of God he would direct as to this; and that he would order my being provided for with shoes, in a way that would not endanger either me or the family that was so kind to me. After three days, I got a pair of shoes sent to me from my wife's brother, who lived at that time about thirty miles from the place where I was, and knew nothing of my wanting shoes. When I had occasion, some months after, to see him, I inquired what moved him to send me a pair of new shoes? He told me that, being in Ayr one day, he was strongly impressed to do it, and, therefore, bought them, and in Providence, got one going to the country where I was, which he knew not of when he bought them, and so had sent them to my wife, who could give them to me with safety. I inquired at him when he was thus moved to buy them? He said it was the very day on which I had prayed for them, as I understood when he told me the time he bought them.

Whilst I stayed at Craigdarroch, they had a child, about three quarters old, which my wife gave suck to. He fell into a violent fever, which threatened to take away his life, in every one's apprehension that saw him. The lady desired I might see him; but this could not be done, lest I should be discovered, till all in the family went to bed, excepting an old Christian woman, a neighbour, and my wife, who came to sit up with the child. Wherefore, I came about midnight, and looked a little at the child, who was in great trouble. Having thus viewed him for some time, I went out to the garden to beg his life from God. I went to the upper end of a long walk, where there was a summer-house or seat with a hedge about it, and there I chose to offer up my supplications.

When I had for some time earnestly pleaded for his life, the terror of Satan fell upon me in such a way, that I immediately concluded the enemy was at hand, and wanted to fright me from my prayers, (for I was not ignorant of his devices;) wherefore I resolved I would continue in the duty. On my doing so, I heard a noise just before me, on the other side of the hedge, and it seemed to be like the groaning of an aged man. It continued for some time, yet I knew nobody could be there; for, on the other side of

the hedge, where I heard the groaning, was a great stank or pool. I nothing doubted but it was Satan, and I guessed his design; but still I went on to beg the child's life. At length he roared and made a noise like a bull, and that very loud. From all this, I concluded that I had been provoking God some way or other in the duty; and that he was angry with me, and had let the enemy loose on me, and might give him leave to tear me in pieces. This made me entreat of God to shew me wherefore he contended, and beg he would rebuke Satan; but the enemy continued to make a noise like a bull, and seemed to be roaring about the hedge, towards the door of the summer-seat, bellowing as he came along. Upon this, I got up from my knees, and turned my face towards the way I thought the enemy was coming, and looked to God still that he might rebuke him. After that, he made a noise like a mastiff-dog in great trouble. This was not so terrible to me as the other. I got some courage; and having my stick in my hand, I resolved to stand still to see if he appeared to me in any shape; but, instead of that, he went past into a place hard by, full of nettles, and there groaned as formerly. I heard him very distinctly and composedly; yet I thought I would go in and consider what could be the meaning of this dispensation.

Accordingly, I came in and whispered to my wife that I had been somewhat frightened. The old Christian woman that sat by, overhearing me, drew a bow at a venture, and pierced between the joints of the harness, telling me to take care lest I had provoked God by the want of submission, and being too much set upon the child's being spared. No sooner had she spoken thus than I was convinced of my fault, yet could not think of the child's dying. I inclined once more to venture out—yea, tried it a second time—but Satan, I then thought, was just ready to devour me; so I saw I need not go on to contend, if I would not learn submission as to the child's life. Whereupon, I looked up to God and begged he would rebuke Satan, and allow me to go and pray for the child's eternal salvation, and I would not any more beg his life, but leave that to his sovereign pleasure. No sooner had I done this, than I went out with a holy boldness, and had not the least trouble from Satan any more at that time.

That which made it so difficult for me to submit to his death was, the thoughts of the comfortable accommodation we had in the family, my wife being the child's nurse, which we might come to want if the child had died. Thus, my carnal reasoning, and the distrusting that Providence which had wonderfully appeared for us formerly, did much provoke God, so as to let loose the enemy. But whenever I got thorough submission, as I said, I went to the same summer-seat, and there begged eternal salvation for the child, and was wonderfully enlarged, and persuaded that he should partake of the great salvation. When I had spent a considerable time in prayer, I came away rejoicing that I had got

such good hope concerning the child's eternal happiness. When I came in, and went to see how the child was, he was as ill as ever; but immediately he gave a sneeze, and in a minute was free of fever. His recovery being so sudden, was very surprising; and much I saw in it of the dispensation of Providence; for whilst I was mainly set on the child's life, he sent the enemy to chase me, as it were, from the Throne of Grace; but, whenever he let me see my sin, and helped me to due submission, then I got to the Throne of Grace, and had my mouth filled with argument—yea, I was only set on the child's salvation, and he not only persuaded me he would grant it, but he gave his natural life over and above. And he yet lives in Craigdarroch; and may he still live so as to find mercy in the day of the Lord; and at this very time, I know nothing about Craigdarroch that maketh me ashamed of the hope I had of his happiness when he was a child.

After it pleased Providence to bring back our Zion's captivity, and Presbytery was established in this Church, I had great difficulty about my going in communion with her, and that because I thought our Covenants were not secured, and all guilty of sad defection not duly censured. It was difficult for me what to determine; therefore, I set apart a day for prayer, and went at some distance into the fields. I consulted my Bible to see what had been the practice of the Church in the like case, both under the Old and the New Testament dispensations. I found it had been frequently the approved practice of the chosen people, to bind themselves to God by solemn and national Covenants; and that, in their covenanting, they bound themselves against error, both in principle and practice, as we have done by our National and Solemn League and Covenant. And I am persuaded that these Covenants are always binding, not only as they contain nothing but what every good Christian is obliged to do—namely, all that lies in his power in appearing against sin and error—but they are also binding because of the oath sworn to the Most High.

When I considered the Church, under the New Testament dispensation, at the time our great pattern and example came into the world, I found a great many things wrong at that time. They taught for doctrine the commandments of men; were more fond of their unwritten traditions than they were of the Divine law; their teachers very formal and corrupt; and the Church very much subject to heathen magistrates, who had too great influence in changing the High Priesthood from one to another. Yet, for all this, the great head of the Church owned her for a true Church, though many things were wrong, and spoke nonourably of that Church—yea, and himself joined in communion with her, as did Joseph and Mary, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Simeon and Anna, who were eminent believers. From all which, I concluded that it was my unquestionable duty to join in communion with the Church of Scotland, though our

Covenant was not renewed, seeing she had all the essentials of a true Church—her doctrine pure and incorrupt; her government, discipline, and worship according to the Scriptures; and the sacraments administered according to the pattern shewn on the Mount. As such like considerations as these cleared up my way in joining with this Church since the Revolution, so I have ever since loved the habitation of his house, the place where his Honour dwells. Frequently has he satisfied me with the fatness of his house—frequently has he made all his acts, all his ordinances, smell to me of aloes, myrrh, and cassia. Whilst I live I shall ever pray for the peace of Jerusalem; and for my friends' and brethren's sake, and for the House of the Lord, and for my own sake and posterity's too, I will ever seek her good, and still shall wish that peace may be within her walls and prosperity within her palaces.

About this time, my wife was taken with such a complication of dangerous troubles, that her life was given over by all sorts, and those of good skill. But it pleased Providence, in answer to my prayer, to spare with me one who had been my sweet companion in the most fiery tribulations; yea, my great support and comfort in the hour of my pilgrimage. Not long after, I was smitten with a universal cruel, which had broken out in many parts of my body, and taken my right hand off the joint, so that I had no power of it, and was laid aside from all work. I consulted a physician of the best skill in our country, who told me he could not do me any service, if it were not to apply some plaisters to the wounds to ease my pain; but he advised me not to trouble myself with physicians, for I would find them all physicians of no value. Having continued under this trouble for two years, I found an inclination to go to Moffat, though my circumstances were so low at the time I knew not well how to get there. But, having asked counsel of the Lord, I said I would go, and make use of the water, in faith, as a mean appointed, and frequently made useful through him who works by means, without means, and contrary to means, as seemeth good in his sight. Accordingly I went; and in close dependence on him, did drink of the water, and washed my wounds therewith, for the space of forty and eight hours, at proper seasons; and by this means the Lord brought my hand back to the joint, and made it strong as aforetime, so that I came home with joy, and was able to go about my work. I went three summers, and stayed about six days every time at Moffat; and as my hand was restored to its place and strength the first time I went, so, the following season I was perfectly recovered, my wound healed, and I restored to a sound and healthy constitution.

A little before my above-said trouble, when I came back from my long captivity—(as God had brought back Zion's captivity, so, at the same time, he brought back mine; for with Zion I embarked, and with Zion I stood and fell)—I say, after my coming to peace and liberty, I took a

piece of ground in tack—for husbandry was my occupation—and seeing God was again suffering his people, and me among the rest, to dwell under their own vine and fig-tree, and none to make us afraid. I found I was not used with buying and selling, and therefore could not improve the blessing of peace and liberty. Whereupon I set apart some time to ask counsel of the Lord, and went to my own hill where he had frequently met with me; there I begged that he who taught the husbandman discretion would teach me to order all my affairs with discretion to the end. And I was made to remark ever since, that whereas, before this time of prayer, a great many had outwitted me in buying and selling, and were like to carry off the little that I had in the world, yet, after counsel sought of God in this matter, I was either, in providence, kept from having much business with the crafty, or helped to a holy and just caution in the way of trade, that, to this day, the Lord has helped and kept me from the paths of the destroyer, of the unjust, fraudulent, and violent man.

After this, I was one day taking some broth, and a little bone went over with the broth. By the endeavouring to get it up, it got into the wind-pipe, and went down by degrees, as far as it had passage. It continued immoveable fourteen years and three quarters. For six years I was able to go about my work, though weakly; but, for the other eight and three quarters, I could do nothing. This threw me into a decay, for it occasioned a great cough, drouth, and spitting; and none thought I could recover. Yet, at the end of the above-said space, I was taking a drink of water, and my cough coming on at the time, occasioned my vomiting the same; and with that stress and vomiting, the bone came away, after it had lodged within me fourteen years and three quarters as above. The bone, when it came away, was in bigness and shape like the half of an ordinary nut-shell. All the time I was under this trouble, I was helped to great patience and submission, and abundantly satisfied to die by it. The whole time it continued, Providence made me cheerfully acquiesce in the dispensation, without murmuring or repining; and since my deliverance from it, though my body—considering my age, and the troubles I went through—be not so strong as formerly, yet I have enjoyed a tolerable measure of health ever since, which is the space of eighteen years.

In the time when I had the above-mentioned bone for my trouble, I had occasion to go and see the worthy Lady Castlestewart, my old acquaintance; and when I was there, I was seized with a cough, and for three days fixed to my bed with it. On one of those days, as I lay looking about me, I was suddenly impressed that Mrs Rodgers, the minister's wife, at Galston, was in child-bearing pains, and that both mother and child were in the utmost danger. Upon this I prayed earnestly to spare the mother and the child, and was helped to plead this with great concern; and I was persuaded both would be preserved. When I had done, I wrote down

the time when this happened—the year, month, day, and time of the day. And when I saw Mrs Rodgers, afterwards, I shewed it to her, who observed that she was in travail, and her child and she in imminent danger on the day and time of the day whereon I was made to pray for her; though I was then about fifty miles distance from her, and knew nothing as to the time of her travail. Adored be his name! for, as I have read and heard, so have I seen that his secret is with them that fear him.

After this, I was pained much with a stitch in my left arm, so that, for three weeks, I was not able to follow my work; for I could not lift it up or stretch it out, but held it on my breast like an arm broken or out of joint. On this, I came over to Kirkoswald, where I frequently came to pray and meditate, and went into the church, which was the place where prayer was wont to be made when I was in that part. As I was praying, I forgot to put up a request about my arm—being very much enlarged as to other things—till I was just going to close and end the duty, when it was strongly impressed upon my mind that I should put up a petition for the recovery of my arm, and it should be granted; on which I begged of God to remove the pain and allow me the use of my arm, for harvest was now drawing on. No sooner had I desired the favour than I was persuaded that it was granted, whereupon, after I arose from duty, I put it to the trial, and stretched out my arm, and it was as well and strong as ever, and continued so ever since. Surely this was done by the same power and goodness that long ago healed the withered hand.

There were some things which I should have mentioned before, that now I shall give an account of.

In our days of fiery trial and persecution (before the Revolution) I fell into a great fever, and lay in a cot-house of my father's. When I had lain fourteen days, I got an account that there was to be a strict search made by the enemy, for such as I was. On which—the fifteenth—day, I rose up in the rage of the fever, and went on foot to Castlestewart, which was about twenty miles from the place where I was lying. My wife stayed in the family at that time, and none but the lady and some few others knew I was there. It was not fit the laird should know of it, lest he had been brought to his oath and faulted on my account. When I went there, I lay down as I came away, in the rage of the fever; but strangers coming to the house, I was obliged to leave the room to make way for them, and was put in a little closet above the laird's room. When I was laid in there, being in great sickness, I moaned much, and it seems, pretty loud; for my wife, being in the laird's chamber, heard me, and running up, told me I behaved to give over moaning, otherwise the laird would hear, and would certainly inquire about me. I thought it hard not to be allowed to moan when my trouble was so great. However, considering the danger it might bring both the

family and myself to, I begged of God to keep me from it; and no sooner did I entreat that favour than it was granted; and if he had not done it, I could no more, of myself, have stopped it, than I could command the raging of the fever.

A little after the Revolution, I being at Craigdarroch, was looking out of a window, and saw Craigdarroch standing without. I no sooner saw his face than I was impressed with his death, being assured, as he was now going to his regiment, he should never return. The following day he set off for the regiment, which lay about Edinburgh; and in prayer and out of prayer, I was persuaded he should never see his family again. This I told to my wife and the lady's gentlewoman. I got them to promise never to speak of it till the truth of this promise should appear. Accordingly, very soon after, he was killed at Killiecrankie, and never returned. After the battle, it was reported that he was taken prisoner, and carried off by the Highlanders. I, hearing this, went to prayer about it, and was assured he was dead. After which I told the lady that she had better lay her account to hear of Craigdarroch's death, than vainly imagine he was taken prisoner, for I was certain he was dead. A little after this, Lady Craigdarroch got several letters, assuring her that Craigdarroch was taken prisoner, and still alive; she shewed me three of them, and said, what do you think of yourself now, for here are three letters from persons of note, confirming the report we had of Craigdarroch's being prisoner? I told her, write to her who could that her husband was alive, I could assure her of the contrary; which, poor lady, she soon found to be true.

About the same time, three of Craigdarroch's children took the small-pox. Whenever I went in to see them, and looked on the second son, I was impressed he would die; and this, haunted me both in prayer for him and whenever I looked upon him. So firmly was I persuaded of it that I told the lady and my wife the child would die. The lady said she could not observe the least symptom or evidence of it. I assured her she would find it so; and so it fell out, for the same child died by the small-pox, and the other two recovered.

Sometime after this, my son, John, was servant with Mr Adam, in Kirkoswald, and took a great swelling in both his legs, which came to such a pitch that he was obliged to quit the work, and come home to me for a time. When he came I was filled with compassion towards him to see him in such distress. On which I went and prayed the Great Physician of soul and body, that he would condescend to direct a proper means for his recovery, and that he would bless the means and heal my son. After prayer it was suggested to me, and impressed on my spirit to send for some sea water, and wash his legs therewith. I did so immediately; and with once washing them therewith, he was as well, next morning, as ever, and continues so till this day.

I had a horse about that time, which was seized with some extraordinary distemper frightful to look on. All that could be applied for the removing of it was to no purpose, but still increased the more. Whereupon I humbly besought Him who is the preserver of both man and beast, that he would direct me to some proper mean for his preservation, that I might not lose him, and that he would make it useful. I, immediately after, was standing without, with the horse; there came a stranger past, who asked what ailed him. I told him; when he directed me, by the goodness of Providence, to what would cure him. I immediately made the application, for the mean prescribed was easily obtained. And no sooner did I, but he was recovered from his trouble. This, dear children, I record, that you may

make errands to the Throne of Grace, even on the account of your beasts, and acknowledge him in all your ways, and he will direct your steps.

Reader, the above narrative is no fictitious tale, no coinage of the imagination; it is a faithful relation of the perils and providences that befell honest John Stevenson, land-labourer in the parish of Daily, in Ayrshire, who died in 1728. The particulars here recorded were taken down, with many others besides, from his own mouth, and from his papers, by Mr William Cupples of Kirkoswald, who says, of this zealous and persecuted Covenanter, that he was the most eminently pious man he ever knew—excelling in meekness, modesty, and simplicity; and adorned with every Christian grace and virtue.

A NIGHT SCENE AT STRATHPEFFER WELLS, ROSS-SHIRE,

October, 1838.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

A cold October eve—but the fair moon
Shone in autumnal splendour o'er the Strath,
That looked by such brave lamp a huge saloon
For spectral revelry. The weed-girt path
Was crisp with frost, that made the breath of night
Taste keen and bitter;—from the mountains nigh,
Clouds scudded past, appearing, in that light,
Strange phantoms of the sky!

A dismal grave-yard, without church or fane,
Stood, 'neath encircling mountains, sad and lone,
With all its humble heaps, for winter's rain,
And sleets, and snows to bear. A rude gray stone
Just here and there was scattered; epitaph,
Save roughly-chiselled names, had none; about
A few old trees, by Time leaf-plundered half,
Stretched their gaunt branches out.

And all was silence, so profound, so dead,
Seemed as the very wind, that runs o' nights,
With a low whisper, through the grass, had said
Its last farewell; when—sudden as the lights
New lit within a beacon, in the dark,
Speak out their lustrous warning—loudly rose
A chaunt of holy psalmody;—and, mark!
What shadow near us grows?

Near us, beyond the old dismantled wall
Of that lone grave-yard, seated on a tomb,
The moonbeams shew two figures gaunt and tall,
Dim, shadowy, spirit-like, within the gloom
Of ancient trees! And thence, their voices blending
In holy cadences, uplift to God
Harmonious sounds—ascending and descending
From and unto the sod.

What are ye, in this solemn hour, who meet
Where the new turf tells of fresh burial? Why,
Through this quiet Sabbath night, do you your sweet
And manly voices raise unto the sky,
Thus sadly, holily, alone? Why here,
Where at this hour the peasant fears to tread,
Assemble ye, twin mourners? "Man, draw near—
We watch the DEAD!"

And so it was! These ancient Highland men
Watched the new grave of youth, lest hands unholy
Should dare, with sacrilegious lust, that glen
And its lone grave-yard of its corpses lowly
To 'spoil!—sad thought, alas! for e'en here
Doth the inquisitive craft of science come,
To fill the poor man's home with pain and fear,
When very life is dumb!

"Here buried lies a widow's only child—
Her dear and dutiful; and could she bear
To hear that his young form, hands coarse and wild,
In lawless search of knowledge, e'er should tear
From the blest sheet in which that form she wound?
Could she e'er think, nor madden at the thought,
That the fair locks her tear-wet hands had bound
Should by the knife be sought?"

"Could she endure that he whose every limb
Was as her life-blood dear, should from the shroud
Be dragged to some foul vault, obscure and dim,
For blades to mangle, and for voices loud
To curse and quarrel over? Nay, though *We*
Are poor, yet, Stranger! we have feelings fond
That *should* not be insulted. Misery
Can feel, though it despond!

"Stranger! this world is but our home awhile,
But even in death we would not have defaced
Our loved ones that have flourished in our smile,
And faded in our sight—whom we have placed
Within the sacred dust! The soul, 'tis true,
Soars high; and *his* was holy. O'er his head
Our vigil do we keep with anthems due—
Stranger, we watch the dead!"

And then they turned them from me, and once more
Their plaintive psalm was heard; while solemn thought
(Yet not unblent with gentle feelings) o'er
My spirit passed; and, as my bosom caught
The shadow of sweet hopes from Pity kind,
Homewards I strode, thanking my God that still
The wildest haunt may hold the meekest mind—
For good still blends with ill!

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT, IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

I am now very sorry that I did not visit the Moravians, and see something of their *modus vivendi*; but, being a complete stranger, I contented myself with a view of the exterior of the building, as I passed along to the Lehigh, at the foot of the town, which I crossed by a bridge, and, for doing so, paid one cent. At the further end of the bridge, a road turned down towards Philadelphia, from which, as the milestone informed me, I was distant fifty-one miles. I stood for some time alternately looking down the road and at the milestone, debating with myself whether or not I should go and pay that city of brotherly-love a visit; but recollecting I had no friends there, and nearly as few in my pocket, I kept on my old course, consoling myself with the idea that I would visit it at some future period, when friends were more plenty. After Bethlehem, the principal thing which struck my attention in this day's march, was a field of buckwheat cut down, and lying in swathes like hay. I also saw the farmers treading out their hayseed, by making a number of horses go round and round upon it. I was also a good deal amused in seeing them thrashing wheat. Three men performed the operation, instead of two, as with us. The flails they used were not much bigger than whip-handles, but with these they kept alternate time, with a velocity which was altogether amazing. On going along, I encountered a party of Quakers, young and old. It appeared to be a pleasure party; and the young folks, albeit in the Quaker cut, were very gaily dressed, much more so than I had supposed possible for a Quaker.

Towards sundown, I knocked at the door of a neat, whitewashed house, when a surly old nigger came to it. The first sound of his voice, and the first peep at his face, were enough for me. Like master, like man—I have no business here, thought I, so left him without saying a word. A few hundred yards from the house I entered a wood; but that was nothing very surprising in such a woody country as America. What surprised me most was, that, after travelling until the sun was a good while set, I was still in the wood. One great mercy it was, that, if the sun was out of sight, the moon—none of your artificial moons, lighted up by the novelist to guide the benighted hero on his weary way, but a real *bona fide* autumn moon—with a face as round and as bright as a brass kettle, flickered through among the trees, and shewed me numberless roads running in all directions. If it had not been for the moon, I was lost to a certainty for that night; but, guided by her benign light, I kept on the road which appeared to be most used, until I became quite exhausted, and could proceed no further. Sitting down on the stump of a tree, and having both time and opportunity

for reflection, I gave way to it accordingly. "I'm got into a veritable forest, that's certain. Dang that old, crabbed nigger—I wish Lady Douglas was here—fine place for meditation—plenty of 'woods and wilds' and 'solitary glooms.' Rather too many. The wood must certainly have an end somewhere. It can't be the far west yet. I wonder if I'm to sit here all night. Certainly plenty of people live at no great distance, or there would not be so many roads; there must be houses at the end of them. Better be walking than sitting here shivering. Let me try it once more—the farther I go, the nearer my bed." So up I got to my task, and again walked until I had again to give in and sit down upon a stump. I was a mighty stump-processor to-night; but this time my reflections were becoming of a more gloomy cast, and I began to fling my eyes around, to see if I could observe anything like a place to pass the night in. I was almost miserable; the night, to be sure, was good, but it was very chilly, and, besides, I was very hungry, and quite worn out with fatigue. I knew that if I tried the road once more, I would soon have to drop, and I thought I might just as well pass the night where I was as in any other part of the wood; but the idea of a warm fireside and a good supper came so strong over my fancy, that I could not resist the temptation of trying my legs a little longer. 'Twas but dropping at last, anyhow, and perseverance works wonders. Up I started, and had just got round a bend of the road, when something, having the appearance of a building, presented itself in the moonlight; but it did not look in the least like a dwelling-house—the thing of which I was in search. On my nearer approach, it turned out to be a church; and, although at all times a firm friend to the church, in the present instance I could have very well dispensed with it in exchange for a snug dwelling-house. Upon second thoughts, however, I recollected that since there was a church, the minister's house might not be very far off—the very place for me, thinks I; he must preach up hospitality to strangers, and ten to one but he practises it too. The church was a new one—another instance of the march of civilization, and verification of the prediction of the solitary place being made to rejoice. On going round the end, I saw what I took to be the manse, with the door open, and the light from a large fire gleaming from it and mingling with the moonlight—blessed sight! it was, indeed, the prettiest piece of scenery I had for a long time seen. Now, thinks I, I'll not be very forward, but go round and knock at the kitchen door, very naturally thinking that the front of the house looked towards the church. So, round I goes, but found nothing like a kitchen door until I came round again to the one from whence proceeded the light. After some hesitation, to

see whether anybody would make their appearance, I entered; but, to my surprise, no living being was to be seen within, and all was as still and quiet as a church-yard. There was a first-rate fire, however, blazing within a huge chimney, arched like some of those old ones I had seen at home; and beneath was also a log of wood, by way of seat, which I was pretty quick in occupying. I sat for some time, expecting every moment to see some one make his appearance, or hear some noise as evidence of inhabitants; but no—not a movement—not a dog—not a cat—not even the chirping of a cricket. This is very strange, thought I—very strange, indeed—for everything is so neat and clean, that somebody must have been here since long. I began to get a little superstitious at length, and some rudely defined feelings of fear came creeping over me. If it had not been for the church before the door, I could easily have imagined—if I had been in the midst of a German forest I certainly would have done so—that the good fairies had built a house expressly for my accommodation for the night: but to that notion the church was an insuperable objection. However, after waiting and waiting for the arrival of somebody, I thought there would be no harm in taking a smoke; so prepared accordingly; finished it, rested a while, and, for lack of something to do, tried my pipe again. Having knocked the ashes out of my second pipe, I had some thoughts of lying down before the fire and taking a nap, since I had all the house to myself, when I was startled by the opening of a door, and the entrance of a little woman, middle-aged, plainly but decently dressed, and of but a homely countenance. I addressed her without leaving my seat; upon which she shook her head, as much as to say—"I don't understand English." With the design of trying what stuff her heart was made of, I held out my empty pipe, making her to understand I had no tobacco, and wished her to help me to some. She immediately went to a cupboard—brought out a bag full of "cut and dry"—and gave me a whole handfull. This will do, thinks I—I'm safe—here I stay for the night; but that I would have done anyhow, unless I had been put out by sheer violence. After performing this act of kindness, the woman went away; nor did she make her appearance again until I had finished a pipe of her tobacco. When she returned, it was for the purpose of putting on the tea-kettle. My bed is already sure, said I, to myself, and I see my supper is not very far off; and the reader of this, if he hath ever been in danger of being benighted in a foreign land, will have some conception of the feelings which now fermented within me. You may talk about travelling, and the beauties of nature, and all that sort of thing; but I refer to all travellers, sentimental or unsentimental, whether a well-plenished supper-table, after a fatiguing day's journey, be not preferable to all the beautiful scenes of nature, or master-pieces of art they ever saw. Yes, for scenery either grand or sublime, give me the clean hearth, the blazing

fire, the files of cups and saucers, butter-plates, and jelly-mugs, mountains of bread, and rivers of cream; and for music, give me the singing of the tea-kettle, the frying of ham, and the hissing and spurning of bursting puddings; "them's" my scenery; as for all others, any traveller, if he chooses, may fling himself into the crater of Vesuvius, or break his neck on Mont Blanc for me. My kind hostess—as yet I had seen nobody but her—came again upon the stage, and pronounced the word "Zuber," which I very scholar-like translated "supper"—a good version; but, verily, my stomach was in such a state at the time, that I believe I could have easily translated any one of the million dialects of this Babel of an earth. I arose from my log, shoved my pipe into my pocket, and followed her into another room. On entering, I was greeted by the glances from the eyes of nearly a dozen handsomely dressed young ladies, seated round a splendid supper-table; and, in return, I gave them a slight bow, and took my place among them. At first I was inclined to believe I had got into a nunnery; but some knowledge of the rules of such establishments soon changed the nunnery into a boarding-school, in which opinion I was strengthened by the presence of a piano-forte at one side of the room. Our meal was made in silence and decorum; not a word was spoken; but I was plentifully helped to everything on the table. Towards the end of the meal, a little man made his entry into the room rather unexpectedly; for I had given up all hopes of seeing any males, and, during supper, could not help conjecturing how so many ladies were going to dispose of me throughout the night. The little man approached the table, looked at me, then looked at the woman who so kindly entertained me, who said something to him; upon which he held out his hand to me, and, in broken English, said, he was very happy to see me. After supper, we had but little conversation, as the man was not overstocked with English, and I was too tired for talking; but I learned enough to convince me, that the hearts of these honest Germans were much imbued with the milk of human kindness; indeed, all my wishes were as much anticipated as if I had been a near relation newly arrived from Germany. On expressing a wish to retire to rest, the man conducted me up stairs, through a kind of ante-room into another; when putting down the candle, he retired, wishing me a good night. I immediately began to undress, and, while doing so, my attention was drawn towards the bed, which seemed to me to have a very blown-up and dropsical appearance. Although covered with one of those beautiful counterpanes so common in Virginia, yet, to my mind, it had something very suspicious-looking about it; for I must confess, notwithstanding I had been treated with much kindness since I came in contact with these good people, my mind was not altogether easy. I had read and heard of too many murderous stories connected with circumstances precisely like those in which I now was, not to have all my eyes about

me ; in fact, the people's kindness began now to militate against them. I accordingly approached the bed, and turned down the coverlid, when no pillow presented itself, no blankets, no sheets, nothing but the bare bed. I wondered not a little at this, and thought that so many young ladies might have spared me at least one blanket among them ; but, while standing wondering at the want of the blankets, and still more at the strange, puffy look of the bed, my eyes rested upon something white near the head, but away down about a foot below the surface of the bed. I examined it ; it looked exactly like a piece of a sheet. Strange—and in following up my discovery, I tumbled down the bed, when, lo ! and behold, pillows and sheets as white as the driven snow presented themselves to my astonished sight. The most horrible suspicions took possession of my soul. O God ! I exclaimed in an agony, they are going to smother me while asleep ! I ran to the door ; it was locked on the outside ; and I recollected that, on coming through the ante-room, a bed was placed with its head beside my door—the murderer's bed. All my suspicions were more than confirmed ; I saw nothing but death before my eyes, or rather behind my back—I saw no way of escape, and, as the last refuge of the wretched, I betook myself to my Creator. In a kind of agony, I dropped upon my knees to commend my soul and body to the only being who could aid in such awful circumstances. Though tolerably regular at my prayers during my lifetime, yet I must confess that, although at the outset, when I first got upon my knees, my whole soul was fervently directed heavenward ; yet very soon, my ideas began to scatter like grape-shot, and my imagination to roam a wool-gathering to the ends of the earth. My petition to heaven got so mixed up with the odds and ends of earthly thoughts, that, when I was done, I could scarcely tell whether I had been praying or not. So it happened in the present instance. At the outset, I was more than serious : but my head was so full of the fearful bed, that my thoughts could not help falling that way ; from the bed, they got among the Germans, and from Pennsylvania they bounded into Germany, till at length they entered an inn along with an Irish gentleman, who got on the top of him, to his no small puzzlement, just such another bed as was about to go on the top of me. He rang the bell and told the waiter, that if any gentleman was going to sleep in the bed above him, he must be quick, as he was going to sleep and did not wish to be disturbed. Altogether forgetful of my situation, I burst into a hearty laugh, forgot my "Amen," rose from my knees, undressed with dispatch, and jumped into bed ; and, oh, how delicious ! Ye presidents, prime ministers, princes, potentates, and powers, if ye wish to know what happiness is, step down from your thrones, walk fifteen or twenty miles in the hot sun, five or six more in the cold dews of night, get your stomachs as empty as the treasury chests ; and, after having done all this, contrive, some how or other, to get a good supper, then

jump into a German bed ; and if that don't make you happy, nothing on earth can.

I need not say I enjoyed a most delectable night's rest ; and, in the morning, I a good deal amused my worthy hosts by a recital of my last night's fears. I have called them worthy, for so they were. I came among them as if I had dropped from the clouds, yet Mr and Mrs Gerard (their name) were as kind to me as if I had been a brother ; and so far were they from taking anything for their trouble, that it was with difficulty I could get setting out on my journey, they wishing me to stay some days in order to recruit myself. It was he who told me of the antipathy of the German population here towards strangers ; and, in confirmation, he further told me, that, a few days before my arrival, an Englishman came to his house begging something to eat, as he had not eaten anything for two days ; and that, although he had offered handfulls of silver, nobody would receive him. Mr Gerard gave him plenty, without money and without price. Before setting out, I may mention that I was right in my conjectures—Mrs G. keeping a boarding-school for young ladies, and Mr G. a day-school for boys.

Having received another handfull of tobacco, and returned them thanks for their attention towards me, I left them. In the afternoon, I reached a store known by the name of Swampgrove ; and a few hundred yards beyond it, I observed a man before me, of no very decent appearance. I was now about five or six miles from Potsdam, and, not wishing to enter the town in such kind of company, I made up my mind to quicken my pace, accost him civilly with a " Good day," and go a-head of him. I did so, and had got a few steps a-head, when I heard him muttering something. I stopped to see what he wanted, when he asked me if I was going to Potsdam. I told him I did not know whether I would go that length to-night or not, and left him again. But my gentleman was not going to let me slip so easily a-head of him. I heard him speaking to me again, and, of course, had to stop till he came up.

Says he to me—" If you don't know whether you are going to Potsdam or not, you may as well go home with me."

I looked in the man's face to see if I could get any information there, but there was nothing like a home stamped upon it. It was a round, pale, doughy face, surmounted by an old hat, knocked into every kind of shape ; and, below, it was garnished by a black beard, which had not felt the razor for many a day. His other accoutrements were an old roundabout, duck trousers, and a pillow-slip slung over his shoulders, with something in each end to balance it. I had already set him down as a runaway sailor ; but when he spoke about his home, I really did not know what to make of him, and a half desire entered my mind to know more about him.

" How far is it to your house ?" I inquired.

" Scarcely two miles," he replied, with a Dutch accent.

"Well, I shall think of it as we proceed; and, in the meantime, I thank you for your kind intentions."

As we went easily along, we continued our conversation; and, among other items, he told me that he had been at the store purchasing some little things for his wife, as she was making apple-butter, and was going to have a great apple paring—that he had bespoken some fiddles—so they would have quite a frolic of it.

"Apple-butter, did you say?—what kind of butter is that?"

"It is made of apples, pared, cut into pieces, and boiled in cider till it becomes a kind of jelly."

We were not long in arriving at the end of the lane leading up to the house, and, as his information made me still more curious, I had made up my mind to go along with him. A short way up the lane, we encountered a waggon, with a fine team of four horses. It stopped as we came up, and the driver and my companion had some talk. After it had passed, I said, half jokingly—for I had set down my man as half deranged in the intellect—

"I suppose that is your team?"

"Yes, that's my team," says he.

I smiled, and had some thoughts of turning back again, being convinced that the man was fully mad; but curiosity still kept me going along with him. By-and-by we came in sight of a white-washed two-story stone house.

"Well, I suppose this is your house, too," says I to him.

"Yes," says he, "that's my house, and I will make you as comfortable as I can in it."

I thanked him a second time, but could not help thinking he was about leading me into some scrape or other, as a shabbier, or more blackguard-looking man could scarcely be. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and followed him into the house; and, sure enough, there was the big copper on the fire, and the apple-butter, that was about to be, tumbling to and fro in it. A handsome young woman, with a pipe in her mouth, was busily engaged in attending to the concern, to whom I was introduced as the wife of my conductor. The mother, a very decent matron, neatly and cleanly dressed, soon made her appearance from another room; to whom I was also introduced. As the ceremony of introduction took place in Dutch—the only language spoken in the house—I know not what story my friend told, nor what reasons he gave for bringing me to the house; but I saw well enough that I was welcome, for they all seemed well pleased, and I was directed to take my seat in a fine, antique-looking elbow-chair—the place of honour—and I soon had my pipe in my mouth like the rest of them. At supper we had a hand at the apple-butter; and I now recollected that I had before tasted some of it in coming through the Jerseys, but did not know that it went by that name. It is really excellent, and quite American; and, believe me, buckwheat cakes and apple-butter are a feast for a king: I guess

Queen Victoria has never tasted any thing so fine. By-and-by, the apple-parers began to drop in—young people of both sexes—until the house was full; when we set to work cutting up the apples like desperation; every one, as is customary upon such occasions, doing his best, and striving to shew how clever he is. The labour was enlivened by a variety of jokes, stories, and songs. Our principal songstress was a blooming young woman, with cheeks as red and plump as any apple; she appeared to me to be the reigning belle—the queen of the meeting; at least I could easily perceive she thought so herself. She gave us a variety of songs; and though not with the sweetness of a Caradori, I believe it was good enough for Dutch singing; for the company, every now and then, burst into fits of laughter. As I could not understand a word, my principal business was to appear well pleased, and shew my industry at the apples. After business was finished, we ought to have had the ball; but, as the fiddlers, somehow or other, did not come, the company dispersed, and I retired to bed, or rather to beds, for I had again one above and one below me.

This German way of resting is the best of all modes that I have tried, and I wonder it has not become more general among northern nations. I, for one, would advise my countrymen, the Scotch, to convert their blankets into greatcoats, and substitute feather beds in their place, and then they may set the cold of winter at defiance. In confirmation of the superiority of the bed over the blanket system, I will relate a little anecdote. In Virginia, in one of the houses I stayed in, a young Dutchman slept in the same room with me. On the Saturday evenings he commonly went and visited his friends, staying all night with them. It happened, one very cold Saturday, that he went away as usual; and, after having gone to bed, I found that I could easily stand the weight of another blanket, and so took the liberty to take one from John's bed. Contrary to expectation, he came home that night, upon which I told him what I had done, and that, if he wanted his blanket, he might take it off me. No answer was returned, and I went to sleep. On waking in the morning, I naturally cast my eyes towards John's bed, but I could neither see John nor bed-clothes. Now, thinks I, some thief has been in and taken away all the clothes; and up I got to examine things more narrowly. In prosecution of said design, I found John's head away far down, sticking out from below the bed. He was sound asleep. He had literally turned the world upside down; and, for all the world, looked exactly like an overgrown turtle, with the head peeping out of the shell. I left him alone in his glory, perfectly convinced that he was in the right on't.

At breakfast we had a dish new to me. I don't recollect what name they gave to it; but it might, with great propriety, be called cider soup, as it was composed of potatoes and cider—exactly our potato soup at home, only cider instead of water. It was a favourite dish with

the Dutchman, and I had to tell a good many lies to save my good breeding; for he often asked me how I liked it, and if it were not good. Of course I answered in the affirmative; but my affirmatives came up my throat with as much difficulty as the cider soup went down; for I really did not like it.

After breakfast I started, though not till after an invitation to stay as long as I chose, and welcome. In the course of the forenoon I passed through Potsdam; a considerable place, with some good houses, and a newspaper—maybe more; for I encountered the courier with an armful. It is situated on the Schuylkill, which I crossed by means of a neat wooden bridge. At night I slept at the house of a German, and, next day, passed by the end of West Chester, and through Downingtown, where I crossed the Big Brandywine by means of a stone bridge—the second I had seen in America, although they say there are plenty of them in Pennsylvania.

A short way beyond Downingtown it commenced raining very heavy, which forced me to look out for shelter. I turned off the road to a farmhouse I saw close by; but receiving an impudent answer from a boy I accosted in the cattle-yard, I kept on towards a neat little cottage not far off. Here I was welcome. The occupants were an Irishman, Robert Owen by name, and his wife: everything was neat and clean, and they treated me like a gentleman. In the morning a neighbour came in; and they commenced talking about the elections, and federalists, and republicans. I put in my word—

"I thought," said I, "that you were all federalists and republicans in the lump in this country?"

"O yes, so we are," replied the neighbour; "but when we go to particulars, there is a great deal of difference between a federalist and a republican, for all that."

"And what, pray, may be the difference between the two?" said I; "for certainly you have but few Tories now-a-days."

"As for the Tories," says he, "we have got enough of them yet; and as for the federalists, they are little better than Tories in disguise: true, they love America—that we must allow—and don't wish to be ruled by the King of England, or anything by the name of king. They are still republicans in principle—words anyhow—but their practical comments upon their own doctrines, evidently tend toward, if not a monarchical, at least an aristocratical form of government, as near as may be, without actually crossing the boundary line. Their principal aim is to give as much power to the General Government as they possibly can, without quitting either the name or reality of a republic. They wish to merge all the individual republics into one grand whole—the republic of America. The republicans, on the other hand, wish all the individual States to remain as free and independent of each other as they were at the formation of the Constitution. For that purpose, they wish to preserve to them all the powers

reserved to them at the formation of that instrument; and, if there should be any taking and giving, rather to add to the powers of the State Governments than to weaken them."

The above may not be exactly the words of my informant; but they explain, with tolerable clearness, the difference between the two great parties into which the people of the United States are divided, and are, in substance, a good enough answer to the question I asked. I may further add, on my own account, that, since the period of the above conversation, the two parties have changed their cognomens almost as often as the moon has changed. At the present time, (1838,) they go by the name of Whigs and Democrats. A third party has started of late—the Conservatives. The individuals belonging to the last, pretend to be Democrats in heart and core, except regarding a national bank—an abomination to the Democrats: but at the elections, somehow or other, all their votes go to the Whigs—a plain proof that they scarcely know on what side their bread is buttered. So much for politics just now.

I was remarkably well treated by Mr Owen; and although but a cotter, as we would say at home, yet he managed to spread out a table as well furnished, and everything as neat and clean, as if he had been worth thousands, and his wife brought up at a boarding-school. Perhaps I may be found fault with for recording such trifles: but, as I wish to give my friends on the other side of the Atlantic as correct an outline of American life as I can—so far as I have seen it—they must go along with me and take pot luck—the good and the bad as it comes. It is not by a single trait that an individual, much less a nation, can be described. To talk of the shrewdness of a Scotchman, the bluntness of an Englishman, the blunders of an Irishman, the levity of a Frenchman, the pride of a Spaniard, the treachery of a Portuguese, or the tricks and notions of a Yankee, is but going a very little way into a knowledge of the people. To know, we must become acquainted with them; we must visit them in their houses, sit at their tables, sleep in their beds, converse with them round their firesides, see them in their fields and workshops, and note them in all the outs and ins of their every-day life. The way that the British talk so much nonsense about the Americans, and the Americans about the British, is, because the one people knows little or nothing about the other; and the main reason of this ignorance is, because the travellers, who pretend to give the information, don't descend to particulars, but merely give some hearsays, or describe some of the prominent features which they have happened to get a glimpse of, in flying through the country with the speed of a locomotive.

In the course of the forenoon we went over to Mr Tarbet's, upon whose farm Owen worked, and were kindly received. He was a young man, but married, like most of the Americans; of a quiet and kindly disposition, and had a good farm, and, of course, plenty to eat and drink. I

stayed with him two days. I afterwards crossed the Little Brandywine, and came to a small place called Oxford, where I stayed all night. It has one or two tolerably good inns, but no university. Somewhere near Oxford, I stopped at a small log-house, in order to rest a little. I knocked at the door, which was opened by one of the finest looking women I thought I had ever seen, who bade me come in, in a voice sweet as strain from an Eolian harp. She was young, and though not what you would call beautiful, yet there was an indescribable something about her manner, look, and shape, which, together with her virgin-like modesty, made her altogether irresistible. She took her infant from the cradle, and sat down at one side of the fire, while I took a seat at the other. She spoke not, nor did I; but look I could not help, as she bent with maternal tenderness over the babe at her breast. I am not overly much given to covetousness, but if ever I was in danger of breaking the tenth commandment, it was sitting by that fireside. I actually envied the husband of such a wife.

A few miles beyond Oxford, I entered Maryland. The boundary line, in this direction, between it and Pennsylvania, is a very diminutive stream, or rather ditch, so narrow that I could stand with one foot in Pennsylvania and the other in Maryland. Small though the separating line be, I could observe a material difference in the appearance of the two countries. The greater portion of Pennsylvania, that I had passed through, was rough and hilly, and latterly undulating; but after I entered Maryland, the face of the country became almost a dead level, with the soil light and sandy, and so continued until I arrived at the Susquehanna. The reason of this change was owing to my receding farther and farther from the mountains; for it must be remembered that Maryland, in the north-west, is very mountainous. The roads, too, were now better than in Pennsylvania.

In going along, I stopped at a house to look at a man taking the hair off what I took to be a young pig, which he had fastened by the heels to one of the porch pillars.

"That's a queer-looking pig you're flaying there," said I, to the man.

"It's not a pig, sir; it's a possum."

"An opossum! You surely don't pretend to eat opossums in Maryland, do ye?"

"No, we don't *pretend* to eat them, but we actually do; and first-rate eating they are—much better than pig."

His answer somewhat startled me, for I thought I had read a good deal of natural history and geography, and I did not recollect anything about eating opossums; but now having eaten them myself, I can assure the reader that, notwithstanding their ugly staring, gray fur, wide mouth, and rat-tail, they are actually first-rate eating. And why should they not? they live on Indian corn, nuts, &c.; and I believe that, in all respects, they are much more cleanly than the porkers. Since I am on gastronomy, I may as

well add, that I have also eaten racoons, or coons, as they are commonly called in America; also a first-rate dish, much the same flavour as the opossum, and in great repute among the negroes.

On the same day I entered Maryland, I arrived at Port Deposit, on the Susquehanna—a ruinous-looking place, consisting of only one narrow street, running between a ridge of rocks and the river. Here are extensive quarries; and a great deal of stone is shipped down to Baltimore and other places. The most remarkable thing, however, about the place, is the stupendous bridge across the Susquehanna. I was nearly fourteen hours in going along it; but the reader must recollect that, about half-way over, you come to a small island, upon which is a tavern, where I stayed all night, deferring my exit at the other end till next morning. The bridge is, however, about a mile long, roofed in, with a gate at one end, where you pay toll. The tavern-keeper told me there was one still longer further up the river. Between this bridge and Baltimore, the country is undulating, road good, and the travel, upon the whole, pleasant. I entered Baltimore early on the morning of the 28th October; and, as soon as the stores were opened, called upon Mr G——, James, my old travelling companion's uncle. I was informed that he had given up business in Baltimore, and retired to the country; but that money had been sent to New York, and that the nephew was expected daily. Expecting my trunk down, with James, I thought it best to follow the uncle to the country, and wait there till he arrived; but, before starting, I took a peep at the city. Baltimore is a very handsome, stirring place, of great trade, as everybody knows, and, of course, filled with splendid stores. The most prominent object is the Washington monument, a splendid affair, and incontestably proving that Baltimore has more of gratitude than all the other cities of the Union put together; it has on this account been called the Monumental City. There is also another one, called the Battle Monument; but in commemoration of what battle I don't recollect—I suppose the battle of Baltimore. There are numerous handsome churches, among which the Catholic Cathedral takes the lead. Barnum's Hotel is a magnificent building. With regard to the streets, there is nothing very remarkable; they are neat and clean; and the main, or Market Street, as I think they call it, is a very fine, long, wide street, with the houses, in general, three stories high. The environs of Baltimore, like those of all other cities, are adorned with many handsome villas and country houses. I left the city in the afternoon, almost completely worn out by wandering up and down the streets: of course I proceeded only a few miles out of town before putting up for the night. In walking along, I came to a tree with fruit upon it, bearing a great resemblance to the large English plum. I had a good mind to eat some of them; but as they might not be plums after all, I thought it safest to defer my treat until I procured further infor-

mation. This was soon supplied by an old woman whom I met.

"What kind of tree is that?" said I, to her.

"Persimmon tree."

"Is the fruit good for eating?"

"Yes; some people are very fond of them."

She passed on; and I made haste to pluck some persimmons—they looked so good. In my mouth one of them went; but not to stay long—I was so near choked. If I had flung into my throat a pound or two of powdered galls, with as much alum, the dry, astringent, choking sensation could not have been much greater. I fairly thought I was poisoned; and, of course, made many a ludicrous attempt to hawk and spit; but it was of no use, the fountains of my mouth were so completely sealed up. I have since eaten of these persimmons, after they were ripe, which is, after they have been well frosted; and then they are as full of sugar, or rather of manna, as they were before of tannin. I don't like them at all, although some people, as the old woman said, are very fond of them. They are very plentiful in some parts of the United States.

In the house I put up at over night, I saw them making buckwheat-cakes for the first time. I thought, at first, the woman was making pancakes; but, as they did not look like any pancakes I had ever seen, I concluded that she was making what the Scotch call *beastin scones*. Curious to know whether the Americans made the same use of the newly-calved cows' milk, I put the question to her, when she told me she was making buckwheat-cakes. The most common way of manufacturing these is, by forming the meal into a thin batter, and dropping it from a spoon upon a hot girdle, so as to form thin cakes about the size of a biscuit. They are remarkably good. I do not think the Americans make either *beastin scones* or cheese of the milk of the newly-calved cows—at least I have never seen nor heard of its being done. I may add here, that I never saw blood-puddings in America until I reached Louisiana. The Virginians, as far as I know them, hold the eating of blood as an abomination, and as contrary to Scripture. The Creoles, however, are not so scrupulous; and, whatever priest or Scripture may say, eat as many of the good things of this life as they can lay their teeth on, and blood-puddings among the rest.

A short walk beyond Scotenfield—the place I stayed at last night—brought me to the end of the lane leading down to the Thistle Factory, (cotton,) belonging to Fridge and Morris of Baltimore. Struck by the name, and, moreover, wishing to see the mill, I walked down to it. It is small, but well managed, and most romantically situated in a deep dell, through which foams the Patapsce, in its rocky channel. As there is little room for building in the dell itself, the store, school-house, and houses for the mill people, are built on the side of the hill—the whole forming an interesting little nook.

On coming out of the mill, a heavy shower of

rain came on, which drove me, for shelter, into the house of the watchman, located at one corner of the yard. On entering, I accosted a neat-looking woman, who was sweeping the floor, and asked if I might rest a little, until the rain was over. Being answered in the affirmative, we entered into conversation; and, among other things, she said that, from my tongue, she did not think I was an American. Upon telling her I was from Scotland, and from what part, she threw down the broom with precipitation, ran to the foot of the stair which led to the garret, and bawled out, at the top of her voice—

"Oh, man, Jamie, come down! Here's a Scotchman!"

Jamie was not long in making his appearance; and, finding that we were what might be called near neighbours at home—that is, we both belonged to Ayrshire—we very soon got quite gracious. He gave me an invitation to stay a day or two with him; and, as it still rained heavily, and to-morrow was Sunday, I accepted it. During the Sabbath, a good many of the mill people dropped in to make a call—some, perhaps, through curiosity to see a wandering stranger—all very well dressed. Jamie, taking it for granted that I could not miss observing the difference between their Sunday suits and his coarse apparel, remarked that folks in general pit the maist on their backs; but, for his part, he liked to pit the maist in his belly; and, indeed, his Sunday dinner did not belie the observation, for I doubt if Fridge and Morris themselves had a better roast on their tables than he had. In the afternoon, we took a promenade down the side of the Patapsce—a most delightful walk, finely shaded by walnut trees. There were also plenty of wild grapes, the first I had seen. They are small, much resembling black currants, and make a good wine, although I can't say that I like the grapes themselves. They are very plentiful all over the southern states. On returning homewards, I observed two young lads hunting for wild turkeys. These were the first white people I ever saw fowling upon the Sabbath; but it is nothing new to me now.

On Monday, after leaving the Thistle Factory, another short travel brought me to Ellicott's Mills, among the most extensive in the Union for the manufactory of flour. Here are also iron works; and at this place the road to Fredericktown crosses the Patapsce. In two days' march, I passed through a turnpike gate, the first and the last I have seen in America. In the evening, I put up at Poplar Springs—a very good inn.

I left the above inn on a most beautiful morning, and was tripping it along right merrily, when I was overtaken by a gentleman—at least he had the appearance of one—on horseback, with a led horse. He accosted me; and asked me where I stayed last night, and whither I was going. Of course, I told him I stayed at Poplar Springs, and was going to Traptown.

"That's a long way to walk," says he. "If you choose, you may get upon this horse."

"I thank you, sir," says I. "I can't ride; and it will tire me more than walking."

He still kept coaxing and urging me to mount so much, that I plainly saw he wished to get rid of the horse; but, at the same time, in such a way as if he were doing me a favour. I did not like that; and positively told him I would not mount. We parted; but I had not proceeded far before I saw him halt, for me to get up with him. On my approach—

"Well, sir," said he, "this horse is so troublesome to me, that you will confer a great obligation if you take him off my hands."

I told him I could not ride with a saddle, much less bare-backed; but that, if I could be of any service to him, I would try.

"Oh, never mind trying," says he. "Get up, and you'll learn as you get along."

The animal was tall, and I was short; and, I can assure you, I trembled all over while I laid hold of the mane with one hand, and gave my left foot to the man to hoist me up. Up I went, however, like shot—missed stays in crossing the back of the animal, and would soon have been sprawling on the ground on the other side, if I had not caught hold of the horse by the foreleg, while the man held on to mine. Being pulled on again, and fairly balanced—but my head swimming from its height in the air—and all things, in the gentleman's opinion, in good sailing trim, we started in fine style—that is, at a good round trot. For a minute or two, all things went on tolerably enough—I can't say smoothly; for the trot was rather too round for me—but, after that short space, I found, as I anticipated, that I had got a most purgatorial job of it. In spite of my conscience, the "O Lords" and "woes" came forth thick and fast; and, to stop the swearing, my only resource was in stopping the horse, which I happily accomplished, after a few struggles at the bridle. One good quality my companion possessed, was that of leaving me behind to my fate, as soon as he himself got out of his trouble. Of course, he was soon out of sight, and I left to guide myself at discretion. When I got a sight of my man, he was about a quarter of a mile a-head, off the horse, and, in all appearance, waiting for my coming up. When I reached him, he was cutting a switch from a tree; but little did I dream it was for me, as my horse went by far too fast already. In fact, I intended to deliver up his property, and have done with him; but my gentleman intended no such thing. Like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, he was determined to cling to me; and, moreover, was determined that my movements, for the future, should have a little more of the "go" in them—be a little more sprightly—notwithstanding, as far as I was concerned, my movements had hitherto been sprightly enough; for, I am certain, it would have taken two men to have kept me anything like sedentary on the horse's back. I mentioned my intention of dismounting.

"Oh, no," says he; "you can't do that."

I spoke to him of my pains, of being sore all over, of being shaken all to pieces.

"Oh, never mind that; you'll soon get used to it. Here, take this switch, and touch him smartly with it."

I took the switch, but with little intention of making much use of it, although very willing to oblige the man. Some distance before us was a small town called Newmarket—a most ominous name. I was certain I would have a race of it before all was done; and the more so as the man talked of not stopping, but going through the town something like gentlemen. I told him I would go through it as genteelly as I could, but that the citizens could not expect much gentility from a man without a saddle. All things being ready, he put spurs to his horse; and, as before, never looked behind to see whether I was started or not, but rode on just as if I had been riding alongside of him, and was soon lost sight of among the houses. For my part, I was in no such hurry; and, as I had kept on the horse's back to please the owner, I was determined the horse should walk to please me; but whether the animal had some drops of racing blood in him, or was of the same mind as his master, or knew [the town, I know not; but I know the nearer we got to it, the faster he plied his legs. I flung away my switch as useless, and pulled at the bridle with all my might; but all to no purpose; yet faster and faster he went. I next let go the bridle, and stuck to the mane; and, I tell ye, we went down Newmarket sprightly enough. We went so fast down the street, that I was into the heart of the town before I ever saw a single house—the street on each side having merely the appearance of two long, dark-coloured, striped ribbons. It was flying, sure enough; but, I guess, I made a great many more fly beside myself. I only guess at it; for I did not see a living soul till within a hundred yards or so of the principal inn, where the horse began to slacken his pace, as he intended stopping there, and where all the upper windows were alive with young ladies witnessing my display of rough ridership. As I did not intend putting up there, whatever my horse might, and was, moreover, nettled at the giggling of the ladies, I thought I would let them see I was not such a bad horseman as they supposed; so, resuming the bridle, I turned my horse's head to the street; but, as bad luck would have it, there happened to be another inn right opposite, to which the horse directed himself in spite of me. He bolted right across; and, so suddenly did he bring himself to at the door, that I bolted off his back into the gutter; and so ended my Newmarket ride—a ride I did not get the better of for two months. Having gathered myself up, I took the bridle, and led, or rather hauled the animal through the remainder of the town—not waiting for the congratulations of the populace, of which it is commonly pretty prodigal, on such exhibitions of skill and dexterity. Having cleared the town, I waited for

the gentleman, whom I saw returning to look for me. I delivered him his horse, telling him I thought I had obliged him enough, and he must next oblige me by taking him off my hands, as I could very well perform the rest of my journey on my own legs.—(*To be continued.*)

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

"It is asserted, on the authority of an American newspaper, that the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, was sold at New Orleans for 1000 dollars."—*Morning Chronicle.*

CAN the blood that at Lexington poured o'er the plain,
When thy sons warred with tyrants their rights to uphold—

Can the tide of Niagara wipe out the stain?
No! Jefferson's child has been bartered for gold!

Do ye boast of your freedom? Peace, babblers, be still!
Prate not of the goddess who scarce deigns to hear.
Have ye power to unbind? Are ye wanting in will?
Must the groan of your bondsmen still torture the ear?

The daughter of Jefferson sold for a slave!
The child of a freeman, for dollars and francs!
The roar of applause when your orators rave
Is lost in the sound of her chain as it clanks.

Peace, then, ye blasphemers of Liberty's name!
Though red was the blood by your forefathers split;

Still redder your cheeks should be mantled with shame,
Till the spirit of freedom shall cancel the guilt.

But the brand of the slave is the tint of his skin,
Though his heart may beat loyal and true underneath;
While the soul of the tyrant is rotten within,
And his white the mere cloak to the blackness of death.

Are ye deaf to the plaints that each moment arise?
Is it thus ye forget the mild precepts of Penn—
Unheeding the clamour that "maddens the skies,"
As ye trample the rights of your dark fellow-men?

When the incense that glows before Liberty's shrine
Is unmix'd with the blood of the gall'd and oppress'd—
Oh! then, and then only, the boast may be thine,
That the stripes and stars wave o'er a land of the
blest. E.

ODE TO LABOUR.

Hail labour! source, thro' bounteous Nature's aid,
Of ev'ry blessing which sustains mankind!—
Yea, Nature's frowns thy pow'r hath so ally'd,
That man thro' life need scarce an evil find
From sultry sun, or piercing wintry wind.

With wonder may we view what thou'st achiev'd,
So fetter'd as thou hitherto hast been;
But from thy trammels soon thou'lt be reliev'd,
And waft thy sons to happiness serene,
Which 'twere vain thought to contemplate unseen.

Amaz'd, we see thee, with a dauntless mind,
Into the bowels of the earth descend;
And Nature's boundless treasures, there confin'd,
From their long restingplace thou dost unbend—
Upraise to light—to human use's end.

Enraptur'd view yon beauteous fertile plain,
Late unproductive, desolate, and bare,
Where Nature vainly gave soil, sun, and rain,
Till thou did'st ply thy vig'rous arm with care,
Nor grain, nor herbage, flower nor fruit grew there.

Delighted, yonder splendid mart behold,
Or rich bazaar, where costly treasures shine;
The glare of light therein which doth unfold
The varied wealth, too num'rous to define;
They, each and all, have sprung from hands of thine!

On yon stupendous pile astonish'd gaze,
Which seems to hurl defiance to Old Time;
Each minute part thou'st form'd, the mass did'st raise,
As 'twere from chaos to a work sublime,
To shield each inmate from the changeful clime.

On yonder stately barque look with surprise,
Which dauntless ranges o'er the ocean wide;
By thee 'twas form'd—'tis stor'd where'er she lies,
Her sails thou'lt trim, or pow'rful engines guide:
To commerce spreads thy wealth on ev'ry side!

The electric shaft propell'd by yon dark cloud,
From human habitation thou'lt convey;
Thou' lightning glares and thunder speaks aloud,
We can the elemental strife survey
Unharm'd, if thou thy pow'rful aid display.

Yon gaudy, glitt'ring coach thy hands did rear,
And all the trappings which belong thereto,
The horses did supply, or steam prepare—
Produced each power, by which it onward flew:
Thy aid withdrawn, a useless thing thou'dst view!

Yon parchment deeds compactly seal'd and sign'd,
Thro' which vain idlers have usurped the soil,
Fleec'd thee and thine, by fraud and force combin'd,
And, by mere suff'rance thereon, let thee toil:
Yea skins, seals, wax thou'st form'd but to depoil.

Yon implements of horrid war thou'st made,
With which thy sacred rights are from thee wrest;
Ay, worse than all, thy dearest sons array'd,
Have held the deadly weapons to thy breast,
By tyrants forc'd, and destitution press'd.

Thy ingrate offspring—"Capital" by name—
Who should thy strength replenish and sustain,
Doth madly join all those who'd thee defame—
Thy sturdy limbs in fetters vile who'd chain,
Or fain thy life's-blood suck from ev'ry vein.

Too long, thou all productive power, thou'st worn
Contumely's garb. Yea, destitute, uncheer'd,
Too long the bitter taunt thou'st tamely borne,
Of those who've wanton'd in the wealth thou'st rear'd:—
Hail, happy change—thy arm's now rais'd and fear'd.

But tho' thy arm's in giant strength erect,
As infants', harmless, thou its pow'r will wield;
Thy sacred rights thou'lt grasp—each wrong correct,
Then act with mercy—not to vengeance yield:—
Wisdom and worth thou'lt succour—weakness shield!

AN INDUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMAN.

LAKE REMINISCENCES, FROM 1807 TO 1830.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

NO. IV.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH AND ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THAT night—the first of my personal intercourse with Wordsworth—the first in which I saw him face to face—was (it is little, indeed, to say) memorable: it was marked by a change even in the physical condition of my nervous system. Long disappointment—hope for ever baffled, (and why should it be less painful because *self-baffled*?)—vexation and self-blame, almost self-contempt, at my own want of courage to face the man whom of all since the Flood I most yearned to behold:—these feelings had impressed upon my nervous sensibilities a character of irritation—agitation—restlessness—eternal self-dissatisfaction—which were gradually gathering into a distinct, well-defined type, that would, but for youth—almighty youth, and the spirit of youth—have shaped itself into some nervous complaint, wearing symptoms *sui generis*, (for most nervous complaints, in minds that are at all eccentric, will be *sui generis*;) and, perhaps, finally, have been immortalized in some medical journal as the anomalous malady of an interesting young gentleman, aged twenty-two, who was supposed to have studied too severely, and to have perplexed his brain with German metaphysics. To this result things tended; but, in one hour, all passed away. It was gone, never to return. The spiritual being whom I had anticipated—for, like Eloise,

“My fancy fram’d him of th’ angelic kind—
Some emanation of th’ all beauteous mind”—

this ideal creature had, at length, been seen—seen “in the flesh”—seen with fleshly eyes; and now, though he did not cease for years to wear something of the glory and the *aureola* which, in Popish legends, invests the head of superhuman beings, yet it was no longer as a being to be feared—it was as Raphael, the “affable” angel, who conversed on the terms of man with man, that I now regarded him.

It was four o’clock, perhaps, when we arrived. At that hour the daylight soon declined; and, in an hour and a half, we were all collected about the tea-table. This, with the Wordsworths, under the simple rustic system of habits which they cherished then, and for twenty years after, was the most delightful meal in the day; just as dinner is in great cities, and for the same reason—because it was prolonged into a meal of leisure and conversation. And the reason why any meal favours and encourages conversation is pretty much the same as that which accounts for the breaking down of so many lawyers, and generally their ill-success, in the House of Commons. In the courts of law, when a man is haranguing upon general and abstract topics, if at any moment he feels getting beyond his depth, if he finds his anchor driving, he can always

bring up, and drop his anchor anew upon the *terra firma* of his case: the facts of this, as furnished by his brief, always assure him of a retreat as soon as he finds his more general thoughts failing him; and the consciousness of this retreat, by inspiring confidence, makes it much less probable that they *should* fail. But, in Parliament, where the advantage of a case with given facts and circumstances, or the details of a statistical report, does not offer itself once in a dozen times that a member has occasion to speak—where he has to seek unpremeditated arguments and reasonings of a general nature, from the impossibility of wholly evading the previous speeches that may have made an impression upon the House;—this necessity, at any rate a trying one to most people, is doubly so to one who has always walked in the leading-strings of a case—always swam with the help of bladders, in the conscious resource of his *facts*. The reason, therefore, why a lawyer succeeds ill as a senator, is to be found in the sudden removal of an artificial aid. Now, just such an artificial aid is furnished to timid or to unready men by a dinner-table, and the miscellaneous attentions, courtesies, or occupations which it enjoins or permits, as by the fixed memoranda of a brief. If a man finds the ground slipping from beneath him in a discussion—if, in a tide of illustration, he suddenly comes to a pause for want of matter—he can make a graceful close, a self-interruption, that shall wear the interpretation of forbearance, or even win the rhetorical credit of an *aposiopesis*, (according to circumstances,) by stopping to perform a duty of the occasion: pressed into a dilemma by some political partisan, one may evade it by pressing him to take a little of the dish before one; or, plagued for a reason which is not forthcoming, one may deprecate this logical rigour by inviting one’s tormentor to wine. In short, what I mean to say is, that a dinner party, or any meal which is made the meal for intellectual relaxation, must forever offer the advantages of a *palæstra*, in which the weapons are foils and the wounds not mortal: in which, whilst the interest is that of a real, the danger is that of a sham fight: in which, whilst there is always an opportunity for swimming into deep waters, there is always a retreat into shallow ones. And it may be laid down as a maxim, that no nation is civilized to the height of its capacity until it *has* one such meal. With our ancestors of sixty years back, this meal was supper: with the Athenians and Greeks it was dinner,* (*cæna* and *δειπνον*;) as with ourselves;

* A curious dissertation might be written on this subject. Meantime, it is remarkable that almost all modern nations have committed the blunder of supposing the Latin

only that the hour was a very early one, in consequence, partly, of the early bedtime of these nations, (which again was occasioned by the dearness of candle-light to the mass of those who had political rights, on whose account the forensic meetings, the visits of clients to their patrons, &c., opened the political day by four hours earlier than with us,) and partly in consequence of the uncommercial habits of the ancients—commerce having at no time created an aristocracy of its own, and, therefore, having at no time and in no city (no, not Alexandria nor Carthage) dictated the household and social arrangements, or the distribution of its hours.

I have been led insensibly into this digression. I now resume the thread of my narrative. That night, after hearing conversation superior by much, in its tone and subject, to any which I had ever heard before—one exception only being made, in favour of Coleridge, whose style differed from Wordsworth's in this, that being far more agile and more comprehensive, consequently more showy and surprising, it was less impressive and weighty; for Wordsworth's was slow in its movement, solemn, majestic. After a luxury so rare as this, I found myself, about eleven at night, in a pretty bedroom, about fourteen feet by twelve. Much I feared that this might turn out the best room in the house; and it illustrates the hospitality of my new friends, to mention that it was. Early in the morning, I was awoke by a little voice, issuing from a little cottage bed in an opposite corner, soliloquizing in a low tone. I soon recognised the words—"Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried;" and the voice I easily conjectured to be that of the eldest amongst Wordsworth's children, a son, and at that time about three years old. He was a remarkably fine boy in strength and size, promising (which has in fact been realized) a much more powerful person, physically, than that of his father. Miss Wordsworth I found making breakfast in the little sitting-room. No urn was there; no glittering breakfast service; a kettle boiled upon the fire, and everything was in harmony with these unpretending arrangements. I, the son of a merchant, and naturally, therefore, in the midst of luxurious (though not ostentatious) display from my childhood, had never seen so humble a *ménage*: and contrasting the dignity of the man with this honourable poverty, and this courageous avowal of it, his utter absence of all effort to disguise the simple truth of the case, I felt my admiration increase to the utmost by all I saw. This, thought I to myself, is, indeed, in his own words—

"Plain living, and high thinking."

This is indeed to reserve the humility and the

word for *supper* to be *cena*, and of dinner, *prandium*. Now, the essential definition of dinner is, that which is the main meal—(what the French call the great meal.) By that or any test, (for example, the *time*, three P.M.,) the Roman *cena* was dinner. Even Louis XII., whose death is partly ascribed to his having altered his dinner hour from nine to eleven A.M. in compliment to his young English bride, did not *sup* at three P.M.

parsimonies of life for its bodily enjoyments, and to apply its lavishness and its luxury to its enjoyments of the intellect. So might Milton have lived; so Marvel. Throughout the day—which was rainy—the same style of modest hospitality prevailed. Wordsworth and his sister—myself being of the party—walked out in spite of the rain, and made the circuit of the two lakes, Grasmere and its dependancy Rydal—a walk of about six miles. On the third day, Mrs Coleridge having now pursued her journey northward to Keswick, and having, at her departure, invited me, in her own name as well as Southey's, to come and see them, Wordsworth proposed that we should go thither in company, but not by the direct route—a distance of only thirteen miles: this we were to take in our road homeward; our outward-bound journey was to be by way of Ulleswater—a circuit of forty-three miles.

On the third morning after my arrival in Grasmere, I found the whole family, except the two children, prepared for the expedition across the mountains. I had heard of no horses, and took it for granted that we were to walk; however, at the moment of starting, a cart—the common farmers' cart of the country—made its appearance; and the driver was a bonny young woman of the vale. Such a vehicle I had never in my life seen used for such a purpose; but what was good enough for the Wordsworths was good enough for me; and, accordingly, we were all carted along to the little town, or large village, of Ambleside—three and a-half miles distant. Our style of travelling occasioned no astonishment; on the contrary, we met a smiling salutation wherever we appeared—Miss Wordsworth being, as I observed, the person most familiarly known of our party, and the one who took upon herself the whole expenses of the flying colloquies exchanged with stragglers on the road. What struck me with most astonishment, however, was the liberal manner of our fair driver, who made no scruple of taking a leap, with the reins in her hand, and seating herself dexterously upon the shafts (or, in Westmoreland phrase, the *trams*) of the cart. From Ambleside—and without one foot of intervening flat ground—begins to rise the famous ascent of Kirkstone; after which, for three long miles, all riding in a cart drawn by one horse becomes impossible. The ascent is computed at three miles, but is, probably, a little more. In some parts it is almost frightfully steep; for the road being only the original mountain track of shepherds, gradually widened and improved from age to age, (especially since the era of tourists began,) is carried over ground which no engineer, even in alpine countries, would have viewed as practicable. In ascending, this is felt chiefly as an obstruction and not as a peril, unless where there is a risk of the horses backing; but in the reverse order, some of these precipitous descents are terrific: and yet, once in utter darkness, after midnight, and the darkness irradiated only by continual streams of lightning, I was driven

down this whole descent, at a full gallop, by a young woman—the carriage being a light one, the horses frightened, and the descents, at some critical parts of the road, so literally like the sides of a house, that it was difficult to keep the fore wheels from pressing upon the hind legs of the horses. Indeed, this is only according to the custom of the country, as I have before mentioned. The innkeeper of Ambleside, or Low-wood, will not mount this formidable hill without four horses. The leaders you are not required to take beyond the first three miles; but, of course, they are glad if you will take them on the whole stage of nine miles, to Patterdale; and, in that case, there is a real luxury at hand for those who enjoy velocity of motion. The descent into Patterdale is much above two miles; but such is the propensity for flying down hills in Westmoreland, that I have found the descent accomplished in about six minutes, which is at the rate of eighteen miles an-hour; the various turnings of the road making the speed much more sensible to the traveller. The pass, at the summit of this ascent, is nothing to be compared in sublimity with the pass under Great Gaviil from Wastdalehead; but it is solemn, and profoundly impressive. At a height so awful as this, it may be easily supposed that all human dwellings have been long left behind: no sound of human life, no bells of churches or chapels ever ascend so far. And, as is noticed in Wordsworth's fine stanzas upon this memorable pass, the only sound that, even in noon day, disturbs the sleep of the weary pedestrian, is that of the bee murmuring amongst the mountain flowers—a sound as ancient

"As man's imperial front, and woman's roseate bloom."

This way, and (which, to the sentiment of the case, is an important point) this way, of necessity and inevitably, passed the Roman legions; for it is a mathematic impossibility that any other route could be found for an army nearer to the eastward of this pass than by way of Kendal and Shap; nearer to the westward, than by way of Legbesthwaite and St John's Vale, (and so by Threlkeld to Penrith.) Now, these two roads are exactly twenty-five miles apart; and, since a Roman cohort was stationed at Ambleside, (*Amboglans*), it is pretty evident that this cohort would not correspond with the more northerly stations by either of these remote routes—having immediately before it this direct though difficult pass of Kirkstone. On the solitary area of table-land which you find at the summit—though, heaven knows, you might almost cover it with a drawing-room carpet, so suddenly does the mountain take to its old trick of precipitous descent, on both sides alike—there are only two objects to remind you of man and his workmanship. One is a guide-post—always a picturesque and interesting object, because it expresses a wild country and a labyrinth of roads, and often made much more interesting (as in this case) by the lichens which cover it, and which record the generations of men to whom it has done its office; as also by the crucifix form

which inevitably recall, in all mountainous regions, the crosses of Catholic lands, raised to the memory of way-faring men who have perished by the hand of the assassin. The other memorial of man is even more interesting:—Amongst the fragments of rock which lie in the confusion of a ruin on each side of the road, one there is which exceeds the rest in height, and which, in shape, presents a very close resemblance to a church. This lies to the left of the road as you are going from Ambleside; and, from its name, Churchstone, (*Kirkstone*), is derived the name of the pass, and from the pass the name of the mountain. The guide-post—which was really the work of man—tells those going southwards (for to those who go northwards it is useless, since, in that direction, there is no choice of roads) that the left hand track conducts you to Troutbeck, and Bowness, and Kendal; the right hand to Ambleside, and Hawkshead, and Ulverstone. The church—which is but a phantom of man's handiwork—might, however, really be mistaken for such, were it not that the rude and almost inaccessible state of the adjacent ground proclaims the truth. As to size, that is remarkably difficult to estimate upon wild heaths or mountain solitudes, where there are no leadings through gradations of distance, nor any artificial standards, from which height or breadth can be properly deduced. This mimic church, however, has a peculiarly fine effect in this wild situation, which leaves so far below the tumults of this world: the phantom church, by suggesting the phantom and evanescent image of a congregation, where never congregation met; of the pealing organ, where never sound was heard except of wild natural notes, or else of the wind rushing through these mighty gates of everlasting rock—in this way, the fanciful image that accompanies the traveller on his road, for half a mile or more, serves to bring out the antagonist feeling of intense and awful solitude, which is the natural and presiding sentiment—the *religio loci*—that broods for ever over the romantic pass.

Having walked up Kirkstone, we ascended our cart again; then rapidly descended to Brothers' Water—a lake which lies immediately below; and, about three miles further, through endless woods and under the shade of mighty fells, immediate dependencies and processes of the still more mighty Helvellyn, we approached the vale of Patterdale, when, by moonlight, we reached the inn. Here we found horses—by whom furnished I never asked nor heard; perhaps I owe somebody for a horse to this day. All I remember is—that through those most romantic woods and rocks of Stybarren—through those silent glens of Glencoin and Glenridding—through that most romantic of parks then belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, viz., Gobarrow Park—we saw alternately, for four miles, the most grotesque and the most awful spectacles—

"Abbey windows

And Moorish temples of the Hindoos,"

all fantastic, all as unreal and shadowy as the moonlight which created them; whilst, at every

angle of the road, broad gleams came upwards of Ulleswater, stretching for nine miles northward, but, fortunately for its effect, broken into three watery chambers of almost equal length, and rarely visible at once. At the foot of the lake, in a house called Ewsmere, we passed the night, having accomplished about twenty-two miles only in our day's walking and riding. The next day Wordsworth and I, leaving at Ewsmere the rest of our party, spent the morning in roaming through the woods of Lowther; and, towards evening, we dined together at Emont Bridge, one mile short of Penrith. Afterwards, we walked into Penrith. There Wordsworth left me in excellent quarters—the house of Captain Wordsworth, from which the family happened to be absent. Whither he himself adjourned, I know not, nor on what business; however, it occupied him throughout the next day; and, therefore, I employed myself in sauntering along the road, about seventeen miles, to Keswick. There I had been directed to ask for Greta Hall, which, with some little difficulty, I found; for it stands out of the town a few hundred yards, upon a little eminence overhanging the river Greta. It was about seven o'clock when I reached Southey's door; for I had stopped to dine at a little public-house in Threlkeld, and had walked slowly for the last two hours in the dark. The arrival of a stranger occasioned a little sensation in the house; and, by the time the front door could be opened, I saw Mrs Coleridge, and a gentleman whom I could not doubt to be Southey, standing, very hospitably, to greet my entrance. Southey was, in person, somewhat taller than Wordsworth, being about five feet eleven in height, or a trifle more, whilst Wordsworth was about five feet ten; and, partly from having slenderer limbs, partly from being more symmetrically formed about the shoulders than Wordsworth, he struck one as a better and lighter figure, to the effect of which his dress contributed; for he wore pretty constantly a short jacket and pantaloons, and had much the air of a Tyrolese mountaineer. On the next day arrived Wordsworth. I could read at once, in the manner of the two authors, that they were not on particularly friendly, or rather, I should say, confidential terms. It seemed to me as if both had silently said—we are too much men of sense to quarrel, because we do not happen particularly to like each other's writings: we are neighbours, or what passes for such in the country. Let us shew each other the courtesies which are becoming to men of letters; and, for any closer connexion, our distance of thirteen miles may be always sufficient to keep us from *that*. In after life, it is true—fifteen years, perhaps, from this time—many circumstances combined to bring Southey and Wordsworth into more intimate terms of friendship: agreement in politics, sorrows which had happened to both alike in their domestic relations, and the sort of tolerance for different opinions in literature, or, indeed, in anything else, which advancing years and experience are sure to bring with them. But,

at this period, Southey and Wordsworth entertained a mutual esteem, but did not cordially like each other. Indeed, it would have been odd if they had. Wordsworth lived in the open air: Southey in his library, which Coleridge used to call his wife. Southey had particularly elegant habits (Wordsworth called them finical) in the use of books. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was so negligent, and so self-indulgent in the same case, that as Southey, laughing, expressed it to me some years afterwards, when I was staying at Greta Hall on a visit—"To introduce Wordsworth into one's library, is like letting a bear into a tulip garden." What I mean by self-indulgent is this: generally it happens that new books baffle and mock one's curiosity by their uncut leaves; and the trial is pretty much the same, as when, in some town, where you are utterly unknown, you meet the postman at a distance from your inn, with some letter for yourself from a dear, dear friend in foreign regions, without money to pay the postage. How is it with you, dear reader, in such a case? Are you not tempted (*I am grievously*) to snatch the letter from his tantalising hand, spite of the roar which you anticipate of "Stop thief!" and make off as fast as you can for some solitary street in the suburbs, where you may instantly effect an entrance upon your new estate before the purchase-money is paid down? Such were Wordsworth's feelings in regard to new books; of which the first exemplification I had was early in my acquaintance with him, and on occasion of a book which (if any could) justified the too summary style of his advances in rifling its charms. On a level with the eye, when sitting at the tea-table in my little cottage at Grasmere, stood the collective works of Edmund Burke. The book was to me an eye-sore and an ear-sore for many a year, in consequence of the cacophonous title lettered by the bookseller upon the back—"Burke's Works." I have heard it said, by the way, that Donne's intolerable defect of ear grew out of his own baptismal name, when harnessed to his own surname—*John Donne*. No man, it was said, who had listened to this hideous jingle from childish years, could fail to have his genius for discord, and the abominable in sound, improved to the utmost. Not less dreadful than *John Donne* was "*Burke's Works*;" which, however, on the old principle, that every day's work is no day's work, continued to annoy me for twenty-one years. Wordsworth took down the volume; unfortunately it was uncut: fortunately, and by a special Providence as to him, it seemed, tea was proceeding at the time. Dry toast required butter; butter required knives; and knives then lay on the table; but sad it was for the virgin purity of Mr Burke's as yet unsunned pages, that every knife bore upon its blade testimonies of the service it had rendered. Did *that* stop Wordsworth? Did that cause him to call for another knife? Not at all; he

"Look'd at the knife that caus'd his pain;

And look'd and sigh'd, and look'd and sigh'd again;"

and then, after this momentary tribute to regret,

he tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife that left its greasy honours behind it upon every page: and are they not there to this day? This personal experience just brought me acquainted with Wordsworth's habits, and that particular, especially, with his intense impatience for one minute's delay which would have brought a remedy; and yet the reader may believe, that it is no affectation in me to say, that fifty such cases could have given me but little pain, when I explain, that whatever could be made good by money at that time I did not regard. Had the book been an old black-letter book, having a value from its rarity, I should have been disturbed in an indescribable degree; but simply with reference to the utter impossibility of reproducing that mode of value. As to the Burke, it was a common book; I had bought the book, with many others, at the sale of Sir Cecil Wray's library, for about two-thirds of the selling price: I could easily replace it; and I mention the case at all only to illustrate the excess of Wordsworth's outrages on books, which made him, in Southey's eyes, a mere monster; for Southey's beautiful library was his estate; and this difference of habits would alone have sufficed to alienate him from Wordsworth. And so I argued in other cases of the same nature. Meantime, had Wordsworth done as Coleridge did, how cheerfully should I have acquiesced in his destruction (such it was, in a pecuniary sense) of books, as the very highest obligation he could confer. Coleridge often spoiled a book; but, in the course of doing this, he enriched that book with so many and so valuable notes, tossing about him with such lavish profusion, from such a cornucopia of discursive reading, and such a fusing intellect, commentaries so many-angled and so many-coloured, that I have envied many a man whose luck has placed him in the way of such injuries; and that man must have been a churl (though, God knows! too often this churl *has* existed) who could have found in his heart to complain. But Wordsworth rarely, indeed, wrote on the margin of books; and, when he did, nothing could less illustrate his intellectual superiority. The comments were such as might have been made by anybody. Once, I remember, before I had ever seen Wordsworth—probably a year before—I met a person who had once enjoyed the signal honour of travelling with him to London. It was in a stage-coach. But the person in question well knew *who* it was that had been his *compagnon de voyage*. Immediately he was glorified in my eyes. "And," said I, to this glorified gentleman, (who, *par parenthèse*, was also a donkey,) "now, as you travelled nearly three hundred miles in the company of Mr Wordsworth, consequently, (for this was in 1805,) "during two nights and two days, doubtless you must have heard many profound remarks that would inevitably fall from his lips." Nay, Coleridge had also been of the party; and, if Wordsworth *solus* could have been dull, was it within human possibilities that these *gemini* should have been so? "Was it possible?" I

said; and, perhaps, my donkey, who looked like one that had been immoderately threatened, at last took courage; his eye brightened; and he intimated that he *did* remember something that Wordsworth had said—an "observe," as the Scotch call it.

"Ay, indeed; and what was it now? What did the great man say?"

"Why, sir, in fact, and to make a long story short, on coming near to London, we breakfasted at Baldock—you know Baldock? It's in Hertfordshire. Well, now, sir, would you believe it, though we were quite in regular time, the breakfast was precisely good for nothing?"

"And Wordsworth?"

"He observed"——

"What did he observe?"

"That the buttered toast looked, for all the world, as if it had been soaked in hot water."

Ye heavens! "*buttered toast!*" And was it *this* I waited for? Now, thought I, had Henry Mackenzie been breakfasting with Wordsworth, at Baldock, (and, strange enough! in years to come, I *did* breakfast with Henry Mackenzie, for the solitary time I ever met him, and at Wordsworth's house, in Rydal,) he would have carried off one sole reminiscence from the meeting—namely, a confirmation of his creed, that we English are all dedicated, from our very cradle, to the luxuries of the palate, and peculiarly to this.* *Proh pudor!* Yet, in sad sincerity, Wordsworth's pencil-notice in books were quite as disappointing. In Roderick Random, for example, I found a note upon a certain luscious description, to the effect "that such things should be left to the imagination of the reader—not expressed." In another place, that it was "improper;" and, in a third, "that the principle laid down was doubtful;" or, as Sir Roger de Coverley observes, "that much might be said on both sides." All this, however, indicates nothing more than that different men require to be roused by different stimulants. Wordsworth, in his marginal notes, thought of nothing but delivering himself of a strong feeling, with which he wished to challenge the reader's sympathy. Coleridge imagined an audience before him; and, however doubtful that consummation might seem, I am satisfied that he never wrote a line for which he did not feel the momentary inspiration of sympathy and applause, under the confidence that, sooner or later, all which he had committed to the chance margins

* It is not known to the English, but it is a fact which I can vouch for, from my six or seven years' residence in Scotland, that the Scotch, one and all, believe it to be an inalienable characteristic of an Englishman to be fond of good eating. What indignation have I, and how many a time, had occasion to feel and utter on this subject? But of this at some other time. Meantime, the Man of Feeling had his creed in excess; and, in some paper, (of *The Mirror* or *The Lounger*,) he describes an English tourist in Scotland by saying—"I would not wish to be thought national; yet, in mere reverence for truth, I am bound to say, and to declare to all the world, (let who will be offended,) that the first innkeeper in Scotland under whose roof we met with genuine buttered toast, was an Englishman."

of books would converge and assemble in some common reservoir of reception. Bread scattered upon the waters will be gathered after many days. This, perhaps, was the consolation that supported him; and the prospect that, for a time, his Arethusa of truth would flow under ground, did not, perhaps, disturb, but rather cheered and elevated the sublime old somnambulist.* Meantime, Wordsworth's habits of using books—which, I am satisfied, would, in those days, alone have kept him at a distance from most men with fine libraries—were not vulgar; not the habits of those who turn over the page by means of a wet finger, (though even this abomination I have seen perpetrated by a Cambridge tutor and fellow of a college; but then he had been bred up as a ploughman, and the son of a ploughman;) no; but his habits were more properly barbarous and licentious, and in the spirit of audacity belonging *de jure* to no man but him who could plead an income of four or five hundred thousand per annum, and to whom the Bodleian or the Vatican would be a three years' purchase. Gross, meantime, was his delusion upon this subject. Himself he regarded as the golden mean between the too little and the too much of care for books; and, as it happened that every one of his friends far exceeded him in this point, curiously felicitous was the explanation which he gave of this superfluous case, so as to bring it within the natural operation of some known fact in the man's peculiar situation. Southey (he was by nature something of an old bachelor) had his house filled with pretty articles—*bijouterie*, and so forth; and, naturally, he wished his books to be kept up to the same level—burnished and bright for show. Sir George Beaumont—this peculiarly elegant and accomplished man—was an old and most affectionate friend of Wordsworth's. Sir George Beaumont never had any children: if he had been so blessed, they, by familiarizing him with the spectacle of books ill-used—stained, torn, mutilated, &c.—would have lowered the standard of his requisitions. The short solution of the whole case was—and it illustrated the nature of his education—he had never lived in a regular family at a time when habits are moulded. From boyhood to manhood he had been *enri juris*.

Returning to Southey and Greta Hall, both the house and the master may deserve a few words more of description. For the master, I have already sketched his person; and his face I profess myself unable to describe accurately. His hair was black, and yet his complexion was fair: his eyes I believe to be hazel and large; but I will not vouch for that fact: his nose aquiline; and he has a remarkable habit of looking up into the air, as if looking at abstractions. The ex-

pression of his face was that of a very acute and an aspiring man. So far, it was even noble, as it conveyed a feeling of a serene and gentle pride, habitually familiar with elevating subjects of contemplation. And yet it was impossible that this pride could have been offensive to any body, chastened as it was by the most unaffected modesty; and this modesty made evident and prominent by the constant expression of reverence for the great men of the age, (when he happened to esteem them such,) and for all the great patriarchs of our literature. The point in which Southey's manner failed the most in conciliating regard, was, in all which related to the external expressions of friendliness. No man could be more sincerely hospitable—no man more essentially disposed to give up even his time (the possession which he most valued) to the service of his friends. But there was an air of reserve and distance about him—the reserve of a lofty, self-respecting mind, but, perhaps, a little too freezing—in his treatment of all persons who were not amongst the *corps* of his ancient friends. Still, even towards the veriest strangers, it is but justice to notice his extreme courtesy in sacrificing his literary employments for the day, whatever they might be, to the duty (for such he made it) of doing the honours of the lake, and the adjacent mountains.

Southey was at that time, (1807,) and has continued ever since, the most industrious of all literary men on record. A certain task he prescribed to himself every morning before breakfast. This could not be a very long one, for he breakfasted at nine, or soon after, and *never* rose before eight, though he went to bed duly at half-past ten; but, as I have many times heard him say, less than nine hours' sleep he found insufficient. From breakfast to a latish dinner (about half after five or six) was his main period of literary toil. After dinner, according to the accident of having or not having visitors in the house, he sate over his wine; or he retired to his library again, from which, about eight, he was summoned to tea. But, generally speaking, he closed his literary toils at dinner; the whole of the hours after that meal being dedicated to his correspondence. This, it may be supposed, was unusually large, to occupy so much of his time, for his letters rarely extended to any length. At that period, the post, by way of Penrith, reached Keswick about six or seven in the evening. And so pointedly regular was Southey in all his habits, that, short as the time was, all letters were answered on the same evening which brought them. At tea he read the London papers. It was perfectly astonishing to men of less methodical habits, to find how much he got through of elaborate business by his unvarying system of arrangement in the distribution of his time. We often hear it said, in accounts of pattern ladies and gentlemen, (what Coleridge used contemptuously to style *goody* people,) that they found time for everything; that business never interrupted pleasure; that labours of love and charity never stood in the way of courtesy

* Meantime, if it did not disturb him, it ought to disturb us, his immediate successors, who are at once the most likely to retrieve these *loaves* by direct efforts, and the least likely to benefit by any casual or indirect retrievals, such as will be produced by time. Surely a subscription should be set on foot to recover all books enriched by his marginal notes. I would subscribe; and I know others who would largely.

or personal enjoyment. This is easy to say—easy to put down as one feature of an imaginary portrait: but I must say, that in actual life I have seen few such cases. Southey, however, *did* find time for everything. It moved the sneers of some people, that even his poetry was composed according to a predetermined rule; that so many lines should be produced, by contract, as it were, before breakfast; so many at such an other definite interval. And I acknowledge, that so far I went along with the sneerers, as to marvel exceedingly how that *could* be possible. But if, *a priori*, one laughed and expected to see verses corresponding to this mechanic rule of construction, *a posteriori* one was bound to judge of the verses as one found them. Supposing them good, they were entitled to honour, no matter for the previous reasons which made it possible that they would not be good. And generally, however undubitably they *ought* to have been bad, the world has pronounced them good. In fact they *are* good; and the sole objection to them is, that they are too intensely *objective*—too much reflect the mind, as spreading itself out upon external things—too little exhibit the mind, as introverting itself upon its own thoughts and feelings. This, however, is an objection, which only seems to limit the range of the poetry—and all poetry is limited in its range: none comprehends more than a section of the human power. Meantime the prose of Southey was that by which he lived. *The Quarterly Review* it was by which, as he expressed it to myself in 1810, he “*made the pot boil*.” About the same time, possibly as early as 1808, (for I think that I remember in that journal an account of the Battle of Vimiera,) Southey was engaged by an Edinburgh publisher, [Constable, was it not?] to write the entire historical part of *The Edinburgh Annual Register*, at a salary of £400 per annum. Afterwards, the publisher, who was intensely national, and, doubtless, never from the first cordially relished the notion of importing English aid into a city teeming with briefless barristers and variety of talent, threw out a hint that perhaps he might reduce the salary to £300. Just about this time I happened to see Southey, who said laughingly—“If the man of Edinburgh does this, I shall *strike* for an advance of wages.” I presume that he *did* strike, and, like many other “operatives,” without effect. Those who work for lower wages during a strike are called *snobs*,* the men who stand out being *nobs*. Southey became a resolute nob; but some snob was found in Edinburgh, some youthful advocate, who accepted £300 per annum, and thenceforward Southey lost this part of his income. I once possessed the whole work; and in one part, viz. *The Domestic Chronicle*, I know that it is executed with a most culpable carelessness—the beginnings of cases being given without the ends, the ends without the beginnings—a defect but too common in public journals. The credit of the work, however, was staked upon its treatment of the current public

history of Europe, and the tone of its politics in times so full of agitation, and teeming with new births in every year, some fated to prove abortive, but others bearing golden promises for the human race. Now, whatever might be the talent with which Southey's successor performed his duty, there was a loss in one point for which no talent of mere execution could make amends. The very prejudices of Southey tended to unity of feeling: they were in harmony with each other, and grew out of a strong moral feeling, which is the one sole secret for giving interest to an historical narration, fusing the incoherent details into one body, and carrying the reader fluently along the else monotonous recurrences and unmeaning details of military movements. Well or ill directed, a strong moral feeling, and a profound sympathy with elementary justice, is that which creates a soul under what else may well be denominated, Miltonically, “the ribs of death.” Now this, and a mind already made up even to obstinacy upon all public questions, were the peculiar qualifications which Southey brought to the task—qualifications not to be bought in any market, not to be compensated by any amount of mere intellectual talent, and almost impossible as the qualifications of a much younger man. As a pecuniary loss, though considerable, Southey was not unable to support it; for he had a pension from Government before this time, and under the following circumstances:—Charles Wynne, the brother of Sir Watkin, the great autocrat of North Wales—that C. W. who is almost equally well known for his knowledge of Parliamentary usage, which pointed him out to the notice of the House as an eligible person to fill the office of speaker, and for his unfortunately shrill voice, which chiefly it was that defeated his claim—(in fact, as is universally known, his brother and he, for different defects of voice and utterance, are called *Bubble and Squeak*)—this C. W. had believed himself to have been deeply indebted to Southey's high-toned moral example, and to his wise counsels, during the time when both were students at Oxford, for the fortunate direction given to his own wavering impulses. This sense of obligation he endeavoured to express, by settling a pension upon Southey from his own funds. At length, upon the death of Mr Pitt, early in 1806, an opening was made for the Fox and Grenville parties to come into office. Charles Wynne as a person connected by marriage with the house of Grenville, and united with them in political opinions, shared in the golden shower; he also received a place; and, upon the strength of his improving prospects, he married: upon which it occurred to Southey, that it was no longer right to tax the funds of one who was now called upon to support an establishment becoming his rank. Under that impression, he threw up his pension; and upon *their* part, to express their sense of what they considered a delicate and honourable sacrifice, the Grenvilles placed Southey upon the national pension list.

What might be the exact colour of Southey's political creed in this year, 1807, it is difficult to

* See the Evidence before the House of Commons' Committee.

say. The great revolution, in his way of thinking upon such subjects, with which he has been so often upbraided as something equal in delinquency to a deliberate tergiversation or moral apostacy, could not have then taken place; and of this I am sure, from the following little anecdote connected with this visit:—On the day after my own arrival at Greta Hall, came Wordsworth following upon my steps from Penrith. We dined and passed that evening with Mr Southey. The next morning, after breakfast, previously to leaving Keswick, we were sitting in Southey's library; and he was discussing with Wordsworth the aspect of public affairs: for my part, I was far too diffident to take any part in such a conversation, for I had no opinions at all upon politics, nor any interest in public affairs, further than that I had a keen sympathy with the national honour, gloried in the name of Englishman, and had been bred up in a frenzied horror of jacobinism. Not having been old enough, at the first outbreak of the French Revolution, to participate (as else, undoubtedly, I should have done) in the golden hopes of its early dawn, my first youthful introduction to foreign politics had been in seasons and circumstances that taught me to approve of all I heard in abhorrence of French excesses, and to worship the name of Pitt; otherwise my whole heart had been so steadily fixed on a different world from the world of our daily experience that, for some years, I had never looked into a newspaper; nor, if I cared something for the movement made by nations from year to year, did I care one iota for their movement from week to week. Still, careless as I was on these subjects, it sounded as a novelty to me, and one which I had not dreamed of as a possibility, to hear men of education and liberal pursuits—men, besides, whom I regarded as so elevated in mind, and one of them as a person charmed and consecrated from error—giving utterance to sentiments which seemed absolutely disloyal. Yet now did I hear—and I heard with an emotion of sorrow, but a sorrow that instantly gave way to a conviction that it was myself who lay under a delusion, and simply because

—“from Abelard it came”—

opinions avowed most hostile to the reigning family; not personally to them, but generally to a monarchical form of government. And that I could not be mistaken in my impression, that my memory cannot have played me false, is evident, from one relic of the conversation which rested upon my ear and has survived to this day—thirty and two years from the time. It had been agreed, that no good was to be hoped for, as respected England, until the royal family should be expatriated; and Southey, jestingly considering to what country they could be exiled, with mutual benefit for that country and themselves, had supposed the case—that, with a large allowance of money, such as might stimulate beneficially the industry of a rising colony, they should be transported to New South Wales; which project, amusing his fancy, he had, with the readiness and facility that characterises his

mind, thrown *extempore* into verse; speaking off, as an improvisatore, about eight or ten lines, of which the three last I perfectly remember, and they were these, (by the way I should have mentioned, that they took the form of a petition addressed to the King:—)

“Therefore, old George, by George we pray
Of thee forthwith to extend thy sway
Over the great Botanic Bay.”

The sole doubt I have about the exact words regard the second line, which might have been (according to a various reading which equally clings to my ear)—

“That thou would'st please t' extend thy sway.”

But about the last I cannot be wrong; for I remember laughing with a sense of something peculiarly droll in the substitution of the stilted phrase—“the great Botanic Bay,” for our ordinary week-day name *Botany Bay*, so redolent of thieves and pickpockets.

Southey walked with us that morning for about five miles on our road towards Grasmere, which brought us to the southern side of Shoulthwaite Moss, and into the sweet solitary little vale of Legbesthwaite. And, by the way, he took leave of us at the gate of a house, one amongst the very few (five or six in all) just serving to redeem that valley from absolute solitude, which some years afterwards became, in a slight degree, remarkable to me from two little incidents by which it connected itself with my personal experiences. One was, perhaps, scarcely worth recording. It was simply this—that Wordsworth and myself having, through a long day's rambling, alternately walked and rode with a friend of his who happened to have a travelling carriage with him, and who was on his way to Keswick, agreed to wait hereabouts until Wordsworth's friend, in his abundant kindness, should send back his carriage to take us, on our return, to Grasmere, distant about eight miles. It was a lovely summer evening; but, as it had happened that we ate our breakfast early, and had eaten nothing at all throughout a long summer's day, we agreed to “sorn” upon the goodman of the house, whoever he might happen to be, Catholic or Protestant, Jew, Gentile, or Mahometan, and to take any bone that he would be pleased to toss to such hungry dogs as ourselves. Accordingly we repaired to his gate; we knocked, and forthwith it was opened to us by a man-mountain, who listened benignantly to our humble request, and ushered us into a comfortable parlour. All sorts of refreshments he continued to shower upon us for a space of two hours: it became evident that our introducer was the master of the house: we adored him in our thoughts as an earthly providence to hungry wayfarers; and we longed to make his acquaintance. But, for some inexplicable reason, that must continue to puzzle all future commentators on Wordsworth and his history, he never made his appearance. Could it be, we thought, that without the formality of a sign, he, in so solitary a region, more than twenty-five miles distant from Kendal, (the only town

worthy of the name throughout the adjacent country,) exercised the functions of a landlord, and that we ought to pay him for his most liberal hospitality? Never was such a dilemma from the foundation of Legbesthwaite. To err, in either direction, was damnable: to go off without paying, if he were an innkeeper, made us swindlers; to offer payment, if he were not, and supposing that he had been inundating us with his hospitable bounties, simply in the character of a natural-born gentleman, made us the most unfeeling of mercenary ruffians. In the latter case we might expect a duel; in the former, of course, the treadmill. We were deliberating on this sad alternative, and I, for my part, was voting in favour of the treadmill, when the sound of wheels was heard, and, in one minute, the carriage of his friend drew up to the farmer's gate. The crisis had now arrived, and we perspired considerably; when in came the frank Cumberland lass who had been our attendant. To her we propounded our difficulty—and lucky it was we did so, for she assured us that her master was an awful man, and would have “brained” us both if we had insulted him with the offer of money. She, however, honoured us by accepting the price of some female ornament. I made a memorandum at the time, to ascertain the peculiar taste of this worthy Cumberland farmer, in order that I might, at some future opportunity, express my thanks to him for his courtesy; but, alas! for human resolutions, I have not done so to this moment; and is it likely that he, perhaps sixty years old at that time, (1813,) is alive at present, twenty-five years removed? Well, he *may* be; though I think *that* exceedingly doubtful, considering the next anecdote relating to the same house:—Two, or it may be three, years after this time, I was walking to Keswick from my own cottage, in Grasmere. The distance was thirteen miles; the time just nine o'clock; the night a cloudy moonlight, and intensely cold. I took the very greatest delight in these nocturnal walks, through the silent valleys of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and often at hours far later than the present. What I liked in this solitary rambling was, to trace the course of the evening through its household hieroglyphics, from the windows which I passed or saw; to see the blazing fires shining through the windows of houses, lurking in nooks far apart from neighbours; sometimes in solitudes that seemed abandoned to the owl, to catch the sounds of household mirth; then, some miles further, to perceive the time of going to bed; then the gradual sinking to silence of the house; then the drowsy reign of the cricket; at intervals, to hear church-clocks or a little solitary chapel-bell, under the brows of mighty hills, proclaiming the hours of the night, and flinging out their sullen knells over the graves where “the rude forefathers of the hamlet slept”—where the strength and the loveliness of Elizabeth's time, or Cromwell's, and through so many fleeting generations that have succeeded, had long ago sunk to rest. Such was the sort of pleasure which I reaped in

my nightly walks—of which, however, considering the suspicions of lunacy which it has sometimes awoken, the less I say, perhaps, the better. Nine o'clock it was—and deadly cold as ever March night was made by the keenest of black frosts and by the bitterest of north winds—when I drew towards the gate of our huge and hospitable friend. A little garden there was before the house; and, in the centre of this garden was placed an arm-chair, upon which arm-chair was sitting composedly—but I rubbed my eyes, doubting the very evidence of my own eyesight—a or *the* huge man in his shirt-sleeves; yes, positively not sunning but *moon*ing himself—apricating himself in the occasional moonbeams; and, as if simple star-gazing from a sedentary station were not sufficient on such a night, absolutely pursuing his astrological studies, I repeat, in his shirt-sleeves! Could this be our hospitable friend, the man-mountain? Secondly, was it any man at all? Might it not be a scarecrow dressed up to frighten the birds? But from what—to frighten them from what at that season of the year? Yet, again, it might be an ancient scarecrow—a superannuated scarecrow, far advanced in years. But still, why should a scarecrow, young or old, sit in an arm-chair? Suppose I were to ask. Yet, where was the use of asking a scarecrow? And, if not a scarecrow, where was the safety of speaking too inquisitively, on his own premises, to a man-mountain? The old dilemma of the duel or the treadmill, if I should intrude upon his grounds at night, occurred to me; and I watched the anomalous object in silence for some minutes. At length the monster (for such at any rate it was, scarecrow or not scarecrow) solemnly raised his hand to his face, perhaps taking a pinch of snuff, and thereby settled one question. But that settled, only irritated my curiosity the more; upon a second, what hallucination of the brain was it that could induce a living man to adopt so very absurd a line of conduct? Once I thought of addressing him thus:—Might I presume so far upon your known courtesy to wayfaring strangers, as to ask—Is it the Devil who prompts you to sit in your shirt-sleeves, as if meditating a *camisade*, or to *woo al fresco* pleasures on such a night as this? But as Dr Y., on complaining that, whenever he looked out of the window, he was sure to see Mr X. lounging about the quadrangle, was effectually parried by Mr X. retorting—that, whenever he lounged in the quadrangle, he was sure to see the Doctor looking out of the window; so did I anticipate a puzzling rejoinder from the former, with regard to my own motives for haunting the roads as a nocturnal trampler, without any rational object that I could make intelligible. I thought, also, of the fate which attended the Calendars, and so many other notorious characters in the “Arabian Knights,” for unseasonable questions, or curiosity too vivacious. And, upon the whole, I judged it advisable to pursue my journey in silence, considering the time of night, the solitary place, and the fancy of our enormous friend for “braining”

those whom he regarded as ugly customers. And thus it came about that this one house has been loaded in my memory with a double mystery, that too probably never *can* be explained ; and another torment has been prepared for the curious of future ages.

Of Southey, meantime, I had learned, upon this brief and hurried visit, so much in confirmation or in extension of my tolerably just preconceptions, with regard to his character and manners, as left me not a very great deal to add, and nothing at all to alter, through the many years which followed of occasional intercourse with his family, and domestic knowledge of his habits. A man of more serene and even temper could not be imagined ; nor more uniformly cheerful in his tone of spirits ; nor more unaffectedly polite and courteous in his demeanour to strangers ; nor more hospitable in his own wrong—I mean by the painful sacrifices, which hospitality entailed upon him, of time, so exceedingly precious that, during his winter and spring months of solitude, or whenever he was left absolute master of its distribution, every half hour in the day had its peculiar duty. In the still “weightier matters of the law,” in cases that involved appeals to conscience and high moral principle, I believe Southey to be as exemplary a man as can ever have lived. Were it to his own instant ruin, I am satisfied that he would do justice and fulfil his duty under any possible difficulties, and through the very strongest temptations to do otherwise. For honour the most delicate, for integrity the firmest, and for generosity within the limits of prudence, Southey cannot well have a superior ; and, in the lesser moralities—those which govern the daily habits, and transpire through the manners—he is certainly a better man—that is, (with reference to the minor principle concerned,) a more *amiable* man—than Wordsworth. He is less capable, for instance, of usurping an undue share of the conversation ; he is more uniformly disposed to be charitable in his transient colloquial judgments upon doubtful actions of his neighbours ; more gentle and winning in his concessions to inferior knowledge or powers of mind ; more willing to suppose it possible that he himself may have fallen into an error ; more tolerant of avowed indifference towards his own writings, (though, by the way, I shall have something to offer in justification of Wordsworth upon this charge ;) and, finally, if the reader will pardon a violent instance of anti-climax, much more ready to volunteer his assistance in carrying a lady’s reticule or parasol. As a more *amiable* man, (taking that word partly in the French sense, partly also in the loftier English sense,) it might be imagined that Southey would be a more eligible companion than Wordsworth. But this is not so ; and chiefly for three reasons which more than counterbalance Southey’s greater amiability : *first*, because the natural reserve of Southey, which I have mentioned before, makes it peculiarly difficult to place yourself on terms of intimacy with him ; *secondly*, because the

range of his conversation is more limited than that of Wordsworth—dealing less with life and the interests of life—more exclusively with books ; *thirdly*, because the style of his conversation is less flowing and diffusive—less expansive—more apt to clothe itself in a keen, sparkling, aphoristic form—consequently much sooner and more frequently coming to an abrupt close. A sententious, epigrammatic form of delivering opinions has a certain effect of *clenching* a subject, which makes it difficult to pursue it without a corresponding smartness of expression, and something of the same antithetic point and equilibration of clauses. Not that the reader is to suppose in Southey a showy master of rhetoric and colloquial sword-play, seeking to strike and to dazzle by his brilliant hits or adroit evasions. The very opposite is the truth. He seeks, indeed, to be effective, not for the sake of display, but as the readiest means of retreating from display, and the necessity for display : feeling that his station in literature and his laurelled honours make him a mark for the curiosity and interest of the company—that a standing appeal is constantly turning to him for his opinion—a latent call always going on for his voice on the question of the moment—he is anxious to comply with this requisition at as slight a cost as may be of thought and time. His heart is continually reverting to his wife, viz., his library ; and that he may waste as little effort as possible upon his conversational exercises—that the little he wishes to say may appear pregnant with much meaning—he finds it advantageous, and, moreover, the style of his mind naturally prompts him, to adopt a trenchant, pungent, aculeated form of terse, glittering, stenographic sentences—sayings which have the air of laying down the law without any *locus penitentiae* or privilege of appeal, but are not meant to do so : in short, aiming at brevity for the company as well as for himself, by cutting off all opening for discussion and desultory talk, through the sudden winding up that belongs to a sententious aphorism. The hearer feels that “the record is closed ;” and he has a sense of this result as having been accomplished by something like an oracular laying down of the law *ex cathedra* : but this is an indirect collateral impression from Southey’s manner, and far from the one he meditates or wishes. An oracular manner he does certainly affect in certain dilemmas of a languishing or loitering conversation ; not the peremptoriness, meantime, not the imperiousness of the oracle is what he seeks for, but its brevity, its dispatch, its conclusiveness. Finally, as a fourth reason why Southey is less fitted for a genial companion than Wordsworth, his spirits have been, of late years, in a lower key than those of the latter. The tone of Southey’s animal spirits was never at any time raised beyond the standard of an ordinary sympathy ; there was in him no tumult, no agitation of passion ; his organic and constitutional sensibilities were healthy, sound, perhaps strong—but not profound, not excessive. Cheerful he was, and animated at all times ; but he levied

no tributes on the spirits or the feelings beyond what all people could furnish. One reason why his bodily temperament never, like that of Wordsworth, threw him into a state of tumultuous excitement, which required intense and elaborate conversation to work off the excessive fervour, was, that, over and above his far less fervid constitution of mind and body, Southey rarely took any exercise; he led a life as sedentary, except for the occasional excursions in summer, (extorted from his sense of kindness and hospitality,) as that of a city tailor. And it was surprising to many people, who did not know by experience the prodigious effect upon the mere bodily health of regular and congenial mental labour, that Southey should be able to maintain health so regular, and cheerfulness so uniformly serene. Cheerful, however, he was, in those early years of my acquaintance with him; but it was manifest to a thoughtful observer, that his golden equanimity was bound up in a threefold chain, in a conscience clear of all offence, in the recurring enjoyments from his honourable industry, and in the gratification of his parental affections. If any one chord should give way, there (it seemed) would be an end to Southey's tranquillity. He had a son at that time, Herbert* Southey, a child in petticoats when I first knew him, very interesting even then, but annually putting forth fresh blossoms of unusual promise, that made even indifferent people fear for the safety of one so finely organized, so delicate in his sensibilities, and so prematurely accomplished. As to his father, it became evident, that he lived almost in the light of young Herbert's smiles, and that the very pulses of his heart played in unison to the sound of his son's laughter. There was in his manner towards this child, and towards this only, something that marked an excess of delirious doating, perfectly unlike the ordinary chastened movements of Southey's affections; and something also, which indicated a vague fear about him; a premature unhappiness as if already the inaudible tread of calamity could be perceived, as if already he had lost him which, for the latter; years of the boy's life, seemed to poison the blessing of his presence. A stronger evidence I cannot give of Southey's trembling apprehensiveness about this child, than that the only rude thing I ever knew him to do, the only discourteous thing, was done on his account. A party of us, chiefly composed of

* Why he was called Herbert, if my young readers inquire, I must reply that I do not precisely know; because I know of reasons too many by half why he might have been so called. Derwent Coleridge, the second son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and first cousin of Herbert Southey, was so called from the lake of Keswick, commonly styled Derwent Water, which gave the title of Earl to the noble and the noble-minded, though erring family of the Ratcliffes, who gave up, like heroes and martyrs, their lives and the finest estates in England for one who was incapable of appreciating the service. One of the islands on this lake is dedicated to St Herbert, and this might have given a name to Southey's first-born child. But it is more probable, that he derived this name from Dr Herbert, uncle to the laureate.

Southey's family and his visitors, were in a sail-boat upon the lake. Herbert was one of this party; and at that time not above five or six years old. In landing upon one of the islands, most of the gentleman were occupied in assisting the ladies over the thwarts of the boat; and one gentleman, merely a stranger, observing this, good-naturedly took up Herbert in his arms, and was stepping with him most carefully from thwart to thwart, when Southey, in a perfect frenzy of anxiety for his boy, his "moon" as he used to call him, (I suppose from some pun of his own, or some mistake of the child's upon the equivocal word *sun*,) rushed forward, and tore him out of the arms of the stranger without one word of apology; nor, in fact, under the engrossing panic of the moment, lest an unsteady movement along with the rocking and undulating of the boat should throw his little boy overboard into the somewhat stormy waters of the lake, did Southey become aware of his own exceedingly discourteous action—fear for his boy quelled his very power of perception. That the stranger, on reflexion, understood, a race of emotions travelled over his countenance. I saw the whole, a silent observer from the shore. First a hasty blush of resentment mingled with astonishment: then a good-natured smile of indulgence to the *naïveté* of the paternal feeling as displaying itself in the act, and the accompanying gestures of frenzied impatience: finally, a considerate, grave expression of acquiescence in the whole act; but with a pitying look towards father and son, as too probably destined under such agony of affection to trials perhaps insupportable. If I interpreted aright the stranger's feelings, he did not read their destinies amiss. Herbert became, with his growing years, a child of more and more hope; but, therefore, the object of more and more fearful solicitude. He read, and read; and he became at last

"A very learned youth"—

to borrow a line from his uncle's beautiful poem on the wild boy, who fell into a heresy, whilst living under the patronage of a Spanish grandee, and, finally, escaped from a probable martyrdom, by sailing up a great American river, wide as any sea, after which he was never heard of again. The learned youth of the river Greta had an earlier and more sorrowful close to his career. Possibly from want of exercise, combined with inordinate exercise of the cerebral organs, a disease gradually developed itself in the heart. It was not a mere disorder in the functions, it was a disease in the structure of the organ, and admitted of no permanent relief, consequently of no final hope. He died; and with him died for ever the golden hopes, the radiant felicity, and the internal serenity, of the unhappy father. It was from Southey himself, speaking without external signs of agitation, calmly, dispassionately, almost coldly, but with the coldness of a settled despondency, that I heard, whilst accompanying him through Grasmere on his road homewards to Keswick, from some visit he had been paying to Wordsworth at Rydalmount, his

settled feelings and convictions as connected with that loss ; for him, in this world, he said, happiness there could be none ; for that his tenderest affections, the very deepest by many

degrees which he had ever known, were now buried in the grave with his youthful and too brilliant Herbert.

(To be continued.)

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.*

WHAT an ephemeral thing is a fashionable literary fame ! Bulwer has it, Monk Lewis had it, some one else will obtain and will lose it ; and thus the world wags. Monk Lewis was, at one period, as much over-rated as he is now unduly depreciated, or undeservedly forgotten. This work will help to revive the memory of the eccentric author, whose first invitation to Walter Scott to come and dine with him at his hotel, filled the future great Unknown, as he declared, with more elation than he had ever felt ; and of him of whom Byron after the kind of martyr-death of "the good-natured fopling"—the pet and plaything of fashionable circles—sang,

"I would give many a sugar-cane,
Monk Lewis were alive again."

He died, if not early—for he was above forty years of age—yet just as the higher qualities of a mind, naturally affectionate and generous, were beginning to be healthfully developed. The fashionable world, and his own vanity and frivolity, had spoiled him ; but there was a basis of real goodness of heart in Lewis ; and time and reflection were about to make a man out of the gifted fribble.

MONK LEWIS was not merely the greatest lion of his own day, but, as we think, of any modern period. Perhaps kitten or poodle might be the better term—your roaring *lion* rarely being the pet inmate of the boudoir, and only the occasional visitant of the crowded *soirée* or rout, where a great many may have a glimpse of him for his exhibitors' money. The vanity and the tastes of Lewis fitted him admirably for his vocation. He was discreet also ; and so ugly a little fellow, that there was no more danger to be apprehended from him than from any quadruped favourite, or those dwarfs with whom the refined female nobility of former days were wont to divert themselves. Lewis was one of the class of persons for whom Horace Walpole stands as the great type ; but as his birth and connexions were less aristocratic, he had more to endure, and more exertion to make, in blowing out that bubble, a boudoir reputation. That he was a man of genius, of undisciplined and extravagant genius, there can be no doubt ; and as to "the moral tendency" of his writings, what knew young Mat Lewis of morals or their tendencies, save that if gentlemen did certain things and were found out, they would be cut ; and that if ladies were not only naughty, but also very indiscreet, and did not manage well, they might be separated from their husbands, or divorced, and then no-

body would visit them, and their damaged reputation might prove a bar to the proper establishment of their daughters ? His understanding was informed on these points, for he had had lessons and examples in his own family.

Who the author of this Memoir is, or how the Correspondence of Lewis—which is chiefly with his mother, and consequently "private and confidential," treating of matters of great delicacy and interest to the family—has been obtained, we are not informed ; but, in all probability, the surviving sisters of Lewis, and their families, would be quite as averse to the publication of these letters, as it appears they were to Mrs Lewis, their mother, appearing before the world as an authoress. This lady lived separated from her husband, from the time that Matthew, her first-born, was a mere youth, and her daughters children. But though his relatives, the Lushingtons and Sheddons, should disapprove of the publication, the world will gain by the free exhibition of that life behind the scenes which is so very rarely seen in biographies ; and enjoy the equally rare gratification, that the character of the hero becomes much more manly, respectable, and amiable, when seen in the *deshabille* in which, we fear, it would have dreadfully mortified him to have been openly represented. Lewis was far more deserving of respect in his private or concealed character than in his costume of society.

The father of Lewis was Deputy-Secretary-at-War, at a time when the emoluments and perquisites of office were of more value than they are now ; and his family possessed, besides, considerable West India property. His mother was a daughter of Sir Thomas Sewell, who was Master of the Rolls early in the reign of George III. She was a beauty, admired at Court, skilled in dancing, and passionately fond of music ; but, above all, devoted to pleasure and company. She lived surrounded by players and musicians, whom she patronized, or affected to patronize ; and her levity and extravagance seem to have alienated the affections of her husband—a sensible, and probably a stern man. Incompatibility of temper is alleged as the cause of separation, and something is left in mystery. The lady went into exile in France, and the children remained under the protection of their father. Though young Lewis never acted with indiscretion, he appears to have been, in many respects, his mother's own child. Whatever were her failings, she must have been a good-natured, generous, and affectionate woman ; and her son was most tenderly attached to her—most devotedly watchful for the promotion of her comfort and happiness, to the last hour of his life. For her solace, and the gratifi-

* The Life and Correspondence of Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," "Fendal Tyrants," &c., &c. 2 vols. royal 8vo.

cation of her tastes, he made sacrifices that very few young men would have incurred, even for a mother who stood far higher in the world's esteem. And this is the more meritorious, as he was perfectly sensible of her faults; which, when regard for his sisters required the painful effort, he did not scruple to lay before her. As a child, he had been her constant companion and plaything; sharing her favourite romance; listening to her ghost-stories; and making his appearance at her little concerts, and the miscellaneous parties, consisting of all kinds of odd geniuses, artists, and adventurers, whom she drew around her.

While Matthew Gregory Lewis was at Westminster School, the final separation of his parents took place; and, from that period, Lewis became as much the father as the son of his weak-minded but amiable mother. Her allowance, though handsome, was inadequate to the factitious wants of the cashiered fine lady, and these her son did his utmost to supply. The writer of the *Life* remarks that the petty luxuries of the drawing-room had become to Mrs Lewis of as vital importance as the air she breathed, and drained her son's slender resources to supply them. Young Lewis was by this time entered at Christ Church; and he was the only medium of communication between the unfortunate mother and her younger children. To him all her complaints and sorrows were poured out. What a painful letter for a son to have to write to a mother is the following, and yet in how fair and amiable a light it represents a youth of sixteen:—

"I need not tell you how much, how very much concerned I am for your illness; and it affords me a fresh obligation to my father. I shudder to think of what would have been your situation had he refused my request.

"Without money, without friends, sick in a foreign country! O my mother! the remembrance of you being in pain and sorrow often clouds the pleasures I enjoy; and I hardly conceive myself justified in partaking amusements, when you, perhaps, may be in want of common comforts. God bless you! my dear mother, and may you soon return to this country; where, whatever happens, you may at least have those you love, and who love you, near to assist you.

"The direction to my father's is No. 9, Devonshire Place, Upper Wimpole Street. I do not know whether I told you that it was a very good house, and fitted up very elegantly. The preparations for war paid entirely for the expense of it; and, as a war with Russia is expected, I hope he will make a tolerable year of it. I am sure no one deserves success more than he does.

"My sisters are perfectly well. Sophy is wonderfully pretty, but very little. She is so childish, so heedless, so inattentive, that she provokes everybody; and when anybody talks to her, she will cry vehemently, and play with the cat's tail all the while. She dances very prettily, has a very good ear for music, and a charming voice. In short, she may do very well, if she will. Maria improves every day; she is a charming and interesting girl; she plays really finely; and her understanding is infinitely superior to that of girls of her age. She is very tall, and has a very fine figure—she has quite outgrown me. I promise to be a remarkably little personage.

"Here I have run on to you, whilst I ought to have been crossing the Hellespont with Xerxes, or attending to the pleadings of Cicero; but when I once begin to write to you, I never know when to stop."

There was no abatement of this strong affection even to his dying hour. Lewis was thus early a writer of dramas; and one cause, we apprehend, of the sympathy between him and his mother, was her fervent admiration of every production of his fertile pen. She was at all times his literary confidant, and most indulgent critic. She was also the medium of sending his early pieces abroad, through newspapers and magazines, and she got his plays presented to the managers. One of his motives for trying his fortune as an author or dramatist, was to gain a few guineas to add to the allowance of his mother. His first attempts were neglected by the managers.

The situation of Lewis, between his father and mother, was one of great delicacy and embarrassment. The latter he loved tenderly, with all her faults. The former he highly esteemed, though affection was cooling. He held the balance equally between both. The mother was always in want of money; and, doating as she is said to have done upon her son, she does not seem to have been either considerate for him or just, when she imposed the disagreeable task of his frequently dunning a really generous father to supply her own imaginary necessities, or avert the consequences of her bad management. The character of this lady—and it was and is a too common one among thoughtless women of fashion—is displayed in this extract:—

"The date of this letter, my dear mother, will inform you that I am safely lodged in town; for which piece of news you may, perhaps, have been a little anxious. On my arrival, I found a blank sheet of paper from my father, enclosing the £20 I had requested of him; and I wish to know whether I shall send it to you by the same means that you receive this, or what other you prefer. When I had written my last to you, I recollected that I had burnt the letter from my father which I wished you to see; but I remember the particular expressions which struck me were these:—"The question is not whether you shall deny yourself pleasures to give satisfaction to others, but whether you shall continue to supply wants which perhaps are not necessary to a person to whom I have already been very liberal. If you continue to be found an easy exchequer, there will be no income I can allow you will be sufficient to satisfy their avidity who are imposing upon your mother."

"As to what you say about my calling myself your nephew, do about it as you think proper. I remember once you desired me, when in company, to speak of my father as my uncle; and you may wish me to call myself your nephew for the same reason at present; but, for my own part, it is immaterial to me. When I do not say that I have a mother living, I do it to give the shortest answer, and save myself from an explanation which must be very unpleasant to me."

Lewis was intended by his father for diplomacy; and, during the Oxford vacations, he went to France and Germany for general improvement, and to study the languages. In Germany his head-quarters was Weimar, where he became acquainted with Göethe and Schiller, and where his genius took that peculiar and un-English bias, by which it was ever afterwards distinguished. It was roundabout by Weimar that he now told his poor mother of her children, one of them a sickly boy, who pined for her, and who did not long survive. The profits of Lewis' first volume of poems were, as he intended it, to enrich his mother. It fell dead-born, and he consoled himself by an epigram. At Oxford he ap-

pears to have made some noble Scottish acquaintances; and, with them, while still very young, he visited Scotland. His first house of reception was Bothwell Castle, the seat of Lord Douglas; and, having agreeable talents, he quickly made his way into high society, being readily introduced by one noble family to another. It was at a much later visit that he first saw Scott, who was introduced to him by Lady Charlotte Campbell. The little poet and novelist, by the time he saw Scott, was at the zenith of his fame. He seems uniformly to have spent a part of his summers at Inverary Castle, where he became, at least poetically, the lover of the stately and high-born beauty, and *bel-esprit* of the family. Lady Charlotte Campbell was "his bright, particular star." His "Monk" had now been composed, and that in ten weeks! while he was living at the Hague as an *attaché*, and while still under twenty, and he was praised, but more effectually abused into fame, and became quite a rage in certain fashionable circles, and particularly among the ladies. He also got into Parliament for a Government burgh; but his genius was not towards state-craft; and his romances of evil fame, his literary propensities, and his dislike to all serious business, offended his father, who, latterly, under the influence of an intriguing woman, conceived what looked like a deadly hatred of his only son. While basking in the smiles of the fashionable world, the only real resting place which the affectionate heart of Lewis found was with his mother, in her obscure and constantly shifting lodgings. Here is part of the secret of their strong and continued attachment.

In his mother's residence, he always found a glad smile of greeting, and a heart equally ready to share his triumph or his woe. Often would he decline a seat at the courtly board, to spend a quiet evening in her society; when, after dinner, drawing his chair towards the fire, he would take some half-finished manuscript from his pocket, and read, for her approval, his labours of the preceding day. Or if a new play or opera had come out, which he imagined was likely to amuse her, he never failed to apprise her of it, and accompany her to the theatre. New books, also, he hunted out for her perusal; and, by a thousand little attentions—rendered yet more grateful to her by the comparative seclusion in which she lived—abundantly testified what he had before expressed in one of his letters, that he considered it to be "the first and dearest duty of humanity" to contribute to the comforts of a parent.

His letters to her are filled with his literary projects, and the progress made in his various compositions. He had now taken part of a little cottage at Barnes, that he might devote himself more exclusively to literature. His nominal town residence was still in his father's house. While such was his private life, and such his filial conduct towards a mother whose existence he concealed, Scott, who saw his frivolity, and who could have known little or nothing of those finer traits of mind, thus sums up his character after his premature death:—"How few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous!"

He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature. Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. He had

always Dukes and Duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one with a title. You would have sworn he was a *parvenu* of yesterday, yet he had lived all his life in good society. Mat had queerish eyes—they projected like those of some insects, and were flattened on the orbit.

He was the least man I ever saw to be strictly well and neatly made. He was a child—and a spoiled child—but a child of high imagination; and so he wasted himself on ghost stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for rhythm I ever met with—finer than Byron's." As to inordinate admiration of titles, there might, perhaps, have been a little common feeling between the poets; but Scott was all a man, and Lewis a dandy and a fribble—fond of seals and of all manner of bijouterie and gimcrackerie.

It was while this little man was wandering in the woods of Inverary, under the spells of Lady Charlotte Campbell, that he composed the song of *Crazy Jane*, which made so many crazy ballad-singers, and—immortal fame!—gave name to a bonnet. Under the name of *Amoret* he celebrated the lady of his love; though his passion, we trust, was not quite so desperate or afflicting as it is here represented. In those gay and charmed days, our noble Premier, then Mr William Lamb, the younger Sheridan, and other persons of fashionable notoriety, formed part of the usual summer visitors to Inverary; but the visits of Lewis were, for some years, regular.

Under his apparent vanity and frivolity there was always concealed what Johnson would have called "a bottom of good sense." Before he was twenty, we find him writing one of the most remarkable letters that ever son addressed to a mother.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"I was not conscious of shewing any coolness or reserve when I saw you. Believe that my affection is still as warm for you as ever; but since you desire me to tell you my thoughts, I will openly confess to you that I feel many very different sensations upon your subject. I feel for you the greatest regard, the most eager desire to do anything that can give you even the most trifling satisfaction; and, at the same time, I cannot help recollecting the pain and anxiety you have occasioned to my dear, my worthy father; and that it is owing to your conduct that my sisters are deprived of maternal care and attention, and of receiving the benefit of those little instructions and observations so necessary to make young women accomplished, and which are in the power of a mother alone to point out to them with success. You ask me how much I know of your difference with my father, and whether I could publicly make allowances for you. You suppose my father has been giving me instructions. You accuse him unjustly: he has never said a syllable to me with regard to you; and my behaviour is entirely such as is dictated by my own heart. If that is good, as yourself has often told me, my conduct must be the same; and if my conduct is wrong, my heart is the same, and it will be worth no one's while to seek to have a share of it. No; I will own to you openly, I could not declare in public that I can make allowances for you. In my heart I can excuse you, and believe that your own innocence, and the deceit of others, may have been the occasion of your errors. But these are arguments never received by the world, which is always eager to believe the worst side of everything. But let me put a case to you, and make you remember a circumstance which must speak to your own feelings:—My sisters are now at the age

when their minds are most capable of receiving lasting impressions. They have been taught to regard me almost as attentively as their father; and, from my being more with them, and entering into their amusements with more vivacity than people who are not so near their own age can do, they readily adopt any sentiments they hear me declare. Can you then openly confess that you wish your conduct to be followed by your daughters? I will not say your conduct is to be condemned; but I cannot call it commendable, when I know the anxiety it has occasioned, and still occasions, to my father, and which, at your separation, was perfect frenzy. . . . You tell me that I ought to hear your arguments, as well as those on the other side. I have heard neither on one side nor the other; and you ought to consider it as a mark of generosity, that whilst it was in my father's power to have made my mind receive any impressions he chose to give it, he did not take the opportunity, but suffered me to draw my own sentiments from what I might afterwards hear and feel myself; for, in these circumstances, the heart must be the best and most impartial judge. You have put me into the most distressing and embarrassing situation in the world; you have made me almost an umpire between my parents. I know not how to extricate myself from the difficulty. I can only believe neither of you to be in the wrong; but I am not to determine which is in the right. Only believe that my affection for you is as great as ever, and that there is nothing which I can do to oblige, which shall not be done with the greatest readiness. When I am obliged not to see you, I deny myself a pleasure; and be convinced that I should not do it without good reasons. There are many reasons which make Oxford an improper abode for you. It is an uncommon thing to see a lady arrive there by herself; and as there are people who have a right to inquire into my actions, I should be subject to many unpleasant questions; and what answer would you have me give them? You wish to spend the ten pounds I offer you at Oxford, and you tell me your difficulties are over; but they may recur, and I imagine you would not wish positively to throw away ten pounds.

His stern and even implacable father, by a common process of natural affection, relented upon his death-bed; and it was then found that he had left Lewis the whole of his large fortune. One of Mat's first acts was to settle a thousand a-year upon his mother, independently of her other means; but, at the date of the above letter, and at all times, he opposed her desire of wishing to live again with his father, as he believed that, although his father consented, which was unlikely, it would injure the prospects of his sisters. The mother affirmed that the reconciliation would be of advantage to her daughters; but young Mat knew the world better, and he brings irrefragable reasons against the step.

"Your reunion with my father would certainly introduce you again into society; but still many women would be shy of coming to your house. This would be a disadvantage; but the great one is, that it would be a material obstacle to their establishment. I must give you an example of this in a conversation which I once was present at, and which cut my pride (if you will have it so) and my feelings for my sisters most severely. Lady J—— has had many slurs thrown upon her character, but she has never been separated from her husband, nor made so very public a subject of discourse. She was then the topic in a large assembly, when somebody said, 'It is very fortunate for her to have married her daughters so advantageously.' 'Yes,' answered another, 'and very extraordinary, too; for there should not be another girl in the world, before I'd marry the daughter of a woman who has been talked of so freely. This was in a large assembly; and I fear the opinion of three parts of the world are the same.'

The first announcement of "The Monk" appears

in a letter from the Hague to Mrs Lewis; and the wild and indecent romance, written in ten weeks, had so furious a run, that we are told the Society for the Suppression of Vice at one time directed the Attorney-General to apply for an injunction to stop the sale! Lewis wrote an elaborate letter of explanation to his father when this clamour arose against him, and a vindication of his principles, religious and moral. And the book might bear its own excuse to the father, when the writer was, in consequence of it, "courted and caressed by the first names in rank and talent." Nor was the morality of fashion susceptible of any great damage from "The Monk," or any other book, if it be true that, "in spite of his somewhat plain features and insignificant figure, his romance made him a general favourite in the eyes of the fair—perhaps not the least gratifying reward of genius to a writer who has just completed his twentieth year." His eldest sister, who was married to Sir Henry Lushington, took care to purify his subsequent production, the "Castle Spectre," before it was submitted to the virtuous public.

Though Lewis fluttered away his life among fashionable blues, he could not endure the idea of his mother coming forward as an author; but then he trembled lest a public appearance might revive her story.

Lewis was altogether dependant upon his father, who needed not have left him a shilling; yet the part which he acted towards an equivocal personage, whether the friend or mistress of his father, does him much honour. This lady, a Mrs R——, was highly connected; and, while sowing disunion in the Lewis family, and exercising a very improper influence over its head, she contrived, by dexterity and her high connexions, to maintain her place in society; but Matthew, who loathed and despised her, would make no compromise, whatever might be the consequences to himself. His sisters were now married; but he would not permit himself to be supposed to sanction the conduct of his father to the woman, who was justly odious to the whole family. He was commanded by his father to be on good or decent terms with her; but would only submit on the understanding that he yielded from a sense of filial duty, and not from personal inclination. The feud was carried so high between father and son, that the poor mother, fearful of the future consequences of the wealthy father's lasting displeasure, humbled herself to entreat this Mrs R's influence in Matthew's favour, and in vain. He was expelled from his father's house and affections. In writing to his mother, he says—

"Nothing but absolute submission to Mrs R—— would be of the least use towards making my father endure me. She wants to separate him from me; and will succeed, by hook or by crook. I came up to-day to dine with Mrs White Locke in Devonshire Place, and found an order from my father, 'that as Mrs R—— was to dine there, I must not offend him by my appearance either at dinner or in the evening.'"

"I have never disobeyed him. I am ready to do anything but *lie*. The whole extent of my offence is, that I

think ill of a woman to whom he is attached, with whom I ought to have nothing to do, and whom I look upon as my most bitter enemy. As to what you said about 'leaving my card;' with all my heart. I am not only ready to do this, but anything else which can be included in the proposal I have already made to him, and which follows:—'I am ready to do anything that my father chooses, provided it can be done consistent with truth.'

"I cannot 'set out anew' with Mrs R—. I know too much of her ever to be at my ease in her society: she has been the cause of almost every quarrel that has happened in our family ever since I can remember. While they were unmarried, she made the lives of my sisters miserable. She did all in her power to prevent Maria's marriage. Every one of my relations, except William Sewell, sees her in the same light as I do. Many years ago my sister refused to go into public with her; and, in consequence, the opera-box (which before they had jointly) was divided into alternate weeks. As to myself, she has professed the most decided hatred against me frequently; and how then can I 'set out anew with her?' All this I can forgive, so far as not to wish her any injury; but I cannot forget it, and thus, by putting myself in her power, give her an opportunity of injuring me."

The breach made by this woman was never healed until his father lay on his death-bed, many years afterwards. At that serious hour, her influence was counteracted. The elder Lewis left her merely a legacy of £500, but passed from a claim of sums advanced for her and her family. She seems to have been a widow.

The legitimate Mrs Lewis had always favourites, pensioners, and protégées hanging on about her. A young lady, who lived with her as a companion, and whom he wished to introduce to the stage, draws the following wise and generous caution from the more judicious son. It was written amidst the gaieties of a residence at Inverary.

"I must give you a caution about Miss L. She will find the theatre a very dangerous place for a young person. Many of the women with whom she must associate are of the worst principles and conduct; and many of the men are insolent and depraved to an excess. You ought also to be made aware that not only Sheridan is the most abandoned libertine that probably ever existed, but that Graham (though a very good-natured, worthy man, in other respects, as far as I know) passes for having very few scruples when women are in the case. If, therefore, she is to have anything to do with the theatre, you ought to take care of providing some elderly and discreet woman, to accompany her there and protect her; otherwise, however good may be her own principles, and regular her conduct, she will be continually exposed to a thousand insults. A theatre is, in fact, a place in which no woman of delicacy ought to set her foot, (behind the scenes, I mean,) unless protected by the presence of a husband. I hope you will find this kind of life answer for Miss L.; but I fear the contrary much. For a man, the case is very different."

Future letters respecting his mother's protégée, prove that he was indeed the generous creature which Scott calls him. To Scott, himself, he had opportunities of displaying kindness. He made his own bookseller—Bell, of London—publish the then obscure Sir Walter's first work—the translation of "Goetz von Berlichingen;" and he was the first to introduce the future hero of literature to the literary and fashionable circles of London, when, in the spring of 1799, Scott, now a married man, for the first time, visited the metropolis.

The family feud—of which Matthew was the chief, if not the only victim—occupies a great deal of the correspondence between the mother and the son. Mrs R. had said, that her friend (Lewis' father) only waited the death of his wife, to give her the greatest proof of his affection; and the connexion altogether, and the idea of this woman openly supplanting his mother and himself, were intolerable. His brother-in-law, Lushington, probably a prudent man, was, he imagined, gained over to her faction; though Captain Sheddton, the husband of his youngest sister, stood out. A peace was, on one occasion, patched up between him and his father; but he feared it was hollow. He writes to his mother:—

"Unfortunately, I am persuaded that this reconciliation is only apparent, and that every spark of real affection for me is extinguished in his bosom. However, I shall endeavour to make the best of it. As I knew the pleasure which this news would give you, I lose no time in conveying it to you. Mr Lushington is now Mrs R—'s professed supporter. Not contented with asking her to his own house, he came to Sheddton the other day, to persuade him to suffer Sophia to meet Mrs R— at dinner in Bedford Square, where he had kindly assembled a family party to meet her: in short, he has been currying favour with my father as much as possible, and trying to make his treatment of Mrs R— a glaring contrast to mine and Sheddton's, who will not suffer Sophia to accept Mrs R—'s invitations.

In the meanwhile, he was living between his chambers, in the Albany, and that pretty tiny cottage at Barnes, where he had the honour of entertaining the Duchess of York at a *dejeuner*. He occupied his time in composing poetry and dramas, and in making annual rounds of visits among the nobility. That long-famed lion-exhibitor, Lady Cork, was one of his particular friends; but he had them of all degrees of notoriety. He writes his mother:—

"Here has another great lady taken it into her head to shower down her civilities upon me. On Friday, the Princess of Wales (who, *sans rime ou raison*, has not spoken to me for these five years) chose to send for me into her box at the Argyle Rooms, made me sup with her, asked me to dinner yesterday, and kept me till three o'clock in the morning, and was extremely good-humoured and attentive. To-day I dine at York House, and then sup with the Princess of Wales at the Admiralty: so that, for these two days, I shall have a dose of royalty.

"I dined with both my sisters yesterday, who are quite well, and Maria dines with me to-morrow, at Barnes, to meet Mr Scott, the poet."

He was, about the same period, a visiter at Lewis an opportunity of telling his mother of a Oatlands, and a dinner-guest to the Duke of Clarence. A visit to the Duke of Bedford gives more princely style of living than he was in the habit of finding in the other great Whig houses.

I passed four days at the Duke of Bedford's very pleasantly, and was much pressed to stay longer; which I like on first visits, as it at least proves that I am not thought to have stayed too long already. The house, grounds, and mode of living, are all in a style of magnificence truly princely. We have turtle, venison, burgundy, and champagne, in profusion every day; and as an instance of the ordinary splendour, I shall tell you, as peculiar to Woburn, that at breakfast every person had a silver teapot appropriated to his own use. The party in the house was very large, and most of them not merely people whom I like, but whom I am very intimate with; among others, Lord and Lady Holland, and the Duke of

Argyle. On Sunday last I came to Lady Charlotte Campbell's, in Buckinghamshire. This is a villa in a different style from Woburn Abbey, but nothing can be more beautiful in its kind. It is a long, low, white house, all over verandas, and rustic colonnades, and covered with fruit and flowers in profusion. For myself, I inhabit a small cottage, about a stone's throw from the house, consisting of only three rooms, opening into a flower-garden, and so quiet and pleasant that one would think it had been built with a view to my living in it.

The "bright, particular star" of his boyhood was now eclipsed; Lady Charlotte Campbell must have, by this time, been a widow; and we are told, that "from the embers of the poet's early passion arose a lasting and rational friendship, which found a ready echo in the bosom of her to whom it was dedicated—a friendship which remained unimpaired until dissolved by the hand of death." He, however, left her brother, Lord John, £1000 and his plate; to her, nothing.

In the following years, Lewis dramatized his "Bravo of Venice," under the title of Rugantino; composed his tragedy of "Adelgitha;" published the "Fendal Tyrants," "Tales of Terror," and "Romantic Tales;" and often lent, or rather gave his mother the money which he got from the booksellers. It might be worth some publisher's while to give the world a selection from Lewis' early poems and ballads. He has written much rubbish; but one would not willingly forget what he did to revive our ballad poetry; nor yet such pieces as "Bill Jones," "Blantyre Priory," or even "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogen," &c. &c. Next to the "Castle Spectre," "Timour the Tartar" was the most popular of his dramatic pieces, and to it belongs the bad fame of having commenced that revolution which has finally converted the classic stage into a bear-garden or menagerie.

After a lingering illness of some months, the elder Lewis became so seriously indisposed, that the physicians attending him lost hopes of his recovery. In these circumstances, Lady Lushington ventured to mention her brother to her father, and to inform him how much his illness affected his son, on which he replied with kindness and interest, "Ah! he is a foolish boy." He intrusted his sister with a letter to his father, to be delivered at a fit time; and he writes to his mother from the Albany:—"My sister told my father on Sunday se'ennight that she had a letter from me to him, and that it could not but give him pleasure; but for eight whole days he has never asked for the letter or mentioned my name." The lady does not appear to have been very urgent; and it was the physicians who ultimately ventured to set before the unrelenting and dying father his injustice and cruelty to his only son. It seems not a little singular, yet quite true to the nature of a strong-minded and hard, but not ungenerous man, that all this while the whole of his property, with the exception of the legacy of £500 to the favourite, was bequeathed to the disowned son; while not so much as a token of remembrance was left to either of the dutiful daughters, who, with their husbands, had all along been on good or fair terms with him, and

most studious to please him; and never, like Mat, flying in the face of his friend Mrs R. Before Lewis could have known anything of his father's settlements, and while he had every reason to believe that, if not disinherited altogether, he was very slenderly provided for, he writes thus candidly and dutifully to his constant confidant. his mother:—

You may believe that I am deeply affected by his danger; but yet I feel quite differently, I am persuaded, from what I should have done ten years ago. The recital of his sufferings pains me cruelly; but, at least, his alienation from me has spared me the agony of *witnessing* his gradual decay, day after day, which I really think would have been insupportable. Thus is every evil still attended with some good. At present, his illness makes me melancholy; his sufferings give me pain; I am sincerely anxious to hear of his being better. But as it is now above nine years since I have had any intercourse with him that carried with it any kindness, his loss will alter none of the habits of my life; I shall have but few remembrances of his affection; I shall not miss his place at the table, nor the morning welcome, nor the affectionate good-night. Often and often, in my early days, when I quite doated upon him, I have thought that my heart would break, if I were ever obliged to attend him on a death-bed. Nine years of constant harshness or indifference, on his part, have now made us strangers to each other; but still I dread so much the thoughts of witnessing his sufferings, that I scarcely know whether, for my *own* happiness, I ought to wish for a reconciliation *now*. To have been on such terms with him while he lived, as would have given me opportunities of contributing to make him happy, would have been worth any price; but I have done no wrong, and need not his *forgiveness*. In a mercenary view a reconciliation may be desirable for me, but in what other?

I have seen my father, and lose no time in telling it you, but I have seen him in a sad time. He was better yesterday morning: in the evening a visible alteration took place; now there is no likelihood of any favourable change happening again. He only said to me, "God bless you!" two or three times. I was ordered not to speak: I made it up in *crying*, as you may well believe. My head aches shockingly. I write to you from Devonshire Place; God bless you! my dearest mother. I have suffered cruelly this morning, and feel that I must suffer still more.

The first uses which Lewis made of his new-gotten wealth, exhibit both mother and son in a most favourable point of view. A Mrs S—, apparently a dependant relative of the elder Lewis, was not mentioned in his father's will, and he wrote to his mother—in the very letter in which he communicated the pleasant contents of the will to her—saying:—

What my circumstances will turn out, I have still no idea; but I confess the *general* terms of my father's bequest to "his beloved son," has justified [gratified?] my feelings beyond any sum that he *could* have left me; and if he meant to strengthen the claims upon me of all who are dear to him, he could not have taken a more effectual mode.

And now, my dear mother, I will give you a commission that will be perfectly to your taste. Mrs S— has formerly not acted by you as she should have done; in consequence of which, when she was in England, I shunned her; she perceived it, and therefore probably hopes for no favour from me. She is not mentioned in my father's will; her situation is, I believe, most forlorn, and his loss must be a terrible blow to her. Pray write a few lines to her, and tell her from me, that I am aware of my father's affection for her; am sensible how heavily she must feel his loss; and that I hope to find, that he has left me in circumstances that will permit me (without injustice to those who have stronger claims on me) to continue

whatever little kindness he may have been in the custom of shewing her.

Poor woman! she must be in great affliction at this event. I know not her address, and therefore you had better send your letter to Sir H. Lushington. But pray write without loss of time, to relieve her anxiety. I am not quite well, but yet not ill, and rather in melancholy spirits than in a very agitated frame of mind.

Lewis, long before he came into possession of his large fortune, and while he was not in affluent circumstances, had undertaken to educate a boy, the son of the widow of an officer, who, to assist her family, became an authoress; and he afterwards provided for the young man in the War-Office. His protégé turned out a thorough scamp and profligate, who vexed and disgraced him in every way; yet his letters to or about the incorrigible young vagabond shew a degree of kindness and forbearance, and of oft-repeated forgiveness, which few fathers would have extended to a son so vicious and so ungrateful. This young man became too degraded in his habits to be intrusted with money; but, by his will, Lewis allowed him £104 a-year, to be paid to him weekly. He was, indeed, "a generous," and—what is more wonderful, when his early training is viewed—a most considerate "creature," deserving all the praise which Scott gave him.

Mrs Lewis was now permitted to give the rein more freely to her elegant tastes and charitable feelings. She was settled by her son in a pretty cottage, near Leatherhead, which she fitted up like a toy-shop. Her friends again drew round her, and the affection of her son never chilled. Soon after coming into possession of his fortune, Lewis made those visits to his estates in Jamaica of which he kept a journal, which was posthumously published under the title, "Journal of a West India proprietor." His principal object in these visits was to ameliorate the condition of his numerous slaves. He found the negroes on his estates in a better condition than he had expected. His picture of them is lively and picturesque; but amidst their revelry and gay-heartedness, the features of the slave are ever visible;—of ignorant, unreflecting, passionate, and degraded beings. Lewis, whose naturally good heart must have softened, and expanded in the consciousness of power, treated them with kindness and indulgence, which captivated their affections. They were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of love for "Massa." Justice from him—freedom, they perhaps, could scarce have appreciated.

After returning from Jamaica, Lewis visited the Continent, and lived for some time with, or near Byron and Shelley, in the environs of Geneva. He could not agree in the opinion of Wilberforce, that freedom was the right of his slaves; but, while in this society, he wrote a codicil to his will, to which his illustrious friends were witnesses, providing that his Jamaica estates should only be held upon the condition of the proprietor visiting them personally every three years, and passing three months on them. If the proprietor chanced to be a woman, she was bound to perform the condition by sending either

her husband, brother, or son. The same codicil stipulated, that, if the heir to the estates did not abide by certain regulations laid down for the benefit of the negroes, the estate was to be forfeited. Lewis further stipulated that none of the slaves belonging to him at his death should be sold from the estate. The whole affair is a compromise between the strong sense of justice and benevolent feeling, and the very natural love of property; and, although Lewis did not do all which justice and enlightened principle demand from a Christian, he was so far in advance of his Jamaica contemporaries, that he deserves high praise.

Lewis made a second and fatal visit to Jamaica. Before going away, he wrote to a friend, that if anything should happen to his mother, he requested on no account to be informed. It would kill him, he said, in such a climate. He appears to have gone abroad with the presentiment of approaching evil. A young orphan girl chanced to go out by the same packet, to endeavour to wrest her inheritance from some of the Jamaica sharks. She had neither heard of "Monk Lewis," his fame, his fashion, nor his works; but he gathered her story from her own lips, and she lives to record his generous care of her interests, and great and delicate kindness.

Having learned my little history, he expressed the greatest interest in the success of my undertaking, and ultimately manifested his sympathy, by rendering me every assistance in his power when we reached Jamaica; where he not only procured for me the necessary legal advice, but, with the most unlimited generosity and munificence, offered the aid of his pecuniary resources, till my affairs should be brought into a train of settlement.

This lady gives an interesting account of his manners and pursuits on their tedious voyage; and his letter to the persons who had the power of doing her justice, speaks for itself. She was then very young, and she relates that—

Mr Lewis, whose nerves were in a very weak state, requested no guns might be fired, as is usual on board a vessel when in sight of her destination. I was, however, mischievous enough, in the joy of my heart at being near my friends, aided by some others in the ship, to set a lighted poker to the touch-hole of one of the guns on deck, and fire it off: an exploit that almost cost me my arm, from want of the necessary caution in withdrawing it quickly. I soon, however, made my peace with my offended friend, for this disregard to his nervous feelings; and in a few hours after we landed in safety.

The joy of his negroes when they heard that Lewis had arrived, evinced itself in a thousand acts of wild extravagance. His philanthropic consideration of their wants had endeared him to this simple-hearted race; and they regarded him rather in the light of a deity come to give laws, and make regulations for their happiness, than as a master whose property they were. This joy did not confine itself to the slaves belonging to his own plantations, for those on the other estates came pouring down with the rest to see "Massa Lewis," and the whole negro population in the island seemed determined to make or take a general holiday. Mr Lewis, well knowing their tastes, had stocked himself with trinkets and gilt ornaments, and many a sable bosom heaved proudly beneath the tinsel chain and pewter watch that "massa's own hands" had given. I question if the order of the garter, when bestowed by the hand of Majesty itself, ever conferred half the happiness on the wearer, as the Birmingham medals suspended from coloured strings did to these poor children of slavery, when presented by the hand of

their "good mama." It was a scene of animation and universal joy.

To his mother, Lewis wrote:—

I find my estate overpays me for all that I have suffered in coming to see it. I have now been here a fortnight, (no packet has sailed since my arrival, or I should have written to you earlier,) and I have not yet found one single negro with so much as even an *imaginary* grievance. They were delighted to see me; but all said that everything during my absence had gone on just as if I had never left them; that all their superintendents were kind to them, treated them well, and they were quite easy and contented.

On the other hand, my attorneys declare themselves well satisfied with the general conduct of my negroes. One of them (who is also attorney for Lord Holland's estate, adjoining mine) owns that he finds it much more troublesome to manage Lord H.'s negroes than mine, and that mine work much better. In particular, they have already dug one hundred acres of cane-holes, without any hired assistance, for next year's planting, while Lord H.'s have not dug one acre, although he has forty negroes more, and pays near £400 a year for hired labour besides.

If all this had been *written* to me, I should not have believed a word of it; but I see it with my own eyes, and shall leave the island with a heart a thousand pounds lighter.

He went, at an unhealthy season, to visit an estate which he had not yet seen, but which was represented as a perfect paradise. He found it "an absolute hell." He effected a complete and speedy revolution—turned away overseer and book-keepers—redressed grievances, and granted indulgences—and did whatever he could "to secure the poor creatures from further ill-usage." In the midst of these exertions, he caught the Jamaica fever, which was prevalent, and to which he soon afterwards fell a martyr, at the beginning of the homeward voyage. The passengers and crew were nearly all sick, and Lewis was but one of the victims. The young lady, who had gone out with him a stranger in the same ship, was now returning home, having got her affairs arranged. She was very ill herself; but, from her melancholy recollections, draws a pathetic account of the last days of "Monk Lewis," and of his burial at sea. Few passages of the highest wrought fiction are, we think, more touching than her simple narrative:—

I last saw Mr Lewis about nine on the evening before I retired for the night, and promised to call out, to those who were watching in the outward cabin, the half-hour when he was to have a medicine given him. I did

so. At two o'clock I heard him say, "Thank you, thank you!" All that night his groans were dreadful; I could only lie in my berth and listen to them, for illness rendered me powerless. By degrees, his moanings subsided into low convulsive sobs; they grew fainter and fainter, and became calmed into a gentle breathing, as though the sufferer slept. I was worn out, and lost all consciousness. From this state of stupor (for I can hardly call it sleep) I was roused by the steward, at a little past four on the morning of the 14th of May, calling me by name. He came to inform me that "*Mr Lewis was no more.*"

With all the decencies that can be observed on such an occasion, the corpse of our lamented and regretted fellow-passenger, having been placed in a proper coffin, at that impressive sentence in the form of burial at sea, "*We commit our brother to the deep!*" was gently lowered into its ocean-tomb. Never shall I forget the sound of the splashing waters, as, for an instant, the ingulfing wave closed over his remains!

"Oh! that sound did knock

Against my very heart."

The coffin, encased in its shroud-like hammock, rose again almost immediately; the end of the hammock having become unfastened, and the weights which had been enclosed escaping, the wind getting under the canvass acted as a sail, and the body was slowly borne down the current away from us, in the direction of Jamaica.

I remained on deck straining my eyes to watch, as it floated on its course, the last narrow home of him who had, indeed, been my friend; till—nearly blinded by my tears, and the distance that was gradually placed between the vessel and the object of my gaze—it became like a speck upon the waters, and I saw it no more!

Such is the sketch I have been able to afford of my acquaintance with this warm-hearted man. It is an incident in my life that I shall ever recur to with feelings of the deepest gratitude, mingled with regret for the untimely loss of a friend, whose character, I think, was never duly appreciated or properly understood; and whose eccentricities were more frequently canvassed and wondered at, than the goodness of heart and benevolence of purpose acknowledged, which was hidden beneath the singularities of his genius.

We could not leave the memory of Lewis with a more grateful impression on the mind of the reader, than is made by this lady's simple statement. It completely vindicates our opinion of Lewis—the dandy and fopling—the *pet lion*—having participated in a finer nature than either his writings or his position in society indicate. We must be pardoned for having, in this notice, left out everything that is merely amusing, or of literary interest, to give place to what is characteristic and genial. A piece of *genuine* biography rarely comes before us, and this, however imperfect, is real.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Historical Memorials relating to the Independents and Congregationalists: From their Rise to the Restoration of the Monarchy, A. D. 1660. By Benjamin Hanbury. Vol. I. 8vo. Pp. 588. London. 1839.

This is a work of very profound research and accurate information—the result of a long-continued and thoroughly *con-amors* endeavour to gather up the scattered fragments of denominational literature and history, which the fury of persecution and the tooth of time have spared to the religious body of which the author is a member. It is not so much a formal history of the Inde-

pendent sect in England, as a connected series of notices of the character, conduct, and fortunes of its more distinguished founders and leaders up to the period specified on the title-page; of the opinions they held, the works they composed, the controversies in which they were engaged, the successes or failures with which they met, and the influence each appears to have exercised, so far as that can be traced, upon the fates of his party, or upon the age in which he lived. Mr Hanbury has sought to accomplish this object, chiefly by presenting his readers with copious extracts from works written and published at the time of which his narrative treats, many of which are so scarce, that none but such indefatigable collectors

and inquirers as Mr H. so much as know of their existence. If this render his work less attractive to the more general reader, it will vastly enhance its value to the careful student of English history, whether Ecclesiastical or Civil. Little has hitherto been known of the internal history of the somewhat unobtrusive, but, withal, powerfully operative body to which this work relates; and this, not from indifference to the influence they have had upon the progress of civil and social improvement in England—for this no inquirer who makes the slightest pretensions to impartiality can overlook—but from the comparative deficiency of adequate materials for the formation of a full and correct detail of their affairs and fortunes. That deficiency is now in a great measure supplied in the work before us; at any rate, sufficient materials are now before the world to enable every one to form a correct opinion of the peculiarities by which the Independents are distinguished, and of the circumstances under which they have arisen to their present place among the religious denominations in this country. We congratulate Mr Hanbury on the manner in which he has discharged his labour of love and duty, and most cordially with him rejoice in his “having drawn from their long night of repose, treasures inestimable, retaining the charms of pristine freshness; relics of mind and conduct in bygone ages, and testimonies of superior wisdom, though not always,” as he honestly adds, “of perfect sobriety.”

The Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China.

By the Rev. A. S. Thelwall of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Celestial Dynasty, assuming opium to be a most deleterious drug—destructive of the health and morals of its consumers, and, moreover, draining the empire of its silver and gold coin—have forbidden its use, under severe penalties, and prohibited its cultivation and importation. European cupidity, on the one hand, and the fondness of the Chinese people for opium, on the other, set penalties and prohibitions at defiance; and a most lucrative new branch of trade between India and China is, smuggling in the opium now extensively raised in Bengal, in spite of the laws and regulations of the empire, and, as Mr Thelwall labours to shew, in violation of the laws of morality and religion. He makes out a strong case—that is, admitting opium to be really the pernicious commodity described, and likewise, that severe prohibitions are the best way to put down smuggling, or prevent the taste for opium or anything else from spreading. Was not as much said against tobacco, tea, coffee, nay, even potatoes, on their first introduction, as is now said against opium, one of the best medicines that is known, though, haply, like every other sublunary blessing, liable to excessive abuse. If, however, the facts, collected from different and apparently authentic sources, by which Mr Thelwall supports his case, are admitted, we do not see upon what pretext the opium trade with China can be defended, independently altogether of its being illicit. We should feel comparatively little shame or remorse at our India merchants smuggling all innocent and useful commodities into China, desired by the people, whatever the Emperor might decree about their admission. The boldness and effrontery with which the trade is carried on, in defiance of the government, must be exceedingly irritating; but it may have the effect of teaching them a more liberal policy in dealing with their multitudinous subjects. We may now fairly anticipate an anti-opium agitation in England, and then the truth will be sure to come out.

Floreston; or, The New Lord of the Manor.

We would approve this “Tale of Humanity” for its benevolent purpose, although it possessed no other merit. It is a kind of Radical and philosophical romance; and, although Floreston is not quite our Utopia, a great deal too much depending upon the personal character of the Lord of the Manor for the time being, and his wife, to ensure the continued working of the new system, there is very much to love and admire in its details, and much truth and beauty in the faithful painting of the village characters, both in their original and their renewed state. One family, that of the old miller, whose daughter the Lord of Floreston marries, is quite a gem. We ought to take a special interest in the manor and its inhabitants, as we perceive that many of our most valued contributors have lately been paying a visit to the philanthropic Dove-dale, and inspecting his farms, schools, concert-rooms, &c. We wish we could at present give an ampler account of this unique work, which possesses very considerable literary merit, besides its higher moral purposes. Though it is not precisely our Utopia, how happy would England be to possess such villages! Here the labourers are paid five shillings a-day; the children are as well instructed, docile, and well-conditioned, as those educated in one of Mr Owen’s imaginary parallelograms; the aged poor are brought home from the Union Bastille, and most tenderly cared for; there are no paupers—the very name is unknown; no sectaries; no bad neighbours; no sporting characters or qualified gentlemen, save the rat-catcher. The basis of the system is Christianity; and the rector of the Established Church is the only religious instructor. Christianity is held to be the perfection of humanity and good manners. There is, in brief, much to commend, both in the spirit and management of this tale, of what the rural life of England might be, if the great did their duty. We give a short specimen of the work, premising that it belongs more to the instructive than the entertaining portions:—

There is, in all parts of the world, some real or imaginary standard of human improvement, beyond which it is deemed unsafe to venture; and in these happy realms of Great Britain and Ireland, that standard, that happy distinction, is generally allowed to be lodged in the landed aristocracy.

And of the importance attached to the subject of human improvement, without which all other improvements are valueless, by the most eminent of that class, some idea may be formed from the prizes offered by an associated body of them, calling themselves “The Agricultural Society,” in some very long and dull advertisements in the public newspapers, so recently as August, 1838. The Right Honourable Earl Spencer (a name not to be mentioned without a feeling of respect) was announced as the chairman, followed by a numerous committee of dukes, and other dignified persons. They offered many and splendid prizes for the best essays that should be written on *black caterpillars, sowing-ploughs, the stall-feeding of oxen, weeds, gypsum, smut*, and other similar branches of patrician study.

In the mean time, be it remembered, that all these great people have extensive estates, in various parts of the land, with men upon them, more or less in a state of personal, social, and moral degradation; yet no prize do they offer for any essays on the simplest and best means to better their condition, although, in ameliorating that condition, they would best consult their own dignities, secure and render far more valuable their own property, and invest themselves, each in his locality, with that moral strength, which can alone enable them to ward off the rude shocks and assaults which the times, and their own works, are assuredly preparing for them.

All their prizes, like the above, have reference to the production of fat, and to the making and saving of money;

but nothing beyond. And though the condition of man is daily becoming more and more anomalous, not a farthing do they offer in the way of prizes for essays to promote his moral or bodily health. Nothing to dispel any of his old and dangerous errors; nothing to dry up tears, nor to soothe aching hearts. Maggots, with them, are of more importance than men. For them, human comfort and human improvement have already advanced quite far enough; and, indeed, though the lords of the soil advance in the natural onward course of events, unless they advance as leaders, in one step more they must be left behind, which would be a great social calamity: for whatever may be said of the importance of a working, a commercial, or manufacturing class, the importance of a refined, wealthy, influential, located, and leisure class is still greater. And the objects of this history, and of the various observations with which it is interspersed, are to supply rational answers to those important questions—How can peace and order be placed on the surest foundation? How can property be rendered most secure? How can the influence of high rank be rendered most exemplary, permanent, and beneficial to all? And how ought the leisure of the leisure classes to be spent? Certainly, it must not be a feudal, a priestly, an Egyptian, a lazy leisure; not a powder-and-shot leisure; nor a profligate, stall-fed selfish, barbarous, nor destructive leisure: in short, a leisure class neither can nor ought to exist, but by an exemplary, refining, and conciliating influence over all other classes.

But it will be said, "The landed aristocracy do attempt to improve the condition of their poor tenants, sometimes!" They do; but to describe their ideas of improvement, would be to fill up a page of this book very disagreeably and unprofitably, besides appearing disrespectful and ungenerous towards a body of persons, who, notwithstanding their rank and wealth, are really, owing to the bad education of their youth, to the stupefying flatteries which beset their maturity, to their constant subjection through life to a variety of tyrannical customs, and to all kinds of deteriorating habits and prejudices, very much to be pitied.

And the penalties for attempting to live, as too many of them do, in a state of warfare against all the better affections of Humanity, are as well known as any other facts in history, sacred or profane. For in their latter days, the most magnificent of tyrants have had the most to say upon the subject of vain glory; their own insouciance having fearfully recoiled upon them, piercing them through with bitter and deadly sorrows. It will therefore be more befitting the office of a historian, to pursue the narrative; to leave the reader, as far as may be, to draw his own conclusions, and to make such applications only as candour shall appear to warrant.

The improvements which this history was undertaken to describe and to suggest, must now be supposed to be advancing more rapidly than the history itself. Work was now abundant in Floreston. Labour, in fact, had become a profession, and a profession not without honour and profit. Labourers were now enabled to pay rents; and, as payers of rents, were entitled to have, and were accommodated with, neat residences. Such were provided for them in great variety; small, but replete with conveniences. They were set upon high ground, a good distance apart; each surrounded with its little garden, and by all that is gay and fragrant; so that, in summer, it was a flowery bower. The eye once habituated to simple elegances, the mind takes its tone from external objects; and for every refined and generous sentiment that a labouring man shall be encouraged to cultivate at his home, abroad he will display ten virtues that have grown out of it.

Personal filchiness soon became horrible, even in contemplation. The labourers washed themselves all over in cold water, in a morning, (for which, and their evening ablutions, every cottage was provided with a convenience at once simple and effectual,) all the year round, before going to their work;—a simple, but invaluable privilege, which the All-bountiful has given us, whereby to guard ourselves against that slavishly-dreaded calamity, called "catching a cold." And on their return from

work in the evening, by a detersive warm-water ablution, they removed those concentrated animal effluvia, which are formed into a kind of crust of chilled perspiration upon the surface of the epidermis, or outer skin, of the toilsome labourer—an insidious but active poison.

Fair Rosamond, an Historical Romance.

This traditional Beauty has been the subject of poems, tragedies, and paintings innumerable, but for the first time of a romance. The fact is, in the present dearth of themes, rather surprising. *Fair Rosamond* is an improvement on the author's "*Royston Gower*." His *handling* is broader and freer, and he has been more successful in interesting the sympathies of his reader, for his frail but lovely heroine. By a pardonable license, he has indeed saved her honour, at the expense of making Henry II. a bigamist. The King is secretly wedded to the daughter of the Earl of Clifford, from passionate love, which knew no abatement; but he afterwards, it seems, married Queen Eleanor from motives of ambition. The author has, moreover, endowed the secluded mistress with every feminine grace and attribute of sweetness and tenderness. The career of Becket contributes to the interest of a story of the school of Ivanhoe, and one which we venture to think will be highly popular among young romance readers. It contains all the elements of ordinary popularity.

The Banished,

Is the translation of a clever German historical romance, professedly of the school of Scott. The translator thinks that the waters of the Tweed cannot reflect a more brilliant hue than those of the Danube and the Neckar; nor the hills of Scotland be clothed with a lovelier green than the mountains of the Hartz or the Taunus, or the heights of the Black Forest; and that the maidens of Germany are as fair as those of "our own romantic land." No one will dispute it; nor yet the author's belief that Germany is not less rife in romantic events than other countries, and especially, can match the world in civil wars and intestine strifes. The period he has selected, is the struggle between Ulrich Duke of Wurtemberg and the Swabian League. As in "*Waverley*" or "*Old Mortality*," public events and characters are subsidiary to the personages of fiction, and to the interests of private life. The author has been no unprofitable reader of Wallenstein; and his fidelity to the costume and manners of the period delineated, is scrupulous even to homeliness. The romance seems well translated, and is well worthy of wearing an English garb. It is edited by Mr Morier, after the new, and we venture to think, idle custom of certain fashionable publishers, who fancy that a blazoned or an illuminated title-page is greatly ornamental to a work.

Argentine

Is an elegantly written tale, or fictitious autobiography, though its materials are neither very original nor peculiarly well chosen. The villain is a very black villain; the heroine, the most lovely and gentle of womankind; the father, all the benevolent gentleman; and the Jesuit, exactly like a thousand and one counterparts of Jesuitry. Matters proceed much in the ordinary course; and all ends well.

Temperance Rhymes. "*Inscribed to the Working Men of Manchester, in the hope that they may act as another small weight on the right end of that lever which is to raise them in the scale of humanity.*" Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London.

To the working men of every town and rural district in England, Ireland, and Scotland, we recommend the perusal of this excellent little work. We extract one from

among the many vivid pictures which it presents of the appalling consequences of indulging in the vice of intemperance :—

Though no blood is on my hand
There is murder on my soul ;
And a pale, pale spectro-band
Round my pillow nightly roll !
First, there comes my martyred wife,
With her gentle face of woe,
As it look'd when, " Out of life,"
Faintly sighed she, " I must go ;"
When so tenderly she told me
The past was all forgiven ;
And she pray'd she might behold me
In the happy homes of heaven !
Next there comes my little Jane,
With her wan and shadowy face,
Whereon the hands of pinching pain
And want have left their trace ;
Just so as in her tiny shroud,
Like a snow-drop, crushed, she lay,
When sobbing, Neddy cried aloud,
" Not take poor Jane away."
With a sterner look, too, he
By his little sister stands—
(Him they sent across the sea,
And he died in distant lands.)
'Tis the look he had that day,
When before the judge he said,
" Father drinks my wage away—
Hunger made me steal the bread."
Never more comes round to me
Night with pleasant slumbers bleat ;
Still these phantom shapes I see—
Still they trouble all my rest.

See ! they come, they come again !
Whither, whither shall I flee ?
Flee ? alas ! 'tis all in vain,
Till I flee from memory !

I. Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialects.

II. John Noakes and Mary Styles, a Poem in the Essex Dialect.

III. Grose and Pegge's Provincial Glossary.

We have classed these three works together, as they have a common character. Captain Grose's work is well-known. A supplement, by Samuel Pegge, Esq., in some respects a congenial spirit, is now first incorporated with the glossary. " John Noakes and Mary Styles ;" or an " Essex's Calf's" visit to *Triptree Races*, is the composition of Charles Black, Esq., of Great Totham Hall, Essex. It will be a sealed book to many, though the dialect presents no great difficulty to those acquainted with the spoken language of the eastern coasts, from the mouth of the Thames to the mouth of the Dee or the Spey. The poem possesses considerable humour. The dialects of Westmoreland and Cumberland are happily illustrated in a large collection of local poems and songs, intermixed with dialogues, the productions of various modern provincial bards and minstrels.

History of the Dukes of Normandy, from the Time of Rollo to the Expulsion of King John.

By Jonathan Duncan, Esq.

This volume is intended to supply a deficiency in our historical literature. It is meant to portray the English sovereigns, of the Norman and Plantagenet line, in their character of Dukes of Normandy, with only an incidental or subsidiary notice of their higher office. The history, from its narrow limits, is either a mere outline, or often meagre ; and it goes less deeply into Norman literature and the state of the arts than we could have desired.

Hints on Horsemanship, to a Nephew and Niece, on the Common Sense and Common Errors of Common Riding.

A well-concocted treatise this, by a master of the sub-

ject, who is an officer of high rank in the Life Guards ; but, as he does not choose to give his name, neither shall we blazon it, though we consider it a guarantee for the practical soundness of the *hints* and directions, and for the judiciousness of the author's remarks on all branches of the *manège*. The single *hint* we copy out, if a homely, may yet prove a useful one. After some excellent observations on the humanity, and we should say the intelligence, with which young horses ought to be trained, and enjoining the necessity for abundant fresh air abroad, and for ventilation in the stable, it is said—
" Horses, in grazing, must doubtless swallow much earth. Those fed in stables, and feeding only on hay and oats, will often, if allowed, when out, seize any opportunity to eat earth ; or, when first unbridled in the stable, will lick every particle of it off their feet ; or, if they can get at the wall, will lick the white-wash off it. *I think all horses should have a lump of rock-salt, and a lump of chalk, laid in their mangers ; and I very much doubt, whether, with this exception, they should, in any case, have any medicine whatever.*" The author considers that the diseases and unsoundness of horses are almost always owing either to too close confinement in ill-ventilated stables, or too much work ; and he particularly deprecates the use of all the patent horse-medicines. The little book is most elegantly printed, and embellished with equestrian groups, from the frieze of the Parthenon among the Elgin marbles.

Tour through Holland and Belgium, in the Autumn of 1838. By William Chambers.

This Tour contains a great mass of useful and popular information, given at *first* hand, and interspersed with many judicious reflections on the variety of objects which fell under the traveller's observation. Many of these were important, as Mr Chambers made a point of examining schools, manufactures, and public institutions, and other useful objects, which ordinary tourists too often neglect. The less need be said of the work, as it has already appeared in Chambers' widely circulated Journal ; and is so cheaply reproduced, as to be easily accessible to the *People*, for whom Chambers' meritorious cheap editions are chiefly intended.

The Life-Book of a Labourer. By a Working Clergyman.

These sketches are the production of the leisure hours of an amiable rural priest—albeit a desperate Tory and High Churchman. They are varied in their topics and interests ; and some of them embody either the real experiences of the author, or contain the reminiscences of those eminent persons whom the world would not willingly forget, with whom he and his friends have been connected. Among the personal sketches are notices of Coleridge, Robert Hall, and the late Mrs Fletcher, better known as Miss Jewsbury. What an unsentimental conclusion is the following to her romantic history :—

Her marriage excited the most unqualified astonishment of all who knew her. Mr Fletcher, though probably a very worthy person, was, in appearance, habits, and address, the very last man it was likely M. J. J. would have admired. *She* gave the strongest proof of her affection for *him* by accompanying him to India, whither he was going as Chaplain ; and *he* gave—so his friends affirm—the strongest proof of his affection for *her*, by marrying within eight months after her decease. . . . She died very soon after her arrival in India ; and Mr Fletcher, it is said, never wrote to her friends to apprise them of their bereavement. . . . It is, unquestionably, a fact, that no letter from Mr

Fletcher ever reached her friends, to apprise them of her demise; and, in the absence of all intelligence from an authentic source, they, with fond incredulity, persuaded themselves the report was groundless. At length Captain Biden, who took her out to India, returned from his second voyage, with the announcement that she had ceased to exist, and that he had married again.

The sketches are dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst, who will, probably, see nothing to wonder at in Mr Fletcher losing no time in choosing for himself a second helpmate; and who may, probably, consider as somewhat innocent the little stories, which we regard as amiable and pleasing, despite certain narrow views and small prejudices of their author.

Spencer's Travels in Circassia.

We see, with satisfaction, the third edition of a work from which we have received much pleasure. These travels have the zest and freshness which belonged to books of travels two centuries ago; when all was novel and delightful in the new lands and new races to which home-staying folks were for the first time introduced. Captain Spencer has improved this edition, especially to the politician, by the introduction of a considerable quantity of new matter, and of interesting speculation upon Russian policy, and the later events in the history of the patriotic struggle of the brave Circassians, for fatherland and national independence.

Urquhart's Spirit of the East.

A second edition of this singular book has appeared before we have had an opportunity of noticing the first. A review now would be somewhat tardy and uncalled for. We merely notice that, to be "not of the circumcision," or rather not of the Mussulman lineage and faith, the mind of Mr Urquhart is more deeply and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Orientalism than any native of Western Europe who ever appeared before the public. He pushes his admiration to the extreme of bigotry. Compared with his *beau idéal* of an eastern gentleman, he seems to regard those of the tight garments, the abrupt and unsettled manners, and the round hat, much as a Yankee trader. He bears testimony to the fidelity of Lady Mary Wortley's delineations of Turkish manners, and describes Mr Lane's late admirable work on Egypt, as not only superior to all others, but the only book, in a European language, which correctly represents Eastern manners. Hold him to his word; and Mr Lane's delineation of Mr Urquhart's admired institutions, customs, usages, elaborate courtesy, and rigid etiquette, do not offer much to charm sober-minded Europeans.

Mrs Hemans' Poems.

The admirers of Mrs Hemans' poetry will be gratified to learn, that the first complete edition of her works is issuing in monthly volumes, and will be comprehended in six. The first volume is neatly occupied by a memoir of the poetess, written by her sister, in the tone and manner which was to be expected, and perhaps to be desired, from the near and tender relationship between the authoress and her subject. The work may take its place, from neatness and elegance, with any of the late serial editions of modern popular poets. It is published by Messrs Blackwood, and printed at the Ballantynes' press. It will form a most desirable addition to the drawing-room book-shelves and the lady's library.

The Countess of Blessington's Reflections and Desultory Thoughts.

A pretty little book for a lady's table, which does much credit to the Countess's neat and epigrammatic

wit, and more honour to her solid judgment and knowledge of life and manners.

Answers to the objections commonly brought to Vaccination. By John Robertson, lately Senior Surgeon in the Manchester Lying-in Hospital, &c.

We should not have considered a treatise of this sort called for in our day; but as there seems no termination to the reign of ignorance and prejudice, there ought, consequently, to be none to the efforts of the humane and enlightened, in exposing error, and illuminating stupidity. The pamphlet contains nothing new to medical men, but, nevertheless, much that may be popularly useful.

A Tour in Connaught, &c., &c. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland."

It was understood that Mr Cæsar Otway—not the author of "Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discovered"—was the author of the "Sketches in Ireland." Were Mr Otway not so very Orange—or, to speak it more gently, not so very Irish in his Protestantism—we should have accompanied him on his Ramble in Clonmacnoise, the Joyce country, and Achill, with unalloyed pleasure. To others, his tendency to discover, if not plots, yet the seeds of discords, stratagems, and spoils, may prove no objection; while his lively style and good humour, if not good nature, which is a very different quality, may recommend him to many as a westward guide or travelling companion. Mr Otway has the advantage of being previously well acquainted with the country which he traverses; and, besides being thoroughly Irish, he is well-informed, particularly in the legends, and traditionary, and imaginative stories of his country. Having premised that the illustrative wood-engravings are desperately hard and timber-toned, we shall stimulate the curiosity of readers with a few racy letter-press specimens of a tour in the most picturesque part of Ireland, by an Irish gentleman.

WELLINGTON'S YOUNG DAYS.

The Boyne flows lazily here amidst sedge and reeds—appearing but the dark drain of an immense morass—the discharge of the waste waters of the Bog of Allen. A strong position in time of war—Lord Wellington knows it well—he has often had his soldier eye upon it, his paternal mansion, Dangan, being not far off to the right, near Trim. How different was the young, fun-loving, comical, quizzing, gallanting Captain Arthur Wellesley, when residing in his shooting-lodge between Summerhill and Dangan, from the stern, cautious, careworn Fabius of the Peninsular War; the trifling, provoking, capricious sprig of nobility—half-dreaded, half-loated on by the women, hated by the men—the dry joker, the practical wit, the ne'er-do-well—despaired of, as good for nothing, by his own family; from the redoubtable warrior of Waterloo—the great prime minister of England—like Julius Cæsar, a rōuè converted into a hero.

THE BEGGARS OF KINNEGAD AND ELSEWHERE.

Kinnegad is, like most towns in east and west Meath, "a lean place amidst fat lands." What a sleepy spot: few up and doing, but the cur dogs and beggars. The bugle of the passing coach sends its clangor along the quiet street; it reverberates amongst the mud walls and dunghills—the lazy cobbler lifts his head from his last, and scratches, significantly, beneath his woollen nightcap—the tailor lays down his goose, scratches also ruminatingly at the organ of destructiveness, and stares at the passing vehicle—the tinker's ass brays responsively as the guard blows—the sow rises from her wallowing in the green puddle that bubbles and feasters before the huxter's door, to grunt in unison—mendicants and cur-dogs rush forth and surround us, the one barking, the other begging. Oh, why have we not the pencil of a Wilkie or an Ostade, a Callot or Della Bella, to picture the grouping of a coach changing horses at an Irish vil-

lage? Here I challenge all the mendicant countries in Christendom to match me Ireland in the trade, or costume, or aptitude for begging. France, Italy—ay, even Spain itself must yield the palm. Where, under the sun, could you find such eloquence of complaint—such versatility of supplication—such aptitude of humour—suited, with felicitous tact, the appeal to the well-guessed character of the applicant? Observe, there is always a leader of the begging band, who controls the rest, and asserts a manifest superiority in striking the key-note of supplication. Take, for instance, the queen bee, or rather wasp, of the Kinnegad swarm that surrounded us—what a tall, sturdy, sinewy virago; her dark, unquiet eye bespeaking her quick spirit; her powerful form the danger of disputing with her; her sallow skin and sharp features, that the pabulum of her existence was drawn more from whisky than from wholesome eatables—alas! for the body, soul, and spirit of that being whose existence depends on whisky and potatoes! Look at her, with her filthy, faltering hand fixed now on the coach door, in the attitude of threatening requisition, and almost intentionally frightening a delicate female within into the reluctant bestowment of sixpence. Again, see with what a leer of cunning she addresses herself, in flattering guise, to an outside passenger, and how knowingly she *smokes* a youth with a cigar in his mouth; and, while coaxing him out of a penny, which he flung at her head, she played upon the puffer—offered to lend him her *dudden*—quizzed him for his parsimony in attempting to smoke and chew at the same time, from the same *tobacco* twist—and exhibited him off in the truth of his nature, as a Jackanapes. Then she moved off to the rear of the coach, and commenced flattering a farming sort of a young man, large, rude, and ruddy. “Och, then, is that yourself, Mr Tom! I hope your honour’s heifers sold well last market. Maybe it’s yourself that ham’t the pocketful o’ money coming out of Smithfield?—and long may your father and your father’s son reign, for it’s he that’s the good warrant to give to the poor. My blessing, and the blessing of poor Judy’s children, light upon him every day he gets up; for it’s he that never passes through Kinnegad without throwing me a silver shilling. Do, Master Tom, and the heavens be your bed, throw us a half-crown now, and we’ll divide dacently. Yes, your honour, I know you’ll be after putting your hand in your pocket. Molly, agra,” turning to another beggar woman, “what a sweet smile Master Tom carries! Isn’t he as like the dear man his father as if he was spit out of his mouth? But why shouldn’t he be good, seeing as how he’s the *rale* ould sort, none of your upstart jackeens.” Here a sixpence, thrown at her head, rewarded her pains; and immediately she turned to a respectable-looking man, with broad-brimmed hat and sad-coloured attire, who stood on the other side of the vehicle, preparing to mount. “Do, your Riverence, throw us a tester before you go, and soon and safe may you return, for the prayer of the fatherless and widow will be along wid yees—blessing on his sweet, charitable face—wouldn’t you see, Honor,” addressing herself to another beggarwoman, with the wink of an eye, “that there was a heart within him for the poor?” Here Honor interposed—“Judy Mulcahey, and bad luck to yees, why call the gentleman ‘his Riverence,’ when you know no more than my sucking child whether he be *clergy* at all, at all.” “Yes, but I do know, and for why shouldn’t I; dont I see his galigaakins covering so tight and *nate* his comfortable legs—blessings on his Riverence every day he rises;” and then, in an under voice, and turning to a beggarman behind her, “Jack, what matters it to the likes of us, whether he be the right sort or no—what *consarn* is to Judy and the childer, whether he be priest, parson, or methody preacher, so as I slewder him out of a sixpence. Do, your Riverence, do, and the poor widow’s blessing attend ye, throw something before yees go amongst us.” Thus she carried on her attacks—praised and joked—prayed and imprecated—now a blessing, now a blasphemy; and, when the guard sang out “all’s right,” and the coach drove off, she heaped curses, for sheer fun sake, upon all those

whom, for herself and fellows, she failed to put under contribution—and then for the whisky shop, to dissolve, with all rapidity, the proceeds of her morning’s occupation.

PHAURICK NA MULLAUN.

There is a man living in Joyce Country, who, from the number of bullocks in his possession, is named Phaurick na Mullaun. This man, though pasturing his flocks and herds on many a hill, is perfectly illiterate, and speaks no language but the Irish; he is of ungovernable passions, and has never yet spared any means, pecuniary, physical, or, it may be said, brutal, to attain the gratification of his desires. When attempts at seduction or abduction have failed, he has arrived at his end by means the most abhorrent. Living in the fastnesses of this district, his establishment is like that of a Turcoman Aga, and his bawn or farm-yard is surrounded by cabins which he has found necessary to erect for his numerous females; who thus being kept in separate lodges, are, in some measure, but not altogether, kept from cabals, feuds, and fightings. Scarcely a month elapses but the magistrates of the adjoining petty sessions have their time occupied by complaints laid by the respective women of this harem against their lord and against their frail sisterhood. For this strong man—strong in his position, strong in the powerful faction to which he belongs, makes no difficulty in divorcing one wife to marry another, and is in fact as great a polygamist as any Moslem. A few years ago this man was accused of some nefarious deed, and on this occasion most characteristically chose not to clear himself by legal trial, but by resorting to the wild justice of Casey’s sword. He would turn the Lach na Fecheen,* to prove his innocence. Accordingly on an appointed day he resorted to the spot, attended by a man whose business it was to act as a sort of priest at this wild rite, and shew the adventurer how he was to turn the stone, and what to say upon the occasion. Now so it was that Phaurick na Mullaun’s courage, when it came to the sticking point, altogether failed; for he felt his guilt, and knew that if he invoked the terrible curses of the Lach na Fecheen, something horrible would await him; so he proposed to his companion to act as proxy for him, and offered him half-a-crown for the job. It would appear that this substitution was not unusual, for the man readily undertook, for the promised payment, to repeat the necessary prayers, invoke the awful imprecations, and turn the stone in the name of Satan. Accordingly the whole was gone through, and no immediate mischief ensued—the proxy’s neck was *not* twisted awry—his face was *not* turned round to his back—there he stood demanding the promised hire; which Phaurick, base man, refused to pay, and would have put the whole thing off as a joke; but this did not satisfy the proxy; a scuffle ensued, a fierce wrestle came on, and though Phaurick na Mullaun was stout, yet the wild Joyce was stouter, and, besides, Phaurick had on a neckcloth, inside which his antagonist fastened his left hand, and with his four knuckles squeezed upon his windpipe, got him under, and there he choking lay, his back on the Lach na Fecheen. To save his life then, Phaurick promised, with an oath, the repayment of the hire, and, on being let loose, they both adjourned to a neighbouring public-house, and it was agreed that the half-crown should be spent on whisky: a quart of which, when produced, Joyce took up, applied to his mouth, and attempted to swallow at a draught, and in the act he suddenly dropped dead. There is no doubt but that the spasm of the *epiglottis*, or trap-door of the wind-pipe, was the cause of the fellow’s death; but all the people round attributed it to his being proxy for Phaurick; in confirmation of which Phaurick made off into the mountains, and a coroner’s inquest was summoned. My friend, who as a medical practitioner residing in the vicinity was called in professionally on the extraordinary inquest, says that the scene was most imposing. The body exposed to view at a short distance from the fatal stone—the smiling lake beneath—the surrounding mountains, reposing in all the

* Query, *Clach*, or Stone. This Stone is a wild ordeal, still sometimes tried by the common people, somewhat similar to the Black Stones of Icolmkill.—E. T. M.

changeable varieties of light and shade—the occasional keening of the wild mountain women—loud voices, at times, of the leaders of the rival clans, as they passed their conflicting judgments on this fatal occasion; all this was calculated to fasten on the memory, and there leave a vivid impression of the *Lach na Fecheen*.

AN IRISH SMUGGLER.

A man who was known to have a large mountain farm and extensive homestead in these hills was observed very frequently to ride into the town of B——, and he never made his appearance without a woman, supposed to be his wife, jogging steadily and uprightly on a pillion behind him. He was tall and gaunt in look—*she* large and rotund, and encumbered, as is the mode of all country wives, with a multitude of petticoats; they always rode into the yard of a man who kept a public-house, and before they alighted off their horse, the gate was carefully shut. It was known, moreover, that this publican acted as factor for this farmer in the sale of his butter; and so, for a length of time, things went on in a quiet and easy way, until one day it so happened (as, indeed, it is very common for idlers in a very idle country town to stand making remarks on the people as they come by) that the gauger, the innkeeper, and a squireen were lounging away their day, when the farmer slowly paced by, with his everlasting wife behind him. "Well," says the squireen, "of all the women I ever saw bumping on a pillion, that lump of a woman sits the awkwardest; she don't sit like a *nathural* born *crathur* at all; and do you see how modest she is, what with her flapped down beaver hat, and all the frills and fallals about her, not an inch of her sweet face is to be seen no more than an owl from out the ivy. I have a great mind to run up alongside of her and give her a pinch in the toe, to make old buckram look about her for once."—"O let her alone," says the innkeeper; "they're a decent couple from Joyce country. I'll be bound, what makes her sit so stiff, is all the eggs she is biingin' in to Mrs O'Mealy, who factors the butter for them." There was, while he said this, a cunning leer about the innkeeper's mouth, as much as to denote that there was, to his knowledge, however he came by it, something mysterious about this said couple; this was not lost on the subtle gauger, and he thought it no harm just to try more about the matter; and so he says in a frolicsome way—"Why then, for curiosity sake, I will just run up to them and give the mistress a pinch—somewhere—she won't notice me at all in the crowd, and maybe then she'll look up, and we'll see her own purty face." Accordingly, no sooner said than done—he ran over to where the farmer was getting on slowly through the market crowd; and, on the side of the pillion to which the woman's back was turned, attempted to give a sly pinch; but he might as well have pinched a pitcher; nor did the woman even lift up her head, or ask who is it that's hurting me. This emboldened him to give another knock with his knuckles; and this assault he found not opposed, as it should be, by petticoats and *flesh*, but by, what he felt to be, petticoats and *metal*. This is queer, thought the gauger—he now was more bold; and, with the butt-end of his walking-stick, he hit what was so hard a bang which sounded as if he had struck a tin pot. "Stop here, honest man," cried the gauger. "Let my wife alone, will you, before the people," cried the farmer. "Not till I see what this honest woman is made of," roared the gauger. So he pulled, and the farmer dug his heels into his colt to get on, but all would not do—in the struggle down came the wife into the street; and as she fell on the pavement, the whole street rang with the squash, and in a moment there is a gurgling as from a burst barrel, and a strong-smelling water comes flowing all about—and flat poor Norah lies, there being an irruption of all her intestines, which flowed down the gutters like pottewen whisky as eggs are like eggs.

The fact was, that our friend from the land of Joyce had got made, by some tinker, a tin vessel, with head and body the shape of a woman, and dressed it out as a proper country dame—in this way he carried his DARLINT behind him, and made much of her.

"Big Jack Joyce!"—what a small man compared with NO. LXVII.—VOL. VI.

the stature assigned by imagination, Mr Cæsar Otway has made of him! It is ever thus: a frisky young pig becomes an ugly sow; a frolicsome kitten a demure, selfish mouser; a lovely young woman a roll-about matron or a withered hag; and a Big Jack Joyce the man here described.

I got nearly opposite a building, about two hundred yards from the road, which seemed but newly erected; a coarse, raw, ugly, unfinished edifice, that had, amongst other marks denoting it to be a public-house, a rude, uncushioned jaunting-car, resting on its shafts beside the door.

Considering this a rather curious place for a public-house, I asked whose it was, and was told it belonged to "Mr Big Jack Joyce."

"Why I thought, says I, he lived at Leenane; at least so he did when I passed through the country some years ago."

"'Tis true for you, your honour, he did live ther; but attorney K—— put him out of it last winter, and here he is now, and he keeps a public-house, as he always did, and, as I suppose, always will do."

I was determined to go and renew my acquaintance with my big friend, whom twelve years ago I found in all his might and glory as "mine host" at the head of the Killery—so I drove up to Jack's door, and inquired for Mr Joyce, and was answered by a *very tall* young woman, not uncomely, who informed me that Mr Joyce was within, but that, as he had been out all night after cattle on the hills, he was on the bed asleep; but his daughter (for such she was) said, that if I desired it she would call him. I certainly did not like to go away without seeing Big Jack. So he was called up; and as he came, loose, unclean, and frowzy, certainly my giant did not appear to advantage; for, somehow or other, I had let my imagination play the rogue with my judgment, and magnify my retrospect with regard to this man.

The first time I saw him, (as I say,) about twelve years ago, he made his appearance just as I drove up to his door, bouncing over the wall that divided the potato garden from the front of his house; and, I think, a finer specimen of a strong man, tall and yet well-proportioned, I could not conceive. Such do not look as tall as they really are. The great bullet-head, covered with crisp curls, the short, bull neck, the broad, square shoulders, the massive chest, all open and hirsute, the comparatively small sinewy loins, and pillar-like limbs, all bone and muscle—Milo of Crotona might have shaken hands with him as a brother, and the gifted sculptor of the Farnese Hercules might have selected Jack as his lay figure. Such was my *beau idéal* of Mr Joyce, from what I recollected of him since my former visit. But now, though I acknowledged the identity, yet, certainly, the man was greatly changed—but still, though I am sure my fancy had been playing tricks—he yet was tall, stout, and able; but I am sure I know fifty English and Irish men just as large. Having called for some liquor—reader, I hope you will believe me, not to drink, but just to put mine host in good humour—Jack and I got into chat, and to be sure he was full of the hard usage of the attorney who had put him out of Leenane; but he said he had got where he was a large and good farm, and all he wished was to see the head landlord, the provost of Trinity College, who was cheated *entirely, entirely*, by his middlemen, such as attorney K—— and others; but if he could but once get a sight of his *Great Reverence*, he would shew him how acres, and hundreds of acres, are kept from him.

Upon acquainting him that I had the honour of an intimate acquaintance with the *greatest of all possible men*, EXCEPT LORD LEITRIM, you may suppose he was mighty civil; and taking advantage of that desire to please, I endeavoured to get from him an account of his family, but he really could not tell anything about them; he seemed to think that size was not so much the characteristic of the tribe or name as of his own immediate family; and to shew me that he had not been the means of any degeneracy, he whistled to his son who was in a distant field, who came at the call, and certainly a taller

and more comely stripping, of about twenty years of age, I have not seen. He was at least six feet four inches in height, and, I am sure, if fed on animal food, as an English farmer's son would be, he would prove a grand specimen of the human race. I left *big* Jack and his *big* family, receiving from them a thousand thanks for promising to introduce him to the notice of the new provost.

On my road towards Leenane, I met some persons with whom I entered into conversation about the neighbourhood, and about Jack Joyce. I found that he was not a favourite, that he was too apt to resort to his strength to settle disputes, when the *fat* he threw into the balance made the scale descend in his own favour. Indeed, he acknowledged to me, on my former visit, that, as a justice of the peace was a great way off, he used to settle differences amongst the neighbours, by taking the parties at variance by the nape of the neck, and battering their heads together, until they consented to shake hands and drink a pint of *potteen* together, which, of course, it was Jack's office to furnish for a *consideration*.

Before I go farther, I may as well tell all I know about this tribe of Joyces, that have given their name to this part of Connaught.

They were a troop or band that came over from Wales or the West of England, under the command of Birmingham of Athenry, in the reign of Edward I.: their name was Joyces or Jorse, and they were said to be descended from ancient British princes. Transplantation improved them in stature, for certainly the Welsh are not a tall race. This people not only settled in these western high lands, so very like those in Wales, but they became important in Galway town, and formed one of the thirteen tribes of that ancient and extraordinary corporation—the *merry* Joyces!!! For all tribes had their *sobriquets*, and perhaps a Duellist is positive, and a D'Arcy stout, (quere, fire-eating duellists), and a Martin litigious; and so on respecting each characteristic whereby they were formerly designated. Only this I think I have heard said, that however a Martin loved litigation in the good town of Galway, he allows no writs or issues of law to extend beyond his gateway at Oughterard, just twenty miles from his mansion-house.

Of the Joyces many were mayors and bailiffs of the capital of Connaught, and not only the men bustled and battled away against the rough-riding rogues, the O'Maddens and the ferocious O'Flaherties, but even the women were sometimes of *big* note; amongst others I may mention Margaret, the daughter of John Joyce, who one day going down to wash her household clothes in the broad transparent stream that runs out of Lough Corrib, and as she stood in the current, as did the daughters of Grecian kings in the time of Ulysses, who should come by but Don Domingo De Rona, a Biscayan merchant of great wealth and note, who had arrived at Galway with a carrack of Benecario wine, which was much in demand for doctoring the claret the Galway merchants were so famous for concocting.

Now, as fair Margaret beetled away in the stream, and as, with ruddy legs and untrammelled toes, (as straight and fair as her fingers, not a corn or bunion on one of them,) she trampled the linen, the Don was captivated with the maid; he made love as Spaniards do; produced proofs of his pedigree, and his cash, and in due time they were married, and proceeded to Corunna; but not long after he died, (as old cavaliers are apt to do who marry late,) and Donna De Rona came home a sparkling and wealthy widow, and by and by her hand was solicited by Oliver Oge Ffrench, one of the heads of that tribe, and in due time they were married, and after the marriage he became mayor and one of the greatest merchants of the city. He traded much to foreign ports; and as it was no shame to smuggle in those days, and as the good town of Galway never was allowed to be lighted by night, in order that smuggling might go on and prosper, so Oliver Oge was often on the sea, shewing a good

example of enterprise and free trade—exporting wool and importing brandy and wine.

In the meanwhile the Donna was not idle; she was the greatest improver in the west: she had particularly a passion for building bridges. She might have made as good a pontifex as Pope Joan, and heaven's blessing was on her for her good works; for one day as she was superintending her masons, an eagle came soaring from the ocean, and balancing itself with poised wing just over the dame, it dropped at her feet a ring formed of a single stone, so strange and outlandish in its make and form, but yet so beautiful and so precious, that, though the most skilful lapidaries admired it, and would have given any price for it, none could say of what kind it was, or of what country or age was the workmanship; it has been kept in the family since. I wish I could tell the reader which of the Joyces now owns this precious relic. All I can say is, that it is *not* on the finger of big Jack, or his wife. But indeed the Joyces seem to have been a favoured race; it is a favour that they should be named and known as merry; for he who has "a merry heart hath a continual feast." I assume it to be a favour also that they were under the especial patronage of eagles. One of the family in the religious and valorous times, when men went to fight for the love of Christ against the Saracens, a fine, tall, stalwart fellow, a fair specimen of a Joyce, had gone to the wars of the Holy Land, and there he was taken prisoner by the Paynim, and there the dark, gazelle eye of an Arab maid fell on him, and she loved his blue eye and MERRY countenance, which even captivity could not sadden, and also his large proportions, and she set him free, and followed her Irish cavalier through Egypt, Barbary, and into Spain; and there they were wandering as pilgrims in sordid state and apparel, just favoured with food and lodging, because returning from Palestine, when the guardian eagle of the family, as they were winning their weary way over the Sierra Morena, came fluttering over his head, and gave such signs as led him along a certain path until he reached a spot where a Moorish king had deposited, after a defeat, all his treasures. How the stout Joyce contrived to appropriate and make his own these heaps of gold, history does not inform. All it says is, that he came (I hope not unaccompanied by his Arabian true love) in Galway, there lived and died, and shewed his gratitude to God, and his love to his country, by building churches and strengthening the town wall.

I must conclude my remarks on the Joyces by observing, that Mr Hardiman, in his excellent "History of Galway," says that he has heard and witnessed many instances of the size and strength of the Joyces. "I saw," says he, "an elderly man of that name of uncommon stature and strength, who, (as I was informed,) when in his youth, elevated by the *native*, never was satisfied until he had drove every man out of the fair green; those who knew his humour, and also his strength, generally retired beyond a certain small bridge; when his caprice was satisfied by submission, he permitted them to retire quietly; resistance would not only have been useless but almost certain destruction, for nineteen in twenty were of that name and all related; when I saw him he was the remains of a noble figure, remarkably gentle and kind to every one, and heard, with great regret, the pranks of his youth mentioned." So much for the Joyces; yet still I say, that I do not consider that (take them now as a tribe or race) they are superior in strength or stature to the well-fed mountaineers, who are not pressed on for the means of subsistence, in Connemara, Clare, Tipperary, or Kerry. I have a mountain farm in Tipperary, and I will engage (leaving Jack Joyce and his son out of the question) to produce ten men off that farm as tall and well-proportioned as those of any district of the same extent and population in Joyce's country.

These random specimens will, we venture to think, more than establish all we have said in commendation of this sprightly volume, which ought to form the travelling companion of every one who lands in Ireland in the present summer.

* As part of the litany of the Galwegians, it was piously inscribed on the town wall—"From the ferocious O'Flaherties, good Lord, deliver us."

Self-Culture. By Dr Channing of Boston.

This introductory discourse to the Franklin Lectures of last year, is among its author's most choice performances; if, rather, in importance of subject, truth, and elevation of spirit, it does not surpass them all. It is a small pamphlet, published by Fox of Paternoster Row, at not an exorbitant rate, though it ought to be, for the purpose of diffusion, and will be, far cheaper. From so slender a brochure—slender in bulk, though weighty in matter—it were needless to extract much; but, to incite the class to whom it is addressed to a full perusal, we will quote a few passages:—

I have expressed my strong interest in the mass of the people; and this is founded, not on their usefulness to the community, so much as on what they are in themselves. Their condition is indeed obscure; but their importance is not on this account a whit the less. The multitude of men cannot, from the nature of the case, be distinguished; for the very idea of distinction is, that a man stands out from the multitude. They make little noise, and draw little notice in their narrow spheres of action; but still they have their full proportion of personal worth, and even of greatness. Indeed every man, in every condition, is great: it is only our own diseased sight which makes him little. A man is great as a man, be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures, these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt indeed to pass these by as of little worth. But as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless, compared with the common light which the sun sends into all our windows, which he pours freely, impartially, over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love, are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few. Let us not disparage that nature which is common to all men; for no thought can measure its grandeur. It is the image of God, the image even of his infinity; for no limits can be set to its unfolding. He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being; be his place what it may. . . . The truly great are to be found everywhere; nor is it easy to say in what condition they spring up most plentifully. Real greatness has nothing to do with a man's sphere. It does not lie in the magnitude of his outward agency, in the extent of the effects which he produces. The greatest men may do comparatively little abroad. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul—that is, in the force of thought, moral principle, and love; and this may be found in the humblest condition of life. A man brought up to an obscure trade, and hemmed in by the wants of a growing family, may, in his narrow sphere, perceive more clearly, discriminate more keenly, weigh evidence more wisely, seize on the right means more decisively, and have more presence of mind in difficulty, than another who has accumulated vast stores of knowledge by laborious study; and he has more of intellectual greatness. Many a man, who has gone but a few miles from home, understands human nature better, detects motives and weighs character more sagaciously, than another who has travelled over the known world, and made a name by his reports of different countries. It is force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral greatness—that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity. The greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptations from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully;

who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering. And is this a greatness which is apt to make a show, or which is most likely to abound in conspicuous station? The solemn conflicts of reason with passion; the victories of moral and religious principle over urgent and almost irresistible solicitations to self-indulgence; the hardest sacrifice of duty, those of deep-seated affection and of the heart's fondest hopes; the consolations, hopes, joys, and peace of disappointed, persecuted, scorned, deserted virtue—these are of course unseen: so that the true greatness of human life is almost wholly out of sight. Perhaps in our presence, the most heroic deed on earth is done in some silent spirit, the loftiest purpose cherished, the most generous sacrifice made, and we do not suspect it.

Self-culture, the proper subject of the discourse, intervenes, in its different phases of moral, religious, and intellectual; and also in its minute and subordinate relations and developements, in the cultivation of taste, in the perception of the beautiful, and the acquisition of accomplishments. Literature is especially commended as at once a means and an end in self-culture.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and those invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

Among lesser but most important subjects, the following is insisted on—and, although we have somehow conceived an utter horror of the *orationing* propensities and tastes of our transatlantic friends, we recognise the facility of correct and graceful speech to the labouring classes, as a talent which deserves all the commendation which the sagacity of Channing accords it.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice, and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigour may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are essentially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without shewing in his dialect or brogue, or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation; or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which, perhaps, his

native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language.

What follows is in a higher strain, though perfectly in harmony with the more minute exhortations :—

The common notion has been, that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work-bench, and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or day dreams, escape to the ends of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery! Undoubtedly a man is to perfect himself in his trade; for by it he is to earn his bread and to serve the community. But bread or subsistence is not his highest good; for if it were, his lot would be harder than that of the inferior animals, for whom nature spreads a table, and weaves a wardrobe, without a care of their own. Nor was he made chiefly to minister to the wants of the community. A rational, moral being cannot, without infinite wrong, be converted into a mere instrument of others' gratification. He is necessarily an end, not a means. A mind, in which are sown the seeds of wisdom, disinterestedness, firmness of purpose, and piety, is worth more than all the outward material interests of a world. It exists for itself, for its own perfection, and must not be enslaved to its own or others' animal wants. You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labour. I answer, that MAN is a greater name than President or King.

In reply to the oft-repeated fallacy, that mental cultivation renders men unfit, or inapt for labour—unfit, in short, for duty—we find this spirited refutation :—

You think that a man without culture will do all the better what you call the drudgery of life. Go then to the southern plantation. There the slave is brought up to be a mere drudge. He is robbed of the rights of a man; his whole spiritual nature is starved that he may work, and do nothing but work: and in that slovenly agriculture, in that worn-out soil, in the rude state of the mechanic arts, you may find a comment on your doctrine, that by degrading men you make them more productive labourers.

But it is said that any considerable education lifts men above their work, makes them look with disgust on their trades as mean and low, makes drudgery intolerable. I reply, that a man becomes interested in labour, just in proportion as the mind works with the hands. An enlightened farmer, who understands agricultural chemistry, the laws of vegetation, the structure of plants, the properties of manures, the influences of climate, who looks intelligently on his work, and brings his knowledge to bear on exigencies, is a much more cheerful as well as more dignified labourer than the peasant, whose mind is akin to the clod on which he treads, and whose whole life is the same dull, unthinking, unimproving toil. But this is not all. Why is it, I ask, that we call manual labour low, that we associate with it the idea of meanness, and think that an intelligent people must scorn it? The great reason is, that, in most countries, so few intelligent people have been engaged in it. Once let cultivated men plough, and dig, and follow the commonest labours, and ploughing, digging, and trades will cease to be mean. It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dig-

nity of the man. Physicians and surgeons perform operations less cleanly than fall to the lot of most mechanics. I have seen a distinguished chemist covered with dust like a labourer. Still these men were not degraded. Their intelligence gave dignity to their work; and so our labourers, once educated, will give dignity to their toils. Let me add, that I see little difference, in point of dignity, between the various vocations of men. When I see a clerk, spending his days in adding figures, perhaps merely copying, or a teller of a bank counting money, or a merchant selling shoes and hides, I cannot see in these occupations greater respectableness than in making leather, shoes, or furniture. I do not see in them greater intellectual activity than in several trades. A man in the field seems to have more chances of improvement in his work than a man behind the counter, or a man driving the quill. It is the sign of a narrow mind to imagine, as many seem to do, that there is a repugnance between the plain, coarse exterior of a labourer and mental culture, especially the more refining culture. The labourer, under his dust and sweat, carries the grand elements of humanity, and he may put forth its highest powers. I doubt not there is as genuine enthusiasm in the contemplation of nature, and in the perusal of works of genius, under a homespun garb as under finery. We have heard of a distinguished author, who never wrote so well as when he was full dressed for company. But profound thought and poetical inspiration have most generally visited men when, from narrow circumstances or negligent habits, the rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite unfit for polished saloons. A man may see truth, and may be thrilled with beauty, in one costume or dwelling as well as another; and he should respect himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual force has been developed.

Surely these extracts will induce many of our countrymen to obtain possession of this pregnant discourse. Dr Channing may not be the very best, because not the most practical of popular teachers; but this is unquestionably the very best of his popular moral preachings to the people.

Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland, with an Outline of the Legal History of Ireland, Chronological Tables, &c., &c. By Constantine B. Smyth of Lincoln's Inn.

A work this which can only have value to the profession, and to a few Irish gentlemen; but one which does much credit to the research and industry of the author, and which may be presumed to form excellent training-exercise for a young lawyer. We give but one of its facts. The salary of the Irish Chancellor is £10,000 a-year! One is not surprised at the "ruffling of the Volscians" at the bare idea of this office being bestowed upon one of the learned members for our city, namely—her Majesty's Attorney-General.

Travels and Adventures in South Australia; with a Particular Description of the Town of Adelaide and Kangaroo Island, &c., &c. By W. H. Leigh, Esq.

This fresh account of the Land of Promise is more deplorable than any we have yet seen. The author was the surgeon of one of the Australian Company's ships. He states that he "left England warped by no party, biased by no prejudices," and that it has been his endeavour to give a plain and simple narrative of facts. His style or cast of thought is somewhat flighty; and he may not sufficiently discriminate between the unavoidable hardships attending every new colony, and its ultimate chances of prosperity; but his volume is, we are persuaded, far more trustworthy than many of the sanguine, if not wilfully delusive statements of some other of the Company's servants. Persons intending to emigrate should

read everything, and Mr Leigh's book among the rest; but we have already so fully fulfilled honest and necessary duty in warning South Australian emigrants, that we do not consider it worth while to return to the charge, and therefore forbear quoting Mr Leigh's adventures and experiences.

Rhymes for the Nursery.

This is a very pretty book, very pretty, simple verses; very neat and nicely designed illustrative woodengravings. Everything is pleasing to the eye, and to the ear nothing

offensive save such rhymes, as *papa-er*, and *are*; *far* and *mamma-r*; fellow (*feller*.) and *tell her*, which ought not to be admissible into the well-ordered nursery, and which disfigures an otherwise very nice little book. We do not affirm that the correct rhymes are accompanied by the printed vulgarisms; but the latter follow as a matter of course. They are necessitated by the rhyme.

Charles' Discoveries

Is a nice little book of natural history for young children, with lively cuts.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

Those who expected that the Ministry, on their reinstatement in office, would adopt the principles of Progressive Reform, have been signally disappointed, as we anticipated in last Register. The country is likely to obtain no beneficial measure except the Penny Postage; and this has been extorted from Ministers by the persevering and skilful agitation of its supporters. The Whigs have become more than ever the mere tools of the Tories; not venturing even to bring forward measures which are disagreeable to the Opposition, and carrying through for them measures which would hardly be proposed to Parliament were the situation of parties reversed. What must be sufficiently provoking, the Tories boast openly that they have the real influence of Government. At a Tory dinner, in Merchant Tailors' Hall, Sir Robert Peel said—"I know that political power and influence over the State are not the exclusive appendages of office at present; and I cannot but feel that, backed by your kindness, aided by the powerful talents of those joined with me, and supported by the voice of the public, I cannot but feel, I cannot conceal from myself and from you, that though not in office, we nightly, and night after night, exercise that power, and make use of that influence. You may depend upon it, that we will persevere in the steady upholding of the prerogative of the Monarchy—in the maintenance of the just rights of the Established Church—and in resisting all concession to popular feelings, and popular clamour unduly excited, which would have for their effect to change the character of the ancient institutions of the country, and convert our limited monarchy into a wild and ungovernable Democracy." The Ministry, of course, can only do what their opponents allow them. The grant for education was first postponed and then withdrawn. The Canada resolutions, Tory as they were in principle, were withdrawn on the mere threat of opposition by Lord Stanley; but on the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell was permitted to bring in a bill on the subject, pledging the House to nothing. Ministers joined the Tories in throwing out Sir Hesketh Fleetwood's bill, for extending the electoral qualification in counties to occupants of dwellings occupied at £10, contrary to an expectation very generally entertained. Lord John Russell talked of making some minor improvements in the registration and rate-paying clauses; but, of course, nothing of the kind will be done or attempted, simply because the Tories will not let him. No bill with regard to church-leases or church-rates is to be introduced this session; and the general impression is, that everything will be delayed that can be delayed, the rest huddled over in any way, and Parliament prorogued as soon as possible. Notwithstanding the electioneering bustle which took place a few weeks ago, there is no probability of a general election at present; for the simple reason, that Ministers see they would lose instead of gaining by such a step.

Mr Abercromby having resigned the Speakership, and having been raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Dunfermline, a contest took place for the office, between Mr Shaw Lefevre, the Whig candidate, and Mr Goulburn on the Tory interest; when the former was elected, by a majority of eighteen, in a house of 620 Members. During the month there has been plenty of talking in

both houses, but we do not find there has been any legislation worthy of notice.

WHAT WILL THE MINISTRY DO?

This question involves another—What are the Ministers? Are they not, in word and deed, in the letter as well as in spirit, to the heart's core, Tories? Are Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington the less Tories, because they conceded the Emancipation of the Catholics; a measure of unquestioned advancement to civil and religious liberty? Are Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne, then, more entitled to the character of Reformers, because they conceded the extinction of certain rotten boroughs, and devised a measure which has yielded no advancement to civil or religious liberty; a measure whose impotency for good they strenuously and doggedly protect against the efforts to render it serviceable to Reform? Is there a single measure of Reform, bating those that Tories would equally give, which has not been openly repudiated or servilely abandoned by these Ministers? What title, then, have they to the name of Reformers? It is worse than idiocy to pander to this pitiful delusion. They who do so are worse than the offenders; nay, it is questionable whether the country has a better right to condemn the Government or its Radical parasites, who have pandered to a false confidence, and, with tortuous ingenuity, perverted each of the plainest evidences—nay, even actual assurances—of finality, into auguries of progress. Lord John is less a traitor than the preachers of "peace, peace," when he himself declared war to the march of Reform.

The declarations of the fourth June, coupled with the abandonment of the last lingering merit, the last shadow of distinctive principle in the education vote, have happily torn the mask to shreds which our trustful Liberals have persisted in holding before the Tory features of the Cabinet. Even to the plaintive petition of the philosophical Radicals, "Pray, pray, keep on your guise—do not desert us in the deception—lend legs to the lie, just till we ride over this one election!" even to the humble prayer of the men who have so often waded in the mud to serve the Whigs, the Whigs are obdurate! And the philosophers on their knees, praying for hypocrisy, have received their well-merited kick. The kick, however, was not "explicit." It is surprising to what an extent truckling renders men callous to humiliation! The cool contempt of Lord John Russell was no match for the tenacity of his parasites; so Sir Robert Peel rose to the assistance of Reformer Russell, and lent his vicarious vigour to the kick, and carried it home soundly to the ribs of the philosophers. Again, they were sure that the noble Lord did not approve—would not sanction—would give intimation that he did not sanction that very unkind kick applied in his name by the Right Honourable Baronet. But the Ministerial Reformer was silent. No Radical with a head on his shoulders has a right to be surprised at the present position of Reform. When the Cabinet refused the Ballot, the whole tale was told, and the sequel manifest. The foul influences were not denied to be swamping the electoral power of Reformers; the Ballot (demonstrably the best remedy) was peremptorily refused by those who had alone the power to give it; and no other remedy was proposed. Nothing but a power of delusion,

beyond the wildest hallucinations on record, could have rendered it necessary for Lord John Russell to put it in type, that he never intended the Reform Bill to prevent the Tories from resuming office, and that he considered the existing mode of election a fair test of the desires of the people.

These opinions, and the various acts in strict accordance with these opinions, were just as plainly revealed on the first two nights of this Session as they have been by the events of the last month. If Eldon and Castlereagh arose from their graves, and resumed office, we could not have a Government more conservative of abuses than the government of the Whigs.

What the Ministers will do, will be precisely what Tories in their places would do. The Queen has identified Toryism with personal annoyance. The Ministers have their own convenience to consult as well as her Majesty's; and are zealously endeavouring to soften her Majesty's antipathy, and smooth matters for a Conservative Ministry. Whether that Ministry is to consist of the Peel Tories alone, or with an admixture of the Whig-Tories—with, perhaps, Lord Melbourne as a Palace Minister to gild the pill—a short time will shew. It is manifest that the Tory-Whigs are not ambitious of the undivided honour of their present Ministerial position; and it is equally manifest that Sir Robert Peel, in common Conservative honesty, cannot ask aid for them from the small fry of his phalanx, without a due share of the flesh-pots of Egypt. In what proportion the loaves and fishes will be shared by the nominal sections of the ruling few, is of no particular importance to the ruled many, who are secure of hunger and thirst under any conceivable appropriation of pelf among the plunderers. Toryism, and Tory-Whigism, are equally the Corn-Laws, equally the sinecures, equally the taxes, equally bribery, falsehood, sectarian tyranny, and the plague and pestilence of darkness. Some few minor benefits—the Penny Postage is one—we are like to have, as sops to Cerberus, whether they are flung to us by Pluto or Proserpine; but we are in Tartarus nevertheless, and are likely to remain there.

Who are we to thank for this pleasing predicament? Not the Tories, who are ever our open foes; not even the Whigs, who took every occasion to assure us they were not our friends; who but the parasites, the self-deceivers, and the diligent authors of the maze of delusion, enveloped in which the people have been decoyed down-hill, under the deception that they were ascending to the apex of their desires; the men who have voted black was white, and hallooed for Union with non-Reformers—doing servile homage to a name—dancing after the *ignes fatui* of their own baseless visions—rendering Parliament and the Press the trumpets of falsehood—and neglecting an opportunity of forwarding the cause of real reform, which the lottery of circumstances may not restore for a century. The Corn-Law agitation was left chiefly to the men most apparently interested in its success, and therefore the least able to achieve it single-handed; while the Chartist agitation was abandoned wholly to the men the most certain to ruin it, and materially to damage the mighty power which the working millions, when rationally pioneered, indubitably wield. It was a crisis—the sole one this country has witnessed for many a day—which admitted of the blended energy of wealth and numbers. It was an opportunity pregnant with the elements of victory to principle. All we wanted was men with honesty and courage enough to take the open field; but our leaders were too intently occupied in the dirty by-ways of party, or in beseeching smiles from Lord John Russell, to head or heed the people. The times were not wanting to the men, but the men to the times.

ENGLAND.

THE TABLES TURNED.—A short time since Lord John Russell forwarded, to the Lords-Lieutenant of several counties, a letter, intimating that, if respectable bodies of men chose to associate for the purpose of protecting life and property, the Government would furnish them with arms. In retaliation of the committal of some of the

Chartists for drilling, they have been on the look-out to detect any of the "Russell armed Association men," in a similar offence; and they have at last succeeded; and four tradesmen, who had been drilling, are to be tried at the Rotherham sessions. Another instance of applying to the rich the law intended for the exclusive use of the poor, has occurred at Ilington. A great number of petty shopkeepers there had been prosecuted by the parish authorities for having their shops open on the Sunday; and with the view of ascertaining whether the maxim, that all are equal in the eye of the law, is of universal application, proceedings have been instituted against the Vicar's coachman "for exercising his worldly calling on the Sabbath," by driving his reverend master to church on the Lord's day, that not being a work of necessity or mercy, as the reverend gentleman was able to walk and preach on the same day. This prosecution has made quite a "sensation" among the carriage people; and we will venture to predict, if it succeed, that we shall hear less, from those in high places, about enforcing the better observance of the Sabbath. If the matter be strictly looked to, very few cases of necessity or mercy will be found to exist.

SCOTLAND.

COURT OF SESSION.—On the 14th June, the unusual spectacle presented itself of eight clergymen of the Established Church being rebuked by the Court for disobedience of the law, in ordaining the Rev. Mr Kesson as minister of the parish of Lethendy, after an interdict against such ordination had been issued by the Court. The clergy were distinctly informed, that if they ventured again to disobey the law, the punishment of imprisonment would undoubtedly be inflicted.

EFFECT OF MARSHES IN PRODUCING FEVER.—It has been disputed whether the artificial irrigation in this neighbourhood has been the cause of the increase of fever which has taken place of late years; but there can be no doubt that fever is always prevalent in the neighbourhood of marshes. Warden, in his account of the United States of America, remarks, "All low parts of the United States, along the banks of rivers and lakes, and near the borders of stagnant waters, and in marshy situations, where vegetable or animal substances, in a state of decay, are exposed to the action of the autumnal sun, are subject to an intermittent or bilious fever."—"In every low situation, where the rich vegetable soil is first exposed to the action of the sun, or where the water disappearing presents to its action a muddy surface, deleterious emanations are produced, which, ascending to the surface of a neighbouring hill, become the cause of disease there, as well as near the surface where they originated." He gives a great number of instances of fevers having broken out in America in the neighbourhood of marshes; and he also cites, from various authors, cases shewing the pestilential effect of marshes in Europe on the health. The Pontine marshes in Italy are well known to have produced for centuries numerous febrile diseases. Laccisi, physician to Pope Clement XI., relates, that in the vicinity of Rome, thirty persons of both sexes, and of the highest rank, being on a party of pleasure near the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly changed, and blew from the south across putrid marshes; and that such was its effect, that all except one were suddenly seized with tertian fever. An inundation of the rivers in Hungary, which covered many parts of the country with stagnant waters, is said to have occasioned the loss of 40,000 of the Austrian army. The annual overflowing of the Nile has produced the same effect, from the earliest times, at Alexandria and other places. In August, 1765, a continued or remitting fever was produced among the soldiers and marines stationed in the island of Portosa, in the neighbourhood of stagnant waters, and a great number of them were carried off. Warden remarks, that "the most extraordinary fact regarding marsh miasms is, that their influence is more sensibly felt on the summit of the neighbouring hills, than on the very borders of the marsh whence they emanate. An invisible and pestiferous vapour, which rises by its lightness, or is wafted by currents of air, hovers on the summit during

the hot season, and soon paralyses the strongest constitutions." He gives several instances where such pestilential exhalations had produced fevers at the distance of two miles. The short duration of human life in marshy districts, has been remarked by all writers on population. For example, the average duration of life is at least one-third lower in Holland than in England or France. In Switzerland, according to the observations of Muret, the probability of life, or the age to which half the born live, was as follows:—In nine parishes of the Alps, 47 years; in 41 parishes of the Pays de Vaud and Jura, 42; in 12 parishes where grain was cultivated, 40; in 18 parishes among the great vineyards, 37; in one marshy parish, 24!

But although there can be little doubt that the irrigation in the vicinity of Edinburgh must prove deleterious to the health of the inhabitants of this city, it is doubtful whether it can be stopped in any other way than by an application to Parliament. It was attempted in the year 1809, by proprietors at Restalrig, to prevent the irrigation, and the collecting of manure, from the common sewer which passes in that direction; but the Court of Session expressed an opinion, "that it was the right of the proprietors to detain all the alluvion in their power; that this had been done for half a century by every proprietor who chose; and that any proprietor, who had not previously done so, must be understood to have the option to do it when he pleased." The application for interdict was therefore dismissed, with expenses.

PRINTING THE BIBLE.—It was generally expected, that on the expiry of the present patent to the Queen's printers—which takes place on the 17th instant—the printing of Bibles would be thrown open entirely; whereby, as we will immediately shew, not only would the price be greatly reduced, but, in all probability, greater accuracy and elegance than has yet been reached, would be attained. Lord John Russell has, however, intimated, that it is the intention of Government to give the exclusive right of printing the Bible in Scotland to a Board, consisting of the Moderator of the General Assembly, two divines, and two laymen—all of the Church of Scotland. This Board is to have power to grant licenses to print Bibles, but under the condition that correctors of the press should be named by the Board, or persons to supervise the Bibles so printed to see that the version be correct. Another condition is, that Bibles printed in England are to be allowed to be freely imported into Scotland. The Dissenters very naturally object to this arrangement, as giving the Established Church a privilege they never had, nor pretended to claim before; and urge that the system of licenses will lead to favouritism and jobbing, for which the public will have to pay in the form of an increased price for their Bibles. The pretence for still making the printing of the Bible a monopoly, is to secure its accuracy; but one of the conditions of the grant is to be the free importation of English Bibles. Now, some years ago, there was a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the office of King's Printer; and the evidence taken by that Committee shews clearly, that accuracy in printing cannot be secured by patents and monopolies. Dr Lee stated—"I do not know any book of which it is so difficult to find a very correct edition as the English Bible." What in England is called the Standard Bible is that printed at Oxford in 1769, which was superintended by Dr Blyney; yet it has been ascertained that there are at least 116 errors in it. These errors were discovered in printing an edition in London in 1806, which has been considered very correct; yet Dr Lee says that that edition contains a great number of mistakes. The Rev. Dr Curtis, at Islington, corroborated Dr Lee's evidence. He stated his general impression to be, that the text of the English Bible is incorrect, and he gives a great variety of instances. Dr Adam Clarke, in his Preface to the Bible, states that he has corrected many thousand errors in the Italic, and that the Italic, in general, are said to be in a very incorrect state. Between the Oxford edition of 1830 and the Cambridge edition there are 800 variations in the Psalms alone. The Rev. Mr Horne, in his "Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures," makes the

following observation:—"Bookellers' Edition, 1806.—In the course of printing, by Woodfall, this edition from the Cambridge copy, a great number of very gross errors was discovered in the latter, and the errors of the common Oxford edition are not so few as 1200." Mr Offer, a retired bookseller, who had made a collection of upwards of 400 Bibles of different editions, stated that he was not aware that any edition he had examined was without errors; but Pasham's Bible, in 1776, and another printed at Edinburgh, in 1811, were the most accurate and most beautiful he had found. Now, it will be observed that the former was printed by a private individual, the monopoly being evaded by putting at the bottom of the page very short notes, which were cut off in the binding. The same witness afterwards remarks, "that there never was an elegant edition of the Bible printed by the King's printers. The elegant editions have been those of Baskerville and Macklin; and Hepenstall, and Ritchie, and Bowyer; and the whole of these were printed with colourable notes. He also stated that the effect of the patents had been to limit the circulation of the Scriptures; and that, if the patents were intended to secure the purity of the text and improve the printing, they had certainly been productive of a very different result.

With regard, again, to the price of Bibles, all the persons unconnected with the patentees, who were examined, gave a very decided opinion that it was increased by the monopoly from 50 to 60 per cent. Several of the witnesses were printers and booksellers, and produced detailed estimates of the rates at which they were willing to furnish Bibles, of the same quality as those printed by the King's printers. These estimates, together with the evidence of the witnesses, were most rigidly scrutinized, not only by the members of the committee, but by persons connected with the monopolists; but they were not at all shaken. Dr Lee produced an estimate of the rate at which an eminent printer in Edinburgh would print such Bibles as were printed by the King's printers; and the difference was very great. Thus the 24mo Bible, sold by the Queen's printer to the trade, in sheets, for 2s., could be furnished for 9d. An octavo Bible, with marginal references, sold at present for 6s. 6d., could be furnished for 2s. 10d. A quarto Bible, sold at present for 9s. 6d., could be furnished for 3s. 8d. Mr John Childs, an extensive English printer, thus sums up the result of his calculations:—"The minion Testament, which sells wholesale at 1s., ought to be sold for 6d. or 7d.; the brier Testament, which sells for 10d., ought to be sold for 7d., or 7½d.; the small pica Bible, which sells for 7s. 3d., ought to be sold for 4s. 3d. or 4s. 6d.; the minion Bible, which sells for 4s. 8d., ought to be sold for 3s. or 3s. 3d." He also stated, that the Bible Society have, since the commencement of the institution, paid more, by half a million sterling, for Bibles, than they ought to have done. A great mass of evidence, to the same effect, will be found appended to the report. On the whole, the result of the opinions of the clergymen, booksellers, and printers examined is, that the monopoly enjoyed by the Queen's printer is most injurious to the accuracy and elegance of the Bible; that it has had no effect whatever in preserving the purity of the text; that it has increased from 50 to 60 per cent. the price of all descriptions of Bibles; and has tended most materially to limit the circulation of the Scriptures. The plan proposed by Lord John Russell will lessen the competition in printing Bibles; and will thus perpetuate, to a great extent, all the evils which the patents hitherto granted to the Queen's printers have been proved to produce.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

Manchester.—The state of trade is by no means improved; it is most difficult to effect sales, and profit is not thought of; all energies are devoted to selling and producing without loss. Many cases may be cited where parties have embarked £80,000 or £100,000 in machinery, and buildings for cotton-spinners, and are losing hundreds of pounds every week in wear and tear, interest, and fixed expenses. Owing to the high price of food in

this country, foreign markets are gradually closing against our manufacturers. Lancashire used mainly to supply Russia with cotton manufactures; but, in 1820, cotton manufactures were commenced in Moscow; and now they are so much extended, that they supply nearly all the cotton goods consumed in Russia. Spinning, weaving, dyeing, and printing are going on with all the facilities which low-priced food, combined with British skill and British-made machinery, can give. Twist and some fine muslins we still export to Russia, but printed goods are strictly prohibited.—*Oldham*. The cotton trade in this town has become depressed, owing to the high price of the raw material, and the obstacles placed in the way of trade by the Corn-Laws. Four mills have been entirely stopped; twenty-eight are working short time—that is, from four to five days a-week; and only nine mills working full time.—*Wigan*. A great number of hands are wholly unemployed, and the high price of provisions adds to the distress of the poor.—*Yorkshire*. There has been a slight demand for coarse fabrics for exportation; the home demand for which has most materially declined, in consequence of the inability of the working classes to purchase clothing, from the exorbitant prices they have to pay for subsistence. This effect has been felt more sensibly in the agricultural districts than in towns; which shows that labourers are not benefited by dear corn.

Mr Spring Rice has renewed the existing exorbitant sugar duties: 24s. a cwt. on the produce of British colonies, and £3:3s. on foreign sugar. Mr Ewart and others wished such a reduction as would admit the latter into home consumption; but Mr Rice resisted, although he admitted that a reconsideration of the duties was desirable. They should be reduced to one-half or one-third of their present amount; and we doubt not that the increase of consumption would, in a few years—as took place in the case of coffee—produce more revenue than the high duties bring at present. Since the reduction of the duty on East India sugar, the consumption has increased fifty per cent. The discriminating duty between foreign and British plantation sugar ought either to be entirely removed, or at least greatly reduced, especially as we have paid twenty millions to the West Indian planters, and the price of sugar is rapidly rising. *The Gazette* average price of West India muscovado sugar, for the week ending 11th June, was 41s. 2d., and for the corresponding week last year, 34s. This is exclusive of duty.

INDELIBLE INK.—After all the efforts of the Edinburgh savans, it appears that indelible ink is yet a discovery to be made. Dr Traill's ink, as we understand the matter, is indelible only if written on unsized paper, so that it may sink into it and not be washed off, without the destruction of the paper itself. Dr Veitch's corrodes the paper; so that with either of them, there must be cloth, a stronger paper, or some other substance attached to the back of the paper written on; a circumstance which will effectually prevent either from ever being extensively used in practice. Within these few months, the Edinburgh banks have lost considerable sums by means of alterations on letters of credit: in one case, instead of four pounds, the real amount, four hundred was substituted; and several other frauds of a similar kind have been successfully perpetrated. The objections against using a peculiar kind of paper, as proposed by the Committee of the Society of Arts, who examined Dr Traill's ink, are numerous and obvious; but, perhaps, one of the most important is, that a letter written on the peculiar paper, would be speedily recognised by every one; the consequence of which would be, that the chance of its safe transmission would be diminished in a very great degree, and the risk of loss, which at present, in the case of letters of credit, lies on the bank, would, in general, be shifted to the public. We suspect that, in the execution, subscription, and authentication of documents, much more faith is given to the present methods than they deserve, and that the time is not far distant when very little credit indeed will be attached to a written document of itself, whether it be a bank note, letter of credit, or solemn deed, unless

there be some collateral evidence to support it. We are afraid that there is taking place in this species of defence against fraud, the same thing which occurred a century and a-half ago in the science of fortification—viz., that the attack is becoming too powerful for the defence. Before the days of Vauban and Cohorn, places fortified according to the rules of art were impregnable; but these engineers devised a system of attack which no fortress, unless situated on a high and inaccessible rock, or surrounded by water, could resist for two months. Two of the latest instances of this irresistible power of attack was the capture of Huningue, near Basle, in 1814, and of Antwerp, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, in less than eight weeks in the middle of the winter of 1832. In the same way, the forgers appear to have got too strong for the safeguard so long held to be impregnable, afforded by written instruments and signatures; and at present there appears to be little chance of their defeat. We observe that, in England, an ink made, or pretended to be made, from the oxide of manganese, is said to be indelible, after being written with “for a length of time”—how long is not specified; and we strongly suspect that the proprietor will not venture to send any specimens for trial to this city, nor subject it to the test of chloride of lime.

AGRICULTURE.

In all parts of the country the crops have suffered much by the long-continued cold and dry weather; and they are generally thin on the ground. Wheat, however, if we have a few showers of rain soon, promises to be an average crop; and the same may be said of oats and barley. Notwithstanding the dryness of the soil when potatoes were planted, we have heard of very few instances of a failure. Turnips were sown in the finest order, but few fields have yet braided. Pastures are barer than they have been at this season since 1826, and the hay crop will everywhere turn out very short. The red-clover is hardly to be seen in most fields; and as it has become, of late years, more and more difficult to rear, it is worthy of the attention of agriculturists, whether some other of the numerous species of clovers, or congenerous plants, ought not to be substituted for it. Some experiments ought to be made whether the steeping of the seeds of the red clover in some liquid before sowing, would not make them germinate more freely. Many years ago, Humboldt found that seeds, twenty or thirty years old, and which constantly refused to germinate, grew very readily when steeped, previously to being sown, in the following solution:—A cubic inch of water, a teaspoonful of common muriatic acid or spirit of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of the black oxide of manganese. These materials are cheap, and may be procured in any apothecary's shop. The seeds must be taken out of the mixture as soon as there is the least appearance of germination, otherwise they will be destroyed. This method of treating seeds, which have lost, in a great measure, their power of germination, by long keeping, has been repeated with success, by Jacquin, and other botanists, but has never, we believe, been applied to agriculture. The average price of wheat having risen, the duty fell to 6s. 8d., and 180,000 quarters were entered in London alone, at that duty; leaving only 20,000 in bond. This shews the general opinion of corn-merchants, that prices are not likely to rise much for some months. Some doubt has been expressed how far the lowering of the duty was fairly brought about. This much is certain, that in the twenty weeks ending 1st June, the average supply of wheat at Boston was 1191 quarters; but, in the week ending 8th June, the quantity suddenly rose to 6971 quarters. The machine for making drain-tiles, invented by the Marquis of Tweeddale, is found to answer admirably. With one man and two boys to attend, it will make 10,000 drain-tiles, fifteen inches long, in a day, and 20,000 of the flat tiles for the bottom of the drain. A man with two assistants, under the old system, could not make more than 1000 drain-tiles, twelve inches long, in a day. Hence the invention must lessen the price of tiles, and encourage the frequent-draining system.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1839.

THE LION OF THE COTERIES.*

WE took up this fiction, expecting nothing more from its *catching* title than, at best, a clever fashionable novel of the current season, 1839. And this it is, and a brilliant one; but had it not been something more, it would not be considered worthy of a formal introduction to the readers of this Magazine. In the remarkable novel of "Ethel Churchill," Miss Landon traced the career of a genius and literary adventurer, the real though the poetical hero of her beautiful and unhealthy romance; but her Man of Genius was invested with far more dignity and intellectual vigour than the modern "Lion of the Coteries." He too is a genius—all lions are geniuses—and, if a much less noble animal than the creation of L. E. L., he is one far more likely to be met with in the higher latitudes; so that the moral of the tale, if less pathetic, is of wider application, and, therefore, more likely to be useful to British lions and their hunters, exhibitors, and torturers. We are beginning to indulge a selfish hope that America may supply us with the greater part of our lions, as we, in turn, furnish it with stars. Meanwhile the genus, in its grand characteristics and nicer distinctions, has never been half so well described before. Robert Brandon is a born genius; he is of the poetical temperament; he is a vain, shy, sensitive, selfish, and feeble-minded young poet, educated in unfortunate social circumstances, and, as he grows up, gradually developing all the features of the *lion* tribe. A little more heart, or a little more firm principle, would have saved him; but, with a very slender share of either, though his selfish weakness takes the semblance of tenderness, he gradually becomes ambitious of the poor distinctions of lionism in fashionable and literary circles, and deservedly incurs the whips and spurs which every weak and low-born aspirant after such honours must sooner or later bear.

The moral of the tale lies deep in the morbid vanity and selfishness of what are supposed the finer natures among our species. Ostensibly it hinges upon the ridiculous folly of the female patronesses of literary talent, and upon the silly and contemptible pursuits, and sickly vanity and conceit of literary aspirants. And never, we

imagine, were warnings, lessons, and solemn and severe rebuke, more required than at the present moment, when hosts of young persons, much less favoured by Nature than "The Lion of the Coteries," begin to write before they can well read, or, at all events, before they have read more than Robert Brandon, when he composed those poems, novels, and dramas, which his chief exhibitor, Lady Garston, pronounced worthy of Scott or Coleridge. Were the thousand and one rhymsters contented with composition merely, no great harm and much good might result. At the worst, the infliction of bad or mediocre poetry could not extend beyond the immediate circle of the poet, nor be more intolerable than those indifferent musical performances which, by tacit consent, half the fashionable world is privileged to inflict upon the other half. "Listen to my ode, if I must hear your overture," would be but a fair bargain, and the world none the loser. But the misery is, that one and all must publish, and insist upon being read; and are seriously affronted if they be not exhibited, carressed, praised, and dandled as a magnificent if fangless lion. It is fortunate for "his own peace," when inordinate vanity leads the lion into the fond belief that it is the cupidity of publishers, or the secret envy and malevolence of friends, that prevent the approbation due to his transcendent genius, and that all the booksellers in London are in a conspiracy to stifle his productions, save the one who, publishing them, either neglects the work, or else enriches himself upon the plunder of the luckless author.

But the calamities of literary *lionism* form but one though the prominent feature of this very clever novel.

"How do you like my book?" is the question put by the anonymous author to the public after his friend had damped his hopes; and we venture to reply, in name of a large portion of that public—"Vastly do we like your book, combining, as it really does—and no joke—French brilliancy, with German pathos and that sound masculine stamen which is so eminently characteristic of our own favoured island."

And thus the wondrous book opens:—In a nameless county in England stood Merivale Abbey, to which, one mild autumn afternoont Sir Frank, afterwards Lord Merivale, brough,

* 3 vols. 8vo; Colburn, London.

home his bride. Their's had been a love match, for Lady Merivale was, it was whispered, only a physician's daughter; but then, in one word, "she was," in form and mind, "like one of Shakspeare's women;" and we leave it to imagination to fill up the glorious outline. In an old gallery-chamber of the Abbey, full of gorgeous antique decorations and pictures—to which the young bride and her bridesmaids were conducted by the lord of the mansion—two children were found at play; one was a thoughtful-looking and intelligent but plain girl of twelve years of age, supporting and partly bending over a sleeping boy, many years younger than herself, and beautiful as a slumbering Cupid. He was the little thoughtful maiden's nephew, and already the object of all her love and care—an infant Shakspeare: in short, an embryo poet, though he only turned out "The Lion of the Coterie." The waking eyes of the boy, who was roughly shaken up by Mrs Latimer, "the fat faithful housekeeper," rested on the floating vision of a stately and lovely lady; and by that wondering gaze were they first unsealed, and privileged to hold communion with the spiritual world of beauty and romance. Robin Brandon—for that was the homely appellation of the infant poet—and his guardian genius, Ursula, sometimes came, by the gracious consent of Mrs Latimer, to this grand old gallery, not to play, but to look at the pictures; and already Robin had singled out, for admiration and worship, a fine portrait of Sir Philip Sydney, because the housekeeper said he had been a great poet. The little sedate maiden, colouring deeply, declined the gold which Lady Merivale offered her; and, tying on the large straw hat of her self-chosen charge, she curtsied once again, and led him away, while the fascinated child stole one more look of the beautiful lady of his future romance. How so matter-of-fact, hard, and stern a man as old John Brandon, the merchant's clerk, came to be the father of the kind-hearted, womanly, and disinterested Ursula, and the grandfather of the embryo poet, would not, we apprehend, be easily accounted for upon phrenological principles; but Ursula's estimable character was probably of Heaven's direct formation, not of parental transmission; and as to the boy, with the weakness and vacillation of his father, "old Brandon's" only child by his first wife—as Ursula, after many years, was his sole offspring by a second marriage—the infant genius, with the feeble moral energies of his father, might have inherited the poetical temperament of his Italian mother. Her's was a melancholy story. She was the penniless daughter of a decayed Italian nobleman. Young Brandon had become enamoured of her while clerk in a Leghorn house, and they made an imprudent marriage. Shortly after their marriage, he was accidentally drowned; and the child, whose birth the young widow did not survive, arrived, to the unwelcome surprise of the regular, formal, and parsimonious old clerk, at his wifeless domicile. Shortly afterwards he retired to the red-brick dwelling, with its oyster-shell bordered

grass plat, and clipped cypress trees, in the vicinity of Merivale. As old Brandon supplied the vacancies in his matrimonial affections upon the same principle which led him to get a new leger when the old one was completely filled, he was now about choosing a third helpmate in the well-gathered Mrs Latimer, and hence the admittance which the children found to the Abbey, amidst whose glades and glooms the Genius was fostered.

Your Lion of the coterie is rarely, if ever, found in the first order of genius,—in that of genius, "resolute, aspiring, but cheerful also," or as a Genius who cheerfully fulfils duties to which he feels himself superior; or who, nobler still—

"The humblest duties on himself does lay"—the genius unconscious, and yet instinct with the feeling of his own powers, and of the immortality which, in spite of every obstacle, shall one day grace his name, if he work for and deserve it. Such a genius was not Robert Brandon; but let his fashioner describe him; for, though not intentionally, we fancy he occasionally rather overrates the morbid vain-glorious order, which, upon the whole, he describes with exquisite skill and discrimination.

He belonged to that second and (to the million) more interesting order of spirits, who are ardent, warm, and sensitive; worshipping, indeed, Truth and Beauty, but aiming how they shall make *themselves*, rather than their divinity, eminent;—scorning the world in outward deed, but, in heart, craving with an unhealthy appetite for the world's sympathy, and preferring even its enmity to its total indifference.

Brought up from his earliest infancy without toys—his only playmate in sobriety ten years older than himself, and a girl—everything in which he took delight, the books, the shows, nay, the very walks wherein he fed his passion for natural beauty, ministered to him surreptitiously, and at best scantily. Aware that an impassable chasm separated him from his guardian and natural protector, it is hardly to be wondered that he became self-engrossed at an unusually early age. Even at the early age of twelve years, there may be felt a passion for "the pomps and vanities," as strong as ever stimulated the least lazy among the epicureans. The same imagination which, at one time, steeped Robert in visions of rocks and waterfalls, of enchanted damsels and knights "pricking o'er the plain," of grim phantoms looming large over the mountain's brow, or milder angels floating in the last crimson of day—in another reverie would stir him up to hunger after wealth and magnificence, to think wistfully of the great ones of the earth, whose gratified wish was thrice valuable *because* it was far-fetched and dearly bought.

Robert had not wandered through the gilded chambers of Merivale Abbey in vain. Many a tear had he wept on returning to his hard little bed at home, while he prayed for but a dream which should change him into a rich man's son and heir.

The Genius was, on many accounts, unpopular at school. He was shabbily dressed, without pocket-money, and, if not cowardly, *nervous* and inept at ball, marbles, and leap-frog; victimized by his richer, ruder, and more manly companions, and loathing at last the very name of his unsuitable school. The social educational circumstances under which the character of the Genius was formed and developed were not healthy. His grandfather's excess of cold severity, and the equally pernicious excess of tenderness and indulgence displayed by his youthful aunt, had alike

fostered his selfishness, and the school finished their work. After leaving the hated school, the first trial of the boy of genius was being put apprentice to a merchant. "What would you be?" asked his tender, sympathizing, and strong-minded aunt, now a woman of twenty-two years, while Robert remained a dreaming child of fifteen—"What would you be, had you the power to choose to-morrow?"

"What is the use of choosing—what is the use of fancying things which can never be?"

"Never is not a man's word, Robin!"

"But my grandfather has fixed for me; I am to go into that hateful office of Mr Turnham's; where is the use of thinking?"

"Your grandfather has done his best for you; but why should you not do better for yourself if you can? For shame! to talk in that doleful way before you are fifteen. . . . What have you been writing all these mornings, when you have got up so early?"

"Oh, nothing—don't ask me," replied Robert, blushing like a girl.

"What a strange, strange fellow you are! To be sure I don't understand your verses—some of them—and you are wrong to make them all so dismal—but there's no earthly reason why you should say, 'Nothing, don't ask me!' to me! What is it about this time?"

"I'll tell you what it is about, Ursula," replied the boy, to whose taste the turn which the conversation was taking was very consoling—"perhaps a pair of lovers I saw walking across Church Meadow on Friday, and talking so earnestly—a pair of lovers, I am positive, Aunt Ursula! Philip Warren was one of them too."

It was now the maiden's turn to reddens.—

At sixteen, Robert was fixed in his mercantile apprenticeship, in spite of the entreaties and remonstrances of Ursula, who told her father she was sure he would not make a good man of business, and that he would be uncomfortable. "Uncomfortable indeed! I suppose nothing will make him comfortable but to turn a play-actor! Has Mrs Latimer walked down to-day?" Poor Ursula! her own private cares had been increasing, and those which sprang from the Genius overwhelmed her. There was a coarse step-dame in prospect; and her lover, Philip Warren, was unworthy of her. To a capitally-painted set of clerks, Robin was duly introduced. First, Mr Dickinson, who had a political bias, though no one could tell to what side, at home, as it was foreign dynasties in which he took the principal interest; next, Mr Wigley, a little pale-faced man, with weak eyes, and a head covered with soft fur rather than hair, and who had a propensity towards natural history, kept a dormouse and a bottled snake under his desk, and was the receiver-general of all the gigantic moths, or Lilliputian and queerly constructed beetles found near the premises; and, finally, old Mr Godsal, who was a bit of a beau, and an admirer of the ladies, Ursula especially; with Mr Ashmole, who was serious, and had been suspected of preaching under trees, on Sundays, in some of the neighbouring villages. He seldom spoke in the office, save to reprove Dickinson for swearing, or the boy Robin, whom he instructed, for reading profane plays. About this time, there came a rumour of Lord Merivale being put in nomination for the borough of Merivale upon the Liberal interest; and many gossiping stories in consequence

appeared in *The John Bull*, insinuating, among other things, that the admired Lady Merivale was no better than she should be, and lived on very bad terms with her husband. Among their political opponents was the Reverend Mr Russett, a jovial, gourmandizing, Tory parson, who, one morning, came to old Brandon, to fix the marriage between his worthless nephew and own Ursula, or rather to advance the interests of the Tory candidate. The Merivales had lived too much abroad for his taste.

"Too much Popery there, sir, for people to touch and not get a taste of! What with their Sunday doings, and their crosses, and their churches open all day, and then those Carbonated fellows in Italy—some of the first families mixed up with that, *The John Bull* says—and who knows if Lord Merivale has kept out of their way, even if my Lady hadn't had odd fancies of her own."

"My Lady?" repeated Ursula, in spite of herself, listening and interested at this part of the conversation.

"Ay, God bless her! she's— we won't say what she is, if all tales are true. Did you read the skit in *The John Bull*, sir, about her, last week? . . . Depend upon it, they're sharp fellows in that *John Bull*—nothing gets put in for nothing. I say, sir, that paper is a fine thing for the country; and those people who have married nobodies—what better is one to expect from them."

The reverend admirer of *The John Bull* had begun to joke John Brandon on the charms and other good gifts of Mrs Latimer, when the bashful old gentleman exclaimed—

"Pshaw! Mr Russett—do let us come to the business in hand."

"In a moment, sir, when I have finished my tea and toast. Business, at breakfast, to my mind, is just as much out of place as prayers at a wedding-party—and that's the Ranters' fashion, sir. When my cousin, Helen Russett, married Mr Macviper—Macviccar, I mean—there they all were, after breakfast, on their knees, and turning up the whites of their eyes—shocking! shocking! 'Good folks,' said I, 'there's no devotion here to my mind; and, as an old-fashioned clergyman, I can't sanction any such doings, so I shall go into a corner, and read the *Luminary*, till you have done.' Dreadful work, sir, those Ranters make of it! One of them took it into his head to talk to me about my latter end. 'Sir,' replied I, 'I am old enough to be your father, and have preached the Gospel these forty years. You never heard me tell, did you, that people could not go to heaven, save they went through my turnpike?' He'll never attack me again, I promise you.—Another cup, Miss Ursula:—you see I eat a country breakfast."

Ursula, overcome by that near prospect of the advent of Mrs Latimer which this conversation indicated, escaped to a charming rural walk, whither she was followed by her lover, Mr Russett's nephew;

A handsome young man, with a countenance rather gay than intelligent, and a liveliness in the colours of his dress, and a vivacity in his motions, which might have caused those who forget that in love, like does not always attract like, to wonder that such a youth should have sought to marry the sober, placid, thoughtful Ursula. Slanderous tongues, it is true, had assigned as reason for such a choice the pretty fortune it was expected she would inherit on her father's death.

The pleadings of this gay admirer for an early marriage were damped by the maternal concern of Ursula for her poor boy, Robin, between whom and her father she could scarcely keep peace. Her petulant lover told her that she was looking ten years older, and that she had worn herself out with her care for that boy.

"What would you have? I have stood in a mother's place to the boy ever since he was born—and he has a sweet noble nature of his own, if it had only fair play."

"I see nothing but selfishness, Ursula."

She winced as if stung—for what could prompt so cutting a remark but temper—selfish temper? But a true woman forgets and loves on.

Ursula refused to marry while her mind was encumbered by heavy cares for Robin; but, in her heart, she felt that Philip might have pleaded with greater energy and earnestness. The intended marriage of her father had made her a less desirable match to Mr Sparker's spendthrift clerk; and when, after a long distressing conversation, they parted, Ursula clasped her hands firmly together, and said—"It is all over between us!" Meanwhile, the contested election was coming on; and Robin, hating his employment and his companions, was daily angering his grandfather by taking long romantic strolls in the park of the Abbey, and composing poetry.

One of Robert's fellow apprentices, and his familiar, (Anthony Cherry by name,) is, take him for all in all, a creation which does more honour to the lively talents of the author than the Genius himself. The young man is first introduced in contrast with Robin, who is leaning over his desk, furtively writing impassioned verses.

"Well, that's poetry, I suppose," spoke one who leaned over his shoulder, and was not to be restrained, by any delicacy, from deliberately acquainting himself with the whole contents of Robin's half-hidden treasure. Never were two heads more strikingly contrasted than that of the poet, beautifully formed, and pensive, and gentle in its features, and the bullet-head—garnished with rebellious wiry hair, and shrewd, keen, dancing eyes, and an ugly triangular nose, queer enough to have been stolen from some ancient idol—which belonged to his friend and crony, Anthony Cherry. "Well, that's poetry, I suppose; and this is how he never gets his books balanced. Come, come, Robin, this will never do; Rockliff will be round in ten minutes, and I'll bet any money you are not ready for him. Shake yourself, I say; they'll say you have been out larking last night, and, God knows, what not."

"Oh—I beg your pardon—I am sorry—Cherry, is that you? What a dream you have disturbed me in."

"Hang it! what right have you to be dreaming this time of day—it's an old man's work. How are you to get on in the world with your dreams, think you? Come, let's see—I'll run up that column in a moment, for I'm sure, before I look at it, it's wrong. Bundle your poetry out of the way, and let me come. Six and four are ten, and—they say Sparker's coming down this morning in full fig to canvass the office—seventy-one—five—eighty-three—why, what a fellow you are!—nine and tenpence, not nine and eightpence. What's there? another scrap of poetry? Well, I'd rather not be you, if Rockliff gets hold of it. Have you a headach again, man? It's a shame—five thousand nine hundred and sixty-five pounds eighteen and tenpence. There's your balance for you—stick in the figures yourself. Devil take it! can't you even do that without making a blot? You've not got the right use of your hands, I must say. Keep away! I'll scratch it out for you."

"Oh, thank you, Cherry, thank you very much."

"So you ought. What would you do without me, I should be glad to know? and why couldn't you do all that before you began to dream?"

Mr Sparker, the Tory candidate, was the sleeping partner of this house; and the clerks were mostly voters, and ought to have been all

Tories. The ostentatious merchant, with his taste for the fine arts, is well described before he arrives to canvass them. Of Ashmole alone he was doubtful; but he reckoned without his host.

"Did you hear Ashmole?" said Cherry, taking Brandon by the arm. "Did you see Ashmole's tough look this morning? I fancy the Squire don't expect it; but it is not the last of the kind he'll get, I promise him. What are you, Robin? a Tory?"

"I a Tory! no, indeed, Cherry; my grandfather is a Tory."

"Ay, I thought your opinions would go so—that's the way many make up their minds. Well, I'm not a Tory either, though I don't know much about my grandfather. Anyhow, I'll be hanged if I'm going to work for Sparker."—"Work?"—"Work, to be sure; and what a pity it is that you have not a better notion of working, Robin. Lord, if I were you, I'd do something with myself. What was I four years ago? Why, a little shabby errand-boy in a printer's office—I don't care who knows it!—kicked out of doors because my father happened to have too many children, and my mother did not care about me because I was so like him. Well, they are both safe in Canada, that's lucky. Give me only elbow-room, and I'll get on, as sure as my name's Cherry."

And he did get on. His keen eye to the main chance, his high animal spirits, alertness, imperturbable assurance, and perfect self-possession, were ultimately irresistible. They were so from his very first start. He had had the luck to oblige old Turnham, the printer, in some small matter; but he was not going to be an errand-boy all his life, not he, nor yet a printer. He kept his eyes open, and picked up what he could, scraped and saved, and bought a book or two, and finally accumulated enough, by his industry, to buy a new coat.

"Never ask any one to help you when you're seedy," said Cherry, "help yourself, and shew you can do 'em some credit before you ask them to do anything for you. Well, Turnham was glad enough to have me; some of his young hands, I suspect, are but a heavy bargain! I'd not go on as you do if you'd pay me for it. Why, rather than do nothing, I'd even make money of my verses, if I could not help rhyming."

Robin blushed like a girl, to hear his art spoken of so disrespectfully! and to be told in the same breath of the chances it gave him of advancing himself! . . . He wished Cherry would go, and leave him to digest his thoughts. "Are you coming along with me to Merivale?"

"Part of the way, I am, for I want to talk to you. I say, let me have some of your fine poetry, and let me see whether the people in *The Flying Post* will give you anything for it. I've heard of poetry being paid for.—Write a welcome home to Lord Merivale—or a squib about Sparker; something folks want to hear about; none of your Masquerades of Silence, and so forth, which no one can understand.—Come you shall make a squib about Sparker!"

"But, Cherry, you don't understand these things—make a squib?"

"It's you who don't understand—Lord! there are plenty of good stories of Sparker—how when he went to Rossington, he took the Lady's maid for Lady Milsom—can't you get up a ballad upon that, and you might make it out that he kissed her; and how he got *done* in London out of a hundred pounds by one of those sharpers—a fellow who set up for a lord. I say, Robin, I should like to try my luck in London—they won't do me, though! Or make it about how he got drunk at the coursing meeting, and wanted to fight Colonel Green—and who made the apology next morning. Sparker is a sneak! he asked Turnham whether he'd taken me off the parish, and I heard Turnham answer, 'he'll be of famous use at your

election,—‘Will I?’ thinks I, ‘that’s not office work—and I’m booked for Lord Merivale.’—Always stick by a real nobleman, Robin, and not one of your would-be fine fellows, if you mean to get on. We’ll have famous fun with Sparker!—and I’ll take care he never knows who works him—Ay, and he grudged me the fifty pounds a-year they’re going to give me, and said, ‘why don’t you make that other lazy fellow work?’—Gad, he’d make a handsome lady’s footman. He was you, Robin—how would you like to wait upon Ma’am’selle?”

“Sparker make me work!—Cherry, I never tried to write a squib—but I do think I will try. I hope Lord Merivale will get the election.”

“That’s right! that’s politics! but besides having a grudge against Sparker, I am for liberty and no taxes!—Leave me alone, and see if I don’t get in with Lord Merivale—Ay, and you too—if you will do as one bids you, like a man.”

Robin’s conscience, or his pride, was dissatisfied with the task assigned him; but he wrote serious poetry, and *The Flying Post* published it; and the editor begged to hear again from his “gifted correspondent.” The Genius, besides dislike of Sparker, was secretly fascinated by the old aristocratic family, the venerable Abbey, and, above all, the stately and beautiful lady of the gallery-chamber, whose encouraging smiles were again, so whispered vanity, to be won by his verses, as they had been by his infant beauty.

It so chanced that he was near the gate of the Abbey, with his crony and master-spirit, Cherry, when Lord Merivale and his Lady arrived. He would have fled, overpowered by his feelings; but Cherry held him fast. His maxim was, never lose a sight when you can get it; and long after the carriage had swept on, there Robert lingered, dreaming, and spell-bound. They had passed in an instant; but it was enough. He had seen the sweet and never-to-be-forgotten smile which lit up the pale but splendid features of Lady Merivale; and he was an imaginative genius and a young poet, and his historian believes that to such a temperament the age of chivalry never will be over.

“Won’t you come away now, Robin? One never knows what to make of you geniuses. I’m all in a shiver with standing, and there’s nothing more to be seen now, I fancy.—You shall come along.—Well, I’m glad Lord Merivale is at home again, if it’s only to put Sparker down. Did you hear of his saying, that all the grand gardens yonder were only fit for a potato-ground for Blottingley? Can’t you put that in your squib? What a pretty woman that Lady Merivale is, I say!”

Brandon turned round, almost fiercely.

“Oh, you’ll move at last! come along then! and I shall make your grandfather and Miss Ursula give me a cup of tea, for bringing you home safely. But not a word of Sparker before him, and not a word of Warren before her, I fancy, eh? Does she know that he is becoming fond of drinking?”

Robin did not hear. Neither Cherry’s audacious self-invitation disturbed his reverie, nor yet the insinuation cast out against the temperance of his one only friend’s betrothed husband. That brilliant speaking smile was still before him, beckoning his fancy onward—onward—whither he stayed not to inquire.

They reached old Brandon’s house while a deeply agitating conversation was going on between the father and daughter, of which he was the subject. She had warned her father of the fearful consequences of his tyranny to the boy, and was quitting the room when she was encoun-

tered in the doorway by the complacent face and brisk civility of Cherry.

“Robin’s gone up stairs in one of his fits, and left me to find my way in.—Good evening, Miss Ursula; Good evening, Mr Brandon.—We saw Lord and Lady Merivale come home just now!”

This piece of news was Cherry’s salvation. He was invited to sit down—and then the old man, feeling, perhaps, the presence of a third party to be a relief, asked him to stay and take tea. Robin did not make his appearance;—he was busy up stairs, pouring out rhymes and fantasies, as fast as a shaking hand could pen them.

Cherry had bespoken a *squib*, but a legend was far more congenial to the young poet, and all night he toiled at the legend which was somehow to be presented to Lady Merivale. The biographer of the Genius must surely have had some personal experiences:—

How eagerly did the young genius toil that night! his pen flying over page after page, with delicious self-confidence, while the perspiration streamed from his brow like rain, and the passage of Time might almost have been counted by the audible throb of his pulses.

“I am wrong,” exclaimed he, springing to his feet, throwing the casement wide, and leaning forth into the gray morning, when his tired hand and burning eye could accomplish no more. “I am wrong and cowardly to bury myself here, wearing my heart out! I will go to London, come what will! Cherry is right—I know I shall be great and famous.”

He began to meditate breaking his indentures and repairing instantly to the metropolis, to become one of its great literary characters. The thoughts of Ursula pressed slightly on his conscience; but she was going to be married, and he could make her such presents.

Great was the disdain of the energetic Cherry, to find that the diatribe was not forthcoming. “Hang it, Robin, what is the good, I wonder, of caring for you? of trying to push you? If you could not make all the squib, you might, at least, have got up a sample to shew a fellow. But a squib there shall be, or my name’s not Anthony. I’ll post off at once to Grimsby, and make him, somehow or other, get me the speech of that P. Z. that makes the verses in his paper—whom all the women are running after—and he shall write one. He’ll do it, I dare say, for half-a-crown or less. None of those sort of folks know the full value of money.”

“Don’t be too sure that he’ll do it at all,” replied Robert, in whose ear the voice of the charmer could hardly have sounded more sweetly than part of Cherry’s speech.—“Running after me—I.”

A round oath of surprise cut him short.

“Me! by George! And so that’s the mystery, to be sure! Why, if that P. Z. be only you, I’ve twenty minds to take and do the thing myself. What can there be in it? Me! who can’t so much as add up a column of figures.”

“Try” replied Brandon, a little piqued; “but what did you mean about people running after me?”

“People! he won’t say women! ha! ha! ha! Why, Robin, do you think I’m such a donkey as to tell you? Let’s get hold of that squib, by ten o’clock to-morrow, and may be I shall enlighten you then. People!—Will you never grow up to be a man, and speak out like a man? Hush! here comes Sparker! Oh, it is to be all civility to-day too, seemingly.”

Sparker was all civility. He graciously gave the Genius a confidential message and a half holiday; and Robin, as of old, lounged away his hours in delicious poetic dreams, in the solemn avenues of Merivale Park, where every tree, every tuft of violets, were to him like old familiar friends. The Merivale post-boy—whom he had been tremulously expecting—chanced to take a

near out, through the park, and crossing a stile, met with and gave Robin a London letter; and, light-hearted wretch! whistled on, all unconscious or unheeding of the high import of the missive. Wound up to ecstasy, on the high top-gallant of hope, the Genius durst not yet open the document which was to form his title to a niche in the Temple of Fame. It could only be perused in one chosen spot, under his favourite fir tree, and in deeper solitude; and there, after a little "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay," the letter was opened:—

Alas! for his hopes. Alas! for his certainties. The letter was not even a written one; it was a printed circular, with blanks filled up by a clerk's hand, in which the *Editor of The* ——— "begged to inform the author of the papers signed 'Vivian,' that in consequence of their being unsuitable for his purpose, they were left as directed, at the office, waiting his disposal!"

The poor feverish author read this doom of his hopes full three times ere he comprehended its whole meaning. Then an intense and scorching blush rose to his features, as if the trees had been cognisant of his foolish and premature exultation; as if they could mock him for the wreck of his dreams, and whisper to each other jeers of the fool who had walked among them, and fancied himself a king and a ruler! . . . "If I were dead," he murmured to himself, "my grandfather would be satisfied, and aunt Ursula married; and myself—I shall never come to good."

"Oh! don't startle me so again," exclaimed a voice close on the other side of an adjacent tree, as much to his amazement as his exclamation had been to its owner's. "Are you come for me? why, there is nobody after all, and yet I am sure a voice told me I should never come to good."

There was another dreamer, in the *White Lady's* haunted walk, that afternoon; a young girl, also of "the poetical temperament," who had fancied she heard the ghost of Lady Hester Merivale, the subject of Robin's legend. As she fled, she dropt her nosegay, and a book into which all the P. Z.'s—all Robin's poetry had been written in a beautiful hand;—the whole book was devoted to the exulting finder, and from between every page dropped out her marks, rose leaves, and jasmine flowers, and wings of butterflies! and, dearer still, pencilled on the side, were many marks of admiration. Could the unknown owner of the book be the beauty of the gallery-chamber of Merivale? The dream, faintly indulged, was rudely dispelled. Lord Merivale, who rode by with his steward, sharply reproved the intruder upon a solitude where Lady Merivale was likely often to walk; and, finally, said, tossing a shilling to him, "And boy, as you are here, open the gate, and have the goodness never to leave the high-road again."

It was not many days after this that Lady Merivale read to her husband and her guests the *Legend of Merivale Abbey*; and, when she had finished, inquired if her husband would not like to know who had woven so romantic a story (which had been laid before her by the scheming Latimer) about the two old pictures in the wizard's closet.

"I think," replied Lord Merivale, in his driest tone, "that the writer, whoever he be, might have spent his time better than in manufacturing such ———. It is the little boy, I suppose, of whom you reminded me

just now; and so he is to turn out 'the mute inglorious Milton' of the parish, Isabella?"

His tone did not encourage Lady Merivale to proceed, and she wisely resolved to defer further mention of her prodigy to another hearing.

We intend to cut the fashionables, and all their scandals and *tracasseries*; also the electioneering, the politicians, and all their arts and tricks, and to stick to the *Genius*; but another group—the three Miss Warbles, as represented by Miss Warble, are irresistible.

The family of the Abbey, and their guests, were one day caught in a hail-storm, when out on horseback, and forced to take shelter under a stable-yard portal.

They had not been here two moments, before there issued from the portly mansion to which their shelter was an appendage, the properest of middle-aged footmen, clad in a rich livery, and bursting with civility and consequence. "His ladies," he said, with a flourish, "desired their best compliments, and were quite ashamed that it should hail so; but they hoped that the party would do them the honour to alight, and take shelter till the storm should be over. "Miss Warble," he added, "would have come out herself, but for her hoarseness."

"Miss Warble—does she live here still?" exclaimed Lord Merivale, in the blitheest tone his lady had heard for many a day. "You must have heard me talk, Isabella, of the famous luncheons she used to give me when I was a Harrow boy, shooting down at Merivale. We shall be most happy to avail ourselves of her hospitality. Come, Isabella, here is a charming opportunity for you to practice popularity-seeking. The best soul in the world! and a little blue!"

A few steps across a court-yard, and the pursy Mercury, throwing open a glass door, ushered the Merivale party into the mansion of the Warbles. Comfort was everywhere visible even in its outworks—soft carpets, massive shutters, doors, through which no wind could pierce. A rich, but not a coarse odour of cookery, suggested the neighbourhood of a kitchen, while works of art, numerous rather than choice, in the shape of framed embroideries, landscapes, maps, &c., hung about in the passages, proved that the owners of this paradise were liberal in mind, as well as in purse.

"O my Lord; O my Lady; O!" . . . was the greeting of the foremost Miss Warble, as she ambled forward to receive her guests—"What a pleasure is this—What an honour!" and a cluster of tassels which hung from her broad-spreading turban, nodded, responsive to her welcome. "I was saying, do you know, to our good friend the Archdeacon, only yesterday, that I really thought I might venture, for old acquaintance sake, to pay my respects to your Lordship at the Abbey—but now! . . . My Lady, will you allow me to present my sisters to you—Miss Joanna Warble, Miss Pyarea Warble," and two more turbans nodded sociable things, as the party sat down. Miss Warble, however, continued to be the principal speaker. Miss Joanna, in fact, was a trifle serious as it is styled, and not disposed to be fluent, save in her own coterie. She was, nevertheless, a pious charitable woman. Miss Pyarea had yet fewer claims on society; she had little to say, save to echo her sisters; but she had accomplishments—was indefatigably notable. The Queen had seen some of her cuttings in paper at a bazaar, and had asked who had done them.

"Now, I am sure, I had quite a presentiment at breakfast time—had I not Joanna? that something was about to happen to-day. Well, my Lady, and so you are really come back to make us all happy, by settling among us; and Lord Merivale, too, going to do our town honour. It is quite delightful: I was saying so to the girls this very morning. You've enjoyed your tour, I'm sure; but then you travel everywhere with such advantages. Now with us poor spinsters it is up-hill work. I declare, I always put Mrs Warble upon my trunks, when I go about—and it is hard, for I'm as fond of a journey as I was when I was sixteen. Would you not take any

thing after your ride? Agnes, ring the bell for Crombie. Where's Agnes Gray?"

"Here, Aunt," said a gentle voice, as a girl in deep mourning crept timidly from behind the shelter of an ample bow-window curtain to obey the summons.

"A little charge of ours," Lady Merivale, sadly timid and strange, poor thing; but she will be cured, by and by; and the sweetest singer. Well, but my Lord, I must not have all the talk to myself. And, so you really are going to be so obliging as to stand for our town?"

"I am glad you take it so kindly, Miss Warble; then I may hope for your interest."

"Surely, my Lord, surely. O dear, yes! my interest, indeed. I don't see, though, why women should not vote. Joanna, there, I am afraid, would be against you, my Lord; she's very fond of the Church, and we have our little disputes sometimes. But I'm a Liberal! I cannot bear being behind the time. Why, if the world goes round, should not we go with it? And our friend, the Archdeacon, when I say so to him, asks me how I should like a Republic. Crombie—luncheon."

"Lord Merivale remembers your luncheons, Miss Warble, and most tenderly, I assure you."

"I am sorry to hear it, my Lady," every feature of her honest countenance belying her words; "having come to an awkward age for remembrances. And so you have been to see Lady Lillias' tomb? I call that a great curiosity, and I am something, as you may see, of a curiosity lover. I like too to encourage the arts in my little way—Agnes Gray, fetch my box of fossils for Lady Merivale."

A suppressed laugh from one of the party behind her had very nearly overset Lady Merivale's good-natured composure; but the further trial of the box of fossils was spared by the entrance of Crombie with the luncheon, and the beaming hospitality of her hostess, who dispensed the riches of her table, cordially, but without officiousness—for Miss Warble piqued herself on having emancipated herself from "the old school" in all her proceedings.

Matters went on so well that Miss Warble ventured another step—an invitation to dinner to Lord and Lady Merivale.

Your own day—your own hour—our's is six. We have had the pleasure of receiving guests from the Abbey before. Perhaps Lord Merivale may meet a constituent or two. No one, of course, of the Blottingley colour.

"Of course, my Lady, we have no great temptations to hold out to you who have travelled, and with such advantages! but we have a few talented acquaintances, and . . . Agnes Gray, go and find that song of P. Z.'s, which I cut out of Friday's *Flying Post*, for Lady Merivale to look at—between the leaves of my album you will find it. There's never a bit of poetry worth reading in the Luminary, Mr Sparker's paper."

Lady Merivale rose. She, too, rather feared the reading:—"Pray, my Lady . . . this is such a very brief pleasure—a rose leaf wasted, as Tom Moore would say; but I dare say you have better claims on your time. But Agnes won't be a minute; I wonder whether she will bring the 'Sunset,' or the 'Ruined Well'—that's her favourite, Lady Merivale, for she always deals in the dismal. Must you go, my Lord; I fear Joanna has been letting off some of her tracts at you. She's quite a Dorcas; now, Charity and no cant is my motto! Well, if you must, you must. Piddy, ring the bell. I shall send you my little note in a day or two. My Lord, I wish you all manner of success. That's a shake of the hand I like! Make it a circular, and you win, or my name's not Christiana Warble."

"They went off, leaving the head of the house floating about the room, with a jubilant and nimble step; the last remains of a large store of dancing experience. "A sweet charming woman, a delicious acquisition, and as thorough a lady as ever walked! Here's Agnes at last. Sighing again, always sighing? it's the most foolish habit possible—but to-day it may be for your lost book, so it is not so very unreasonable."

Agnes Gray's sighing, however, was not totally caused

less, or to be ascribed to a discontented temper. The story of her birth was one of the many causes of the deep and suspicious resentment entertained by Miss Warble against the owner of Blottingley. Eighteen years ago Lettice Gray had been the confidential servant of the three whimsical sisters. Just then, too, young Sparker had passed the verge of boyhood, insolent with the consciousness of great wealth, which had come upon him with his father's death, and, flushed with that intense desire to distinguish himself as a man of the world, which has prompted many a vulgar and aspiring spirit to plunge out of calculation into the licenses, into which the more generous are hurried by passion. Almost enough is told.

The orphan daughter of the dying Lettice was kindly received by the three spinsters, and treated with the utmost tenderness; but she grew up a melancholy musing girl, and, even as a child, "sighed amid her playthings," and never got rid of the habit.

As the election drew near, a Radical candidate—a capital specimen—started in opposition to both Whig and Tory. Cherry, meanwhile, cheated them all. His character is an argument either for or against the ballot, we cannot say which. He looked with utter contempt on the ragged and haggard Radical tail of the Honourable Mr Pierrepont, though there was something about it which the young poet felt awfully impressive; and he looked with secret admiration at the gallant shows of the Tories.

"After all, Sparker's people have the fun with them. But could you have fancied them such a set of donkeys? They have none of 'em found out which colour I belong to. They have no notion, I warrant them, of a fellow being Independent!"

"That is, wearing one colour, and working for another," said Robert, whom thinking already sometimes made sarcastic.

"Ay, P. Z., is that you? I suppose you would have me kicked out of my office, before I have got hold of Lord Merivale's people! Why, they suspect you, much more than they do me, I can tell you. You sit still, and always look discontented. I rattle about with them, and make a noise, and all's right; but no one knows, eh? what a lot of things I have picked up for Merivale's committee on the sly."

The share Cherry had in the election, and his contemptible opinion of the pounce-box or Exquisite Radical candidate, who lost his election because he could not dine till eight o'clock, are admirably told. In the election tumult, Robert got himself severely hurt in protecting Agnes Gray, who, in going along the street, had been insulted by the Tory mob for wearing the Merivale colours. He was carried to the Miss Warbles'; and Miss Christians thus explains all:—

"Piddy was quite in a fright to see you when you came home yesterday with your bonnet all torn to ribbons. It will be a warning to you, how you lose your way again at election time. But I am glad to get my P. Z. book back again; what a surprise to see it tumble out when they took off his coat, poor thing!—so interesting; and with that pretty new poem, 'To the Unknown Lady!' You'll soon have it by heart, Miss."

For the first time, Robert wished he had chosen a more euphonic signature; but the dialogue, or monologue, was very consoling.

"Quite a little romance, I do declare," resumed Miss Warble; "quite a thing for dear Miss Porter to work up—Ah! that's a sweet book, her 'Thaddeus'; and I long to talk to him about it. We must do something for him, love—for he is not very strong, Mr Cherry says;

and yet he could fight like a lion to get you clear of those impudent tipsy creatures. Joanna, poor girl! had no such friend, when Sir Paul's butler kissed her by mistake, last election. I know what it shall be. I will ask him to meet Lord and Lady Merivale—I always love to produce native talent. That was he sneezing! Yes it was, I am sure—Just peep in, gently—very gently—for I promised his aunt (a very proper person she seems) that I would keep a strict watch over him. Do peep in, love—my hands are so full of this netting that I cannot get up.—It is quite proper.”

And in another instant the slightest possible creaking of the door was heard. A friendly aperture at one side of the bed permitted our hero not only to see, but to study the face which presented itself.

There is a delicious mute interview. The Genius was spell-bound, and the imaginative girl was already ages gone in love with P. Z.

“Every thing is quite still—I do not think he is awake, Miss Warble.”

“Why, then, I almost wish he was. I do so long to hear him talk; I wonder whether he talks as prettily as those P. Z.’s. What luck to have been the first to have found him out! I hope the Archdeacon will notice him! but those cathedral people are so proud! Miss Gillibrand would not call on that nice Mrs Pratt, because she said she was only related to the writer of Crabbe’s Tales!”

There was something that grated upon Robert’s ear in the last speech. But then it was something to be spoken of as a person of importance, a P. Z., who was fit for the company of the Merivales! It was deliciously flattering—a compensation in full.

Kind Miss Warble helped on the poet’s infatuation.—Sparker had somehow learned that his young apprentice could make verses, and, in a secret conference, he attempted to win from his virgin muse “a filthy ballad” upon Lady Merivale, of which he offered him a prose scroll, containing all the falsehoods and calumnies. Robert was brimful of indignation.

“Perhaps *ten* guineas is too little,” said Sparker, mistaking the cause of his silence; “throw in a verse or two more, and make it twenty. The labourer is worthy of his hire.”

“*Hire!*” echoed Robert; and the proud insulted Genius, rather than the well-principled youth, defied his master, who, in turn, ordered him from the office. Robert, in going, vowed that Lord Merivale should hear of his infamous scheme. Sparker called him back in alarm, but he would not return; and, as he passed out, all the clerks, Cherry not excepted, shrunk from their disgraced comrade, all save the puritan Ashmole, who was openly in opposition to his master, and on the Radical interest, and who now gave the trembling youth his arm.

A little time passed; scandal was busy with the good name of Lady Merivale; old Brandon had married coarse jocular Mrs Latimer; Ursula was breaking her heart in silence; and the Genius was the declared lover of Agnes Gray. Luck, or his own impudence and management, had, meanwhile, put Cherry in possession of a few of Sparker’s important secrets, and of Ashmole’s place and a large increase of salary. Miss Warble called him “a rising young man.” The day of the election arrived, and Miss Warble, at the Whig window, almost pulled caps with an antagonist Tory lady. A ballad, stuck upon the wall, attracted all eyes.

“They have got it,” exclaimed the young

poet, as a burst of derisive laughter came from the mob. “Mr Sparker forgot that squib-making, like everything else, has two sides.”

His squib had at last been written, and in the office of *The Flying Post*, in a moment of hot resentment, just as he had been dismissed from the counting-house by Sparker.

The reverend Mr Russett and his nephew, the profligate lover of Ursula Brandon, had been particularly active for Sparker:—

“D—— that squib!” hiccupped Ursula’s hopeful betrothed. “If I only knew the fellow that wrote it, if I would not break every bone in his body! Ten pounds!” continued he, raising his voice lustily, “to any one that pulls those affairs down before Sparker comes up!”

“Shall I do it?” whispered a voice in Robert’s ear. “Don’t turn your head, or I must bolt; it will never answer for us to be seen talking together to-day! Shall I? I should not mind touching the ten guineas, and I know the trick of the blind window out upon the leads from the next house as well as the fellow who stuck ‘em up! Sparker won’t be here for a while yet. *Snack* another squib as *I could* put you up to!

“Hark! are those the drums? I’m off!”

Robin got posted near Miss Warble and Agnes Gray, and a tender whispering conversation, most grateful to the poet’s vanity, took place, even amidst the storm of the election raging below. At the close of the poll Lord Merivale was found far a-head.

“How is it, how is it,” almost screamed the spokeswoman of the Whig window. “Not that there can be any doubt, though! There go the bells! John Tompion, the sexton, is a Radical, but that has nothing to do with it. Oh, all’s right! all’s right! Down with the blue colours—low enough, God knows!—they were always low! Dearest Lady Merivale, with all my heart I rejoice with you! A glass of water here, for Lady Merivale. No wonder we are all overcome!”

Robert darted forward to obey Miss Warble’s behest.

“Ay, that is right; that is just as it should be. Charming! charming! and, Lady Merivale, this is my friend—our young Genius—my Lord’s poet—Mr Brandon, you know!”

It was with difficulty that Lady Merivale was commanding herself after such a day’s excitement; but even then she needed not the recommendation of Robert’s name. She had a kind thought and a gracious word for the child of the picture-gallery.

“There is no time for anything in the bustle,” she said, a little faintly; “I must speak to Mr Brandon some other day.”

“Delightful! delightful! I knew they would suit. I told Mr Archdeacon so; *that’s* repayment for all, is it not, Robert?—the dear boy, he can’t say anything. Well, I love modesty. But here comes the victor.”

And Miss Warble gave him a hearty kiss, while Robert and Agnes Gray stole off in the bustle; the Genius, abstracted and silent, dreaming of the vision of his childhood, the beautiful lady of the Abbey gallery, the girl thinking but of him.

After the glories of this great triumph had somewhat faded, Ursula Brandon stood one day at the door of the Miss Warbles’ comfortable dwelling, in which her nephew, turned out of doors by her father, still found a home. Neither he nor, as Crombie emphatically remarked, Miss Gray were at home; nor yet Miss Christiana; and Miss Joanna was shut up reading with a gentleman, and could not be disturbed. Ursula was turning away in despair, when the wheels of a carriage and a jocund voice were heard.

"Stop! stop! Crombie, will you stop that lady, when I tell you. Do turn back, Miss Brandon, I beg and desire. I was going to send for you. Such news! He has told you—so provoking! when I meant my own self to have had that pleasure."

No. She had not seen Robert. He was out.

"Out! at this time in the morning. Oh, it is a mistake of Crombie's; he is growing fat and perfectly inadequate. I know better. He is at home, I assure you. It was quite an accident that took me out so early—merely to convey our friend, the Archdeacon, to the early coach. Come in, come in."

There was no resisting Miss Warble, who led the way with a hospitable alacrity, even greater than usual.

"O mercy! don't open *that* door; Joanna is shut up there, reading Horne Tooke on the Psalms, with Mr Ashmole. She will be as fierce as a wild animal if they are disturbed. Out, indeed; I've a notion . . . but who would have thought they could be so sly? Ay, I thought as much. Here he is," continued the lady, throwing wide the door of a little book-room which communicated with the drawing-room, and thence by a mashed door, upon a terrace. The latter outlet was open.

"Here, Robert, you graceless fellow! here's your aunt come to see you—but where's Agnes Gray?"

The Genius was taken by surprise, and, to judge from appearances, a little discomposed, by the intrusion. But the edict of exclusion could not have been intended to reach his aunt; for, in another moment, radiant with a buoyancy and excitement she had never witnessed in him, and which almost repaid her past cares and sacrifices in his behalf, Robert rose hastily—ran to her—flung his arms round her neck, and kissed her tenderly.

"There! there! you'll destroy her bonnet strings! But it is natural, and I should be ashamed of us all if we were not delighted. Sit down, and let me tell you, Miss Brandon. It is done—we have done it. Have you written to Mr Cherry, Robin, to tell him? I thought not; shut up with Agnes, instead. You should never forget kind friends when you are prosperous."

It was a place in a public office, "a very good place," procured for Robert by Lady Merivale, who had been quite touched with his persecution on account of the affair of the *squib*. "But Robert must be in London next week," continued Miss Warble.

The intelligence to be gathered from this confused strain of gladness might not wholly take Ursula by surprise, for she knew that nothing short of the realizing of one of Robert's dreams could thus excite him. But, steady-hearted and unselfish as she was, she could not for a moment speak. A vision of her own desertion would make way—it passed directly, however, and she asked quietly—"Is Robin going to London?"

"That's the arena, indeed, for youth and aspirancy, as Mr Archdeacon says! Now some of those who could see nothing in him, forsooth, will have an opportunity of being corrected. I did—from the very first P. Z. I did. Plenty of leisure—for the office hours are very light—not like Clare Street West—all the sons of gentlemen—and Lord Merivale's introduction to all the geniuses. . .

"Well, well—as it *must* be, I suppose, I am very thankful. You will come over and acquaint your grandfather."

"You will be able to come down, and let me look at you sometimes, Robin," said his aunt, a little sorrowful.

"That I shall, Ursula; six weeks in every year. And you will always be coming up to see me! How I shall enjoy shewing you all the sights! and taking you to my play, when it is acted. And when I am rich enough, you will come and live with us!"

"Ahem! Ahem!" and Miss Warble bit her lips mysteriously—"Well, I shall go after Agnes Gray. Perhaps she is in my dressing-room with Piddy. I left her hard at work on the Poet in the bower—it is her best cutting, she says, with Agnes peeping in over the rails. Robert's very image—his identical curls! So now I shall leave you to have your talk out."

A dead silence succeeded to the closing of the door.

Miss Warble's parting speech would have told sufficiently what was to be told, had Ursula been able to collect her ideas.

When she did, she protested strongly against Robert's love for Miss Gray, and his early engagement, which was an evil of which she had not been aware. The infatuated boy was not to be convinced; and if uncomfortable for a time, when he thought of his aunt's warnings, Agnes had but timidly to creep to his side in the twilight, and to repeat to him one of his poems in her low, sweet, melancholy voice, and efface all recollection of Ursula's warnings.

Those twilight repetitions, foolishly countenanced by Miss Warble, who was imprudently sympathetic and triumphant throughout the whole affair, were the halcyon days of poor Agnes! how was the memory of every attitude—every word—every change of the thickening shadows—to be impressed upon her mind! Halcyon days, already numbered!

Let us next fancy two years gone by, and Robert not yet a rampant *lion*, but in the fair way to become one, and already as testy, excitable, and nervous as ever was a sensitive wayward genius, fretting over trifles, and liable to all the infirmities of temper and self-love of his order of the irascible tribe. One summer day, the street musician who grinded discord below the window of his humble lodging, was doubly torturing to the poet in the agony of composition, for the man played the well-remembered tune to which poor Agnes Gray had once sung his own ditty of the *Lowly Lady*. Among the literary and miscellaneous litter on his table was a card placed conspicuously—*Lady Merivale at home*; and, in close neighbourhood, a letter, two days received, and the seal still unbroken! the fond letter of Agnes Gray. Its supporter was a dirty white satin slipper, and a three-cornered billet, smelling villanously of musk, and containing a proclamation of passionate love and constancy, ten times as emphatic as the letter of poor Agnes. Robert had become ambitious of adding the name of a gallant to his other trophies; though the lady of the three-cornered billet, and of those pink feathers, which so excited the spleen of his landlady, had latterly become to him an object of terror and disgust.

Lord Merivale, in his new character of statesman, had occasionally employed the young man to transcribe and get printed for him a series of political essays, which he entitled, "Plato's Letters," of which Lady Merivale herself, fondly as the noble pair were attached, and frank as were all their confidences, did not know the true authorship; and a fashionable publisher, who could coin money out of a lord's name, even by proxy, was about to risk publishing Robert's poetry, on the strength of "Plato's Letters." The puff preliminary had been diffused over all London. Brandon was Britain's rising genius! "Was it wonderful that Miss Warble's protégé, though he had not ceased to blush, should believe a little in his own fame?" He was approaching the most dangerous crisis of a young genius; he was daily getting more vain, and more excitable: he was also getting in debt; and his fantastic style of dressing and wearing his hair in long curling

looks, and his moustaches were scarcely admired enough by the picturesque-loving young ladies, to atone for the sneers of the men and women of sense. The unhappy Lion!

Fevered by this hollow and dangerous encouragement, he had just completed a novel, the like of which, according to his staunch *proneurs*, had never been seen. "No sooner was it advertised," said the newspapers, "than the Prime Minister and the Lord Chamberlain had met together, at the express instance of a Royal Personage, to consult upon the prudence of buying up the entire first edition:—"The Prince and the Alchemist"—what might not a Plato contrive to write under cover of so comprehensive a title?

Hitherto, however, these brilliantly-devised and boldly-practised artifices had availed little to advance our Genius in society. Then, his old tastes for magnificence and luxury had grown up with him; and the fair words lavished on him by Messrs — were not golden enough to supply both the wherewithal for tailors, and bootmakers, and jewellers; and the lavish, but useless presents which, from time to time, kept his memory alive at Merivale, cheaply satisfied his conscience, and served to convince his simple well-wishers there of his thriving.

There was at this time a Lady Garston, the greatest private lion-hunter and exhibitor in London, who had commissioned Mr Suffield—a man of some small fortune and family-consequence, who had dipt in literature, as a gentleman-author—to fetch her Brandon. The wit, malice, heartlessness, and *savoir faire* of the *roué* Suffield, are very skilfully delineated; but he is too cold-hearted, too ironical and scornful, to be long tolerable. Better do we relish Cherry. Suffield found his way, in despite of the vulgar landlord's '*Not at home*,' to the rapt poet, in his obscure lodgings, and, after some desultory conversation, went on:—

"Got rid of the pink parasol yet, eh? Come, dress quickly, and," with a look of genteel disgust, "I will take a book till you are ready. Now, I remember it, I didn't send you her note. Her . . . Blushing! It's not Lady Merivale this time; but Lady Garston who wants to know you. Come, you have no better engagement, I am sure. Give me Shelley—and don't be long. Why, you have half your wardrobe about your heels already! Pah! I shall smoke, unless you can find me a pastille to burn! How do you exist in this hole?"

"Lady Garston . . . But do tell me?"

"As we go along—I have a headach yet, owing to her insisting upon having me knocked up in the middle of the night, to get me to take you there. A tidy room you keep, Brandon. Now begone: and be as tigerish as you like. It would take, in her house, if you had curls down to your waist, like Edward Irving."

Robert was not long in equipping himself, but his visiter was still quicker with his observations.

"A strange set of books you have, Brandon? Your cravat is there—Pha! with absolutely a crumb of cheese upon it! Come, I'll tie it for you. Do you ever read, though, or confine your studies merely to nature, in dirty white satin shoes, eh? Were I you, I'd keep those things out of sight for my prohibited library, as my good friend the Archbishop of Tarentum used to do with Voltaire and Crebillon."

Robert "had no time to study much—his office duties engrossed him so."

"But you have time enough to write! And where does Plato come from, then? It is odd that nobody has time to read now-a-days. You are going to throw yourself away, like all the rest of us."

Suffield was a sort of *Lion* himself, was, or had been; but now he depended upon other talents

and capacities. In Lady Garston's menagerie we are introduced to another growling specimen, Mr Almond, a worthy man, though a jealous, irascible author. He said he had read some of Mr Brandon's *pretty* verses, and the epithet grated unpleasantly through Robert's curled locks on his sensitive ears, and he did not recover himself until he had reached the *salon*, where all the wonders of British and foreign genius were exhibited weekly during the season, by Lady Garston.

She, a faded pretty little woman, was hovering within the gate of her own paradise, with a fan to her lips, apparently choosing to receive her guests in dumb show, and without the customary announcements. One wild-looking creature, with a crane neck, and hair which might have been dressed with a rod, so strange was its disorder, was spirited away, into a far-away boudoir, to discuss political economy, with "a Unitarian clergyman, from the country, who had come early." A superb party of three American ladies, mountains of marigold satin, blonde, and feathers, heralding themselves by every scent which Chardin Houbigant can dispense, were greeted, in like noiseless fashion, with a comprehensive curtsy, which provoked a strongly-whispered compliment, concerning its "winning style."

"Suffield!" was her exclamation. "Well, how charming! what a good, good child you are! the very best of my *chevaliers*! And this is Mr Brandon! I am enchanted, at last, to make your acquaintance. What a countenance! what hair!" she added, in a very audible aside. "Those are only the Jodrells," (following with her eye the sister pair just described,) "you know the name, of course, Mr Brandon—nothing in what they write! One does not know how to make people understand that every one is not desired to come every night. One of the little difficulties of an open house, Mr Suffield."

"And what else have you in your cage to-night, Lady Garston?"

"Cage! well I give you leave. Why, I have Walsingham describing his adventures in the Nizam's country—those Hindoos you saw below, he was so good as borrow for me from some one of the Geographical Society. Don't they quite produce an effect? I was in, *hopas* he would have come in his violet velvet pantaloons and yellow stockings, as he went to the opera the other night; but it appears he goes from me to D— House. My young friends are quite enchanted with him; his eyes glisten so when he talks, and he has let down his beard to oblige them. It is not cut off, and he keeps it always packed away behind his cravat. But he is so particular about there not being the least noise when he is telling one of his tales, that I am forced to impose silence. He's just done, however. Do you know who those Americans are that came in just before you? I lost their names, and it is a little awkward. I met them at the Ambassador's."

"The Florida Strongfellows," said Suffield, putting up his glass; "yes, it is they—I should have thought her turban was not to be forgotten."

"Thank you—Mrs Florida!—now I recollect! One wants odd figures to fill up corners."

Lord Merivale never came to Lady Garston's parties. He was absorbed in politics, and she declared—

I never desire to see political people here. The arts, literature, and a little science—*voilà tout*—though dear Lord Edinborough used to say—"I wonder you don't intrigue, Lady Garston. So pretty as you are, you might carry anything." No politics for me! I am a weak woman, not an *esprit fort*. I declare here are the Cottess again! Well, really, for such people to come every night . . . a reviewer, Mr Brandon—enormous influence with the press—he may be of untold use to you!"

Little guessed the pair in question, of the half-finished comment which their appearance had provoked. Their

day was over and gone. Miss Cotton, in spite of all her brother's asseverations, could no longer be accepted for a second Corinne. Then, success had made her like other people: and that was an offence. So long as she had rejoiced in a wig, stuck round with natural heath-flowers, by way of *grande toilette*, she had furnished a figure original at least, and, as such, desirable at parties. . . . But her brother still contrived to wind up every anecdote, dialogue, or harangue, with something about "Sylvia's fame"—and how she herself was the same artless unspoilt creature she had been at sixteen. There were not wanting some who averred, that a certain parish register recorded the baptism of Sally (not Sylvia) Cotton.

Sylvia—a rather colossal figure to be addressed by that nursery title of endearment—and in whose well-fed and rosy cheeks, at least, there was little sign of study or of self-denial—took an ample survey of our hero from head to foot, and, being pleased therewith, and one of those excellent persons who talk philanthropy and sympathy, à discretion, betook herself to complimenting Brandon, handsomely, and with the least possible delay. Her praise was as high sounding, and twice as much to the purpose as Lady Garston's. . . . "Immense success—new undertakings—publisher's arrangements—foreign translators—subsequent editions—portrait to be engraved in the line manner—(Pratt could recommend an excellent engraver, and *not ruinous*)—praise, without doubt, in the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews—(though, to be sure, no Radical notice was worth having)"—all these, and many more grand words, rolled charmingly off her tongue. Well they might; being constantly at the service of any one, whom there was the least chance of victimizing.

"Here is Lady Merivale at last! So happy to see you! dear Lady Merivale at last! such a favour! Oh, those sweet, sweet Tasso letters you sent me! If Pasta had not been coming, I do not know that I should have ventured to solicit your company. But, perhaps you have been to Semiramide?"

Brandon was not exactly in love with Lady Merivale, but his dreams of her were taking form instead of being dispelled. There was to him something hazy and dangerous in their slight intercourse. This evening her greeting had been more than usually cordial. It had been so noticed by the malicious Suffield, so felt by Brandon himself. Yet this one patroness, in the kindest spirit, gave him the best counsel. We hear a good deal about the American lionesses, but, tiring of their passion for albums and autographs, we pass to Lady Garston returning to the latest caught, "Come, Mr Brandon. How brilliant, Mr Suffield!"

"Thank you for coming in such force! It is as good as a leaf out of the 'Rejected Addresses.' I could have had the Smiths, by the way, but I thought . . . and now I must shew Mr Brandon a little. Mrs Maxwell is dying to see him—and Lady Dickenson wants him for her balls, and Mr Shanklin for one of his breakfasts," &c., &c.

An affray arose from Miss Florida getting into fits at seeing the body of a female infant dwarf, (the Palermo Fairy,) which Lady Garston had bribed the keeper of an anatomical museum to lend her for the night. Lady Merivale, disgusted by this bit of lionism, wished to be off, and looked round for Brandon to order her carriage. But the Lion was now fairly engulfed.

His turn was come: and round and round the room was he dragged, blushing like a girl, but not at heart reluctant to be exhibited, as a genius, a poet, a friend of Lady Merivale's—a novelist, who was to beat Scott, (as yet the star of Bulwer had not arisen.) "Mr Suffield was his intimate friend—the witty Mr Suffield!—charm-

ing to see two such clever people in such a state of concord! Mr Walsingham" (alas! for truth) "had inconvenienced himself to come there expressly to make his acquaintance!—Mr Wicksteed had stayed for an introduction—Count Fortebraccio and the great American fortunes were enchanted with him! 'Something of a most inspired style on his forehead,' had been Mrs Florida Strongfellow's remark! And, bowed with a shame which vanity had not yet wholly stifled, our hero found himself the cynosure of eager eyes—the centre of wise questions—"How could he find time to write so much and so well?"—and "Did he write best, morning or evening?" and the like. One lady entreated him to fix an evening—she *must* have his judgment on Kean!—another had a cousin who had translated Sophocles—and she again was thrust aside by a sprightlier dame, who must postpone her Strawberry Hill party till Mr Brandon could join it as their cicerone—"Quite a Walpole turn in his talk!"

"I cicerone!" thought Robert, blushing for his own ignorance; but Suffield's sarcastic eye was upon him, and he could not own it: so the party was fixed. Even Lord Alton, the buttoned-up exclusive, began to be haunted by an idea, (a rare guest,) in addition to the notion that "those writers sometimes shew up persons of quality in their books; and that it was as well to be civil." So he bowed his eyebrows at our Genius, and vouchsafed him his address. Mrs Florida Strongfellow returned from her apologetic promenade just in time to witness all these glories.

"Pray let me get near him, Miss. I have come to Europe on purpose to make me and my daughter acquainted with its literary magnets! When will you gratify us with your book, sir? I shall lose no time in perusing it as soon as ever it is in the stores!" accompanying her compliment with a huge gaudy card for a breakfast, about the fiftieth of a pack, with which his pockets already overflowed.

A public reading of one of Brandon's poems followed, though the authorship was affectingly concealed in respect to the youth's modesty. Suffield was the reader, and threatened to inflict on them his own ballad of Peter Bell. Sylvia tried to evade the reading, but her brother had his reasons for remaining. The fictitious reading at Lady Garston's is not quite so good as Mrs Trollope's grave description of that at which she assisted at the Abbaye, when Chateaubriand's precious morsels were discussed by an adoring female circle. Truth must ever surpass fiction. But Lady Garston's exhibition was not amiss. The American ladies were particularly alive. "*An hour of musing*," the sweet title! The verses are really fine.

"How charming!—how mystical!" Lady Garston was the first to exclaim, almost before the reading was over. "Do you understand it?"

"Charming!" exclaimed the Cottons, stoutly, and in *Italica*.

"Very delicious! most delicious indeed!" was Mrs Florida Strongfellow's comment. "There are some of Mrs Sigourney's little touches—the American Heemans, ma'am—in that last verse."

"Exquisitely read, Mr Suffield," said the hostess, hoping to avoid the threatened ballad. "Well, Mr Brandon, I call that perfect! So it is not to be in the May number? — sent me a sight of it—however; Coleridge might have been proud of it, or Moore, or Byron. Now, might they not, Miss Cotton?"

"Indeed they might," replied Sylvia, almost choked by the praise which, thus extorted, there was no withholding. The absurdity of the compliment, the hollow falseness of its echo, struck forcibly upon Brandon's heart. His powers of observation were not yet blinded; his self-knowledge had not yet wholly merged in that gross and indiscriminate appetite for praise, which will

swallow any flattery," however absurd. He had been talking to Lady Merivale, and was always raised by her conversation, and the visionary half-owned feelings he permitted it to encourage, to a noble and generous tone of sentiment. She had spoken of a fame better than the senseless or interested suffrage of those who were crowding round him; and he had been warned, because there was in him, with all his foibles, a touch of the true poetical spirit. . . . There was more of a poem in that involuntary reverie than in all the verses he ever wrote. He *must* be alone!—and abruptly he disengaged himself from the admiring circle, now loquacious in his praise! "Rapt even now! So modest—what elegant manners!—that lovely long hair of his!" These ecstasies were almost like insults in his ear.

"*Una alla volta! per carità!*" exclaimed Suffield; "my charge, you see, has not face enough to support his bays! He'll mend. Come away, Brandon," drawing his now really bewildered and ashamed companion out of the circle. "It is wise always to leave people something to look for. Never stay in one place too long—not even in *Merivale House*. To see how you blush! ha! ha! I am going to D— House, for half an hour; but we meet at Lettrill's—supper at one o'clock—eh?"

"Yes—no, I shall not go—I am tired."

"Please yourself," replied Suffield, in the same tone of insupportable rally: "don't let me seduce you into any of my wicked ways; I dare say Lady Merivale would warn you against me as a dangerous acquaintance."

"I shall be there," said our Genius, spiritedly.

Lettrill's was a gaming-house to which he had once been tempted, and to which the weak-minded youth returned, goaded by Suffield's taunt. On the midnight streets, he encountered Philip Warren, the ruined profligate, the hardened criminal, now flying from justice. Before Sparker's bank had failed, and half the inhabitants of Merivale been ruined, the generous and womanly-hearted Ursula had secretly devoted the little independence left her by her mother to rescue her abandoned lover from debt and disgrace—all save one fifty pounds which she reserved, lest Robin might feel want. The scene of their encounter is striking. In the midnight pandemonium, Brandon also encountered Sparker, coolly won his money, and exasperated his passions. The frenzied bankrupt burst into open rage, and taunted the *Genius* in the presence of Suffield and of several noble friends with having been his *errand-boy*, and with wanting to marry his natural daughter. The heart of the fashionable Lion, which had never been in its right place, was already alienated from Agnes, and this confirmed his disgust. He had not known the secret of her birth, and his fashionable friends had laughed at the idea of any marriage engagement with a country girl; but with the natural daughter of a bankrupt gaming-house bully! It was too preposterous! Robert had been felicitated by the serpent mockers around him, and he had blushed to the temples, (and perhaps farther, if his ambrosial curls had not concealed the rosy suffusion,) at their intoxicating flattery, upon his having made large progress in the graces of the most talked-of and the most difficult woman in London.

Pity that he did not also hear the sneering laugh into which the trio had burst, when his back was turned. 'A flight, by Jove, even for a Genius! The fellow will next fancy that Lady Merivale's going to fling herself at his head!'

In the meanwhile, Ashmole, who was now high

in favour with the saintly Joanna Warble, had come up to London, bringing letters from Agnes and Ursula. The failure of Sparker's bank and the persecution of Mr Godsall, whom her father insisted she should marry; nay, the idea that Philip was there—the lost Philip, and that she might reclaim him—had induced Ursula to resolve upon seeking some employment by which to earn her bread in London; and Agnes, compelled to leave the Miss Warbles', prayed to go with her.

Ashmole returned with very painful accounts of the Lion, from whom he brought no letters in reply to the anxious epistles of Ursula and the betrothed, and whom he had been unable to see, so incessant was the round of dissipation in which Robert was engaged. Let us turn for a moment from the career of the Genius to the up-breaking household of the spinsters, where love and money had both broken in to sow disgust.

It had become a scene of disagreement as well as of leave-taking. Loud voices were to be heard; cheeks reddened with anger rather than luncheon to be found in the parlour where the two sisters sat. Even Pyarea was disturbed by the excitement of the moment, and Agnes Gray was hiding herself somewhere or other, to weep away the wretchedness caused by Mr Ashmole's recital, on his return. She had, of late, become sonder than ever of "getting by herself;" and it was not the least bitter of Joanna's taunts, that Agnes, she did believe, was "bitten too, and trying—poor foolish child—to turn poetess; because that youth whom you choose to spoil, Christiana, has turned poet, and taken to bad ways, like the rest of them." Joanna had, of late, begun to deal in aggravating speeches.

"I repeat my question," said she, in a voice one tone shriller than on her first inquiry—"What is to become of Agnes Gray! for, if I must give my opinion, your whole plan, sister, is a presumptuous piece of midsummer madness."

"Indeed? But, Joanna, I did not ask your opinion, dear—I repose on our friend the Archdeacon's better judgment. You used to respect that once, as long as you were in your rational senses. But I always foresaw what all your chapel-ing would land you in."

Joanna was hardly likely to be pacified with such a reply—"To go abroad, at your time of life!—preposterous! [Miss Warble was going to Belgium with the Archdeacon.] No woman can expose herself to the licentious contact of continental manners, without losing some of her modesty, Christiana! And what will you do on Sundays?—go to play-houses, and see those bold creatures dance, without proper clothes to cover them, I suppose."

"No, miss, I shall not. But you are only borrowing a leaf out of Mr Ashmole's prayer-book. It's worth a good rubber to see you sit there so prim. Depend upon it, at my time of life, I know how to take care of myself, without a *serious* helpmate."

"And why shouldn't I go abroad to improve myself, I wonder?" continued Miss Warble, with a more than usually impatient flirt of the shuttle with which she played at working; "every one does now. There were the Cottrelles—older than me, and after Lizzy had broken her leg; and *she* dropped in for a German Prince, (I don't think much of those German Princes, however;) and they have twins. And to think of Miss Tipping—she saw all the Holy Week at Rome; and didn't come home a Papist, sister! And the George Doves—did you not hear what the Archdeacon said, the other night, about their going to India overland, across the desert?—riding on camel-back, for aught I can tell—and they must ride camels like gentlemen, ladies must, you know. Come, Jo; I'm not going to be *quite* so venturesome—and you used to swear by the George Doves, Jo, as long as you were a Christian!"

"Sister, your frivolity is very painful; but I trust I am not going to lose my temper on account of your idle words." And here followed a severer text than the last. "If you will make yourself ridiculous . . ."

"Ridiculous! Mrs Ashmole that is to be! Those that have stone windows, ought not to throw glasses. Ha! ha! what a capital piece of malaprop! You can't vex me, you see, Jo.—Ridiculous! come now, if you will go and marry one who is little better than a ranting preacher, I think you might be mute when your sister chooses to travel with a dignitary of the Church and his family. Not that I have a word against Mr Ashmole, though. He's a thoroughly decent man!"

"Decent, indeed!"

"And he would not be so bad-looking" (with another saucy jerk of the shuttle) "if his clothes fitted him. Do, love, put him into proper leggings—Crombie quite tittered the last time he let him in."

"Your displeasure might pain me, Christians, if your profane levity did not place me beyond the reach of your tongue. Well, I leave you to better teaching. But you have not told me yet what becomes of Agnes Gray?"

"That's shabby, Jo, to ask me in such a tone. You know it is a pinching question; and you do so to provoke me, because you can't and won't help me."

"I have offered her a home with us," replied Joanna, doggedly.

"Mr Ashmole did, you mean—I honour him for it—but you'd pine her to death in a week. She wants cherishing, not crushing. . . . I wish," she added, in a tone of heartfelt kindness, "that the thing were either on or off—that Robert Brandon would either marry her, or make an end of it, and say as much. But I'll take to him, as we pass through London."

"And why oppose her going with Ursula?"

"Who is to keep her when she gets there, I ask you? . . . O, Jo! Jo! what need was there for you to marry, and make all this breaking up? The loss of money would have been little, as far as I am concerned, so we had but kept together. And you can set up your face to me, and palaver about my folly!"

In the general break-up at Merivale, Cherry also resolved on trying his luck in London; and, in his usual free-and-easy manner, he first called upon Miss Warble to announce and facilitate his purpose. Miss Warble's invincible good-nature was put to a severe test by Mr Cherry—"a very excellent person in his way, but to ask for letters of introduction point blank—its really a little free. Wanted me to ask our friend the Archdeacon for letters for him, when I even hesitated to interest him to get a place for Crombie;" but Cherry could make his own way.

In the evening of the same day that the depression of poor Agnes had so grieved her kind-hearted patroness, the girl was found in wildly-joyous spirits, singing one of Robert's beautiful songs, and packing her trunk. She had received a letter from Robert, and it had contained money—money, the reward of her secret literary attempts—the reward of the poetry she had secretly written, and at last found courage to send to her lover!

"O dear Miss Warble, don't be angry with me, when I am happier than I ever was in my whole life. Don't be angry that I have been so hard at work, and never told you anything about my secret. I never dreamed I should succeed yet, for this long, long time!"

"Succeed?"

Poor Agnes! It was all a vision; ending in bitter disappointment, despair, madness, and death. Arrived in London with Ursula, whose utmost exertions were required for their joint maintenance, she devoted her little hoard to se-

cretly printing, at her own risk, her *Coralie*, which no publisher would undertake. It was treated with neglect by the public, and unconsciously spoken of in her hearing with contempt by Robert; and this trial, with the evident coldness, the faithlessness of her lover, was more than the reason of the delicate and gentle-hearted girl, who never told her griefs, could long endure. Miss Warble figures prominently in the Lion's history during her hasty transit over London. She attended at the grand breakfast given by Mrs Florida Strongfellow, and, with Agnes, exultingly witnessed the apotheosis of the Lion. He had been inquired for particularly by the eminent Dr Codrington, the President of — College, "as the true Plato," whose political letters had set all London in a flame, and introduced "as the real and true Plato" by the exulting Lady Garston; and while the modest genius and the great scholar and philosopher whispered—

There stood poor Agnes, so far from seeing any inequality in the conjunction, enraptured at such a public testimony to her lover's fame; and there stood Miss Warble, who curtsied with ecstasy, as she bethought her what a proud tale her *protégé's* latest promotion, witnessed by herself, would be for her to tell "our friend, the Archdeacon!"

Cherry, now in town, had also made his way to Mrs Florida's *dejeuner*, and, among other dexterous feats, had appropriated to himself the anonymous billet which one of the "Kentuck" misses had intended for the dear young poet, with whose verses and curls she had fallen full fathom five in love! By dint of diligently reading the Minerva Press novels, and the "Corresponding Lover's Assistant," Cherry hoped to manage the anonymous love-affair, he had adopted, triumphantly. We have a great hankering after Cherry. He is, so far as ready impudence and selfishness go, quite a male Barnaby.

At a moderately late hour one morning, Cherry presented himself in Brandon's dingy drawing-room. The neglected kettle had already been growing cold on the hearth, the slovenly breakfast becoming stale on the table, for some two hours. Robert's habit of early rising had gone from him.

"A fresh lot of notes," was Cherry's soliloquy, as he turned over the contents of the table, with his usual want of ceremony. "A crest—let's see, the Merivale Arms are three herons. Well, it's a famous thing to be in with all those lords. Somebody wanting him to shew off for 'em, doubtless. Didn't I see that Mr Suffield winking to him behind his back? Plain Cherry's the best, perhaps, after all. I suppose that pink concern is from some woman—another anonymous, eh? Well, I wonder how I'm going to thrive in that affair. Hang it! he ought to be able to spare me one of his loves. I've always had a great opinion of getting a lift in the helress line. Here he comes at last, with eyes as dead as oysters six weeks out of water. Well, Robin, if that's a London complexion, give me Clare Street West, and your Masquerade of Silence to boot, I should say, rather than such a noisy piece of business as last night's. Dull and vulgar, I take it."

"Why, Cherry—good morning—has London made you critical already? Capital!"

"What, I suppose you highfyers fancy nobody's to know the difference between trumpery and a prime article, that hasn't been apprenticed to it. Catch me out, though. Do you call everybody quizzing everybody else good manners? and what's not good manners is vulgar—logic, ain't it? And was not everybody too fine, and afraid of everybody, for anybody to be sociable and com-

fortable together? What's dull, if that's not dull? I have eyes in my head, I hope. You look precious knocked up, I promise you—ten per. cent worse than you did on Sunday."

"Only a headach; but, if you had as much to do as I have"—and Robert pointed, with some little parade, to a table groaning under its weight of papers—"you would be weary too."

"Oh, then, you have found out that hard work is hard work, after all, whether it be keeping a set of books or keeping company with grantees and learned folks. I knew it must come to that. I say, what fools your fine acquaintances are! Does Lady Garston always talk that way? I used to fancy Miss Warble wonderful enough, in the way she tossed her words about; but it's nothing to *this*. You could not come the Masquerade of Silence over *her*, I fancy?"

"Lady Garston is very attentive to me," returned Robert, piqued at hearing the celebrities of London so unceremoniously dissected.

"I take it—and so you put up with her. So was Ashmole—taught you to write straight—but Ashmole was a bore, I fancy. And yonder Mr Suffield—he is very attentive to you, I suppose, too; and so you let him quizz you? He has plenty to say for himself. It's the way here. One feels quite abashed among 'em."

"Oh, as to Suffield, every one knows Suffield's way. Was he sarcastic upon you?"

"Me!—what could he quizz me about? Don't stir; I'll ring the bell, if you want it. Eat your poor breakfast in peace, if—(aside)—you can put up with it, such as it is—and I never set up for nice!"

"Cherry, you are making game of me!"

"Not I. I'm not offering to let my hair grow by way of imitation!—that would be a joke!—though I am wanting you to help me on a little. There goes your mouth! pursed up in a moment. Don't be frightened—I am not asking you to push me—I say—beyond one of those Miss Floridas.—You'll make her over to me, eh?"

There was something so irresistibly odd, impudent, and knavish, in Cherry's countenance, as he ventured this modest proposal, (anything but unpleasing in its implied flattery,) that Robert leaned back in his chair, and laughed till the tears streamed down his cheeks. Cherry's temper was imperturbable, and Brandon's mirth was contagious—so he laughed too.

"I suppose you think I have no chance, Master Brandon? Do you know, I'm just the man cut out for an American—thriving and commonsensical. Come, it's a bargain—for you're no fancy, I take it, for the land of Promise. No time for poetry, there! Even that long-necked Mr Thrushton is a cashier in somebody's bank."

It was this same morning that Robert first found time from his fashionable engagements to visit his aunt, at the humble but comfortable lodging which he had hired for her on her writing to him, and in which he had lived himself until he grew into a great Lion.

Ursula was waiting in almost the sickness of suspense to ascertain how matters really stood with Brandon. She had more than feared. Never was any woman less exacting—less given to jealousy. So often as she had endeavoured to rouse her pride, her resentment, her indignation, there had risen before her the helpless, grateful, dependent child, with his long hair and his confiding smile, who had slept on her knees in the gallery-chamber at Merivale Abbey. But even this calming vision could not for ever stand between her and the harsh, naked truth, that the world had seized her nephew, and he was theirs no longer.

She met him—when at last they did meet—with her old affectionate embrace. He returned it warmly; he slipped into her hands a cheque for a small sum of money; but he was hurried—uneasy—restrained. She questioned him concerning his literary successes; and he told her of his increasing engagements in society. She inquired how far he felt at ease in his office; what com-

panions he had there; and he replied, something pompously, by talking of "his friend, Lord Alton—his friend, Suffield—his friend, Fullarton."

"Friend," repeated Ursula, quietly, but with some little hesitation; "I thought friends were only to be proved by their wearing. But I am glad you have found so many."

Robert was anxious to escape from this conference. She had more to say, and of a nature about which conscience unpleasantly whispered. He pleaded an engagement with Suffield, "Let him wait for once," said Ursula; and she calmly began to question him on his intentions towards Agnes, who had, he now learned, for his sake, refused a very wealthy and respectable lover—Colonel Blayne—with three thousand a-year. Robert was affected by this proof of tenderness, and by his aunt's conversation: but the anticipated and remembered sneers of Suffield were too powerful for his transient generous emotions, and Ursula continued her pleading.

"And she has even made herself a poet, Robin!" she continued, when she had, as she thought, encouraged her nephew, by extolling the more obvious merits of Agnes. "The pains which she has taken—and so humble all the while!—to render herself more worthy of you. So proud she was of your commendation, of the money you sent her! That decided us to come up to London."

The weak-principled Genius compromised with his conscience; and, to avoid a present difficulty, plunged himself deeper and deeper, until his own protestations excited his enthusiastic feelings, and he almost believed himself the generous and constant being he feigned to be: The deception is not uncommon. Delay was his hope—and Agnes—she, too, might change. Poor Ursula remembered her own early feelings; and they were still tenderly affectionate towards the degraded being, who was now skulking about London, a hunted criminal, with a price on his head. Her pent-up heart opened; and she, who never complained, nor spoke of her many past trials, listened with fondness to her nephew's assurance, that they were all over now—and they should all be so happy! In the casual midnight rencontre which Robert had with the proscribed and hunted forger, who had some of the soul of goodness lingering about him still—the wretched man entrusted to his care a packet to be delivered to Ursula. "Answer me one little question," said the faithful woman—"Did he look ill when he gave you the packet for me? Very wretched? You shake your head: it is enough. . .

. . . I might have known from my own heart, that, loving as you did, you could not change in two little years."

Alas! for poor Ursula's penetration! And, on the result of this conversation, Miss Warble was permitted to set forth on her journey with the Doves, leaving Agnes under the protection of the aunt of her betrothed.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Cherry, when Ursula, with a heedless confidence which betrayed what her misgivings had been, acquainted him with the arrangement, "I am delighted to hear it. I always knew our Robin was a thoroughly honest fellow. He'll settle; and they'll be very happy together, in a quiet sort of a way—*for*," dropping his voice, he added to himself, "Grub Street isn't quite the Mint, I perceive; and prices are as fluctuating there as in the indigo-market. Let's see what I can do with them, to help number One. His fine friends would never forgive his making a fool of

himself, by marrying that laughing-stock of a woman's daughter. Good enough for the city, though—oh! Preserved Knott's heiress. That would be a *specie*!"

And Cherry forthwith began to study romantic love-letter writing as we have noticed, and soon acquired enough of the science to satisfy Miss Florida Strongfellows.

The disappointment of Agnes, as one Magazine after another appeared, and none of her poetry—the poetry of which she had received the price from Robert—found a place; the adventures of Miss Warble on the Continent, related in her voluble letters to Agnes and Ursula; and the schemes and calumnies of the set of fine people, men and women, whom envy and hate induced to undermine the domestic peace of the Merivales,—are each and all skilfully, cleverly, or effectively told; but everything with us must give way to the march of the Lion. His long-announced and well-puffed tragedy was to be brought forward at last, after endless delays and alterations; and to the favoured theatre trooped his literary and his fashionable friends, his patrons and patronesses, the Florida Strongfellows, and the Cottons and Jodrells, and the newspaper critics; and there too came Ursula and poor Agnes Gray, now knowing herself forsaken—humbled, heart-broken, but loving still. With anxious and beating hearts, and striving to conceal themselves, they came. The skulking ruffian, Philip Warren, was also in that theatre, and his late master, Sparker, though on a quest of their own; and, last of all, appeared old Brandon, coming no one could tell from whence. The parsimonious cold-hearted grandfather, was discovered sitting in the pit, as if to blast the eyes of his grandson. Much to the man of Genius depended upon the success of this play. His novel, in spite of all its fame, had turned out unproductive; and his gains at the gaming-table, which he had resolved, from feelings of delicacy, to devote to merely trifles and luxuries, and from which Agnes had obtained the imaginary rewards of her poetry, had given him a taste for expense. He had got into a shabby genteel, but expensive lodging, and

There was no going, in a common street-vehicle, to Lord —'s, or — House; no refusing to join in the dinners out of town, which the Suffields, Altons, and Fallartons gave; never troubling themselves which of their tradesmen must wait, while they rioted at Black-wall or Richmond. And the greater became his embarrassments, (the heaviest of them a mere joke to the men whom he aspired to emulate,) the more impatient was he of their being guessed. The play was to bring all right for him, as well as for Agnes Gray.

The play broke down under circumstances of provoking, but irresistibly ludicrous disgrace; and Agnes, in agony, stopped her ears to shut out the hissing.

The roar, the agony of mirth, was indescribable.—Suffield laughed, if Lady Dereham was to be believed, till his stays parted—and Cherry, to whom all that had passed had as yet been but "leather and prunella," shouted, loud enough for the house to hear—"Now that's famous, I call it! Bravo! Robin! Encore! *en-cors!* Who would have thought he had so much fun in him?"

"Let us go home," said Ursula, observing Agnes to be severely distressed. "I would have spared you this. I would have given much that you had not come here."

"Go home!" cried Agnes, almost indignantly. "If

his own friends forsake him!" . . . But she stopped; her words were choked by the thought that he could be a forsaker also!

"So there's an end to poor Mr Brandon!" said Suffield, when his ears had drank in the last howl, and the last hiss had subsided; "desperately cut up he will be. Well, we have done our duty by it! I will never believe but Lady Merivale read it in manuscript, and had too much tact to come and see its execution."

"Well," continued Suffield, as they drove off, "never before did I feel the full force of an abbreviation. But this poor Brandon's play—it is of serious consequence to him. I wonder where he is."

He was at home—haunted by his grandfather's words and face, like a curse. The veil was torn from before his eyes. Now only he felt the full worthlessness of his life—the full madness of his conduct—the miserable, miserable incompetence of his genius—the ungrateful selfishness of his heart.

And then he cast his eyes on Agnes Gray's simple letter of leave-taking, and shuddered to feel that he could not, as a man of honour, claim her forgiveness, and renew the vows which would have made her only too proud to weep for him and to comfort him. The last waking thing he saw, was her dejected willowy figure, shrinking from that frightful derision which (every sound taking a shape) haunted his pillow long after he had fallen asleep! And this was to have been the night of his apotheosis!

A fever was the consequence of this terrible disappointment, and of an overturn in a cabriolet; by which accident, Robert was laid up for weeks, and as it chanced, in the residence of Lord Merivale. And thither wandered Agnes Gray, almost as pretty and pathetic in her madness, and in her jealousy of the noble and beautiful enchantress, who had unconsciously fascinated the imagination of her faithless lover, as Ophelia herself; and when long weeks had elapsed, and Ursula was away in the benevolent Almond's cottage, watching and nursing the unfortunate girl, and Lord and Lady Merivale were gone to their country seat, Mr Cherry made his frequent appearance to inquire for Brandon; and was at last permitted, by the careful nurse, to come up stairs "to chat with," as he said, "and cheer poor Robin," who had got into such good quarters.

"Well," said that brisk personage, in spite of promises and cautions, beginning to talk as soon as he was within the door, "a pretty business this has been, Master Robin. Tumbling from a cab, indeed! How ever did you manage it? . . . Don't stir; I'll seat myself. Why what six long weeks they must have seemed to you."

"Long, indeed; and so lonely, I thought you had all forgotten me."

"Oh, nonsense, it's only you geniuses who do that sort of thing. Nay, now, I did not mean to make you cry. How weak you must be! You got a note from Ursula this morning? . . . Ay, she is a good creature, if there ever was one. So hard-working, so humble, so forgiving; thinks of everybody before herself. Everybody is charmed with her. Lady Merivale cannot speak highly enough of her. . . . By way of news, I may advise you that I'm going off too to New York, in August. Lots of money to be picked up there; and all old Preserved Knott's business connexion tumbling to pieces, for want of a head among 'em, as Mrs Florida said, the other night. . . ."

"Mrs Florida. Oh, I recollect. I think my memory is sadly shaken;" and he added, with a faint smile—"Do you go to New York as a single man, Cherry?"

"Perhaps yes—perhaps no; I'll look before I leap, depend upon it, and Miss Florida wants lots of training before she's fit for the nuptial state, as Godal used to call it in his prim way. London's a spoiling place,

Robin; indeed I won't answer for it, that my head's not *roy-ther* turned. You've had your day. Be glad of it; now you'll settle, I hope and trust, and make a man of yourself."

"But, Cherry, I *must* know the worst, and I can ask nobody but you: Ursula is at Almond Nook, I know. Is she there alone? Where . . . where is . . ."

"I'm off, if you question me; because I promised faithfully I would not talk to you about domestic subjects. . . . Come," resumed Cherry, after an awkward pause, "you don't ask after any of your old friends and acquaintances; Lady Garston, for instance . . ."

If Cherry refused to answer any question about domestic affairs, he was quite free on all other topics. One of the most delicately traced characters in the book is Almond, but we dare not venture to spoil, by a shred or a swatch. Almond the jealous, irascible, semi-lion of the coteries, though the generous and tender-hearted master of the hospitable cottage of Almond Nook; Almond, prone to affection for the sex, and jealous lest those he admired should laugh at a lover of fifty, had become enamoured of the beautiful nature of Ursula Brandon, who gave him no hope. It was in his cottage that she tended the dying Agnes; and thither Lady Merivale, on her return to town, took the now convalescent Brandon.

"I would have spared you this visit," said Lady Merivale, gently, but seriously, "had it been possible—but she has asked for you so earnestly! You could not but go."

Robert did not attempt an answer. He only grew paler, and shrank lower down into the corner of the carriage.

"If you feel unequal to the meeting, say so," resumed the lady after a short pause. "Distress you it must; but I fear that a very long delay . . . You will find her very gentle, however, if she knows you; for the last four-and-twenty hours, they tell me have changed her greatly. I dare not deceive you;—this will be your farewell visit!"

"Good God!" burst out Robert, in a passion of remorse, "and this has been my doing!—Why did I not die myself?"

"Hush!" said the lady, gently, but solemnly. "I will not be so false to you as to bid you not to blame yourself! but, as God has spared your life, you are not to despair. You are not to make regret torture. All the physicians tell me that, under any circumstances, this disorder might probably have manifested itself in her sooner or later. It is well she is called away now, for both of you! I trust," she added, more impressively, "*I think* that you will not forget this day;" and again there was silence.

They entered the house. Almond was not visible; but Ursula met them with a finger on her lips. She burst into tears when she saw them; but, restraining herself, threw open the door of the little parlour, and invited Lady Merivale to enter. Then, taking Robert by the hand, she disappeared with him, no word being spoken.

In the parlour sat one, all in tears, whom, nevertheless, no sorrow could utterly subdue into silence. "Ah! dearest Lady Merivale," exclaimed good Miss Warble, squeezing the visitor's hand, "this, is, indeed, a time of sorrow! a sore welcome home for me! Poor Agnes! They told us, when she became rational again, she could not be spared to us many hours longer; and now, they are momentarily expecting up stairs . . . I came away, because I could not bear to stay. . . . How I used to scold her for sighing. Dear lamb! I doubt I was too harsh with her."

Lady Merivale could very honestly administer comfort. . . . "O you're very good to say so; and, indeed, I could not bear it now, if I had been provoking and fidgety with her. Single women will, you know, sometimes. And Joanna too, she was fond of her, though more of a lecturer than I am. Joanna will regret her sincerely. Poor Jo——; matrimony has sweetened her; and that was more than one dared to pray for. Let me pour

you out a glass of wine, Lady Merivale. It is really choice; the last of our travelling stock."

"And dear Brandon too," resumed the kind creature, drinking by herself when her offers were declined, "how he will feel it, when he recollects all her tender little ways, and how fond she was of his P. Z.'s from the very first. Such a terrible, terrible shock for him; though he must be blamed most severely that all was broken off between them. What creatures men are, the best of them: even the Archdeacon is forced to admit it. . . . Bless her, dear Ursula, what a life she has led among them! But there's something better, I hope, in store for her. I do not mean that she is to marry Mr Almond, valuable as he is. O dear, no; that would be a palpable mistake—Your Ladyship agrees with me."

"Entirely—Ursula will never marry. She still loves the memory of that unfortunate man, who, they tell me, is going to be transported, better than any other living being, save her nephew. I hope they will live together now. He wishes it; and I trust she need not be afraid of his changing again. If he has not now learned to value his true friends as they deserve, I will give him up as hopeless."

Oh, surely, surely;—the dear youth, I am sure, will be steady now. Nothing, after all, like one's own flesh and blood. If Joanna and I set up house again together, (and really Mr Ashmole presses it so, that I can't find in my heart to refuse him,) could there be a stronger proof that there are no ties like home ties? I was beginning to be tired of gazing about in foreign parts, though the Archdeacon was all we could desire—and to think myself an old fool for!"

In the pause which ensued, after the worthy gentleman had talked herself out of breath, Lady Merivale was struck by the quicker and more careless treading of feet in the chamber above: then by a sudden and heavy sound, like the falling of some one to the floor. After that, all was still. She rose, foreboding what this meant; while Miss Warble, unable to speak, grasped her hand tightly, and then, falling on her knees, began to pray as well as she could for weeping. In another instant, a step was heard upon the stairs, slowly descending, and a hand was on the lock of the door. It opened quietly, and Mrs Sherbrooke presented herself: hardly less pale and agitated than themselves. "All is over, ladies," she said, "and the poor young gentleman has fainted on the floor beside her. She was so fond of him!"

And thus closes our account of the adventures of "The Lion of the Coteries." Even these "garbled extracts" must vindicate our high opinion, and shew that this novel, with great wit and brilliancy, possesses rarer and higher qualities. We have not touched upon the powerful London-Life episode of Philip Warren, and the womanly-hearted Ursula; nor yet on the personalities and peculiarities of Almond, and his old inmate Judith, and the Merivale satellites. The genteel comedy of the piece, we leave nearly unnoticed, without much regret. We have had all manner of School for Scandal and May Fair comfit, and spicy characters, or their shadows, served up to us again and again, and never better than here; but the Almonds, the Cherrys, the Warbles, the Ashmoles, and the Roundheads, are the daily bread of life; without which we die, and the Mrs and Misses Florida Strongfellows, and Dr Wykehames, its relishing and natural sauce. Both are abounding here. The higher-wrought and pathetic scenes of Agnes' suffering, and of Ursula's stronghearted endurance, we have not ventured to profane.

In conclusion, we must remark, that if this be the production of a new writer, which, however, is not likely, the best among the old stagers will need to look to their laurels.

MR ENSOR'S RETROSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE MOVEMENT.

It is advisable, in order to obtain a clear view of the posture of our affairs, to note some particulars which occurred preparatory to the introduction of the late Reform Bill into Parliament. Men have little memory either for good or evil—few events affect their minds more deeply than the fretted lines do the sea-shore, which the coming tide smooths and obliterates, again to suffer impressions equally transient and superficial. The people—the working people—have now commenced the project of Reform, to promote which, many, with that sacred name in their mouths, are in effect mere gossips, who talk without object or interest; and, in fact, the genteel advocates for reform may generally be classed among trimmers, renegades, and impostors. Some of the most strenuous friends of liberty in speech have laughed at the fancy, and one in particular, it is said, avowed “that Parliamentary Reform was a fit thing to be made use of in argument in the House of Commons, but not to be carried into execution.” Mr Pitt stood high among the exalted talkers about reform in 1782 and 1783; and, in 1785, when he was Minister, he made motions on this subject in Parliament. The ups and downs in political life, by the same persons, terrify the sincere, and disgrace the whole political world. Sir W. Curtis, who officiated as a kilted mountebank to George the Fourth in Edinburgh, and was loyal from top to toe, had canvassed the freeholders

Middlesex for John Wilkes; and if consistency was to be heightened by double changes, Wilkes and Luttrell exchanged sides. Wilkes propitiated the court in the city of London—he became a most loyal alderman, and he was favoured at St James’;* while Luttrell, in his old age, raised the standard of revolt against the King’s Ministry. The war with America was declared to be a war against rebels—for were they not virtually represented in the British Parliament?—a fiction for a fact, in which verbiage our constitution so gloriously rejoices. And it was farther stated in Parliament, to satisfy the American colonists, that they were not worse treated than millions in England, who were taxed and retaxed, yet had not one vote among them all for a single Member in the British legislation. Such insults and such illustrations did not satisfy the Americans; while the exasperated British Reformers roused a spirit of inquiry, which occasionally excited expressions of alarm and indignation against the minions of power. The American War had in France a still greater effect. France was incomparably worse governed than England; and the soldiers, paid and voluntary, had not only participated in the war of freedom, but had shared the crown of victory with those who, having beaten their op-

pressors, had permanently achieved their liberty. Thence the French turned their eyes and thoughts on their own miserable state—they felt their disgrace—they contrasted their own strength with their own weakness—that they who had mainly snatched the colonists from a foreign enemy, could not relieve themselves from their own wholesale domestic oppression; for they, without a shade of representation, without Senate or Commons’ House, had no voice in any public concern; and that, while different opulent orders had prerogatives, and privileges, and exemptions from fiscal exactions, the people and the poor were borne down with peculiar and extraordinary charges, while a ban was pronounced against their merited advancement. The American War, also, as it increased the financial embarrassments of the French Government, improved the opportunities of the French Reformers—and they profited off them. The Revolution was effected with little violence: money was not forthcoming, and the Exchequer was closed. This Revolution was hailed by many who rejoiced at the emancipation of the American colonies; and consistent men could only have felt similar sympathy in a corresponding event. Among those who triumphed in the result, Mr Fox’s voice was the loudest. George the Third and his courtiers, of course, sympathized with the monarchy—as Joseph of Germany, when asked, would he not join the convention—“No,” said the Radical Emperor; “royalty is my order.” It is stated, that Mr Pitt at first did not participate in their terrors; he was then, however, implicated in an attempt to awe Russia, and prevent her from possessing Oczakow. On this occasion Mr Jenkinson distinguished himself in defence of the British armament by an elaborate speech about the balance of power, which, it would seem, he considered to be suspended on that port on the Black Sea. Disgrace followed the conduct of the British Ministry: millions were expended to no purpose; and, in order to conciliate the people for the failure and the waste, Mr Pitt reduced some inconsiderable taxes. Here is one of the many impostures which grow out of a small representation of the people in Parliament; and the hush-money, corresponding to the secret-service money, reduces the fictitious representation to something worse than nothing. Yet all this but prefaces the ignorance or imposition which immediately followed: the Parliament met the 30th January, 1793; the King’s speech states, “That the general state of affairs in Europe appears to promise to my subjects the continuance of the present tranquillity;” and Mr Pitt, in accordance with the declamation from the throne, delivered a most imposing speech on the budget. He said that the sinking-fund (the bubble-fund) would, with a continued peace, complete the object of its institution in the year 1808—that is, the na-

* His speech, the 14th of December, 1792, to the ward of Farringdon Without, compared to his other writings and speeches, leaves his identity questionable.

tional debt would be liquidated in sixteen years from that period. During this Parliamentary parade, different tumults occurred in England. Dr Kippis honoured the French Revolution by a public commemoration: Dr Priestley wished to follow the precedent in Birmingham: a Church-and-King mob made war on Dr Priestley's house, and, after irreparable injury, forced him to take refuge in America. Have the Reformers of Birmingham paid a tribute to his memory?—Not that they can honour him, for honour is self-derived, but as a judgment against their townsmen, who, by that act, in some measure stigmatized their town. This and similar outrages, perhaps, farther increased the spirit of the people in favour of the French Revolution and Radical Reform. Then the associations which began with American resistance were recruited or re-organized, and the support which they had given to the American Colonists was easily transferred to the Reformers of France. Some members dropped off—some turned on their associates. Mr Burke declared against clubs, &c.; yet he admitted that he belonged to more clubs than one, “in which the principles of the *Glorious Revolution* are held in the highest reverence.”—*Reflections*, p. 2. And what was this glorious revolution? He says, “It was a revolution not made but prevented. We made no revolution; no, nor any alteration at all.”* A glorious, truly a most inglorious revolution; and such, in fact, have been the reforms of the laws—civil, judicial, fiscal, constitutional—by our patriotic, overweening egotists. Such was the last Reform Bill, as is now evident and admitted; and it will become less and less a reform. There is an accruing indemnity for the paucity of good intended by its framers, in the law of property, which nullifies all reform. Primogeniture, so honoured by Burke and the Tory faction, adds and superadds to individuals masses of wealth; while the law of descent in France is equitable, distributing wealth and diffusing power. There the aristocracy of riches may rise in the spring head; but it must soon refresh the surrounding country. Wealth may accumulate in the hands of a few; but the law transfers it, in the next descent, among many heirs; which is repeated in each successive generation. Mr Burke assailed the French Revolution at its commencement; for it was not a sham, like the glorious English Revolution. He wrote his most abusive “Letter,” &c., in 1789, against the People and their proceedings; and, passing over many questionable points, we may ask, if some excesses did occur thus early, who were to blame? The People? no. And Macchiavelli discharges the People. On such occasions, he imputes the discredit of such offences to their masters. He says, that a people who had lived under a Prince, are like a savage animal, which, after being reduced to slavery, and pent up in a prison, escapes by accident into the country, runs riot, and, in ignorance of its aptitudes and means of defence, becomes the prey of others. Macchiavel does not revile the

An Appeal from the Old to the New Whigs.

People, but the Princes who, having weakened or depraved them by their power, disable them from enjoying their liberty with discretion. He also defends, in a long chapter, the people from the charge of ingratitude, fixing that vice also on the Princes. Further, I may remark a strong contrast between Mr Burke's observations and Macchiavel's. The former would honour a revolution in proportion as it effected little; while the Florentine secretary declared that the capital defect of revolutions had been that they had not gone far enough. This imperfection the French people, or, if the fact be charged truly, the philosophers, did not commit. Some of the laws of radical excellence have been abolished or obscured, but the law of equal inheritance, with the small breach of the *majorats*, continues, with the satisfaction of all the French. This was a dreadful crime, socially and politically, in Burke's estimation. He honoured primogeniture; glorified the great landholders, even more than Lord John Russell's Reform Bill; called them the *ballast of the constitution*—a ballast that sinks us, stinting our people of their food, and the manufacturers of their market. Mr Burke has been treated with culpable partiality, in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*. He passed for a Whig, yet he was, as Johnson said of him and himself—“He is as great a Tory as I am.” He began his official career with gross sycophancy. He called the King's message, in 1782, “the best of messages to the best of People, from the best of Kings”—The best of Kings! Is this Burke the Whig?—Rather one of the Omrahs mentioned by Bernier, who relates—“When the King speaks, they hold up their hands and cry, wonder, wonder!” The best of Kings!—and this uttered immediately after the war with the American colonies, which Burke had denounced; a war which this best of Kings was probably the first to urge, and, as he himself said to the American Ambassador, the last to renounce. All existing Kings were the best. George was superlative, Louis XVI. something more; but the People were worse and worse. Right-mindedness and royalty at one side; error and the People on the other. Yet, what said this very man, not speaking at large, but after having fixed the reader's attention to particulars? In his pamphlet on the “Present Discontents,” he quotes Sully, who declared that revolutions do not come by chance or caprice, and that the populace never rise from a passion to attack, but from impatience to endure—Burke adding, “These are the words of a great man; of a Minister of State, and zealous assertor of monarchy. They are applied to a system of favouritism, which was adopted by Henry III. of France, and to the dreadful consequences it produced. What he said of revolutions is equally true of all great disturbances.” Yet this same Mr Burke, in respect to the revolution in France, professed to consider it an inexplicable casualty, or, if not causeless, the creature of Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Mably, and the other Encyclopædists. Spleen and Scribblers seem

to have taken full possession of his faculties. What was new was discredited; yet novelty is neither good nor bad; and the historian Hume says, "That the chief improvements in the British constitution have been effected by violent innovation." He played the sophist egregiously in his vocation, talking of morally true and politically false; he defended monkeries; and, still farther tampering with truth, he defended *mitred fronts in courts and palaces*, and nobility—the *Corinthian capitals* in society; but the working classes—the Caryatides in his political architecture—he condemned, heaping on them a quotation from Ecclesiasticus—"for their talk is of *oxen*." He also quotes most approvingly from the preceding verse—"And he that hath little business shall become wiser;" hence Parliament is called the collective wisdom. Certainly few can have less to do than Members of Parliament, and the laws are monuments of their idleness and wisdom. He praised the Queen of France in such terms as a premature schoolboy would his first love for a Miss in her teens. Then came chivalry emblazoned—an antiquated foppery, and kindred to the elder Holy Alliance. When, about the beginning of the 13th century, the rage for violence and plundering abated, the Society of *Militès Jesu Christi de Narbonna* ceased its dignity. Mr Burke vaunted that, under the tutelage of chivalry, "vice lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness." The French memoirs of lords and ladies are filthy in the extreme. Even Moliere's pieces, composed for the court, notwithstanding their exquisite merit, are equally disgusting as to the refinement of vice among the chivalrous French. To be sure, much reserve was shewn by the lady mothers who furnished a continual stream of retiring virtue to the Regent's *parc aux cerfs*; and what peerless vice was his who declared, *qu'il n'aimoit pas les plaisirs innocens!* Yet Mr Burke's eloquence and learning are advanced, as if they could cover his political hostility to reform, and qualify his outrages against a people daring to emerge from despotism, with its category of grinding vexations. Mr Burke is most anxious to justify his consistency. When he came into office with the Whigs, he began his placemanship in England by a plan of economical reform throughout the whole civil expenditure. And the *Annual Register*, 1782, p. 180—his own Register—stated, that on this occasion he spoke with great emotion. This was catching; for his seconder, Mr Powys, also spoke with signs of great emotion. How far was this theatrical? for we know that Mr Burke, improving on Macbeth and the air-drawn dagger, and suiting the action to the word, threw on the floor of the House of Commons a dagger, when he announced that three thousand substantial daggers had been lately manufactured in Birmingham. This sentimental economist, always consistent, did, for the tare and tret for his well-acted virtue, receive an enormous pension out of the very fund on which he declared no pension should be charged. Yet Mr Burke's consistency, even in this case, may be reconciled by the fol-

lowing concluding paragraph of his Reflections, &c.:—"These come from one who wishes to preserve consistency, but would preserve consistency by varying his means to secure the unity of his end." The *Edinburgh Review* not only glossed over this man's character, but pronounced him a peculiar prophet. Never did man exhibit less foreknowledge. He said—*Annual Register*, 1793, p. 181—in order to promote the war, that the most expensive part of a war was always the beginning. The French war was prodigiously the reverse. He, so far from being prospective, could not see, or would not recognise what was obvious to all. He said, in 1790, in reply to Mr Flood, in his speech for Parliamentary Reform, that the people were indifferent to reform; yet, he says, he published his thoughts on the French Constitution, to prevent them from being induced to imitate it. On the contrary, the people were in great commotion. Hence we had Mr Windham praising the happy constitution of the House of Commons—*Annual Register*, 1790, p. 80; Mr Jenkinson, asserting the confidence of the people in it, thus—"Could any gentleman prove, that at any time the decisions of the House of Commons were not in unison with the opinions of the nation? He maintained they could not in a single instance." Mr Pitt took up the same theme, and advised Mr Burke to cease abusing the French constitution, and substitute the praise of the English, though it was difficult to determine whether he more glorified the one or more vilified the other—they were to Mr Burke the "Beauty and the Beast." Every incident proved that the spirit of reform was vigorous, by the means taken to awe the malecontents—the fright and desertions of the talking patriots—the Duke of Richmond, who changed his purpose from reform to strengthen the People's power, to the construction of round towers along the coast, to prevent them being surprised seawards. Mr Pitt, a brother Reformer, withdrew his name also from the reforming firm, and condemned the clubs of which he had been a member. The alarm and panic of the Constitutionals were prodigious. Mr Burke objected to relieving the Bohemians from feudal servitude; and, in a private conversation with Mr Curwen, he started into a paroxysm of rage, because he, Mr Curwen, affirmed facts derived from his own direct knowledge of the country.—(*Curwen's Letters on Ireland*, v. ii., p. 92.) Indeed, such was the terror of the Aristocracy of the spread of popular sentiments, that the abolition of the Slave Trade was declared in the Lords to be connected with the levelling system and the Rights of Man.—(*Annual Register*, 1793, p. 90.)

During this period two games were playing, by the King and Ministry, at the same time. First, it was said the people were indifferent to Reform, and most comfortable, present and prospectively; for, as I have said, Mr Pitt calculated on a long peace, and a clearance of the National Debt in a few years. And he further stated, that, (the 30th of April, 1792,) "by the blessing of Providence, we enjoy an unexampled state of political happi-

ness." This halcyon announcement was soon changed; for, in the next month, May 21, a proclamation was issued denouncing the endeavours to bring into contempt the wise and wholesome provisions made at the time of the glorious Revolution, and since strengthened and enforced by consequent laws, for the preservation and security of the rights and liberties of our faithful and loving subjects, &c. This state of perplexity was soon decided by the principals of the European confederacy, the mighty friends of order, and religion, and property, and peace—the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia—who prepared to march into France at the head, it was said, of 200,000 men. Of this force, the Duke of Brunswick, supposed to be the greatest captain of the age, was generalissimo. Some time before, he had, at the head of a Prussian army, mastered the Dutch Patriots. He issued a proclamation from Coblentz, July the 25th, 1792, in which he declared, that he entered France “to put an end to the attacks made on the throne and the altar; to restore the King to his legitimate power, to liberty and safety. That the Emperor and King do not mean to meddle in the government of France;” (Russia, another confederate, had just extinguished the constitution of Poland, and was overrunning the country, which was a third time to be divided between her and her allies;) “and that, if the Parisians do not immediately comply with this command, they shall suffer the most exemplary and avenging punishment, by giving up the city of Paris to military execution, and exposing it to total destruction,” &c. The Duke issued another proclamation, two days after, denouncing similar vengeance against the inhabitants of other towns in France who might transgress his behests; and yet, after these dreadful threats, thundered throughout the extent of France, it was held a crying sin that the French rose in their might, became an armed nation, tried their King, who had been seized flying to join the German invaders, and that they confiscated the property of the emigrants marshalled to assist them. The Duke’s proclamation tested not merely the spirit but the common sense of the French; they were to decide on their own lives, and the existence of France as a nation. Had the assailing Emperor and Kings succeeded, probably France would have also been partitioned, and another Nicholas might now, having seized the remnant, sent its brave inhabitants to join the Poles in their beggary and dispersion throughout Europe. The Germans marched on, proclaiming the Bourbons and legitimacy. They entered Champagne. *Sour grapes*, they say, forced those who promised to inflict such unexampled horrors on the Parisians, to retreat. Had they succeeded, and only reinstated the King, and clergy, and noblesse in power, France would have fallen back, as Spain did when a French army marched through that country, and restored the often sworn Ferdinand to absolute power. Then, indeed, might have been truly said of France, as the celebrated Oxenstiern did sarcastically, on returning to

Spain, after a long absence, “*Il n’y a rien changé.*” Had the Bourbons and the royal satellites been restored under the auspices of these German despots, there would have been a change, and for the worse; for in what way did they reform themselves after their banishment, and vagrancy, and distress, and restoration, and rejection, and re-restoration?—It was truly said of the emigrants, royal, and noble, and ecclesiastical, that “they learned nothing, and forgot nothing;” and Charles X., and Polignac, and their ordinances, proved that they were determined on perdition—the curse of irredeemable bigotry and tyranny was stamped on their heart; and they were finally dethroned and expatriated in the famous days of July, with little more agitation and bloodshed, so entirely had they worn out their credit, than occurs in some tithe quarrels between the Irish peasantry and the Protestant parsons.

But to return to our own affairs, from which the French convulsion and the allied sovereignties of Germany for a while carried us, beyond the immediate sequence of events:—The proclamation of the English King, dated the 21st of May, 1792, relative to the endeavours of the lieges to bring into contempt the wise laws of our incomparable constitution, was followed by an augmentation of the forces by sea and land; by building barracks—for soldiers could not be trusted among citizens. The militia was called out; Hanoverians were introduced into England; the Habeas Corpus act was suspended, five millions were voted to sustain commercial credit; with secret committees; green bags; the alien bill; bills respecting foreign correspondence; Post-Office spies, and spies of all kinds; and secret-service money. Then began prodigious trials, and still more prodigious convictions and judgments. Muir and Palmer were tried for *leasing-making* in Scotland, and sentenced to be transported to Botany Bay for fourteen years. At this trial, a judge held that no one not having land had any right publicly to discuss political questions. This judgment was justified in Parliament; and Mr Dundas backed the law-officer who stated that the English laws were not sufficiently severe. This Dundas found that the English laws were sufficiently severe—“He shall have judgment without mercy who has had no mercy.” Then came the trials of Horne Tooke, Hardy, Joyce, &c. They were members of societies which had arisen towards the close of the American War, which obliged the Government to do justice to public opinion. Mr Pitt was summoned to give evidence on these trials, in order that he might exonerate certain societies from odium, by avowing himself to have belonged to them. For once his recollection failed him; but Mr Sheridan refreshed his memory, and he afterwards retracted his testimony. The accused, triumphantly, and with general approbation, were declared not guilty. Yet they were pronounced, by the heartless and murderous crown counsel, *acquitted felons*. To all these things add the resistance of France: which the prophet

Burke declared could not long continue ; for, he said, France was extinguished—a void in Europe—and that the warrior spirit of its once brave people had passed away ; quoting “ *Gallos olim bello floruisse*.” The reverse was soon proved. To the retreat of the allied arms under the Duke of Brunswick, was added the defeat of the Duke of York at Dunkirk. Notwithstanding every obstacle raised to the expression of public opinion, mismanagement and defeats forced the People openly to resume their opposition. In Copenhagen Fields, a hundred thousand persons met to petition for peace ; and the King was assailed, on going to Parliament, with cries of “ Peace !—Bread !” Then the Seditious-Meetings Bill passed ; and Mr Windham said Ministers were determined to exert vigour *beyond the law*. So they did in the American War, as they have done on the present Canadian outbreak ; so they did repeatedly in the French war ; but it never occurred to them to reform the evils in these or other cases, till they had fought themselves into difficulties, and disgrace, and debt. As to America so to France—they thought they could conquer the colonies, they were assured they could conquer France, and thus have the English Reformers at their mercy. And what was the issue ? In the next year, 1797, Bonaparte, at the head of young France against old Europe, succeeded in eighty-four engagements, fourteen of which were pitched battles ; and had not Bonaparte undertaken the Russian war, while the fate of Spain was undecided, England would have been prostrate before this man’s omnipotent vengeance. As to Parliamentary Reform, how has the French war, advocated by our Lives-and-Fortunes Men, and the defenders of our property and constitution, left both property and constitution ? The King, Ministry, and corruptionists began this war with a taxation of about sixteen millions, which now, after twenty-one years’ peace, nearly equals fifty-two millions, with a debt increased to eight hundred

millions. The debt, at the former period, as I before stated, Mr Pitt calculated, would have been cleared in 1808 ; yet the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of calculating National Debt or interest, confines his financial expectation to saving, by some economical arrangement, £3,000 in twenty years from the present time. In contemplating this debt, I am happy to quote, approvingly, a remark of one whom hitherto I could not conscientiously praise. Mr Burke, in his “ *Reflections*,” p. 229, says—“ Nations are wading, deeper and deeper, into an ocean of boundless debt. Public debts, which at first were a security to governments, by interesting many in the public tranquillity, are likely, in their excess, to become the means of their subversion.” Debt was the immediate cause of the French Revolution ; yet, last Session, Sir Robert Peel talked of “ the beautiful simplicity of the 3 per cents.” They will be further simplified. Political retribution has been postponed by the French war, as a dam impedes a coming flood. The People are pressing for Universal Suffrage.

I shall stop for the present with a quotation from Sir J. Mackintosh, published at the beginning of the French Revolution—“ Political inequality is equally inconsistent with the principles of natural right, and the objects of civil institution ; men retain a right to share in their government, because the exercise of the right by one man is not inconsistent with its possession by another, which is evidently the case when the surrender of a natural right can be created by society.” *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, p. 225. Universal Suffrage is the movement question now, as it was formerly. The nation is at peace—the people are greatly improved in ability and knowledge—and the want of popular authority in the representation is felt both by consumers and producers ; and by all, not placemen, in the excess of expenditure, and in the overwhelming amount of taxation.

GEORGE ENSOR.

Address, 1839.

A CHAPTER OF POPULAR POETRY.

The changing or progressive spirit of every age is manifested in nothing more distinctly than in its contemporaneous popular poetry. Nay, it might probably be more correct to say, that popular poetry is one marked embodiment of that spirit. It is not, however, among the lingering imitators of Byron, or of the elegant and mellifluous Hemans and her tuneful confraternity, that we are to look for the poetry which reveals the expanding and brooding heart of the People, and which, wherever it may germinate, is sure first to break forth at the plough, the loom, the forge, in the village school, or in the workshop of the skilled artisan ;—at one period, if religious excitement be the prevailing cause, in rude satire and ruder hymns ; at another, in such patriotic lyrics as “ The Marseillaise March,” or the impassioned strains of Körner. The popular poetry of the present day is quite as significant a token of the

times as ever was “ Hudibras” or “ Lillebulerloo ;” and it possesses, with a higher, as distinctive a character—thoughtful, energetic, earnest, suggestive, bursting with real feeling and deep meanings. As the most potent utterers of the human heart and soul in this new mode, we may instance Ebenezer Elliott, in England, and Béranger, in France ; the one trained at the forge, the other in the printing-office, and both in boyhood intellectually excited by the strife of social elements—the heavings of the society breaking up around them. Poetry—or call it what we may—that impassioned language in which men deeply moved are compelled to give utterance to their thoughts and feelings, has formed a leading feature in the lighter department of this Magazine from its commencement, so that a volume of purely *Radical Poetry*, of no every-day quality, could now be collected from

its pages. The humble poet of this new order may sometimes be rude in speech and manner; for in giving utterance to the yearnings of his heart and the soarings of his imagination, his aim is not, as of old, to please, but to rouse, vivify, and illuminate. But whatever may be wanting in the accomplishment of verse, is more than made up by vigour and downright earnestness, by pure and lofty feeling, and by the large interfusion of the spirit of truth and love.

Popular poetry, as a sign of the times, is not limited to the expression of political or sectarian opinion. Where bacchanalian songs predominated, we have Temperance lays, which are far from being milk and water compositions. Instead of the laudations of those who have steeped the earth in misery and blood, which have resounded through the popular verse of all ages, the people begin to chant the praises of such heroic benefactors of their kind as Milton and Washington, Franklin or James Watt. Though the love and admiration of Nature has grown and must ever grow with mental cultivation, and the consequent refinement of taste, instead of Addresses to the Moon, or Sonnets to the Glow-worm, and such other trivial if pretty themes, we meet with Odes to Labour, passionate assertions of the unalienable rights of the whole human race, and eulogies on those who have entitled themselves to its gratitude and blessing. The high destinies of mankind, and the progressive amelioration of society, are among the august themes of the new order of popular bards; and we may affirm of all of them, that, if they fail in the higher order of poetry, not one is seduced by that rapid, tinkling sing-song, which has so long been mistaken for poetry. From our accumulated stores of this species of modern verse—the Poetry of the People—we now propose to select a few specimens, differing in style and metres, but with a common origin, and possessing many family features. By thus disposing of the sterner spirits, we shall also clear the way for that Annual Feast of the Poets, which it has been our good custom to celebrate in September. Let us, then, without farther preamble, open with this emphatic question—

WHO ARE EARTH'S MIGHTY ONES?

Who are earth's mighty ones?

The sceptred monarchs, and the lords of power,
Whose wide dominions

Stretch over land and sea, from shore to shore?

Who are earth's mighty ones?

Warriors whose red hands grasp the battle blade—
Anarchy's ruthless sons,

Whose breath a universe in anguish laid?

Who are earth's mighty ones?

Priests who bind souls in superstition's spell—

Whose foul contagion runs

Thro' every breast, dark, wild, and terrible?

Are these earth's mighty ones,—

Such as she boasts, with heaven, equality?

Are these her glorious sons,

Who win her name an immortality?

O Earth, where is thy shame,

That thou should'st bear such children in thy womb?

Where is the voice of fame,

To call the mighty from oblivion's tomb?

Where is the patriot hand,
The strength of honour, and the trust of faith?
Where is the deathless band,
Who drew in glory at their earliest breath?

Where is the Freeman's boast—
The proudest, man can utter—"I am free;"
Which, when all else is lost,
Remains with him to all eternity?

Where is the sound that raised
The flame of victory in each high heart?
Where are those actions praised
In song, whose lustre never can depart?

These are earth's mighty ones—
These win the meed of an undying name—
These are her glorious sons,
Heirs of her trust, inheritors of fame!

No tyrant diadem—
Badge of a people's suffering—binds their wraith:
Their coronet 's the gem
Formed from the crystal of affection's breath.

We cannot follow this with any piece so appropriate as the praise of one of Earth's truest
"mighty ones," one of her most glorious sons.

ODE TO WASHINGTON.

"Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.
Cæsis musæ beat." HORACE.

A name that all with blessings greet! Yes, go
Where'er th' inconstant sun illumines this world—
As far as waves may waft or winds shall blow;
Where'er the flag of freedom is unfurld—
(The tyrant to the dust for ever hurld!)

Or where the *Slaveon* cringes to the lash,
And the indignant lip is never curld.
Ye thunderbolts, why speed ye not to dash
Your ruin on the tyrant with avenging crash?

Yes, far and wide, great stream! as on thy shore,
Gaunt *Mesachebe** is proclaimed his name;
As a divinity, for ever more,

Men hail it with a worshipping acclaim!
For his alone is an unsullied fame
That blooms immortal—blooms on earth, on high,
Knowing no winter; in its pride, the same
As when thy banks reverberated a nation's cry,
Grateful for peace and well-earned independency.

His cause was justice, freedom, and his home:
Britons, could you resist a cause so just?
Ye who had fought for "equal rights" whilome,
And dared to curb a tyrant's lawless lust;
And ye prevailed. Faithful to the trust
Of liberty, your sons beyond the seas,
E'en like yourselves, have struck for freedom: must
Oppression, like some rancorous disease,
Exterminate your sons because your tyrants please?

Firm, but not lawless—resolute, not rash;
Patriots awake when freedom calls: the call
Is like the thunder-roar: th' awakening flash
Heralds to freedom and the tyrant's fall,
Proclaiming freedom to the slave—to all.
Great is the cause—a cause for gods to fight—
To burst man's shackles—trample down his thrall.
Contend for home, and liberty, and right;
And, should the price be life, resign it with delight!

A.

This Acrostic, which comes to us from one of
our largest manufacturing towns, will be its own
interpreter. It follows naturally in the order of
arrangement.

ACROSTIC.

Henry, thou hast in British hearts a home—
Enshrind in love thy peaceful glories are;
Nor can the chroniclers of Greece or Rome
Reveal the beaming of so bright a star;
Yes, freedom's sons have hailed its rays afar!

* The Indian name for the Mississippi.

Light of an intellectual galaxy
Of statesmen great, and worthies known to fame,—
Rise in thy brightness o'er the stormy sea,
Day-star, come forth and blazing truths proclaim.

Bards, raise the song, to tell what wondrous deeds
Renowned heroes have achiev'd in war;
Of scenes of carnage, where the mighty bleeds
Unnotic'd, laid beneath destruction's car.

Go, strike your harps to chant a patriot's praise—
Have ye a nobler earthly theme than this?
A land of freemen *will* the tribute raise,
Millions rejoicing in their homes of bliss.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

O search not for me on the hills,
Nor in a thousand living rills,
Whose stream the boundless river fills,
Nor in the rushing wind;

O search not for me on the plain,
'Mid pastured flocks and golden grain;
E'en on the rock ye'll seek in vain,
For that ye may not find.

O search not for me in the sea,
Where the waves bound exultingly;
Nor in the swift clouds wild and free,
Nor in the trackless air;

Nor in the flight of mountain bird,
When coming tempest's voice is heard—
When rocks are rent, and forests stirred,
Ye may not find me there.

O seek me not, when banners flying
Upon the breeze, all storms defying—
Above the field where dead and dying
Attest how fierce the fight;
Where the tumult rages thick and fast,
And black with smoke the deadly blast,
As carnage, sweeps careering past,
In all destruction's might.

These feat o'er other fields than mine—
The clarion's shrilly notes may join
With shouts of joy, that thousands pine
In the bonds of slavery;

But in the heart, there deep thoughts dwell,
Close in the soul's mysterious cell—
'Twas *there* I wrought my silent spell—
'Tis *there* you'll seek for me!

Our next specimens, like the preceding,
spring from the mind of one of that numerous
class of men to whom our intelligent legislators,
and, what is worse, a great number of the ten-
pound electors, would deny the franchise.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

There's a smiling spot in the poor man's home,
That is known not to pride in its gilded dome;
And he loveth it well, for 'tis hallowed by all
That hath bound him to life, or is dear to his soul:
By the memory sweet of his boyish years—
By a father's smiles and a mother's tears;
And earth hath no spot on its surface wide
So dear to him as his own fireside.

I boast not the pomp of a tapestried hall,
Whose grandeur mocks at the sorrowful thrall;
But a humbler lovelier dwelling is mine,
Around whose wall clings the sweet woodbine.
'Tis the altar from whence pure thoughts ascend
To the poor man's God—to the mourner's friend;
'Tis the shrine where my hopes and fears abide;
And no spot is so dear as my own fireside.

When the wintry blast is loud and wild,
And the fire with the blazing faggot piled,
I could almost bless my humble lot,
As on Shakespeare's page, or the mighty Scott,
With a feeling heart I calmly pore,
Tracing the depths of each sage's lore.
The proud may disdain, and the rich deride,
But they know not the joys of a calm fireside.

They are gone, they are gone, who have been to me
As the guiding stars of my destiny;
But their memory sweet, it shall ne'er depart,
But cling, like a tendril, still to my heart;
For a brother's laugh, unquench'd by care,
And a sister's smile still welcome me there;
And no matter if weal or woe betide—
I can meet it content by my own fireside. W. L.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

My mountain home!—What is it binds
My heart to this wild spot?
The rock and fell, the foam and flood,
The rude and lonely cot:
For these I shun the city proud,
Where halls and temples rear;
For thought and word alike are free,
Free as my footsteps here.

What heed I of the princely dome,
The pride of rank or wealth,
While free o'er heath and fell to roam,
With Nature's blessing—health.
Talk not to me of beauty rare,
With coroneted brow;
The mountain girl hath face as fair,
And heart as blithe and true.

But there's a nobler feeling far
That binds me to this spot,
Which makes me scorn the pomp of state,
And love my lowly lot:
'Tis that the soul, in scenes like these,
Can free communion hold
With Nature's vast and awful works,
And learn what they unfold.

I love—when thunders rock the hills,
And the red bolt is gleaming,
Till lake, and wood, and mountain peak,
In that wild light are beaming—
I love to look upon these scenes,
And read their awful charm:
How frail is human power compared
To an Almighty arm!

'Tis here the monarch proud might learn
How brief his mortal span,
And throw his gilded trappings by,
To own himself but man:
The courtier too, who at his feet
Fawns out his little hour,
Might learn, methinks, to bow to nought
Save an Almighty power.

My mountain home—in flowery spring,
When summer decks the tree,
Or autumn's fruits are rich and ripe—
'Tis still the same to me.
How sweetly, too, by this rude hearth,
When the fire's ruddy light
Brightens each loved and laughing cheek,
Doth pass the wintry night!

My mountain home! a thousand ties
Bind me as with a spell
To thy rude walls, where all most dear—
The loved and lovely—dwell.
A thousand nameless ties, I ween,
Which ne'er may broken be,
Are those which form the magic chain
That links my soul to thee. W. L.*

From the same pen we have a copy of verses
on the Year 1838, from which we cull a few
stanzas.

THE LAST YEAR.

Thou hast heard an abbey's walls resound
With the shouts of a madden'd throng,
Whose sorrows seem'd, like the maniac's, drown'd
In a wild unmeaning song;

* This contributor will, we trust, find his private query speedily
and satisfactorily answered by Mr Rowland Hill's plan of penny
postage.

For a maiden was crown'd mid hymn and prayer
Of dread and heathen mummery.

Thou hast seen proud *Durham* dress'd out for war,
And his gilded trappings fail,
Though decked with the badge of a bloody Czar,
While making the freeborn quail.

Thou hast heard the mighty *Brougham* proclaim
Each freeman's rights, nought recking,
That the puny Whigs all hoot his name,
Like owls at the falcon pecking.

Thou hast heard the poor man's hut as it rung
With his famish'd children's cry;
While he whose wealth from the bread-tax sprung
With a careless sneer passed by.

And thou hast heard a voice go forth
That must sound oppression's knell;
For a million souls of might and worth
Have risen their wrongs to tell.

Let their hearts be true as their cause is right,
Their voices be as one;
And a breath will shiver the tyrant's might,
Ere another year be gone!

W.

The author of the subjoined lines is already known by the publication of a meritorious small volume, containing much of the true Poetry of the People.

THE GENIUS-STARVATION PRINCIPLE,
With a small bit of Advice to would-be Authors.

A grave fat Dean told Thomson once—
Th' illustrious author of "The Seasons"—
That genius should be aye kept poor,
For this, 'mongst many more good reasons :—
That hunger may be whip and spur
To urge its victim to exertion,
And easy-minded worldly folks
Gain fresh instruction or diversion.
Toil on, ye ill-requited race!
To please fat Deans ransack your brains;
And when at length you've given your *all*,
Then die neglected for your pains.
Ye would-be authors, O beware!
If ye are poor throw by the pen:
Go dig the earth, or sweep the streets,
For ye may write for bread in vain.
Whene'er I see a starving bard,
Or gifted painter, poor and mean,
I sigh, and wish him better trade,
And think there's many a grave fat Dean!

A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC.

Let no one really humane be offended by this exposure of modern spurious or *canting* charity.

THE DEAN AND THE COUNTESS.

"'Twas a beautiful sermon, Dear Doctor, you gave us,
Last Sunday, on Meekness and Charity—
'Twill rouse the poor wretches in hundreds to crave us,
And tease us with *smells* and vulgarity."
"Lady B., I am horrified—what do you think?
An old ragged beggar had heard me!
Good God! that such brutes into churches should alink:
From preaching 'twould almost discard me.
"An old palsied wretch, with a famishing cur—
Lean, haggard, and tattered, and cold—
Hobbled up to me yesterday, whimpering—'O, sir!
O, pity the hungry and old!'"
"O, nauseous! the groundling!" the Countess exclaimed.
"I bade him begone," quoth the priest.
"The Radical scum!—how the rabble untamed
Stand in need of bloodletting at least!
"The altar's profaned, and the church is in danger;
But the Count—hath he gone to the races?
Then adieu—I have wagered five hundred on Ranger;
I must go and examine his paces,"

"One moment, Dear Doctor," her ladyship cries;
"I am down a cool hundred for missions:
I shall stand at the head of the list—but advise
On these want-and-starvation petitions."
"Miller Bob for two guineas—the Radical vile,"
Quoth the priest, as he glanced at the scroll;
"On the wreck of *our* fortunes the wretches would smile—
Let them starve for the health of the soul."

CYRUS.

EYLAU, OR GLORY.

The night-star shone bright over Muscovy's plain,
And hushed was each echo and silent each strain
Of the trumpets which rung out their peals on that day—
Now sleepless, yet noiseless, the hostile hosts lay.
Some looked on that sky which would usher the morn,
When each pennon, unfurled, to the breeze should be borne—
When musketeon, cannon, and arquebuse roar,
Should wake with their voices the slumbering war.
There were Italy's sons—there were peasants of France—
From the vines and the roses of sunny Provence,
Who had wandered in peace on the Garonne's fair track—
Now come to the land of the frozen Cossack.
Again the night planet shone bright in the sky,
And proudly the moon held her journey on high;
Again lay that squadron stretched over the plain,
But ne'er shall a morrow awake them again!
There was he who from Tuscany's valleys came forth,
Lying stretched side by side with the child of the north,—
And ne'er shall yon Provençal child of the sun
Ere welcome the waves of his lovely Garonne.
The watch-fires may gleam o'er that desert of snow,
And the clarions may sound where the valiant lay low:
They have poured forth their blood in the tumult's wildrage,
To fill half a column of history's page.

From our translators we select two effusions of patriotic ardour from men of acknowledged genius.

LE VIEUX SERGEANT.

(From the French of Béranger.)

The scarred and veteran sergeant has forgot,
Beside his daughter's chair, his cares awhile:
And with one arm, disabled by a shot,
Rocks his twin grandchildren with happy smile.
Thus, seated tranquil in his native cot,
His refuge from the wars and perils past,
He cried—"Our birth is not our finished lot;
May you, dear babes, die gloriously at last!"
What hears he now? the drum's arousing roll!
He sees a squadron marching o'er the plain;
His bald brow flashes to his ardent soul:
Oh! the old war-horse feels the spur again!
"But whose these stranger banners?" And his glance
Sunk to the earth with sudden shame o'ercast.
"Oh! would ye yet revenge the wrongs of France—
May you, dear babes, die gloriously at last!"
"Who will give back," exclaimed the veteran,
"The brave young peasants who, beneath the sign
Of the Republic, at her bidding ran
To stern Jemappe, and Fleurus, and the Rhine?
Shoeless and hungry, deaf to base alarms,
They marched to glory fearlessly and fast.
The Rhine shall yet re-temper our old arms.
May you, dear babes, die gloriously at last!"
"How shone thro' all, in battle's fiery hour,
By victory ever worn, the garb of blue!
Blent with the hail of freedom's crashing shower,
Sceptres and chains in broken splinters flew.
The nations, freed in our victorious right,
Crowned our brave sons with laurels where they
pass'd;
Happy who perished in those days of light!
May you, dear babes, die gloriously at last!"
"Too soon our patriot glory passed away;
For dignities our chiefs forsook the ranks;
Still dark from the cartouch they basely pay
To tyrant power their homages and thanks,

Freedom : in arms departs to every throne,
Offering their swords, they turn with shameless haste;
Our tears are measured by our glories gone—
May you, dear babes, die gloriously at last !”
Checking his long complaint, his daughter here,
Still as she spins, with voice half-murmuring, sings
Those choruses proscribed, whose words of fear
With sudden start arouse the slumbering kings :
“ People, ’tis time that heard in turn, at large
Your songs should echo round on every blast.”
Softly he then said, bending o’er his charge,
“ May you, dear babes, die gloriously at last.”

W. D.

If any of our English, Irish, or Scotch critical readers shall pick faults with the following translation, we can only say, that when they turn German into French or Italian with equal facility, fulness, and exactitude of meaning, we shall pronounce them accomplished persons. Our English translation is made by a young Dane.

THE CALL TO PRUSSIA.

(From the German of Theodore Körner.)

Up, my country, up ! the beacons flame on high !
Clear from the north burst forth thy freedom’s light ;
Thou, in foemen’s heart, thy steel shalt redly dye.
Up, my country, up ! the beacons flame on high !
The seed is ripe : then haste, with sickle bright.
Our chiefest hope remains—our own true brand ;
Come, press into our hearts the steel right deep,
’Tis freedom’s only road ; cleanse our fatherland,
That German blood thy soil may nobly steep.
Not ours the heartless strife of king ’gainst king ;
No, ’tis a hallow’d and a glorious war :
Virtue, right, and faith, the despot’s hand hath wrung
From our breast—all to which our free hearts have clung ;
But we will save them yet from victory’s car.
The plaint of the graybeard moans, “ Arise ! arise !”
The ruined cot doth curse the robber brood ;
While thy daughters’ infamy for vengeance cries ;
Thy children’s murder calls aloud for blood !
Break the ploughshare—let the chisel quickly fall—
Untouched the loom—unsung the minstrel’s lay ;
Forsaken the lov’d homes, the cot, the hall :
Before our King plant on high the banner tall,
Let onward press the people’s close array ;
For they, in their freedom’s fair, eternal light,
Shall rear aloft a monumental pile ;
Stones, that erst our swords have hewn, shall be its site,
And warriors’ shades be hov’ring round its aisle.
Wherefore do ye, maids and matrons, loudly weep
That for you no bright falchion’s blade is steel’d ?
While we to the combat may joyously leap,
’Mid the spoilers’ bands our laurels bravely reap ;
Unknown to you the joy that battles yield,
Oh ! rather let your steps to God’s altars wend—
He heals with gentle love each wounded breast ;
May his holy peace upon your prayers attend,
And piety around your brows be prest !
Pray that ancient strength on us again may light,
That we as heirs of victory may stand ;
Call to her, the martyr of our German right—
Call to her, the genius of our vengeance’ night—
The angel of our true and faithful band :
O Louise ! be thou our guide to victory,
And cast thy blessing o’er our doubtful way ;
Come forth, ye shades of German warriors free,
Forth where our banners in the breezes play !
Heaven strikes for us—oppression’s hell must bow ;
“ Forth, forth, thou nation brave !” is freedom’s call :
Thy heart beats high : oaks their boughs around thee throw.
Heed not the lofty pile of thy slain below,
But rear, on freedom’s mount, the standard tall.
Yet if e’er, my country, thou, by fortune blest,
Shouldst see, upon thy brows, the laurel fall,
Forget not then thy faithful dead in their rest,
But deck with oaken wreaths our fun’ral pall.

* The Queen of Prussia.

The foregoing is the voice of the Prussian, not the British people ; or it is perhaps the echo of a time gone by. We return to our own land and our own day, venturing a shrewd guess that our contributor, however incongruous it may appear, is a member of the Society of Friends.

AN OLD BOURBONISM VERSIFIED.

What can black Sambo, upon Congo’s coast,
Know of the rigour of an Arctic frost ?
Or what the oil-fed son of Labrador,
Of Lybia’s sands, or Guinea’s burning shore ?
Tell the poor negro of that frozen zone
Where water turns almost as hard as stone ;
Through fields of white will roll his sceptic eye—
“ Massa, no true ! him tell a much big lie !”
Thanks be to science and our happy lot,
We know such facts, e’en though we see them not :
Thanks be to Ross, and such like navigators—
To Waterton, and eke his alligators.
It matters not how strange a thing, or new,
We swallow all, if you but *prove* it true !
Tell the plain fact, and give the why and wherefore—
There’s Q. E. D., and that is all we care for.
But I digress—’twas my intent to sing
A simple story of a simple king ;
(But here the Muse would fain her manners shew,
And make to Majesty a curtsy low :
Indeed, she’s one of the Parnassian Nine,
And has a reverence for the “ right divine :”
She toddled, when a *very little thing*,
About the court of *Jove*—that mighty king !)
It chanced upon a time, a king of Gaul—
But neither name nor date can I recall ;
So, by your leave, what I mean now to do is—
Sans more delay to dub him simply *Lewis*.
This *Lewis* was a pleasant kind of fellow—
Play’d whist, and sometimes got a little mellow ;
Liked a soft bed, and seldom got up early ;
Verged towards *embonpoint*—(we call it burly.)
He carried on the business of a court,
Exactly as all decent monarchs ought :
Could have his hand kissed with becoming grace,
And sometimes with a smile illumed his face.
Au reste, he loved good eating and good drinking,
And did not vex his kingship much with thinking.
This *thinking*’s a plebeian sort of thing,
And scarcely suits the genius of a king !
But to our tale.—It chanced, one summer’s day,
Lewis had dozed the afternoon away ;
At length at Tee-to-tum he played a game,
At a large table, with a courtly dame ;
Blessed was the toy that touched his royal hand !
Its head was turned, scarce could Tee-to-tum stand :
Pleased with the action of his gracious thumb,
Lo ! Majesty applauded Tee-to-tum !
If monarchs always leisure moments spent
In sport as dignified and innocent,
Of Nero’s pranks historians ne’er had told,
Nor Charles’s head on Cromwell’s scaffold roll’d ;
But pass we that—Tee-to-tum to a tee
Engrossed just then King *Lewis* to-tal-ly.
“ Take up,” “ Put down,” was all the monarch uttered,
Save now and then “ *Parbleu*,” he gently muttered.
At Fortune’s freaks the King began to whinge,
When, lo ! the portal turned upon its hinge :
In rushed the Ministers with dire alarms—
“ Paris rebels—the city is in arms !”
“ Is that all,” said the monarch, with a hum,
(Twirling again the neglected Tee-to-tum),
“ Is that all ? Double the Swiss guard to-night,
And bid them put this low canaille to flight.”
“ Sire,” quoth the minister, with troubled air,
“ It may not be, the city’s in despair.
These rascals find taxation is so high,
And food so dear, that wages can’t supply
Enough to keep the bodies from starvation,
Of half of our Parisian population.”

St Louis' seed, of hunger-knew as much,
As negroes know of ice or I of Dutch.
It won't surprise you that he answered thus :—
"About starvation do they make this fuss?
Go—let these fellows know, sir, if you please,
Rather than starve, I'd live on *bread and cheese!*"

E.

Ought we to apologise for placing this *scene*
so far down in our list? Is it possible that
wherever met it can come wrong while the
enormity it exposes exists and gains strength?

THE CORN-LAWS.

"Every system, endeavouring, by extraordinary means, to draw
towards a particular species of industry a greater share of the capital
than would naturally fall into it, retards, instead of accelerating,
the progress of society towards real wealth and greatness."

ADAM SMITH.

SCENE—Near Westminster Abbey.
CONSERVITAS AND PUBLICUS.

Pub. Well met, Conservitas! what news? how fares
That cause, in which all Britain—Europe! shares?
I know your principles, yet frankly say,
In yonder House, how doth opinion sway?

Cons. Still undecided is the great event—
An "Open Question"—theme for argument.
Fitzwilliam prompts his sturdy champions on—
Our wiser Lords support brave Wellington.

Pub. Methought your "march to victory" were brief,
Under safe-conduct of the iron chief?
With times men alter. Once I saw him wield
His sword—war's sickle—o'er the harvest-field;
Now to the earth his closing labours tend,
And "Villianton"* becomes the *Landlords'* friend.

Cons. There, pardon me! the fact you quite mistake—
His zeal is only "for the People's sake;"
But, had our vallant Nestor still the power
Which fortune granted to a happier hour,
When gloriously the Royal Standard flew
Above his prostrate foes at Waterloo!†

Pub. Ay! but those days are gone; the reign of peace
Demands no prostrate foes—no victors—

Cons. Cease!
How little do you know the human mind,
Restless itself, must still some pretext find
For discontent or discord; when no more
Invasions threaten from a hostile shore,
Then the gaunt war-hound, cheated of his prey,
On his own brood life's instinct doth allay:
War is a law of Nature—God ordains—

Pub. What! that this earth, those fair and fertile plains,
Should be a sanguine theatre for strife?
That man should rob his fellow-man of life?
Forbid it, gracious heaven! though such may be
The Statesman's selfish creed and "policy;"
As those whose weak enclosures durst not bide
The swelling waters—turn their course aside;
So England hath been brought her strength to waste
In needless conflicts, that her Lords might taste
Their cherished wealth and luxuries, whate'er
The fearful cost—war, bloodshed, or despair!

Cons. Hard censures oft proceed from those who boast
The nation's welfare, yet neglect it most;
But not for idle clamour we'll abate
Our steady guardianship, nor leave the State
Humbly dependant for her "home supplies"
On the light promises of false allies,
Who, when our native tillage is o'erthrown,
And bounteous Ceres hath affrighted frown,
Might, on some trivial grounds or pretext vain,
Shut up their ports—refuse our merchants grain.
Then war and famine could at once assail
Our weakened land, and, haply too, prevail!

* "Wellington or 'Villianton'—for Fame
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways."

BYRON.

† Modern Philosophy!—

"Slaughter
Is God's daughter."

ROBT. SOUTHLEY.

Pub. I grant—in such a case—your fears are right
Now, place the subject in another light :—
Behold those islands of the Southern Sea,*
Whose sons subsist by social industry—
Should we, affecting commerce to maintain,
Tax their yams, plantains, bread-fruit, and restrain
Their ancient neighbours' friendly intercourse
With barker of productions? Should we force,
By harsh "restrictions," traders from their shore?
Would not those wretched islanders deplore
Our thriftless interference? Yet we see
In this a picture of our misery—
The slaves of taxes and monopoly!
Oh! that in strength our country would arise—
Shake off her wrongs—

Cons. At what a sacrifice!
Think of the thousands who must suffer.

Pub. Nay!
Think of the millions' sufferings every day!
Long have the juggling priests of Government
Drawn our hearts' stream in taxes, tithes, and rent.
Too long have they who ruled, short-sighted, blind!
Repressed each better feeling of the mind;
Forgot those human sympathies, which make
The serf regarded, e'en for interest's sake;
But tension snaps the cord—one feather more
Brought down the camel at his master's door.

Cons. These are the tenets our Reformers spread!
The evil consequence be on their head;
Should rash compliance meet the bold demand,
Distress expels our farmers from the land!

Pub. Yet wherefore? when to fallen prices rent
Is duly levell'd—

Cons. Ha! shall WE consent?
Sooner might ruin overtake the whole,
Than I would "systemize" my "yearly roll."

Pub. Enough, my friend! I now the demon see
Which rules our Senate—'tis PROPRIETRY!
But, ere we part, take hence this sure conviction—
That time will yet remove each base restriction,
And Britain's commerce, unrestrained and free,
Shall be the safe-guard of her husbandry.† E. M.

The Church, as the sect established by the
State is usually named in all the countries of
Europe, has afforded a theme to the popular
poets of England from the era of *Pierce Plow-*
man, to that of Cowper, or *The Village Curate*.
All laymen take pleasure in hearing about, or
detecting, the little peccadilloes of those whose
trade is the gain of godliness.

THE PERFECT CHURCH.

Our holy, law-established Church
Deserves right well its golden perch,
And may contemn the pert research
Of those all prone to schism;
Indeed, should give them flame and birch,
Like her of Romanism.

'Tis wondrous that the Parliament
Could let its judgment be so bent,
As to give schism breath and vent,

* See Lord Fitzwilliam's speech on this question.

† Never until the last of our prescriptive—mis-called
"protective"—duties is repealed, can Great Britain hope
to enjoy the benefit of her own produce and manufactures,
or those of other countries. One change in legislative
government inevitably leads to many. The Repeal of the
Corn-Laws, alone, would force the agricultural capital into
other channels; and not only should we suffer the melan-
choly consequences of "transition," but one of our most
essential and active branches of industry would be reduced
below its just value (as it formerly was artificially raised
above it) by the still existing protections, or *promissus* ex-
tended to monopolists. In justice, therefore, to the
landed interest, we shall be compelled to abandon the
protective system altogether; and those who are now the
most determined opponents of the Corn-Laws' Abolition,
will then become our most zealous partisans for an equaliza-
tion of privileges.

By soft'ning down the laws,
For whiners, who will spread Dissent
Till halters stop their jaws.
Could Laud, with his chaste spirit, rise
To see the sects he did despise,
Pushing their scouts to hundred skies,
Converting half the world—
How would his pious wrath arise !—
How would his curse be hurled !

What !—dare to venture ev'rywhere,
And simple Scripture truths declare,
Without the "Book of Common Prayer?"
Without the Bishop's dub ?

Such unordained, officious care,
'Tis heavenly grace to smother.

In fact, there ne'er, since Eden's bow'rs,
Has been a church so pure as ours,
Though so boast by golden showers,
And tithes, and fruits of land ;
And hence she has those magic powers
Especial in her hand.

No penitence, no trumpery
Of vile Dissenting trickery,
She needs from very devilry,

To make a youth a priest ;
Give her a rake, and speedily
He's deaconized at least !

She only asks a good bold lie,
To say, an impulse from the sky
For ordination spurs the cry,

And (paid your college fees)
The sacred bishop's pat is nigh,
If you swear as he please.

(And, as the people are but asses,
No voice have they in all that passes,
Except a few in higher classes,

Who Livings have to give.
Who cares for souls of vulgar masses,
If vicars well may live ?)

And so, by sale or private favour,
Each clergyman becomes your neighbour ;
Nor seeks, by gentleness or labour,
'To gain or mend his flock ;

The poor to treat as did our Saviour
These gentlemen would shock.

And faith, they're very wondrous men :
One will sustain the charge of ten,
Without consulting *where* or *when*,

In a plurality ;
And all their flocks enjoin, by pen,
To mind *morality*.

Church fellowship they've g'ien the rout ;
We ramble in and ramble out,
Nobody asking what about,

If we but pay our tithes,
Nor hear at meeting-house about
Our souls and holy lives.

Our bishops, too, grow men of worth.
Give me the meekest man on earth,
And soon he's free from all his dearth,
If once he's in a see ;

Ennobled quickly in that berth,
He and his progeny.

Not that we know not how to fast ;
But then it is a lower caste
Of which that starving task is ask'd :

Of curates and such slaves ;
Whose penance through whole years will last,
And, sometimes, to their graves.

Ye know not what our priests can do,
Except convert a Turk or Jew,
Or form a sinner's life anew ;

Such would defile their hands :
Yet they'll address an empty pew,
If well endowed with lands.

'Tis clear they are our learned betters,
And cannot limp in common fetters ;
But, though no great example-setters,

They tell us what is good ;
And not to ape them we are debtors,

But what *they say* we should.
For Charles—who used to crop the ears
Of those who dared to tell their fears ;
About the course our true Church steers—

They have a form of prayer ;
And for his son, and black-eyed dears,
They praise pure heaven's care.

And then we have cathedral chants,
And bishops' coronation flaunts,
And many other claims and vaunts
About the true succession ;
And various grades through which hope pants,
To peerage in possession.

But, I must stop my prattling pen,
Or Southey will arouse again,
To praise the Church and mitred men,
And throw me in the dark ;

Or spread his ample sail, and then
Run down my little barque.

SIMON MÆSUS, Jun.

Let us hope that the subjoined lines will induce
our juvenile readers to peruse the ennobling
Memoir referred to. A very cheap and beautiful
edition of it has lately appeared in Smith's
"Standard Library."

Lines on Reading the Memoirs of Colonel HUT-
CHINSON, "THE REGICIDE," BY HIS WIFE, LUCY.

Dark was the chamber where he lay, and damp
Stood, dew-like, trembling on the massive walls,
Whose base the sullen ocean wash'd ; and salt
Exhaled from out all objects round about,
And mix'd with noisome vapours, sunk like fog
Upon the feeble breath of life. All things
Spoke but of wo and desolation, such
As tyrants pile on those they fear and hate ;
And bolts and bars, with endless clank of chains,
And grates, through which the daylight dimly stream'd,
Combin'd with utter solitude to shew
That *he* was one of them. But yet the mind
Triumph'd o'er nature's weakness ; and the hand
Of Death, though heavy laid, was powerless
To quench the soul's light beaming in his eye.
Though lonely thus and sick, he was not sad
Nor lost to hope and this world's visions—still,
Still on the past his memory would stray,
And from each cross and trouble of his life,
Which honesty and patriot zeal had quell'd,
Would gather courage to contest.

And she
Whose love had brighten'd all his days was there ;
Her calm eye beaming strength to undergo,
For his sake, more than tyranny inflicts,
With all its petty instruments of spleen ;
For his sake, and the "Glorious Cause"—which dash'd
A wretched monarch from his crumbling throne,
And told the world, in blood most justly shed,
That "right divine" meant *not* to "govern wrong."—
She bore all woes and persecutions hard ;
She loved him as her life, her hope, her all,
Her husband by whose side her days had pass'd
In love and happiness—with whom she grew
From girl to womanhood, from youth to age,
The father of her children, and the stay
Of a time-honour'd and respected house ;
And yet she mourn'd not for his fate. Her heart
Was set on holy things, more high than aught
This persecuted life can yield of bonds
Of fond affection. She did love him less
As lover of her younger days, and friend
Of years mature, than as the patriot sage,
Of valour stern and honesty, whose voice
Was ever firm amid the shiftest times,
Whose arm was foremost in the battle's rout
Whose ev'ry word and action proved his worth,
His Christian courage, and his patriot soul
Of staid temper—one whose virtue breathes

Fragrance and balm amid the scenes of blood,
 Apostasy, and crime, that soil'd the age,
 As violets shed a perfume all unseen
 Amid the poisons that grow rankly by.

He died !—the noble spirit burst its clay
 And join'd the great Eternal One, whose seal
 Stamp'd on his brow an universal fame.
 The pamper'd slave that, in his halls obscene,
 Held wine and wassail in his harlot court—
 Whose very breath bore poison, and whose hands
 Were reeking yet with infamy and shame—
 The "Lord's anointed" *ribald*, who, in scorn,
 Proclaim'd by day his deeds of nightly lust,
 And with the daughters of Corruption hurl'd
 The gauntlet of defiance in the face
 Of all we love of virtuous, chastest, best—
 Smiled as he heard the patriot martyr's knell ;
 And, gorged with revel, held his reign secure.
 Vain profligate ! when in the hand of God
 The trembling balances shall weigh thy acts—
 When, face to face before the Almighty's throne,
 The monarch and his victim shall appear,
 Stripp'd of all titles, power, and rank, and wealth—
 No courtly parasites to form thy guard—
 No venal judge to pardon or condemn—
 No witnesses save naked Truth—say, *then*,
 Will aught of this world's outward show protect,
 Or kingly diadem avert thy doom ?
 No ! in the courts above supreme reigns justice ;
 Mortality is void of rank ; the blaze
 Of regal splendour hides not scarlet sin ;
 And wrong'd and wronger meet alike their fate.

He died !—beside his couch no tear was shed
 Save that of pure affection ; and *her* eye
 Was dim but for a moment ; for the pride,
 Republican, of woman's heart restrain'd
 The bitter tax of unavailing tears.
 As she had lived the first and best of wives
 To one of England's brightest patriots, she
 Grieved not for him at any "common rate"
 Of those who mourn their lords with outward show ;
 But, more intent his memory to preserve
 Than aught bewail with foolish tears, her pen
 Traced on the deathless page his words and deeds,
 And left posterity example rare
 Of what we seldom see—the warrior's life,
 And sage's, patriot's, scholar's, all combin'd
 With honesty of purpose, and a soul
 Above temptation as above all praise.

O fair historian ! as a boy I loved
 To read thy history, and oft did wish
 My lot in life were cast with one like thee,
 To sweeten sorrows with a smile sedate ;
 And, when the wrongs of men had weighed me down,
 And crushed my limbs beneath the load of chains,
 To point the path to Liberty and Truth,
 And make a realm *within* of tranquil joy,
 The mind's Republic, where no King might reign,
 Potentate nor Priest, Emperor nor Czar,
 With all their cant of Kingcraft—where no thought
 Save thine, and thy bright image, might reflect
 A peaceful light amid the prison's gloom,
 And cheer the spirit as the body fail'd.

Perchance an eye may wander o'er the page
 Whose light, of all things, most resembles *thine*
 In speaking fortitude to those that need ;
 And, ever bright amid our earthly ills,
 Shines purer through the night, like some fair star
 The pilgrim spies upon the desert's verge,
 And lifts his heart to Heav'n, in prayer, to bless.

Shine on, thou peaceful planet ! by thy ray
 My foot shall tread the rugged wilderness,
 And meet no thorn : upon thy silver orb,
 Trembling in ether, like a vestal lamp,
 Mine eyes shall fix, though dimm'd with bitter tears,
 And *thou*, from thy high station, be to one
 The orient light fair LUCY shines to all

C. W. T.

THE POOR MAN TO HIS CHILD.

Come nearer, my boy ! let me gaze on those features—
 Let me part the bright locks that are shading thy brow ;
 They call me a beggar, but none of God's creatures
 Can boast of a treasure more costly than thou !
 Ay, come to this bosom ! these arms that infold thee,
 Though weakened by sickness, affection can move :
 Long, long may they shield thee, for none else would
 hold thee,
 Or speak to my child in the accents of love !
 Oh, no ! when I rest from my toil in the grave,
 'Neath the same grassy mound, where thy mother hath
 lain,
 There are few who would yield thee the food ye may crave,
 There are none who will fondle the orphan again !
 Young heir to my sorrow ! for all I can give thee,
 Is the anguish I feel at thy desolate lot :
 God grant that it may not long after survive me,
 But be with the woes of thy father forgot !
 It pains me to gaze on those eyes that are gleaming,
 So lightsome and joyous as once were my own ;
 And picture them hence, when the tears will be streaming,
 And the rapture that kindles them now will be gone :
 It grieves me to think how that heart will be riven,
 When the finger of scorn will be tracing thy birth :
 O then ! my sweet infant, look upwards to Heav'n,
 For *He* will regard the forsaken of earth !
 Laugh on, thus unconscious of sorrow to come—
 I would that thy spirits were always as free !
 For though lowly the shed we are calling our home,
 Thou hast made it a palace of pleasure to me !
 My blessing be with thee, my darling !—my own !
 Come, sit on my knee, while I tell in thy ear
 Some tales of the land where thy mother has gone,
 And we'll strive to forget the cold world and its care !
 Leamington. W. J.

We have reserved this *bonne bouche* to close
 our Chapter of the People's Poetry.

"HAT HOMAGE."

George Fox.

They call me very clown,
 Gruff, surly, and all that,
 Because upon my crown
 I've learn'd to keep my hat ;
 The gales of courtesy
 I vow shall raise it ne'er—
 My self-respect shall bird-lime be
 To fix it to my hair.

In vain they lecture me :
 I never will—that's flat ;
 To all the shams that be,
 I'll never doff my hat.

My laird comes down to see
 (When Parliament is o'er)
 How fare his tenantry,
 And grouse it on the moor.
 "Hurrah !" his serfs will cry,
 And bow with cap in hand ;
 I pay my rent—and bow ? not I—
 Still more erect I stand.

No more he claims of me ;
 No more I'll give—that's flat ;
 To such a thing as he
 I'll never doff my hat.

The factor of the laird
 Is a mightier man than he—
 He who his wrath has dared
 May well cry "Gramercy."
 I humour not his whim,
 Nor yet his pompous self—
 He kens me well—and I ken him—
 And so we never mell."

He's naething mair than me,
 My laird's his laird—that's flat ;
 And he must bide a wee
 Before I doff my hat.

* Mix.

I cannot, with a grace,
Bow even to a king,
Deck'd with the pomp of place—
A silly sceptred thing.

While eager thousands throng
To worship at its feet,
I only smile, and pass along,
But doff no hat to it.

Fools who are willing may;
I cannot stoop—that's flat;
To idol forms of clay
I'll never doff my hat.

I bow not to the Priest—

I incense not his shrine;
My only hope is Christ,
My creed the Book Divine.
The tithe-gorg'd Hog! to him
I pay no willing fee;
His form might be starvation alim
For all he'd get from me.

He threatens his ready hell
In vain—to him, (that's flat,)
The surplis'd Infidel,
I'll never doff my hat.

The rich, the great, the gay,
Who roll along our street,
In luxury's array,
I bow not when I meet:
When every head is down,
And every bonnet's doff'd,
I fix my hat, and sough a tune,
And lift my poll aloft.

Not half so soft my skin,
Nor sides so sleek and fat;
The stuff's as good within;
I'll never doff my hat.

Yet deem me nowise dead
To love's true courtesies,
Nor blind to lustre shed
O'er human life by these:
My heart takes off its hat,
To worth in weal or woe,
I never scruple that—
I only hate the show.

The serf-sign I refuse,
And ever will—that's flat:
He never trod in shoes
To whom I'll doff my hat.

The man who bears him with
All a man's manliness—
Whose heart is virtue's pith,
His outside virtue's dress.
He may be lowly born,
And own no penny-fee—
Wi' him I'd face a world of scorn,
Yea, gang to harribee.*

I'll shake his hand of horn,
Love, honour, and all that;
But to man of woman born
I'll never doff my hat.

A. B. T. C. D.

* The Gallows.

LAKE REMINISCENCES, FROM 1807 TO 1830.

BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

NO. V.—SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, AND COLERIDGE.

A CIRCUMSTANCE which, as much as anything, expounded to the very eye the characteristic distinctions between Wordsworth and Southey, and would not suffer a stranger to forget it for a moment, was the insignificant place and consideration allowed to the small book-collection of the former, contrasted with the splendid library of the latter. The two or three hundred volumes of Wordsworth occupied a little, homely, painted book-case, fixed into one of two shallow recesses, formed on each side of the fireplace by the projection of the chimney in the little sitting-room up stairs, which he had already described as his half kitchen and half parlour. They were ill bound, or not bound at all—in boards, sometimes in tatters; many were imperfect as to the number of volumes, mutilated as to the number of pages: sometimes, where it seemed worth while, the defects being supplied by manuscript; sometimes not: in short, everything shewed that the books were for use, and not for show; and their limited amount shewed that their possessor must have independent sources of enjoyment to fill up the major part of his time. In reality, when the weather was tolerable, I believe that Wordsworth rarely resorted to his books, (unless, perhaps, to some little pocket edition of a poet, which accompanied him in his rambles,) except in the evenings, or after he had tired himself by walking. On

the other hand, Southey's collection occupied a separate room, the largest, and, every way, the most agreeable in the house; and this room was styled, and not ostentatiously, (for it really merited that name,) the library. The house itself, Greta Hall, stood upon a little eminence, (as I have before mentioned,) overhanging the river Greta. There was nothing remarkable in its internal arrangements: in all respects, it was a very plain unadorned family dwelling; large enough, by a little contrivance, to accommodate two or, in some sense, three families, viz. Mr Southey, and his family; Mr Coleridge, and his; together with Mrs Lovell, who, when her son was with her, might be said to compose a third. Mrs Coleridge, Mrs Southey, and Mrs Lovell, were sisters; all having come originally from Bristol; and, as the different sets of children in this one house had each three several aunts, all the ladies, by turns, assuming that relation twice over, it was one of Southey's many amusing jests, to call the hill on which Greta Hall was placed, the *ant-hill*. Mrs Lovell was the widow of Mr Robert Lovell, who had published a volume of poems, in conjunction with Southey, somewhere about the year 1797, under the signatures of Bion and Moschus. This lady, having one only son, did not require any large suite of rooms; and the less so, as her son quitted her, at an early age, to pursue a professional education. The house

had therefore been divided (not by absolute partition, into two distinct* apartments, but by an amicable distribution of rooms) between the two families of Mr Coleridge and Mr Southey; Mr Coleridge had a separate study, which was distinguished by nothing except by an organ amongst its furniture, and by a magnificent view from its window, (or windows,) if that could be considered a distinction, in a situation whose local necessities presented you with magnificent objects in whatever direction you might happen to turn your eyes. In the morning, the two families might live apart; but they met at dinner, and in a common drawing-room; and Southey's library, in both senses of the word, was placed at the service of all the ladies alike. However, they did not intrude upon him, except in cases where they wished for a larger reception room, or a more interesting place for suggesting the topics of conversation. Interesting this room was, indeed, and in a degree not often rivalled. The library—the collection of books, I mean, which formed the most conspicuous part of its furniture within—was in all senses a good one. The books were chiefly English, Spanish, and Portuguese; well selected, being the great cardinal classics of the three literatures; fine copies, and decorated externally with a reasonable elegance, so as to make them in harmony with the other embellishments of the room. This effect was aided by the horizontal arrangement upon brackets, of many rare manuscripts—Spanish or Portuguese. Made thus gay within, this room stood in little need of attractions from without. Yet, even upon the gloomiest day of winter, the landscape from the different windows was too permanently commanding in its grandeur, too essentially independent of the seasons or the pomp of woods, to fail in fascinating the gaze of the coldest and dullest of spectators. The lake of Derwent Water in one direction, with its lovely islands—a lake about ten miles in circuit, and shaped pretty much like a boy's kite; the lake of Bassinethwaite in another; the mountains of Newlands arranging themselves like pavilions; the gorgeous confusion of Borrowdale just revealing its sublime chaos through the narrow vista of its gorge; all these objects lay in different angles to the front; whilst the sullen rear, not fully visible on this side of the house, was closed for many a league by the vast and towering masses of Skiddaw and Blencathara—mountains which are rather to be considered as frontier barriers, and chains of hilly ground, cutting the county of Cumberland into great chambers and different climates, than as insulated eminences; so vast is the area which they occupy; though there are also such separate and insulated heights, and nearly amongst the

highest in the country. Southey's lot had therefore fallen, locally considered, into a goodly heritage. This grand panorama of mountain scenery, so varied, so expansive, and yet having the delightful feeling about it of a deep seclusion and dell-like sequestration from the world—a feeling which, in the midst of so expansive an area, spread out below his windows, could not have been sustained by any barriers less elevated than Glaramara, Skiddaw, or (which could be also descried) “the mighty Helvellyn and Catchedicam;” this congregation of hill and lake, so wide, and yet so prison-like, in its separation from all beyond it, lay for ever under the eyes of Southey. His position locally and, in some respects, intellectually reminded one of Gibbon: but with great advantage in the comparison to Southey. The little town of Keswick and its adjacent lake bore something of the same relation to mighty London that Geneva and its lake may be thought to bear towards brilliant Paris. Southey, like Gibbon, was a miscellaneous scholar; he, like Gibbon, of vast historical research; he, like Gibbon, signally industrious, and patient, and elaborate in collecting the materials for his historical works. Like Gibbon, he had dedicated a life of competent ease, in a pecuniary sense, to literature; like Gibbon, he had gathered to the shores of a beautiful lake, remote from great capitals, a large, or, at least, sufficient library; (in each case, I believe, the library ranged, as to numerical amount, between seven and ten thousand;) and, like Gibbon, he was the most accomplished *litterateur* amongst the erudite scholars of his time, and the most of an erudite scholar amongst the accomplished *litterateurs*. After all these points of agreement known, it remains as a pure advantage on the side of Southey—a mere *lucro ponatur*—that he was a poet; and, by all men's confession, a respectable poet, brilliant in his descriptive powers, and fascinating in his narration, however much he might want of

“The vision and the faculty divine.”

It is remarkable amongst the series of parallels that have been or might be pursued between two men, both had the honour of retreating from a parliamentary life; Gibbon, after some silent and inert experience of that warfare; Southey, with a prudent foresight of the ruin to his health and literary usefulness, won from the experience of his nearest friends.

I took leave of Southey in 1807, at the descent into the vale of Legbesthwaite, as I have already noticed. One year afterwards, I became a permanent resident in his neighbourhood; and, although, on various accounts, my intercourse with him was at no time very strict, partly from the very uncongenial constitution of my own mind, and the different direction of my studies, partly from my reluctance to levy any tax on time so precious and so fully employed, I was yet on such terms for the next ten or eleven years, that I might, in a qualified sense, call myself his friend.

Yes! there were long years, through which

* “Into two distinct apartments.”—The word apartment, meaning, in effect, a compartment of a house, already includes, in its proper sense, a suite of rooms; and it is a mere vulgar error, arising out of the ambitious usage of lodging-house keepers, to talk of one family or an establishment occupying apartments, in the plural. The Queen's apartment at St James' or at Versailles—not the Queen's apartments—is the correct expression,

Southey might respect me, I *am*. But the years came—for I have lived too long, reader, in relation to many things! and the report of me would have been better, or more uniform at least, had I died some twenty years ago—the years came in which circumstances made me an Opium-Eater; years through which a shadow as of sad eclipses sat and rested upon my faculties; years through which I was careless of all but those who lived within my inner circle, within “my heart of hearts;” years—ah! heavenly years!—through which I lived, beloved, *with thee, to thee, for thee, by thee!* Ah! happy, happy years! in which I was a mere football of reproach, but in which every wind and sounding hurricane of wrath or contempt flew by like chasing enemies past some defying gates of adamant, and left me too blessed in thy smiles—angel of life!—to heed the curses or the mocking which sometimes I heard raving outside of our impregnable Eden. What any man said of me in those days, what he thought, did I ask? did I care? Then it was, or nearly then, that I ceased to see, ceased to hear of Southey; as much abstracted from all which concerned the world outside, and from the Southey, or even the Coleridges, in its van, as though I had lived with the darlings of my heart in the centre of Canadian forests, and all men else in the centre of Hindostan.

But, before I part from Greta Hall and its distinguished master, one word let me say, to protect myself from the imputation of sharing in some peculiar opinions of Southey with respect to political economy, which have been but too familiar to the world; and some opinions of the world, hardly less familiar, with respect to Southey himself and his accomplishments. Probably, with respect to the first, before this paper will be made public, I shall have sufficiently vindicated my own opinions in these matters by a distinct treatment of some great questions which lie at the base of all sound political economy; above all, the radical question of value, upon which no man has ever seen the full truth, except Mr Ricardo; and, unfortunately, he had but little of the *polemic** skill which is required to meet the errors of his opponents. For it is noticeable, that the most conspicuous of those opponents, viz. Mr Malthus, though too much, I fear, actuated by a spirit of jealousy, and, therefore, likely enough to have scattered sophistry and disingenuous quibbling over the subject, had no need whatever of any further confusion for darkening and perplexing his themes

than what inevitably belonged to his own most chaotic understanding. He and Say, the Frenchman, were both plagued by understandings of the same quality—having a clear vision in shallow waters, and thus misleading them into the belief that they saw with equal clearness through the remote and the obscure; whereas, universally, their acuteness is like that of Hobbes—the gift of shallowness, and the result of *not* being subtle or profound enough to apprehend the true *locus* of the difficulty; and the barriers, which to them limit the view, and give to it, together with the contraction, all the distinctness and definite outline of limitation, are, in nine cases out of ten, the product of their own defective and aberrating vision, and not real barriers at all. Meantime, until I write fully and deliberately upon this subject, I shall observe simply, that all “the Lake Poets,” as they are called, were not only in error, but most presumptuously in error, upon these subjects. They were ignorant of every principle belonging to every question alike in political economy, and they were obstinately bent upon learning nothing; they were all alike too proud to acknowledge that any man knew better than they, unless it were upon some purely professional subject, or some art remote from all intellectual bearings, such as conferred no honour in its possession. Wordsworth was the least tainted with error upon political economy; and that because he rarely applied his thoughts to any question of that nature, and, in fact, despised every study of a moral or political aspect unless it drew its materials from such revelations of truth as could be won from the *prima philosophia* of human nature approached with the poet’s eye. Coleridge was the one whom Nature and his own multifarious studies had the best qualified for thinking justly on a theme such as this; but he also was shut out from the possibility of knowledge by presumption, and the habit of despising all the analytic studies of his own day—a habit for which he certainly had some warrant in the peculiar feebleness of all that has offered itself for *philosophy* in modern England. In particular, the religious discussions of the age, which touch inevitably at every point upon the profounder philosophy of man and his constitution, had laid bare the weakness of his own age to Coleridge’s eye; and, because all was hollow and trivial in this direction, he chose to think that it was so in every other. And hence he has laid himself open to the just scoffs of persons far inferior to himself. In a foot-note in some late number of *The Westminster Review*, it is most truly asserted, (not in these words, but to this effect,) that Coleridge’s “Table-Talk” exhibits a superannuation of error fit only for two centuries before. And what gave peculiar point to this display of ignorance was, that Coleridge did not, like Wordsworth, dismiss political economy from his notice, disdainfully, as a puerile tissue of truisms, or of falsehoods not less obvious, but actually addressed himself to the subject; fancied he had made discoveries

* *Polemic skill*.—The word polemic is falsely interpreted by the majority of mere English readers. Having seldom seen it used except in a case of theological controversy, they fancy that it has some original and etymological appropriation to such a use: whereas it expresses, with regard to *all* subjects, without restriction, the functions of the debater as opposed to those of the original orator; the functions of him who meets error and unravels confusion or misrepresentation, opposed to those of him who lays down the abstract truth; truth absolute and without relation to the modes of viewing it. As well might the word *Radical* be limited to a political use as *Polemic* to controversial divinity.

in the science ; and even promised us a systematic work on its whole compass.

To give a sample of this new and reformed political economy, it cannot well be necessary to trouble the reader with more than one chimera culled from those which Mr Coleridge first brought forward in his early model of "The Friend." He there propounds, as an original hypothesis of his own, that taxation never burthens a people, or, as a mere possibility, can burthen a people, simply by its amount. And why? Surely it draws from the purse of him who pays his quota a sum which may be very difficult or even ruinous for him to pay, were it no more important in a public point of view than as so much deducted from his own unproductive expenditure, and which may happen to have even a national importance if it should chance to be deducted from the funds destined to productive industry. What is Mr Coleridge's answer to these little objections? Why, thus: the latter case he evades entirely, apparently not adverting to it as a case in any respect distinguished from the other ; and this other—how is *that* answered? Doubtless, says Mr Coleridge, it may be inconvenient to John or Samuel that a sum of money, otherwise disposable for their own separate uses, should be abstracted for the purchase of bayonets or grape-shot ; but with this the public, the commonwealth, have nothing to do, any more than with the losses at a gaming-table, where A's loss is B's gain—the total funds of the nation remaining exactly the same. It is, in fact, nothing but the accidental distribution of the funds which is affected—possibly for the worse, (no other "worse," however, is contemplated than shifting it into hands less deserving,) but also, by possibility, for the better : and the better and the worse may be well supposed, in the long run, to balance each other. And that this is Mr Coleridge's meaning cannot be doubted, upon looking into his illustrative image in support of it : he says that money raised by Government in the shape of taxes is like moisture exhaled from the earth—doubtless, for the moment, injurious to the crops, but reacting abundantly for their final benefit when returning in the shape of showers. So natural, so obvious, so inevitable, by the way, is this conceit, (or, to speak less harshly, this hypothesis,) and so equally natural, obvious, and inevitable is the illustration from the abstraction and restoration of moisture, the exhalations and rains which affect this earth of ours, like the systole and diastole of the heart, the flux and reflux of the ocean, that precisely the same doctrine, and precisely the same exemplification of that doctrine, is to be found in a Parliamentary speech,* of some orator in the famous Long Parliament, about the year 1642. And to my mind it was a bitter humiliation, to find, about 150 years afterwards, in a shallow French work, the famous "*Compte Rendu*" of the French Chancellor of the Exche-

quer, (Comptroller of the Finances)—Neckar—in that work, most humiliating it was to me, on a certain day, that I found this idle Coleridgean fantasy, not merely repeated, as it had been by scores—not merely anticipated by full twenty and two years, so that these French people had been beforehand with him, and had made Coleridge, to all appearance, their plagiarist, but also (hear it, ye gods!) answered, satisfactorily refuted, by this very feeble old sentimentalist, Neckar. Yes ; positively Neckar, the alipshod old system-fancier and political driveller, had been so much above falling into the shallow snare, that he had, on sound principles, exposed its specious delusions. Coleridge, the subtlest of men, in his proper walk, had brought forward, as a novel hypothesis of his own, in 1810, what Neckar, the rickety old Charlatan, had scarcely condescended, in a hurried foot-note, to expose as a vulgar error and the shallowest of sophisms, in 1787-8. There was another enormous blunder which Coleridge was constantly authorizing, both in his writings and his conversation. Quoting a passage from Sir James Stuart, in which he speaks of a vine-dresser as adding nothing to the public wealth, unless his labour did something more than replace his own consumption—that is, unless it reproduced it together with a profit ; he asks contemptuously, whether the happiness and moral dignity that may have been exhibited in the vine-dresser's family are to pass for nothing? And then he proceeds to abuse the economists, because they take no account of such important considerations. Doubtless these are invaluable elements of social grandeur, in a *total* estimate of those elements. But what has political economy to do with them, a science openly professing to insulate and to treat apart from all other constituents of national well-being, those which concern the production and circulation of wealth? So far from gaining any thing by enlarging its field in the way demanded by Coleridge's critic, political economy would be as idly travelling out of the limits indicated and held forth in its very name, as if logic were to teach ethics, or ethics to teach diplomacy. With re-

* In fact, the exposure is as perfect in the case of an individual as in that of a nation, and more easily apprehended. Levy from an individual clothier £1000 in taxes, and afterwards return to him the whole of this sum in payment for the clothing of a regiment. Then, supposing profits to be at the rate of 15 per cent., he will have replaced £150 of his previous loss ; even his gains will simply reinstate him in something that he had lost, and the remaining £850 will continue to be a dead loss ; since the £850 restored to him, exactly replaces, by the terms of this case, his disbursements in wages and materials ; if it did more, profits would not be at 15 per cent., according to the supposition. But Government may spend more than the £1000 with this clothier ; they may spend £10,000. Doubtless, and in that case, on the same supposition as to profits, he will receive £1500 as a nominal gain ; and £500 will be a real gain, marked with the positive sign, (+.) But such a case would only prove, that nine other taxpayers, to an equal amount, had been left without any reimbursement at all. Strange, that so clear a case for an individual, should become obscure when it regards a nation.

* Reported at length in a small quarto volume, of the well-known quarto size so much in use for Tracts, Pamphlets, &c., throughout the life of Milton—1608-73.

spect to the Malthusian doctrine of population, it is difficult to know who was the true proprietor of the arguments urged against it sometimes by Southey sometimes by Coleridge. Those used by Southey are chiefly to be found up and down the *Quarterly Review*. But a more elaborate attack was published by Hazlitt; and this must be supposed to speak the peculiar objections of Coleridge, for he was in the habit of charging Hazlitt with having pillaged his conversation, and occasionally garbled it throughout the whole of this book. One single argument there was, undoubtedly just, and it was one which others stumbled upon no less than Coleridge, exposing the fallacy of the supposed different laws of increase for vegetable and animal life. But though this frail prop withdrawn took away from Mr Malthus's theory all its scientific rigour, the main *practical* conclusions were still valid as respected any argument from the lakers; for the strongest of these arguments that ever came to my knowledge was a mere appeal—not *ad verendum*, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, but *ad honestatem*, as if it were shocking to the *honestum* of Roman ethics, (the *honnêteté* of French minor ethics,) that the check derived from self-restraint should not be supposed amply competent to redress all the dangers from a redundant population, under any certain knowledge generally diffused that such dangers existed. But these are topics which it is sufficient in this place to have noticed, *currente calamo*. I was anxious however to protest against the probable imputation, that I, because generally so intense an admirer of these men, adopted their blind and hasty reveries in political economy.

There were (and perhaps more justly I might say *there are*) two other notions currently received about Southey, one of which is altogether erroneous, and the other true only in a limited sense. The first is, the belief that he belonged to what is known as the lake school in poetry; with respect to which all that I need say in this place, is involved in his own declaration frankly made to myself in Easedale, during the summer of 1812; that he considered Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction, and still more his principles as to the selection of subjects, and as to what constituted a poetic treatment, as founded on error. There is certainly some community of phraseology between Southey and the other lakers, naturally arising out of their joint reverence for Scriptural language: this was a field in which they met in common: else it shews but little discernment and power of valuing the essences of things, to have classed Southey in the same school with Wordsworth and Coleridge. The other popular notion about Southey, which I conceive to be expressed with much too little limitation, regards his style. He has been praised, and justly, for his plain, manly, unaffected English, until the parrot echoers of other men's judgments, who adopt all they relish with undistinguishing blindness, have begun to hold him up as a great master of his own language, and a classical model of fine composition. Now, if the error were only

in the degree, it would not be worth while to notice it; but the truth is, that Southey's defects in this particular power, are as striking as his characteristic graces. Let a subject arise—and almost in any path, there is a ready possibility that it should—in which a higher tone is required, of splendid declamation, or of impassionate fervour, and Southey's style will immediately betray its want of the loftier qualities as flagrantly as it now asserts its powers in that unpretending form which is best suited to his level character of writing and his humbler choice of themes. It is to mistake the character of Southey's mind, which is elevated but not sustained by the higher modes of enthusiasm, to think otherwise. Were a magnificent dedication required, moving with a stately and measured solemnity, and putting forward some majestic pretensions, arising out of a long and laborious life; were a pleading required against some capital abuse of the earth—war, slavery, oppression in its thousand forms; were a *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* required; Southey's is not the mind, and, by a necessary consequence, Southey's is not the style, for carrying such purposes into full and memorable effect. His style is *therefore* good, because it has been suited to his themes; and those themes have hitherto been either narrative, which usually imposes a modest diction, and a modest structure of sentences, or argumentation in that class which is too overburthened with details, with replies, with interruption, and every mode of discontinuity, to allow a thought of eloquence, or of the periodic style which a perfect eloquence instinctively seeks.

I here close my separate notice of the Lake Poets—meaning those three who were originally so denominated—three men upon whom posterity, in every age, will look back with interest as profound as, perhaps, belongs to any other names of our era; for it happens, not unfrequently, that the *personal* interest in the author is not in the direct ratio of that which belongs to his works: and the character of an author, better qualified to command a vast popularity for the creations of his pen, is oftentimes more of a universal character, less peculiar, less fitted to stimulate the curiosity, or to sustain the sympathy of the intellectual, than the profounder and more ascetic solemnity of a Wordsworth, or the prodigal and magnificent eccentricities of a Coleridge.* With respect to both of these gifted men, some interesting notices still remain in arrear; but these will more properly come forward in their natural places, as they happen to arise in after years in connexion with my own memoirs.

These I shall resume, from the moment of my leaving Wordsworth's cottage, after one week of delightful intercourse with him and his sister, about the 12th of November, 1807.

Mr De Quincey's Recollections of Coleridge appeared in vol. I. of this Magazine, pp. 509, 588, 685, and vol. II., page 3.

THE WAR IN INDIA.

It is quite wonderful how little interest the British public take in the contest which is at present carrying on in India, though there is not the least doubt whatever that it is, by far, the greatest movement which has been made during the eighty years and upwards which have elapsed since Clive moved out of the Factory of Calcutta, fought the battle of Plassey, and made England the virtual sovereign of Bengal. Before the commencement of the present war, with the exception of one small corner on the north-west frontier of India—the country of the Seiks—we were directly, or indirectly, in possession of every foot of territory that, from fertility in the soil, or docility in the population, would pay the cost of conquering or maintaining. This does not satisfy us. We are uneasy in our possession, conscious that all is not sound within; and, with evil consciences, conjure up imaginary dangers and alarms. The phantom which troubles us just now, and which has induced us to march a great army across our frontier, through deserts and among mountain fastnesses occupied by warlike clans, is the apprehension of a Russian invasion. The whole narrative of this transaction would be ludicrous, were it not likely to be attended with most serious consequences, in the loss of life, property, and national faith, with which it is likely to be accompanied.

In 1808, when we were in apprehension of a French invasion of India, we entered into an alliance with Persia, in order that Persia might prove a barrier against an invasion of India. This was all very well, as against France, that had no territory conterminous with Persia. Russia is in a different position. For a hundred and fifty years she has had conterminous territory with Persia; and, a few years ago, a quarrel had arisen between these governments, and Russia, as might easily be foreseen, gave the Persians a severe drubbing, seized and kept several of their provinces, and established a complete influence over the Persian court. England, all the while, looked quietly on, moving neither hand nor foot, and tamely saw the supposed bulwark against Indian invasion pulled to pieces before her eyes. The old treaty with Persia has become, in fact, a dead letter or worse, converting Persia, by our own acknowledgment, from a barrier into a stepping-stone; and the embassies and missions of thirty years, with the stores and subsidies which have been supplied to the Persian government, and which, from first to last, cannot have amounted to a less sum than four millions sterling, have been absolutely wasted for no earthly good purpose.*

* Thus—

Subsidy, from 1808 to 1828, at £150,000 per annum,	£3,000,000
Legation, from 1808 to 1838, at £12,000,	360,000
Carry forward,	£3,360,000

Dissatisfied with our Persian alliance, we become sullen, refuse to fulfil the letter of the treaty, talk of its spirit—a thing which writing never conveyed—and, for some one pretext or other, have withdrawn our envoy. The plain tale is this:—With the Persian government we have three successive treaties; in every one of which stands the following article, without the smallest doubt, from its character, dictated by ourselves—"If war should arise between the Persian and Afghan governments, the English government shall take no part in it; nor shall it give assistance to either party, except as a mediator, at the solicitation of both parties, for the purpose of producing peace." A war arises between the Persians and the Afghans, and the cause was this:—In a moment of disorder in the Persian government, the Afghan chief of Herat makes an incursion into the Persian province of Khe-rassan, burns its towns and villages, and, carrying off twelve thousand of its inhabitants, sells them in the public market as slaves. The King of Persia, justly indignant, marches an army upon Herat, to punish the brutal robbery. "The only thought I have in this journey," said the Shah, to one of our diplomatic agents, "is to put a stop to the taking away into slavery of my people. Three millions of prisoners are in Bokhara, Khiva, and Herat." The justice of this war is fully admitted, even by the British envoy himself. "There cannot, I think, be a doubt," says he, "that the Shah is fully justified in making war on Prince Kamran; and, though the capture of Herat by Persia would certainly be an evil of great magnitude, we could not wonder if the Shah were to disregard our remonstrances, and to assert his right to make war on an enemy who has given him the greatest provocation, and whom he may regard himself as bound in duty to his subjects to punish, or even to put down." One might naturally have expected that the Whig magnates of Downing Street and Calcutta, the authors of the abolition of the slave-trade, and the men who obtained twenty millions from the people of England for the abolition of colonial slavery, would have had some sympathy for an ally who was proceeding to punish man-stealers on a great scale; or, at all events, some regard for the solemn pledges of a treaty. Nothing of the kind. The slavery and the treaty are utterly blinked; and the envoy—without being asked by either party, while his interference is expressly repudiated by

Brought forward,	£3,360,000
Pension of a retired Ambassador, from 1818 to 1839, at £4000 per annum,	96,000
Extraordinary embassies, from 1799 downwards—arms, ammunition, presents, and pay of British officers employed in organizing the Persian army since 1808—say	544,000
Total,	£4,000,000

one of them—forthwith commences a series of solemn protests against the Persian war with the Afghan chief. A travelling agent of the Governor-General, a skilful engineer, throws himself into Herat, and defends it; the British envoy asks for his passports; a fleet of five men-of-war, and a detachment of military, take possession of a portion of the Shah's territories in the Persian Gulf; and the Whig Governor-General of India being, at the moment, like a well-fed condor, quietly and comfortably perched on a pinnacle of the Himalaya, issues from thence his orders for the march of an army of forty thousand men through the Great Desert; and this in order to dethrone a friend of the Shah, and raise the siege of the beleaguered city of the particular friend of the Governor-General, the man-stealer in question. The plan succeeds—the Persian army raises the siege, and the King publishes an edict, ordered to be read in every mosque, telling the people, that England, in violation of a solemn treaty, had compelled him to desist, and would not allow him to punish an insult and an outrage. At the same moment, we quarrelled with the Shah for an affront to a servant of the English mission, a Persian subject, and a mere messenger.

While all this is done, in the very teeth of the clear letter of a treaty, the imperturbable and complacent effrontery with which we make charges of underhand intrigues and projects of ambition on the part of Russia, is truly worthy of all wonder. The Russians have no treaty at all with the Afghans, and none with the Persians that binds them to any particular line of policy in quarrels with the Afghans. Our envoy, however, *surmises* that the Russian ambassador at the Shah's court urged the Shah to attack Herat; that he directed a particular assault; and that an officer of his suite assisted the siege. There is just one other ground, and one only, on which is founded our apprehension of a Russian invasion of India. The Russians, in return for a mission sent to them by the Afghan chief of Cabul, sent to this chieftain a certain lieutenant of infantry, with the intention of forming commercial relations with Russia, "in order," as Count Nesselrode expresses it, "to ascertain the advantages, and the degree of security which such an enterprise might offer to our merchants, in a country hitherto unknown to Russia." Now, we say, we are bound to believe the Russians, when they make this assertion, not because we have implicit reliance upon their political veracity, but from the perfect reasonableness of the thing itself, and the utter unreasonableness of supposing that they are so devoid of knowledge, common sense, and forecast, as seriously to entertain so wild and impracticable, or rather so impossible a project, as the invasion of British India. We, ourselves, have sent missions, purely commercial, to China, to Cochin-China, to Siam, to Birmah, to Thibet, and to this very Cabul itself—nay, for that matter, into the very heart of Africa. The French, the Dutch, and the Americans have done similar

things; even the Russians, before, have sent commercial missions to China, Japan, Bokhara, and Khiva. Why, then, should they not send one to Cabul? But the mission of the lieutenant of infantry is construed, by the distempered fancies of our politicians, into a dangerous political intrigue, for the invasion and conquest of an empire of a hundred millions of people—the great majority of them and their fathers born British subjects—an empire defended by a well-organized and well-paid army of two hundred thousand men, backed by the fleets, and the commerce, and the power of England. The whole thing is preposterous, and highly discreditable to our political courage and sagacity.*

The impracticability—or rather, the impossibility—of a Russian invasion of India, will appear clear enough from what we shall afterwards say of the vast bulwark which guards India against invasion from the westward. It is very true that, in former times, India was invaded by various nations from the west. Some two-and-twenty centuries ago, Alexander and his Greeks took a peep at the north-west frontier of India, and then retired. The Arabs, who conquered Persia and Toorkestan, never attempted the conquest or even invasion of India. It was not until four centuries after the Mohammedan era, that tribes of converted Turks and Persians made formidable incursions into India; it was not until two centuries later that they formed any permanent establishments; and it took seven whole centuries to form a foreign empire in India of tolerable cohesion, which, however, dropped to pieces almost as soon as it was formed. By whom was India invaded all this while? By shepherd nations, with clouds of cavalry, few infantry, no artillery, little baggage, and who fed themselves as they could in the countries they passed through, and in the countries they were conquering. Who defended India? The Hindoos alone—always, as a people, timid, docile, and divided. The army of Nicholas, that shall invade India, is differently constituted, and must move in a very different manner from the army of Timour. It must march with heavy infantry as well as its Cossacks; with its battering and its field cannon; with its hospitals, its *commisariat*, and its tent equipage, from the eastern confines of Persia, (supposing it to be there,) over 1600 miles of mountain and of desert. When it arrives safely in the British territory, it is not the Hindoos that it has to encounter, but the organized army and resources of British India. It has something even more formidable to encounter: the fleets, and armies, and financial resources of Britain, which could send

* So little do our Diplomats know about the dangerous Russian agent, who commenced the overthrow of the empire which Clive, and Warren Hastings, and Wellesley founded, that they have not even ascertained how to spell his name! They give him the travelling one of Captain Vicovich; and, even after Nesselrode has told them that he was Lieutenant Witkewitch, the accomplished Lord Palmerston—who might just as well have dubbed him *Vichineore*—perseveres in his *Vicovich*!

an army from the banks of the Thames to those of the Hyphasis, in less time than the Russian army would take to march from Herat to the same river. When Hyder Ally was urged by his counsellors, who saw only as far as their noses, to attack the English power in India in its then infancy, he replied, like a man of sense, "It is not what I see before my eyes that I am afraid of, but the invisible power that is behind, and of which I know nothing." It is not to be supposed that Nesselrode and Nicholas, who know everything, should be less discreet than the barbarian, Hyder Ally, was sixty years ago.

The despatch of Count Nesselrode to Count Pozzo di Borgo, which the latter is directed to present to the British Cabinet, expresses the whole common sense of the question:—"The idea of assailing the security and tranquillity of the state of possession of Great Britain in India has, consequently, never presented itself, and will never present itself, to the mind of our august master. He desires only what is just, and what is possible. For this twofold reason, he cannot entertain any combination whatever directed against the British power in India. It would not be just, because nothing would have given cause for it. It would not be possible, by reason of the immense distance which separates us—the sacrifices which must be made, the difficulties which must be overcome—and all this to realize an adventurous scheme which could never be in accordance with sound and reasonable policy. A single glance at the map ought to be sufficient to dissipate, in this respect, all prejudice, and to convince every impartial and enlightened man that no hostile design against England can direct the policy of our Cabinet in Asia." If Russia be intent on difficult enterprises, there are some which are difficult enough, yet far easier than the conquest of British India, which present themselves to her. She might, for instance, invade China or Japan, to both of which she is next neighbour, and has been so for more than a century. But to Russia, even these enterprises of minor difficulty appear too arduous, and she does not attempt them.

We have now to say a few words of the barrier against Indian invasion from the west, to which we have alluded. This is, for the most part, the country which, from the ruling nation within it, is commonly called Afghanistan. We have here a vast territory, of at least eight hundred thousand square miles, of hot and sandy deserts—of a table land, as cold as northern Europe—of hot valleys—and of mountain chains, on which the snow never melts. The thinly-scattered inhabitants are computed at no more than twelve millions; a poor fifteen to the square mile. The ruling nation, the Afghans, which inhabits the table land—a table land which overlooks every country to the east, west, and south of it—exceeds four millions in number. The Beloochees, and the naturalized Tartars and Persians, exceed three millions, and are hardly less warlike than the Afghans themselves. The naturalized Indians, the only unwarlike portion

of the population, are computed at five millions: by their industry, but not by their arms, they contribute to the resources of the country. The Afghans, the ruling nation, are a people of clans, something like our Scottish Highlanders; with this difference, that the attachment here is not to a chief, but to the clan itself; which constitutes a kind of Republic. We shall give, from Mr Elphinstone's excellent narrative, a graphic account of the people:—"If a man could be transported from England to the Afghan country, without seeing Turkey or Persia, he would be amazed at the wide and unfrequented deserts, and the mountains covered with perpetual snow. Even in the cultivated part of the country he would discover a wild assemblage of hills and wastes, unmarked by enclosures, not embellished by trees, and destitute of navigable canals or public roads. He would find the towns few, and far distant from each other," &c. "When he entered into the society, he would notice the absence of regular courts of justice, and of everything like an organized police. He would be surprised at the fluctuation and instability of the civil institutions. He would find it difficult to comprehend how a nation could subsist in such disorder; and would pity those who were compelled to pass their days in such a scene, and whose minds were trained by their unhappy situation. Yet, he would scarce fail to admire their martial and lofty spirit, their hospitality, and their bold and simple manners—equally removed from the suppleness of a citizen, and the awkward rusticity of a clown. He would admire their strong and active forms; their fair complexions, and European features; their industry and enterprise; the hospitality, sobriety, and contempt of pleasure, which appear in all their habits; and, above all, the independence and energy of their character."* Mr Elphinstone further adds—"The Afghans themselves exult in the free spirit of their institutions. Those who are little under the royal authority, are proud of their independence, which those under the King (although not exposed to the tyranny common in every other country in the East) admire, and fain would imitate. They all endeavour to maintain that all Afghans are equal, which, though it is not, nor ever was true, still shews their notions and their wishes. I once strongly urged, to a very intelligent old man, of the tribe of Meankhail, the superiority of a quiet and secure life, under a powerful monarch, to the discord, the alarms, and the blood which they owed to the present system. The old man replied with great warmth, and thus concluded an indignant harangue against arbitrary power:—"We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we will never be content with a master."† "In Afghanistan," (Mr Elphinstone is contrasting that government with those of Persia and India,) "the internal government of the tribes answers its end so well, that the utmost disorders of the

* The Honourable Mountstuart Elphinstone's Embassy to Cabul, page 150.]

† Ibid, page 174.

royal government never derange its operations, nor disturb the lives of the people. A number of organized and high-spirited Republics are ready to defend their rugged country against a tyrant, and are able to defy the feeble efforts of a party in a civil war."* The following passage shews of what stuff they are physically made:—"All the Afghans are remarkably hardy and active. From the nature of the country, they are exposed to the necessity of enduring cold and heat, and accustomed to the exertion of climbing mountains, making long journeys on foot and on horseback, and swimming broad and rapid rivers. Nor is this confined to the lower orders or to men in the vigour of youth."†

But what, it may be asked, has been the history of the people thus described? It may be briefly told:—The Arabs who, almost immediately after Mohammed, conquered Persia and Toorkistan, never conquered the Afghans; and it took them even three hundred years to convert them. For two centuries they gave a dynasty of sovereigns to Upper Hindostan, and settled and colonized in various parts of India, where they still constitute the most robust and warlike portion of the population. Their own country has, in reality, never been conquered. No invader ever entered India without being harassed and opposed by them. They harassed Alexander, and Timour, and Nadir; and would, unquestionably, harass the Persians, with their Russian allies; for from the Persians they differ in language and in manners, while in religion the discrepancy is as complete as between a rigid Presbyterian and a bigoted Catholic. We shall give one sample of the enterprise of the Afghans:—Ahmed Shah Durrannee, an Afghan, was one of the generals of Nadir Shah. Upon the assassination of his leader, he set up for himself, established an empire, conquered nearly the whole kingdom of Persia; entered Hindostan, conquered Delhi and the neighbouring provinces, and, with an army of forty thousand men, chiefly cavalry, routed a Mahratta army, computed at three hundred thousand men, nearly at the moment when Clive was engaged in conquering the opposite extremity of our present dominions. This is the account of a Hindoo historian, an eye-witness of the celebrated battle of Panniput:—"Ahmed Shah Durannee," says he, "pitched a small tent, in front of the camp, at the distance of a mile and a-half; visited every part of the army in person; reconnoitred the enemy's camp, riding every day from sixty to seventy-five miles. He used to say to the Mohammedan chiefs of India, who had joined him—'Do you sleep; I will take care that no harm befalls you.' When the Hindostanee chiefs were out of all patience with the delay, his constant answer was—'This is a matter of war with which you are not acquainted: in other affairs do as you please, but

leave this to me. Military operations must not be precipitated: you shall see how I will manage this affair, and, at a proper opportunity, will bring it to a successful conclusion.'"

The character of this remarkable man shews what the Afghans are capable of accomplishing, and that it is no contemptible foe that we are provoking. We are marching to place on the throne a man whom we are compelled to admit is an imbecile, and to dethrone one whom we admit to be distinguished for his love of justice, his assiduity in business, his moderation, and his patronage of commerce; and, in short, who, according to Sir Alexander Burnes, at present the most active agent in dethroning him, "affords a constant theme of praise to all his subjects."

The offence of this man is, that he preferred a Persian alliance to ours; and this for a plain and obvious reason, that we had allied ourselves to the bitterest enemy of his family and nation, the chief of the Seiks. It may also be an aggravation, that he had discovered the restless ambition of our Indian rulers. "Even," says he, in a letter to the King of Persia, "if my affairs should fall into disorder, and even if your Majesty should not direct your attention to the condition of these countries, nevertheless, I shall persist in contending with the Seiks as long as I am able; but should it prove that I am unable to resist that diabolical tribe, then I have no choice, and must connect myself with the English, who will thus obtain complete authority over the whole of Afghanistan; and it remains to be seen hereafter, to what place and what extent the flame of the violence of that nation may be carried."

The results of our present enterprise may be easily seen. If we succeed in conquering the assailed country, we gain, at an enormous price, a country that will never pay the cost of its maintenance. If we fail, we shall lose the flower of the Indian army, and there will be a revolt in our rear, while the blow inflicted on our Indian power will never be recovered. In either case we shall expend millions of money—be forced to raise new loans and impose new taxes on a people already groaning under the weight of taxation. It is clear that the weak head of Lord Auckland has put the dividends at the India House to great hazard. The Burmese War—a contest with a paltry enemy, and near home—cost us £15,000,000. The present, carried on at a distance of 1500 miles from our frontier, with a desert intervening, will, at least, double this amount. There is no ready money now in the Indian treasury, and the amount must be borrowed, while the interest of the loan will add one-fifth to the present taxation of the Hindoos. This, then, is one of the last deeds of what was once called "the Reform Ministry;" and "the Reformed Parliament" has, as yet, expressed no disapprobation."

* The Honourable Mount Stuart Elphinstone's Embassy to Cabul, p. 175.

† Ibid, page 260.

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* "Asiatic Researches," vol. iv.

DIARY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TIMES OF GEORGE IV., &c. &c.*

MORE fashionable scandal! Not quite so racy and piquant, indeed, as the first morsels served up to a voracious public, but still sufficiently peppery and stimulating. We were not among the more virulent of the critical dissectors of the two previous volumes; save that the scandal has not grown dry with age, that the green and festering remains have not withered into the in-offensive mummy state, and that the cant of morality, and the affectation of an impious or irreverent piety, were not attributes of the age of Grammont, Lady Mary Wortley, Pope, and Horace Walpole, we could see little morally to condemn in the Diary, which did not once exist under circumstances as blameworthy in the now popular memoirs, satires, and letters of those distinguished persons; they are all alike pictures of court life, and of aristocratic character, drawn by those best qualified for such delineation. Mr Jeffrey, in a review of "Burns' Poems and Letters," speaks admiringly upon the discovery of so much talent and information existing among the humble friends and contemporaries of the poet—among a class which, until then, had obtained from their countrymen of higher rank very little credit for the degree of mental and literary cultivation which they were unexpectedly found to possess. The same sort of insight into the intellectual condition of the peasantry of Scotland afforded by the correspondence of Burns, is obtained into the moral state of the fashionable and aristocratic world by this Diary, with this very different result, that there we were taught to admire humble genius and to revere humble worth; while in those pages we are too often startled and disgusted by the naked and heartless depravity of so many of the principal personages; which heartlessness seems, in these portrayings and correspondences, the most distinguishing characteristic of the class. Half the volumes are drawn from the author's correspondence, and the Diary is resumed in Rome, where the Lady of the Bed-chamber resided for a time, in the course of a long tour on the Continent. The Diarist gives us a key to her own character and position in this sentence:—

I sometimes think with regret of the opportunity once had of being wealthy. I despised riches then; but twenty years make a vast difference in one's feelings on these matters. . . . Some maintain that the heart does not change—that, despite experience and knowledge of the world, there are minds which retain their original simplicity, their first aspirations, untainted and unsubdued. But I, for one, cannot agree with this opinion. Contempt at our poverty, from the world is general—neglect from those we love, because we are insignificant and powerless—the constant abnegation of our most innocent wishes; all these combine to teach a lesson which is not taught in vain: in short, I am grown worldly, and I do love money.

She visited all the usual sights of Rome, and attended Torlonia's assemblies. But foreign af-

fairs are ever less interesting than the home department, and so, without preface, we select this apt illustration of that paragon of all the virtues and proprieties of a Court—Queen Charlotte:—

The Duchess of ———, a great favourite at court, besought Queen Charlotte to receive her niece, Mrs ———, at the drawing-room, there having been reports bruited about which were injurious to that lady's reputation. The Duchess implored the Queen's clemency and indulgence on a point so wholly without any just foundation; and, finally, when about to retire from the royal presence, she asked, beseechingly, "O Madam, what shall I say to my poor niece?" to which Queen Charlotte replied, "Say you did not dare make such a request to the Queen." The Duchess of ——— was so hurt by this unfeeling denial to her entreaties, that she resigned her situation in the royal household.

There are many other stories told of Queen Charlotte, which do not bespeak much tenderness of heart. When Princess Charlotte was christened, Lady Townsend, who held the royal babe during the ceremony, (being herself with child at the time,) appeared much fatigued; and the Princess of Wales whispered to the Queen—"Will your Majesty command Lady Townsend to sit down?"—to which the Queen replied, blowing the snuff from her fingers, "She may stand—she may stand." Again, I have heard that the Queen seldom permitted her own children to sit down in her presence; and when she was playing at whist, one of the royal progeny has been known to fall asleep whilst standing behind the Queen's chair. Truly, such strict attention to etiquette is very Germanic, to say the best of it. I should not think such a course politic if her Majesty wished for her offspring's love.

The entries relating to the Princess of Wales, though more guarded than in the former volumes, are to the same import; amounting to the fact, that she was, though an ill-used yet a headstrong and most imprudent Princess, else she might—for that is the gist of it—have maintained, in defiance of her husband, a position that would have enabled her to have things comfortable about her, and to afford the ladies and gentlemen of her household good salaries and handsome *vails*. A good many letters, said to be from the Princess, appear; but although they should be all genuine, they are more effusions of civility, graciousness, and kindness, than utterances of the heart.

The Princess Charlotte was, in those days, it would appear, imagined to have had an inclination matrimonial for the Duke of ———, [Devonshire;] we do not choose to tantalize our readers with these endless blanks and perplexing initials, which disguise nothing and nobody. The alliance with a native-born subject could not be permitted; and the Princess is said to have decidedly refused to marry the Prince of Orange, because "she ascertained that he was pledged to concur with the Regent in the ruin of her mother." Here is another full-length of the second Duchess of Devonshire—she who was so freely painted in the early part of the Diary. The Duchess was by this time established in Rome, where Cardinal Gonsalvi was her very particular friend:—

I went to see the Duchess of D———. There I

* Continuation of the "Diary Illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth," &c. &c., vols. iii. and iv.

instance, for example, where charm of countenance and of manner fascinate, and make one like her, despite of all that has been reported of her character. Her room is filled with books, and literature is now the pursuit in which she takes, or pretends to take, an interest. For my part, I suspect she is come to that time when nothing of this world's amusements can charm; she has tasted pleasure in all its varieties; she has drank it to the very dregs; and the less are bitter. If there be a source of interest to her, it is the Cardinal. A small lute is generally placed by her side; yet no one ever heard her Grace play on it.

Since we are among the Duchesses, let us have another, but in Paris:—

We dined one day *en famille* with the Duchess of Gordon, who mixes much in French society, and whose chief conversation, from morning till night, consists in abusing England. She must have some scheme in this, which nobody can comprehend. . . . We were one night at a ball, given by the Duchess of Gordon. In one room we found people dancing French dances; Lady Georgina* even danced a minuet and gavotte with old Vestris. Another room was occupied by a gaming-table with its votaries, among whom her Grace and other ladies were now and then observed.

Here, again, we have their two illustrious Graces in collision, and a story of the future Duchess of Bedford to boot:—

In the evening I went to the Duchess of D——, where people were all laughing at the Duchess of G——'s ignorance of the French language. She is reported to have said to the boxkeeper at a theatre, not long ago, at Paris, "Ne laissez aucun Anglais entrer dans ma *boîte*." It is also said her Grace wished Beauharnais to marry her daughter, Lady Georgina. What an odd wish for a great English lady to form for her child! When I heard them all laughing at the Duchess last night, I could not help thinking how mean people are; since, if they had been invited to a party at her house, they would have flocked to it with eagerness, just as they used to do in England, though it was the fashion to quiz her assemblies.

Sir Joseph C——y was wont to ask, "Are you going to Scotch collups to-night?" Yet he was the first to go thither. Lady —— observed, when the Duchess of —— was under discussion, "Well, let those laugh that win." The Duchess has married all her daughters greatly; and she is one of the most powerful women of her time.

Since that period, another of the Duchess of ——'s daughters has made a great alliance; and, like her sisters, it is said, owes the possession of her ducal coronet to the diplomacy of her clever mother. The present Duke of —— was commissioned by his deceased mother to carry a parcel to Lady ——, who received the noble messenger in widow's weeds, and so captivated, or deceived the new heir, by her grief for the loss of her affianced husband, that he offered her his hand; which the lady, nothing loth, accepted, and so became Duchess of —— [Bedford.]

Sir —— told me, he was in great alarm for his friend the Duchess of G——, who, he had heard, was seriously indisposed. "She is a good soul," he said, "and will be a great loss to the ungrateful world of fashion, who have profited by her brilliant assemblies, and been more nobly entertained under her roof than by almost any other lady of equal consequence in her time; yet it has laughed at the good Duchess because she is not varnished over with the polish of refinement."

"But is Her Grace not very deficient in high breeding?" I asked.

"Never on essential points," was his reply; "for good-hearted feeling has always prompted her manners and speech; but rude and rough in dialect she was, especially on her first arrival in London after her marriage; as a well known reply of hers to George III. testifies. When he inquired how she liked London, the Duchess answered, 'Not at all, your Majesty; for it is knock, knock, knock, all day; and friz, friz, friz, all

* Now Duchess of Bedford.

night;' alluding to the mode of dressing the hair in those days."

Her Grace was driving about the streets in search of a house, when all of a sudden she exclaimed—"I've got one!" and desired the coachman to drive to Lord Fife's. My Lord was *not at home*; but she made her way up stairs and found him at a late breakfast.

"My Lord, you were in love with me five-and-twenty years ago, and I am now come to ask a favour of you."

"Ma'am, I admit the fact; but as I cannot boast of any favour your Grace bestowed upon me, I don't see what claim you derive from that circumstance."

"My Lord, it matters not; I have a favour to ask, nor shall I stir from this chair till it is granted."

She then asked for Lord Fife's house. In vain he remonstrated, and gave her a great many reasons why it could not be. Nevertheless, he was out of it in a week, and her Grace in full possession. Nor has she lost any time in opening it—balls, petit soupers, &c. But what improves the story much is—what I dare say you know—that the two families have been at daggers drawn for these fifteen years on account of politics.

The same lady, when attending upon Lady Louisa Broome, in her lying-in, turned round to the doctor:—

"Remember, sir, I engage you for this time twelvemonth. My Georgie is just going to be married—mind you are engaged to her."

The spite—the demoniacal malice of the Regent to his wife—was passing the meanest spite of woman scorned. When the grand ball at White's was to be given by the peers to the allied sovereigns then in London—

A message came from a *great person* to the committee, to desire to know what style of company they meant to ask to their ball, or some clumsy hint of this sort; which the committee however understood, for they sent back word that they meant to request the Regent himself to invite all the Royalties whom he wished should be there, and that they should send a number of tickets to him for that purpose. But this was not deemed *secure enough* to exclude the obnoxious individual; for some member, a friend to the Regent—it was said to be Lord Y—— [Yarmouth]—made a motion that no members should give away his tickets except to his relations, or that some line of rank should be drawn, such as that no one but peers' daughters should be invited; so as to exclude *oisaille* and higher rank likewise. Upon this Lord S——n [Sefton] got up and said, it was easy to see these confused proposals were meant to *exclude the Princess of Wales*; and he observed, that as one of the members, every ticket he subscribed for was his own, and every one of them he intended to send to the Princess, to be disposed of as she pleased. Fourteen other members said the same; but as they were not the majority, and as those who were to pay for the diversion were not to have leave to do what they pleased at it, they determined they would give no ball at all. "I for one," added Mr North, "quite rejoiced that for once the Regent's mean spite should fail in its object. Ah!" said he, "I could write a book on that man. I never heard of such dirty motives, except in a foolish novel, where the characters are all devils or angels, such as one never looks for in real life. Certainly his rancour is unlike the noble *insouciance* of the common run of men and women of the world, who are content to keep out of the way of those *they* hate, and think that revenge sufficient."

How painful to read of such "follies of the wise," as those with which an anonymous old baronet, primed with anecdote, charged Chatham:—

Sir —— related many anecdotes I could wish to remember. In speaking of Lord Chatham, with whom he was very intimate, he said: "From the moment of Lord Chatham's *beatific* vision of the King, which preceded his entry into the cabinet, he became intoxicated to a degree of absurdity with the honours of the court, with its etiquette, and all the gracious *mummeries* of the *harem*. He sank so instantaneously in my esteem, and even

respect, that I could hardly look at him without contempt."

Sir — also said, with reference to Lord Chatham : "At that time, I thought his whole system, intellectual and bodily, had undergone a change for the worse, and the splendour of his equipage, and the high aristocratic airs that he assumed, betokened a disorder in his judgment. On one occasion, when he came from Bath, after a tedious fit of the gout, to appear in the House of Lords, he was detained some little time at Marlborough, where his bill at the inn amounted to upwards of a hundred pounds, from the extravagant number of his attendants, &c.; and he lived altogether in a style befitting a man of great estate; so that in a very few years all that had been given him by the folly of P — and the generosity of others, was wasted and destroyed, and he literally died a bankrupt, with six thousand a-year, either from the public or from legacies, after having risen from a cornet of dragoons. He made a great exit," continued Sir —, "and died in character. What a lucky speech for his family was his last in the House of Lords! I am persuaded, had not this accident cost him his life, he would have died out like an airy meteor, and left no trace behind him. Fortune, not prudence or foresight, regulates the affairs of this world."

Our next transcripts from the Diary, shall be sheer gossip. The scene is again Rome, the Duchess still she of Devonshire, whose somewhat promiscuous hospitality is not very gratefully requited by the Diarist :—

I dined at Lady W.'s. There were only Sir H. and Lady Davy, Mr and Mrs Dodwell, General Ramsay, and the Comte Korsakoff; and they were all particularly dull and silent.

From St Peter's I went to see the Duchess of D—. Heard the mellow tones of Madame R—'s divine voice, and talked to her husband. He appears gentle, and seems sensible; yet they do not convey to me the idea of living happily together. She is very unhappy, and more so I think than mere poverty could make her. C— S— came in whilst I was there. She is transmogrified into an Italian, and married to General St A—. In her personal appearance she is improved; but it was very melancholy to me to think of her excellent father and mother, and the situation and advantages she had in England, moral and physical, being all resigned. I am not by any means a John Bull, in the broad sense of the word, yet I did not spare her on this subject. Her calm, determined manner of answering me, her apparent composure of happiness, offered a wonderful field for fancy to expatiate upon. I do not yet read her motives; but it is best now that they should not be changed.

The only English news I heard was, that Lord W—'s marriage with Miss F—y is certainly to take place. The Duchess said she heard his family are much displeased with him; and, added she, as he is not very wise, and as her family are very clever, it is supposed he has been taken in.

I could not help laughing at the droll conclusion to Sir — remarks on Mrs Siddons. When I asked him if the theatrical air and manner of speaking did not mar her powers of pleasing in private society, and had not often rendered her liable to the ridicule of persons far beneath her in every respect, he answered—"Oh, yes, frequently; I once heard her myself ask for the salad bowl, in a tone of voice, and with an emphasis on the personal pronoun, which made every body at table laugh. She said, 'Give me the bowl,' with a grandeur worthy of Lady Macbeth, but which sounded ridiculous when so applied." I further questioned Sir — as to her being vain. "Was she so, (I said,) to the inordinate degree of which she has been accused?" "Certainly," he replied; "she is aware of her unrivalled talent as an actress; and she has often betrayed that she is so, in a manner so simple, but so injudicious, that persons have been glad to seize upon the foible and magnify it tenfold; whereas Mrs Siddons's knowledge of her own genius is as

impartial an opinion as though she entertained it of some other individual than herself."

The celebrated Duchess of Devonshire, her intimate connexion with her successor, and the alleged secret exchange of their children, that an heir-male might not be wanted to a noble house, were duly recorded in the first part of this Diary; but the history of this unfortunate lady is more fully summed up here. The novel referred to below, was entitled, "A Winter in London;" and we remember to have entertained a green or juvenile wonder of what the people of other civilized or Christian nations would think on reading the publisher's daily advertisement—to the fourth, fifth, or sixth edition—of the "Winter in London," "which had broken the heart of the most beautiful woman in England!"

Lady — and myself then discussed the merit of Miss Owenson, and agreed, as I believe most people do, in thinking her a very extraordinary woman, with genius of a very high stamp. When I told Lady — I had never read the Novice of St. Dominic, she was much surprised, and said, "Read it without delay, for the enthusiasm and exquisite sentiments which are conspicuous throughout the whole work will enchant you. It is a most fascinating book. Perhaps you will find the half of the volume heavy, and the language, though beautiful in parts, inflated. But I greatly prefer Imogen to the super-human Corinne, whose character, though pleasing as a whole, is not always natural or consistent."

Lady — spoke of the late Duchess of —, and said, "Poor thing, with all her faults, she was very ardently loved by her friends, who severely felt her loss. Among them none were more sincerely affected than the Prince of Wales. The Duke cried bitterly and incessantly for a week before her death, and apparently felt much sorrow on her account. Her friend, Lady —, was her constant nurse, and was also said to be in great grief. The Duchess, to the last moment, expressed the warmest attachment for her, and Lady — said she never could believe the scandalous stories told of the reason of their friendship. The Duchess was attended by almost all the physicians in London; but she had an accumulation of disorders, liver complaint, &c. The immediate cause of her death, however, was a fever, and this fever, Lady — said, was brought on, she believed, by the vexation and agitation of mind caused by a novel published a short time before her death. A character was introduced in it, supposed to be meant for the Duchess, and who is made to swindle and do all sorts of dishonourable actions; at the same time, suffering deep remorse, and struggling against amiable feelings and much natural sensibility. It was astonishing, how, in consequence of the report of this novel having hastened her death, it was universally read, and with the greatest avidity. Lady — added, that her debts were immense, and she suffered the most dreadful agitations from a constant fear of discovery, and the many exigencies she was driven to.

This Scotch Sir Somebody, is apropos to everything and everybody. Here is his Mr Jeffrey:—

Sir — next mentioned Mr J—. He said that he knew no person so clever, whose manners are in such bad taste, and whose appearance is so little prepossessing.

If the traditional *crim. con.* stories floating round Edinburgh required revival, they find it here. But we shall presume they do not, in so intelligent (about their neighbours' affairs) a community as Mr Lockhart describes that of the northern metropolis. Indeed, the Diarist has a more regular supply of the scandal and gossip of Scotland, from her correspondents, than of that of London. This is of Miss Ferrier's novel, and the great house of Argyle. We are also tempted by

the great heiress of that day, Miss Mercer; but let her pass.

I visited Lady —, who was engaged in reading Miss F —'s new novel. I told her, I heard she did not acknowledge being the authoress. Lady — observed it was surprising she should be so well acquainted with the living, talking, &c., of fashionable people, as she had heard that Miss — knew nobody belonging to that class of persons except the A — family.

Lady — is at present occupied in copying an original picture of Emma, Lady Hamilton, by Madame Le Brun. It is the portrait of a graceful woman, but though handsome, she must, I think, to judge by this likeness, have had a hard vulgar expression of face. There is nothing soft or feminine in her countenance: in short, this portrait conveys the idea of a woman who would go through thick and thin, and think nothing of seeing an old man of eighty hung up at the yard-arm!

In the next pages figure Lord Byron and Mrs Shelley:—

I like Lord Byron's conversations; that is to say, they interest me.

I wish he had lived to grow better; which I think he would have done when he was old. Captain Medwin, I dare say, is bad enough himself. He praises Mrs —, who, I have always heard, was anything but amiable. Her own father, G —, said so, and reproached himself with her errors, as having originated in the education he gave her.

We may as well despatch all the literary people.

On my return home, I found several letters from England; amongst them, one from Miss —, in which she speaks of W —'s "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" and her opinion is valuable and curious, as being that of a clever writer. She says—"I hear you were charmed with the 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.'" Some of them I think beautiful, some of them ridiculous, and all want truth and reality; for though I still can relish a fairy tale or a romance, yet I do not like fiction in the garb of truth. As mere creations of fancy they are fine; as pictures of Scottish life and human nature they are false. But do not let me forget this Mr — is an *awful* man to have for one's enemy.

Though the initials have, in many instances, been somewhat damaged by the printer, or neglected by the editor, here we have, for certain, the marriage of the Marquis of Northampton with a Miss M'Laine, a Mull heiress, and the ward of Sir Walter Scott:—

I am informed Lord C —, Lord W —'s son, married, in Edinburgh, lately, a Scotch heiress, a Miss M — of K —. I never heard of her before. The story goes that W — S — gave her away. This appears a *mésalliance* for a future Marquis. After the wedding, W — S — set out immediately for Brussels, as he is engaged to write a poem on the battle of Waterloo. Miss W — made up her marriage on the road home—not at Nice. I think she requires a great deal of dress and candle-light to set her off, and wonder at a man falling in love with her in a packet-boat.

The young ladies receive the following piece of sober advice from an experienced counsellor, who sincerely admires "repenting in a coach-and-six:—"

Every woman should make it her business, as a duty she owes herself, to find a husband; for no other interest in life is ever stable, abiding, or sufficient to the happiness of a woman. I never yet knew or heard of female friend-

* Alluding to the well-known story of Lady Hamilton's having persuaded Lord Nelson to take summary vengeance on C —, the enemy of the Neapolitan sovereign, who was hung at the yard-arm, and his body committed to the deep; but, owing to some accident, it rose again to the surface of the waters, and floated in an erect posture before the vessel, to the infinite horror of all who beheld it, who deemed it a judgment on his executors.

ships answering completely to both parties, or enduring throughout life.

The following painful and instructive story is, we believe, faithful to the truth in all parts:—

In talking of Lord —, Lady — told me some curious instances about his wife, Lady A. C —. In the first instance, Lord — would not even marry her until she was ennobled; and he went to the king, and obtained for her a title, after which he made her his wife. For a time they lived well together; but she soon fell in love with Sir J. C —, and made known her resolution, to Lord —, her husband, to run off with her lover. The former behaved most nobly to her, and said if she would promise never to see Sir J. C — again, he would forgive her what she had done, and save her from public disgrace. But this offer she refused. She told Lord — that she had wronged him to the utmost—that she loved Sir — passionately, and that she *would* elope with him. Lord — then replied—"So be it;" and he promised to arrange matters for her departure. But this also she rejected, and sent to the neighbouring village to order post-horses; and so, in a common hack chaise, she left her great and splendid home, for the love of a man who did not repay her sufficiently for the sacrifice. Lord — was much distressed; but he was not a person to make himself long miserable about anything; and, after obtaining a divorce, he married again. "Some years ago," said Lady —, "I was at a ball at —; I had been dancing, and sat down beside a lady whom I considered a stranger to me, when suddenly she accosted me. I remembered the sound of her voice instantly, and accosted her by her former name of Lady —, but corrected myself quickly, and said—'O Lady —, I am very happy to meet you again.' We conversed together for some time; and she invited me to go and see her, which I did. At our next interview, she told me how her life had been passed since we last met. 'I have suffered much,' said she; 'but the worst is past now.' And she related to me how she could not resist an impulse she had when one evening passing near —, to look in at the window of the house, and see her children and Lord —, who were assembled there. It was a sad strange pleasure; but it *was* a pleasure. I gathered from what my poor friend, Lady —, said, that the sacrifice she had made to attain happiness had failed; for the object of her love was not all that she had hoped to find him. I soon left —," continued Lady —, "and I never saw her again, or heard of her, till after her death, when I learnt that she had requested her first husband, Lord —, to go and see her; and she took leave of him for the last time." It must have been a most painful interview, I should suppose, and I almost wonder at any person imposing such a trial upon themselves; but it proved that she returned to her first attachment, and that, though not the most faithful husband in the world, he was a better and a kinder man than the object of her unhappy passion.

The hero and heroine of this melancholy tale do not require to be pointed out.—In the base affair of the Douglasses, in relation to the Princess of Wales, this book insinuates that Sir John Douglas was the false and treacherous party, and his wife merely his tool:—

In speaking of the D —, Lady — said, she believed it was only Sir J — who had ever offered to wrong the Princess of Wales, and that his wife was frightened into doing so; but that she had of herself no evil intentions respecting her royal mistress. Lady — once heard that, many years ago, Lady D — was sent for by the Prince Regent to Carlton House, and when shewn into his presence, and that of several of his favourite attendants, &c., she was commanded, under pain of his Royal Highness's everlasting displeasure, to say if she had indeed made known circumstances about the Princess of Wales, which Sir J. D —, her husband, had repeated to the Duke of —.

Lady —, who does not at all incline to favour the Princess, said she thought the Queen's conduct towards her unwarrantable; for that, until she was publicly dis-

graced, she had no right to exclude her daughter-in-law from her public drawing-rooms, and she wondered that no friend of the Princess took the matter up at that time, and brought it before public notice, as an unprecedented act of despotic and unjust tyranny on the part of the old Queen.

By way of relief to all this sad stuff, we shall introduce a letter from the authoress of "Marriage" and "The Inheritance," addressed, as we opine, to Lady Charlotte Campbell; not the most cordial or confidential of epistles, perhaps, but still an original letter, from a shrewd and accomplished woman:—

"Your descriptions of your travels do indeed set my feet moving and my heart longing to see all you have seen; and this desire has been increased by reading the 'Corsair,' lately; it is indeed exquisite, the most perfect, I think, of all Byron's performances. What a divine picture of death is that of the description of Gulnare!

"I am now labouring very hard at 'Patronage,' which, I must honestly confess, is the greatest lump of cold lead I ever attempted to swallow. Truth, nature, life, and sense, there is, I dare say, in abundance; but I cannot discover a particle of imagination, taste, wit, or sensibility; and, without these latter qualities, I never could feel much pleasure in any book. In a novel especially, such materials are expected, and, if not found, it is exceedingly disappointing to be made to pick a dry bone, when one thinks one is going to enjoy a piece of honeycomb. It is for this reason that I almost always prefer a romance to a novel. We see quite enough of real life, without sitting down to the perusal of a dull account of the commonplace course and events of existence. The writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter, who chooses for his subject turnips, fraus, and tables, is only the copyist of inferior objects; whereas the mind that can create a sweet and beautiful, though visionary romance, soars above such vulgar topics, and leads the minds of readers to elevated thoughts. Besides, it is so agreeable to live for a little while in the enchanted regions of romance; and since works of fiction are means (at least 'tis their legitimate aim) to amuse, not to instruct, I think those which do not aspire to be useful, fulfil their calling better than those which set forth rules of morality, and pretend to be censors on the public mind and conduct.

"Forgive this long essay, dear ———, on novels and romances.

"You were so kind as to say you would introduce me to Mrs Apreece, [afterwards Lady Davy] and, independent of everything else, I should have had great pleasure in meeting with a person you liked. But, in the first place, I feel 'tis only your extreme goodness that could have made you propose it; in the second, it could only be for your sake that Mrs Apreece would submit to the penance of visiting me; so, I think, I had better remain in my native obscurity, and not attempt to have the advantage of knowing this lady, of whom report speaks so highly. I am a wonderfully stupid person—having very little desire ever to see the most celebrated individuals. Ill health, I suppose, contributes to the apathy of my feelings; and, altogether, I very much resemble a *dormouse*, in my habits and temperament. So, if you please, dear ———, unless you wish to introduce me to Mrs A. in the character of Mrs M'Clarly, I think I had better forego the honour.

"With regard to my own performances, I must confess, I have heard so much of the ways of booksellers and publishers lately, that I find a *nameless* author has no chance of making anything of the business, and am quite dispirited from continuing to finish my story, and very much doubt if it will see the light of day. What a loss to the world will be the suppression of this child of genius! Besides the cold water thrown on my *estro* by these cruel personages, the forefinger of my right hand (that most precious bit of an authoress's body) fell sick, and you may judge of my alarm when the surgeon pronounced it to be poisoned; he, in the ignorance of his

mind, supposed by some venomous particle it had imbibed when working in the garden; but, for my part, I have no doubt but it was a plot devised by all the great novelists of the age, who, having heard what great things it was about, had, in the envy of their hearts, laid their plan for its destruction. However, their malice has been defeated, as, after being lanced and flayed alive, it is now put into a black silk bag, and treated with all the tenderness due to its misfortunes. But, joking apart, should my book ever be published, how shall I get a copy sent to you? and, dear ———, will you *never, never* say to anybody that it is mine, and commit this epistle to the flames, and not leave it lying about? I am become a person of such consequence in my own eyes now, that I imagine the whole world is thinking about me and my books. I turn red like a lobster every time a novel is spoken of; and whenever the word authoress is mentioned, I am obliged to have recourse to my smelling-bottle. I mean to send a narrative of my sufferings to D'Israeli, for the next edition of 'Calamities of Authors.'

"My chief happiness is enjoying the privilege of seeing a good deal of the Great Unknown, Sir Walter Scott. He is so kind and condescending that he deigns to let me and my *trash* take shelter under the protection of his mighty branches, and I have the gratification of being often in that great and good man's society."

A letter appears from Sir Walter—a good-natured, if a rather too condescending one—soliciting subscriptions for Hogg's poems, to enable that "miserable son of the Muses," as he calls him, to stock a small farm.

No person connected with the household of the unfortunate Princess of Wales rises in the reader's estimation in perusing these volumes; but Sir William Gell sinks into contempt. In his soberer moods, and when under the influence of truth and honour, he did his duty like an honest man to his injured mistress; so that we would hope the tone of the following letter may fairly be presumed to be imagined in accordance with the bad taste of the person to whom he wrote, and did not display his real sentiments. Mrs Thompson is the vulgar nickname which the menials of quality, the courtly flunkies and waiting-maids, gave, in the usual style of their contemporaries of the servant's hall, to their royal mistress. The Regent was called Mr Thompson:—

December 14.—I received the following letter from Sir William Gell:—

"I thank you, my dear ———, for yours of the ———, and scarcely dare attempt to answer so amusing an epistle, since I must fall so short of attaining to the excellence of your style, and am a complete bankrupt in news of every description. The extracts you sent me of 'the Thompson' correspondence are charming. I am happy to see 'we' have lost none of our powers of writing; 'dat' would be a great pity; and trust some day that all those invaluable specimens of her epistolary genius will be gathered together, and printed, and set forth, as models for letter-writing to posterity.

"Have you heard that S——i, [Sismondi,] the great philosopher, has been making a fool of himself, and falling in love with Lady ———? Fancy S—— in love! Pretty Cupid! He wrote verses to her, and was *our petit sois* all the time she was staying at ———.

"There was a *fête champêtre*, at the Villa d'Este, a short time ago, of which, I dare say, you have heard all the particulars. Mrs Thompson must have looked divine as a *Druidical priestess*, which was the character 'we' assumed; and Le Comte Alexander Hector von der Otto figured charmingly as a god, to whom all the priests and priestesses did homage. Willikin was the victim offered to his druidical majesty. The Count Alexander generally wears the insignia of the most holy order of Saint Caroline, which consists of a cross and a heart tied together

with a true-lover's knot, and the English royal motto encircling the badge: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' How far these words are applicable to the case, I cannot say; far be it from me not to take them in the sense they are intended to convey.

"We go constantly on the lake in 'our' barge, and are serenaded, and are, as 'we' say, very happy; but of that I have my doubts. To be serious, I am truly sorry for Mrs Thompson, whose kingdom is departed from her,' as surely as that I am at this moment agreeably occupied in writing to you. She has never heard once from Prince Leopold since her daughter's death. The manner in which she is treated is shameful; but, alas! they have so much to say against her in excuse for their detestable conduct, that one cannot cry them shame.

"Do you remember, dear —, all the fine promises his Serene Highness made his bride to defend her mother? See how they are performed! There is a certain saying, of 'Put not your trust in princes,' &c., which is but too true in this instance.

"I hear you are all starving with cold at Rome, so that I dare not venture on a pilgrimage thither. I am at present (for me) a comely looking person—no crutches—no velvet dressing-gown or ornamented cap, like Sir Brooke Boothby's; and being anxious to preserve my beauty, to say nothing of the *comfort* of being free of the gout, I will not expose myself to the danger of going to a less genial atmosphere than that of this blessed city.

"The good King George the Third is really dying in earnest, I hear. A more honest soul never went to heaven than that of his Majesty. 'Tis said, in a whisper, that already his successor has had plans made for the show of his royal coronation, which is to exceed in magnificence all spectacles of the kind ever seen. Perhaps this may be a lie; and do not give me up as your authority, when relating this piece of gossip; but have pity on your poor old friend, who is your faithful

"ADONIS —,

"P.S.—Think you Mrs Thompson will consent to being excluded from her place in the show '*as is to be*'? I should say, Certainly not, without a *tussle* for it at least. 'We' are too fond of gold lace and theatrical amusements to waive 'our' rights; besides, *sometimes* 'we' remember 'we' are royal, though we *often* forget it. What part could the Count Alexander Hector von der Otto take in the ceremony?—ay, there's the rub; and I don't think 'we' should like to go without him. 'No more, in mercy, no more,' you exclaim, and I crave pardon; and at once sign myself

"Your obedient

"ANACHARIS."

"I heard from the Princess of Wales a few days since and had the honour of receiving a letter written by her own royal hand; but so written, I could only decipher half of its contents, and was satisfied to guess the rest. Mrs Thompson appears dissatisfied with self and all the world besides, especially with the household; from which, says she, '*Dere* is not one to choose better than de oder; dey have all behaved in the most *cruelest* manner possible to me.' Of course your humble servant is included in this anathema. No mention is made of the present court, by which I judge their reign is drawing to a conclusion. Heaven speed its termination, though mayhap it may be followed by a worse, and that Mrs Thompson will only fall out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*. I heard, by a sidewind report, that the plan fixed upon by Mr Thompson for the maintenance of the peace and quiet of the Thompson kingdom, not to mention his own domestic felicity, was to propose to Mrs Thompson, when the elder Thompson dies, and that he is succeeded by Thompson, junior, to accept a large income, and never to set foot on Thompson ground. I do not think Mrs T. will submit to these conditions. There is a deal of spirit in the latter, which will revolt at such terms, and we shall see grand doings yet, I promise you. 'The Great Mogul' tumbles in his slippers, I know, and is most anxious to retain Liverpool and Co. in office, because they have sworn to fight against Mrs Thompson. They are

rascally set, and quite equal to obeying Mr Thompson's most unreasonable commands. I hear Mrs Thompson's health is not so good as it used to be. Willikin revolts frequently, and hates the Count Hector von der Otto, so that there are disturbances in '*Paradise*,' as Alcandrina denominates the Villa D'Este. I have sometimes wished I could disguise myself, and obtain an entrance into this Eden, to have the fun of seeing how these primeval personages pass their time.

"Who is the favourite in the harem of the Sultan just now? Is it, as we outlandish folks hear, my Lady of C—— that has had the honour of having the handkerchief thrown to her?

"We have few of our country people here at present, and unless I could pick and choose, so as to have those I prefer, I do not lament the absence of English folks. Lady D—— is one of the few residing with us Neapolitana. She is handsome—more I know not of her, save what rumour has been pleased to invent, viz, that she once had a black child, which being an inconvenient circumstance, the little nigger was changed, by some hocus-pocus, into a fair flaxen-headed infant. Remember I have not coined this anecdote, and am only the speaking-trumpet of report; which it is very imprudent to be, by the way, as the poor machine is frequently accused of being the composer of the news it repeats mechanically.

"At whose shrine doth Mr Ward bend the knee? and does he dress more like a gentleman than in former times? It is said the Duke of G—— torments the Duchess, and makes her live up at the tip-top of the house, and treats her cavalierly. Now, being but an off-sprout of royalty, such manners are not seemly; but I have always remarked that these half-and-half people of blood, noble or royal, are peculiarly grand, and give themselves twice as many airs as the original roots and direct branches of the tree.

"Poor Lewis! are you not sorry for the Monk? Some say he was poisoned by his slaves. No good ever yet came of doing good and generous actions. Rest assured, dear —, it is quite a mistake to be kind and noble. 'Tis always your mean selfish people who fatten and thrive, and come to a good end. To think of the poor dear Monk's being thrown overboard and eaten by the fish! Truly it vexes me, and I am sure so it will you. To whom did he leave all his worldly goods? I suppose to his sister, Lady Lushington."

Next to the husband, and his base and servile creatures, the worst enemies of the unfortunate Princess must have been her own discontented and ungrateful if not treacherous servants. What a life that unfortunate woman must have led!

About the middle of the year 1819, the Diarist, after a long residence abroad, found herself again in London; and, it may be presumed, under the cloud of a not wealthy *mesalliance*. Accordingly, she did not return to the world in the most charitable temper. The beauty and youth of the women had all faded during her absence, and the men were worse than the ladies. She went to Lady ——'s concert, and—

The company was a great mixture of trumpery and snery, like a lady's maid's rubbish-box. I saw there Lady C——, who looks all sweetness, though the world says it is only look. Lovely she is without doubt; yet her's was a loveliness which never transported the beholder. Why is this so? The defect must lie within.

Poor Mrs G. L——, how she has changed! Her fair freshness gone, and all the ripeness of her youth prematurely withered! Still there is something fine in her full rich lip; and it is some praise to be beaten down with sorrow. I fear she has had her share. . . .

Lord Dudley walked about all night like a troubled ghost. He is so pale, and so mean and miserable-looking, when he comes up, holding out a finger, that you almost

expect it is for charity. Yet in that dirty head, and under that appearance, there is more—how much more worth conversing with—than in the handsome gay Lotherio, Lord W——, or many such; and who would be the latter, if they could exchange their lot for the former? No one, save, perhaps, the man himself; for I have observed, that whatever men may say or pretend, they are more anxious to be reckoned handsome and pleasing than to obtain any other suffrage; at least, certain it is, that no other suffrage is completely gratifying to them, without some consciousness of personal charm.

Lady S——, who is in years still a young woman, looks prematurely old. Her dissatisfied temper has made great havoc with her beauty.

Mrs B——k looked as well as any of the people of her age at the ball. She has those outlines, and that fine-shaped head, which time never wholly spoils. Mrs W. L—— is changed indeed in manner and in appearance. W. L——, always fascinating, looking as though he had missed of life, but infinitely in better spirits, and more capable of enjoying what was going on, than when I last saw him. His daughter's beauty is far inferior to her mother's, and will fall like a blossom, and be no more remembered; for there is nothing in it but youth and freshness.

Lady G——r is by far the most distinguished young woman I have seen, and her manners are dignified. She appears to have much good-nature and sweetness. It is to be hoped that her husband will cherish these qualities, and not snuff them all by too great an indulgence in the follies and dissipation of the world. I have heard only one fatal thing against this fair promise of happiness which blooms around them: it is, that he is a sceptic! But report is not truth, and people are apt especially to say evil of those who are favoured by fortune in every way, as Lord G——r is.

June 23.—Dined at Lord Dudley's. A charming house, and some good paintings. We arrived an hour before Lord Dudley made his appearance; but there were plenty of objects to delight and amuse. Lord and Lady A——n, Lord and Lady W——t, Mr M——d, Mr M——, the Archbishop of —'s sons, Colonel G——, Mr —, &c., formed the party. Lord Dudley had on a new and rather extraordinary chocolate-coloured coat, but looked so clean and fresh, that I did not know him for the same person. His dinner was admirable in every department. Mr — is very ill. I think Lord Dudley has a look that way. When I asked him some question in regard to his going abroad, alluding to his own fortune and situation, he said, "When a great trump card turns up at home, one has no right not to play one's hand." This was like a person thinking aloud. He evidently puts all due value on his station and fortune; but I think he is a kind person, with some genuine feelings of friendship and truth about him, which are as uncommon as they are valuable.

We give the readers leave to puzzle out the following Holland Houses, Rogerses, and Moores for themselves, and merely present them with this melancholy picture of the hollow greatness and real miseries of high life:—

July 3d.—I went to — house; a formal fearful piece of amusement. Lady — on her throne as usual: very gracious to me, but still "gracious." I found no subject of conversation, and she was also, for her, unusually dull: so time went on heavily. R—— and M—— were there; but even they did not shine with their usual brilliancy. Mrs R—— and Lady W. R—— were also present. I think marriage has done much good to the latter. She seems much softened, and is, as she ever was, very *distinguee*, and very agreeable. Her husband appears to be a shy gentlemanly-looking person. I could not judge what else he was, and feared to talk with him. Somehow or other I lost my own identity in that society, and yet it appeared to offer much entertainment. Lady — kept me strictly under her wing, and tied me down, as it were, to her chair. She is now

in bad health, and there is an excuse for her being placed above everybody else, and calling all the people by her, as though she had a crown and sceptre in either hand. But I am told she always did so. It must make a *gêne* in the society. But Lord — is a delightful person, and much is borne to obtain his presence. Lady — told me a curious story. She said the Duke of B—— had formed the greatest attachment for Lady —, and one evening, after she had been cutting a few jokes at Lady —'s expense, the Duke wrote her four sides of paper, to say how much it grieved him to see that any member of his family thought slightly of Lady —, and he requested that she would never do so in future.

July 4th.—Visited Lady H——d, who was much more agreeable, and in a different manner, than I had any idea she could be. How slow we ought to be in forming opinions of the character or *agréments* of others! for so many people are superior to what they seem on a slight acquaintance, and so many, on the contrary, are inferior to what they at first appear to be, that we should be careful not to judge of them in haste.

Miss K——t came in whilst I was at Lady H——'s. Her presence put me in mind of the poor Princess, and Princess Charlotte. I like Miss K——; that is to say, I honour and esteem her character. The old Queen certainly behaved very ill to her.

The Duke of Y——k has fallen desperately in love with the Duchess of R——d, and a few days since he walked her up and down Kensington Gardens till she was ready to faint from fatigue; so he ran off puffing and blowing as fast as he could, and brought a pony into the gardens, upon which he aired her up and down for two hours longer. When the Regent heard of this, he is said to have chuckled with delight, exclaiming—"Y—— is in for it at last."

July 6th.—Went in the evening to Miss Lydia White's. She is one of those melancholy spectacles, in point of her bodily circumstances, which is at once so painful and so salutary to contemplate. Immovable from droopiness, with a swollen person and an emaciated face, she is placed on an inclined plane raised high upon a sofa, which put me in mind of the corpse of the late Queen of Spain at Rome, in the church of the Santa Maria Novella. But even under this calamity she has many blessings—a comfortable house and the attentions of the world, which are pleasant even when they are mingled with the alloy of knowing that they are paid as a price to obtain selfish amusement and gratification. What more solid advantages she may enjoy I cannot say, because she is a stranger to me.

July 7th.—A delightful dinner party at Miss Lydia White's. A scene of a very different kind to that in which I had spent the two foregoing evenings. Lady D——, Miss F——w, Mr Moore, Sir K. K. P——, Mr Sharpe, Major Denham, and ourselves, constituted the party. Major Denham is a great traveller, who has been further into the interior of Africa than any previous traveller, and his descriptions of deserts, and skies, and camels, were very vivid, and carried me with him in idea on his pilgrimage.

After dinner, Moore sang. Many, many years have passed since I heard him. The notes of the bird are as sweet as ever—perhaps not quite so full—but the fire and the sweetness are not impaired. He stands alone in this accomplishment, or rather sits like some chorister of spring, on a flowery bush, gifted with perpetual youth of feeling and of fancy. His melancholy is never more than tender, let him strive to mourn how he may; and his mirth is never quite exempt from sentiment. When any other hand attempts to strike his lyre, it fails; when any other voice tries to sound his reed, it fails also. It is not singing; there is none of the skill of the mere mechanic in the art: it is poetry; the distinct enunciation, the expression, the nationality of his genius, which will ever remain an inimitable gift—when heard, delighted in, and never to be forgotten.

Why has not Mr Moore effected a happy revolution in singing, being himself so radical in taste? A dinner at Lady Caroline Lamb's—the wife

of the Premier of our day—introduces us not merely to the eccentric, though amiable and really generous-minded hostess, but to a new circle of fashionables and lions:—

Tuesday, the 20th of January.—I dined at Lady C. L——'s. She had collected a strange party of artists and *litterati*, and one or two fine folks, who were very ill assorted with the rest of the company, and appeared neither to give nor receive pleasure from the society among whom they were mingled. Sir T. Lawrence, next whom I sat at dinner, is as courtly as ever. His conversation is agreeable: but I never feel as if he was saying what he really thought. He made some reference to the Princess of Wales, and inquired if I had heard lately from her Royal Highness. I replied that I had not; and, to say the truth, I did not feel much induced to talk to him upon the subject; for I do not think he behaved well to her. After having, at one time of his life, paid her the greatest court, (so much so even as to have given rise to various ill-natured reports at the period of the first secret investigation about the Princess's conduct,) he completely cut her Royal Highness.

Then there was another eccentric little artist, by name Blake; not a regular professional painter, but one of those persons who follow the art for its own sweet sake, and derive their happiness from its pursuit. He appeared to me full of beautiful imaginations and genius; but how far the execution of his designs is equal to the conceptions of his mental vision, I know not, never having seen them. *Main d'œuvre* is frequently wanting where the mind is most powerful. Mr Blake appears unlearned in all that concerns this world, and, from what he said, I should fear he was one of those whose feelings are far superior to his situation in life. He looks care-worn and subdued; but his countenance radiated as he spoke of his favourite pursuit, and he appeared gratified by talking to a person who comprehended his feelings. I can easily imagine that he seldom meets with any one who enters into his views; for they are peculiar, and exalted above the common level of received opinions. I could not help contrasting this humble artist with the great and powerful Sir Thomas Lawrence, and thinking that the one was fully, if not more, worthy of the distinction and the fame to which the other has attained, but from which he is far removed. . . . Every word he uttered spoke the perfect simplicity of his mind, and his total ignorance of all worldly matters. He told me that Lady C—— L—— had been very kind to him. "Ah!" said he, "there is a deal of kindness in that lady." I agreed with him; and though it was impossible not to laugh at the strange manner in which she had arranged this party, I could not help admiring the goodness of heart and discrimination of talent which had made her patronise this unknown artist. Sir T. Lawrence looked at me several times whilst I was talking with Mr B., and I saw his lips curl with a sneer, as if he despised me for conversing with so insignificant a person. It was very evident Sir Thomas did not like the company he found himself in, though he was too well-bred and too prudent to hazard a remark upon the subject.

The *litterati* were also of various degrees of eminence, beginning with Lord B——, and ending with ——. The grandees were Lord B——, who appreciates talent, and therefore was not so ill assorted with the party as was Mrs G—— and Lady C——, (who did nothing but yawn the whole evening,) and Mrs A——, who all looked with evident contempt upon the surrounding company. I was much amused by observing this curious assemblage of *blues* and *pinks*, and still more so with Lady C—— L——'s remarks, which she whispered every now and then into my ear. Her criticisms were frequently very clever, and many of them very true, but so imprudent, it was difficult to understand how anybody in their senses could hazard such opinions aloud, or relate such stories. Her novel of *Glenarvon* shewed much genius, but of an erratic kind; and false statements are so mingled with true in its pages, that the next generation will not be able to

separate them; otherwise, if it were worth any person's while now to write explanatory notes on that work, it might go down to posterity as hints for memoirs of her times. Some of the poetry scattered throughout the volumes is very mellifluous, and was set to music by more than one composer. This lady's death was very striking. She lamented all her follies and errors, declared that she was glad to die while she was in such a happy frame of mind, and feared, if she recovered, she might again lapse into error. She professed, and with great apparent sincerity, a perfect reliance on the mercy of heaven, and so departed—more to be admired, perhaps, in her last hours than at any previous time of her life.

I dined *tête-à-tête* with Lady C. L——: she is very amusing, but her mind is in a sad state of bewilderment, and I fear it is likely to grow worse instead of better. She ought to be placed under the care of some kind and judicious person, before she requires more restraint. She clings, poor soul, to any one who is gentle and affectionate towards her; and she has fastened upon me, which is troublesome, as she very frequently forces herself upon me when I have no time to devote to her. She writes poetry with great talent, and she entertained me all the evening we passed together, by reciting many of her compositions. She appears to have a strong affection for her husband; but, as he is careless of her, her disposition, which is naturally *aimante*, leads her to attach herself to others.

One day the Diarist accidentally met an old fellow-servant of Kensington Palace—Miss Hayman, we presume—who told her that she had heard a report that the Princess was returning to England.

Miss H—— added, that she had heard a report that the Princess had written to Mr Canning, announcing her return to England, and asking his advice on several points. "Now," observed Miss H——, "there was a time when I believe he was inclined to be her Royal Highness's friend; but I suspect he will not now espouse her cause so warmly as he once did." I asked Miss H—— if she believed the story of the Princess having gone, many years ago, to his house, complaining of fatigue; that she remained there, and was confined, and that Mr Canning kept the secret for her. Miss H—— replied, that she did not; that, in the first place, she was convinced the Princess never had been guilty of any of the crimes laid to her charge, and also that Mr C. was too honourable as well as too prudent a man to meddle in such matters. I asked Miss H—— if, in the event of the Princess' return to England, she would again enter her service, and she replied, that if asked by her Royal Highness to do so, perhaps she might be tempted, by the attachment she felt towards her, to consent; but that if she consulted her own feelings, she did not wish to do so, as the fatigue and the anxiety were too much for her health.

At length we parted, both agreeing that nothing could be said that was agreeable upon this melancholy subject, and that it was impossible for any one to conjecture how this strange eventful history might conclude. Miss H——, with unaffected and sincere earnestness, said, "I pray for the Princess constantly."

The greatest match in England next passes under review:—

Thursday, 22d of January.—I went to a ball at D—— House. Most of the Royal Dukes were present, and all the fine world of London; yet I did not think it as gay as it ought to have been, considering the advantages of fine rooms, brilliant lights, and good company. The host himself is as gracious and urbane as ever; but he is much aged in his appearance—prematurely so—and his bland countenance is changed to a dissatisfied expression. It was curious to observe the court that most of the greatest and fairest ladies paid this illustrious bachelor. I wonder they are not all tired of wooing so stern an idol; but I suppose they never will cease this adula-

tion until he selects some fortunate person to share his great fortune and rank.

Then we have Lord Yarmouth's bride.

Mr M—— laughed at Lord Y——'s marriage with Miss F——i, and said, "To be sure, never has there been anybody who had so many fathers—Mr Selwyn, and Lord Queensberry, and the Prince, all anxious to have the honour of being related to her."

It pleases the Diarist to consider her friend, Mr Charles Sharpe, the "modern Walpole," with a style far more natural and agreeable than the original; and in proof she brings forward a sample of his "unique talent," of which the following will be a sufficient specimen. This letter cannot be of very old date.

Letters bring Lady M. W. M. into my head, which I now do not confess in public ever to have read, for they are deemed so naughty by all the world, that one must keep up one's reputation for modesty, and try to blush whenever they are mentioned. Seriously, dear ——, I never was more surprised at any publication in my life. It was, perhaps, no wonder that the editor, my Lord of W——, cheated by the charms of his subject, might lose his head, and in the last volume kick up his heels at Horace Walpole and Dr Cole, and print the letters about Reevecombe, &c. But how the discreet Lady Louisa S——t could sanction this, I cannot guess. These pious grandchildren have proved all to be true that was before doubtful, and certainly my Lady Mary comes out a most accomplished person. Yet, from my relationship to the M—— family, I could add one or two more touches to the picture—but it is needless; however, this may amuse you, that I have been assured, from the best authority, she never was handsome:—a little woman, marked with the small-pox, and so prodigiously daubed over with white and red, that she used to go into the warm bath, and scrape off the paint like lime from a wall. It is admirable how one may obtain a reputation for wit, beauty, worth, or any other good thing, by the magic of a name! And, in truth, never was there a more striking instance of the truth of this assertion than in my Lady Mary W. Montague. All the same she really merited to have accorded her was that of being a shrewd woman of the world, with a quick eye, and a cross tongue, that was perpetually wagging against her neighbour. It would appear to me that she was but a sorry wife to her gudeman, and a very indifferent friend: and as to her talents, to judge by the style of her writings, any well-bred lady of the present day could produce a much better collection, if she were to gather the notes and letters that have passed between herself and her contemporaries.

This, from the same pen, is better:—

The other day, when I had the painful task of numbering all my cousin's books, I chanced to take up Frankenstein, and a thought struck me, which I wish Lady —— would improve upon. I imagine a wife for the monster. Let some man of art, hearing of his crimes, compose a wife to punish him. I think he should travel far and near, collecting the particles of the dust of all the most celebrated beauties of antiquity—to Egypt, for instance, in search of the mummy of Cleopatra. I would have the ghosts of some of those ladies to oppose his efforts: surely a good deal might be made of this part. After he hath collected a sackful of beauty, he mixes up his dust with rose-water, &c., and shapes the doll, leaving out all heart, but filling her head with the brains of two foxes and an ape. Up she starts, as radiant as the morning—beautiful, but without one accomplishment—with no cleverness but cunning. The monster makes a fortune in India, and comes to London for a wife; he falls deeply in love with a doll, who loathes the sight of him, but marries him with a good grace; they reside in London, and there madame begins to reward his merits; she gambles, &c. &c., he still loving her in spite of all her faults. In this place many amusing London scenes might be introduced, without any personalities, which are always detestable. I would throw the monster into jail for her debts; and make her elope to France with a

young dragoon officer, sending the monster a lock of her own and her lap-dog's hair, by way of insult, in an ill-spelt letter. Hang the monster in a fit of jealous despair. Then, when the doll is walking with her lover through one of the narrow ruinous streets of Paris, in the dusk of the evening, a low window-shutter suddenly opens, and the fearful head of an old man appears, who blows his breath upon her, and quickly closes the window. She sinks down at her companion's feet, a dry mass of dust and ashes! Pray, my dear ——, ask Lady —— to think on this my contrivance, and let me know your thoughts thereupon.

The trial of the Queen opens a new division of the work, though nothing, either novel or particularly interesting, is brought forward. The poor Princess triumphed; but life was the forfeit; and it mattered not, since peace of mind had gone before and for ever. One impressive and picturesque circumstance is mentioned, which seems authentic. It offers, we think, a fine subject for lyric poetry.

A very short period elapsed between the trial and the Queen's death. Her illness was sudden, and she was for some hours ignorant of her danger. When she became aware of her awful situation, she called to some of the attendants, and said, "I forgive all my enemies; I owe no one any ill-will, although they have killed me at last;" or words to that effect. A curious circumstance occurred whilst she was on her death-bed; the night or rather the morning on which she expired. A boat passed down the river, filled with some of those religious sectarians who had taken peculiar interest in her fate; they were praying for her, and singing hymns as they rowed by Brandenburgh House; and, at the same moment, a mighty rush of wind blew open all the doors and windows of the Queen's apartment, just as the breath was going out of her body. It impressed those who were present with a sense of awe, and added to the solemnity of the scene.

The King's malice followed her to the grave, and the most indecent measures were resorted to in the arrangements of her funeral. The Queen's remains were not permitted to lie in English ground, and objections were even made to her being buried at Hanover. Finally, however, her body was suffered to be placed in the vault of the Royal Family at that city. But the crown and insignias of royalty on the coffin were taken off, and I have been told that nothing but her name "Caroline," stands to record who lies within that narrow house. The candle that is taken into that royal mausoleum to shew the visitors the coffin, has always been placed on hers, so that the velvet is covered with wax, and otherwise soiled. Thus do her remains, even in the grave, meet with the same disrespect she endured throughout life.

Some of the Diarist's correspondents do the Princess far more justice than those of "her own house." The Regent, whose temper on this subject displayed as much meanness as malignity, was, it would seem, offended and displeased that Lady Charlotte Campbell, in her need, accepted the appointment of a lady in waiting to his consort. Lady Charlotte had at one time been proposing to go to Brighton, and is thus indirectly warned by Monk Lewis:—

I should be sorry she went to a place where she would be under his eye, and not noticed as she deserves to be. I must say, I think it is a most illiberal trait in him not to pay that attention due to the rank of the Princess' ladies, without reference to their being in her service. But such is not his idea of propriety; and for this reason I object to Lady —— going to Brighton. I have always considered it a noble contrast in the Princess' character, the liberal manner in which she always forgives her acquaintances and friends for paying court to "the Great Mahomet," as she calls him; and I have particularly admired the total absence of all prejudice which she displays, by frequently being even partial to

many of the Regent's cronies. Certainly, she has not the justice done her that is due to her merits. But who has, my dear —, in this world?

When Lewis was about to embark for Jamaica, he again wrote thus to Lady Charlotte:—

My brother-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington, when he passed near Milan, inquired whether Her Royal Highness was at the Lago di Como; and, if she had been there, he would have gone over there purposely to inquire whether she had any commands for England. I hope Her Royal Highness will act prudently; and I also sincerely hope and pray all her enemies may be confounded. The pleasant evenings I have spent at Kensington, Her Royal Highness's hospitality, and the delightful assemblage of persons she had the good taste to congregate around her, will ever form the most agreeable reminiscences in my life.

Immediately after Lady Charlotte entered the service of the Princess, a sensible, if worldly-minded, anonymous *Mrs* — wrote to her thus:—

Whoever embraces the service of the Princess of Wales, as matters now stand between her and the Prince, place themselves (or at least run a great risk of doing so) for ever out of the pale of his favour. Now, as he is the person in whom all power and authority will be vested, in a worldly point of view, it is his countenance that is alone worth seeking for. *Au reste*, I believe the Princess to be exceedingly amiable—a true and zealous friend to all those whom she once takes *en amitié*; and is, moreover, an excessive agreeable companion, full of natural talent, and combines in a surprising manner the dignity of her position with an unaffected and natural ease very rarely seen in a Princess. It is, indeed, only fair to add, that she makes it a point to draw about her all the clever and agreeable persons she can; and that, particularly in a *royalty*, is no small merit. There are no courtiers or parasites in the society at Kensington; it is chosen with great discrimination and impartiality, from all that is most distinguished in rank and talent, and, above all, *agrément* is the greatest attraction a person can have for Her Royal Highness. You have hitherto been no *politician*, but you must become one, for the Princess will call upon you in that way. She is now *flaming* against the present Ministers, and inviting to the palace all she can collect of the Opposition. You will have a great advantage in this circumstance, as no one can deny that they are, with some few exceptions, a more agreeable body of people *en masses* than the principal heads of the Tory party.

You ask me to tell you something of the individuals who form the Princess of Wales's household, and if they are persons of amiable and agreeable qualities. I can give you a most satisfactory reply to this inquiry. They are all known to me personally, some more and some less; but, through others of my friends who are intimate with several of them, I am able to say that I feel sure you will find them all particularly honourable and superior persons. Of Lady C— L—y's [Lady C. Lindsay] wit, and proverbial good humour and kindness of heart, you must be well acquainted; her sister also, though less brilliant, is fully as amiable. Miss G—th [Garth] is a very estimable character, simple-minded, and very downright in all she says, and little suited to a Court, except from her high principles and admirable caution, which indeed render her a safe and desirable attendant upon royalty. Miss Hayman is shrewd and sensible; she has strong sense and good judgment; she plays well on the pianoforte, and understands the science of music, and has very agreeable manners, though not polished ones. All these persons are totally different from the commonplace run of character, and the Princess's selection of such persons does her infinite credit, as they are of a very different quality from those who generally occupy places at a Court.

Amongst the visitors at Kensington you will frequently see Messrs Rogers, Luttrell, Ward, and a host of brilliant spirits; so that I think I may with safety predict for you a pleasant life at the palace. I have only one

piece of advice to give you; it is, not to receive any confidences. Be firm, and decline being made the repository of any secrets. This course is the only one that can ensure your own safety and comfort.

The Duchess of Brunswick is dead. Doubtless you are aware of the event; but I write to say that I would recommend your sending to inquire after the Princess of Wales, for, poor soul! she is much vexed at the carelessness of all the Royal Family, in never having condoled with her on the occasion; and also many private persons, who ought to have paid her Royal Highness this respect and attention, have neglected to do so; and she has, I know, been much hurt, and complained to Miss H— that the manner in which she was treated was most unkind. I would not have you negligent towards her Royal Highness; and knowing, as you do, that, in fact, this event will not render the Princess long or exceedingly unhappy, I thought you would perhaps not consider it worth while to write on the occasion, whereas I am certain it would pain her Royal Highness if you did not do so. Miss H— told me she was much affected on first hearing of the Duchess's death; which I can believe; for although her mother's habits and tastes did not suit the Princess, and she disliked the dulness of her house and society, the Princess is too good-hearted not to regret the death of so near a relative; and she most touchingly observed to Miss H—, "There is no one alive now who cares for me except my daughter, and her they will not suffer to love me as she ought or is inclined to do."

The Princess also said: "True, my mother behave ill to me several times, and did eat humble pie to the Queen and the Prince; yet she only did so from cowardice; she was grown old, and was soon terrified, but she love me for all that."

This remark was perfectly just, and, in fact, I know, from many conversations I had with the Duchess of Brunswick, that such was the case. I hear that the little property she was able to leave she has bequeathed to the Princess of Wales.

I dined at Kensington about three weeks ago. There were Lord and Lady C—t, and Mr Ward, Mr Luttrell, Lord Byron, and Lady Oxford, and the party was exceedingly agreeable. I never saw any person, not royal or royal, who understood so well how to perform the honours at their own table as the Princess: she does it admirably, and makes more of her guests than any one else ever did.

A drawing-room was held in honour of the Princess Charlotte's marriage. The Court of England was at that period in its most degraded state; the malignant passions of the Regent, slavishly ministered to by the baseness of the courtiers, and as slavishly by the subservience of his mother. The scene is described by an eyewitness, whose wife, as one of the ladies of the Princess of Wales, was pointedly slighted by the Regent.

The said drawing-room was, as you are aware, held in Buckingham House. Princess Charlotte stood apart from the royal circle, in a window, with her back to the light; she was deadly pale, and did not look well. It struck me that the expression of pleasure on her countenance was forced. Prince Leopold was looking about him with a keen glance of inquiry, as if he would like to know in what light people regarded him. The Queen either was, or pretended to be, in the highest possible spirits, and was very gracious to everybody, including Lady —. All the time I was in that courtly scene, and especially as I looked at Princess Charlotte, I could not help thinking of the Princess of Wales, and feeling very sorry and very angry at her cruel fate.

I shall be happy when I hear that some able person brings the subject boldly forward to public notice; at the same time that I fear it will be the means of making a great commotion in the country, and wiser heads than mine predict the possibility of this subject producing a civil war, if not most dexterously managed by the reigning powers. Then, again, I am told that the Princess will

inevitably commit some enormous act of folly, that will ruin her cause; and that, besides the heedless recklessness of her own disposition, every possible means will be taken to make her say or do something which will enable the Regent to set her aside, and for ever sink her into insignificance, if not disgrace. I can scarcely believe these reports, yet they are circulated by many sensible and dispassionate persons, who are neither violently for nor against either party. Alas! every one's own experience more than suffices to prove to them that "*les plus fort ont tous jours raison*" in this world; yet I would fain hope that this oppressed lady (for that she certainly is) may be restored to her rightful position in society.

I dare say Princess Charlotte was thinking of the Princess of Wales when she stood in that gay scene of to-day's drawing-room, and that the remembrance of her mother,

excluded from all her rights and privileges in a foreign country, and left almost without any attendants, made her feel very melancholy. I never can understand how Queen Charlotte dared refuse to receive the Princess of Wales at the public drawing-room, any more than she would any other lady, of whom nothing had been publicly proved against her character. Of one thing there can be no doubt—the Queen is the slave of the Regent.

The above are sufficient specimens of this work. On its character we have little to add to what we remarked on the appearance of the first two volumes. 'Tis pity that the fashionable world and its imitators could better spare a better book; yet this one has important uses.

THE EDUCATOR PRIZE ESSAYS.

AN hundred guineas was offered by the Central Society of Education, for an essay of which the subject was "the Expediency and Means of elevating the profession of the educator (*alias* schoolmaster) in public estimation." We are no great admirers of this mode of forced production. Twenty-four essays were sent in to the Committee, and were placed in the hands of Professor Malden of University College, London, who adjudged the prize to the essay of Mr Lalor, and named the other four essays which, with it, fill this volume, much superior to the remainder. They are respectively written by J. A. Heraud, Esq., James Simpson, Esq., Mrs G. H. Porter, and the Rev. E. Higginson. There is naturally considerable sameness in essays, and the substance of some of them has appeared either in the previous writings of their authors, in the Central Society's publications, or in separate books. Some of them, if not all, are liable to the charge of wordiness, and all travel out of the record; the prize essay, especially, does not stick to the text given out. Wordiness, dare we say verbiage, is becoming as rampant a fault in this class of compositions as in graver sermons; and we do wish some one having authority would first rebuke, and then, if necessary, lash that new-fangled and vicious style, the pompous obscure, which, for want of a better name, may be christened hybridized Bostonian. Apart from these blemishes, which do not attach to all the essays, each contains some valuable, if not very original speculation.

We should have liked to learn the grounds upon which Professor Malden pronounced his judgment—as the best essay upon the given subject ought to be a valuable and authoritative document, applicable to the special case of elevating the profession of the schoolmaster in general estimation; instead of which this goes into the whole business of education, giving only secondary or incidental attention to the condition of the schoolmaster—the proper subject of the essay. Phrenology is recommended in Mr Lalor's educational course of study; but then he is not quite sure about the organs, or "its craniological pretensions." But if not sure of these, upon what else does Mr Lalor imagine the analysis of the intellectual and moral faculties, adopted by the phrenologists, rests? It is certainly not from "The New Science" that the world has learned that the human mind contains faculties and principles which we denominate benevolence, pride, firmness, conscientiousness, vanity, covetousness, fear, hope, &c. &c., but from the philosophers. He would, therefore, strip the phrenologists of all that they have really originated, the indicating organs on the skull, and attribute to them that to

which they can make no tenable claim. We are glad to find Mr Lalor recognise what we hold to be a most important principle, and one for which we have always contended—namely, that, with a regular and adequate provision for teachers, there shall be "a regular gradation of places from the humblest village school upwards, through which ability and merit might rise to a seat at the Central Board," if there is to be a State Central Board. The want of this provision, of the career open to talent and merit, was one of the leading objections formerly stated in this Magazine* to Mr Wyse's scheme, and it is a deficit in Lord Brougham's bill. We are, therefore, glad to find Mr Lalor approving the principle there laid down, and even adopting our illustration—the noble example of Napoleon, in organizing his army, and in all departments of the public service. Mr Heraud does not advert to State impulse or interference, nor yet to absolute State control. He wishes that the same degree of encouragement were given to schoolmasters in England as in Scotland, where they are "ultimately capable of succeeding to the pastoral charge of the parish." But Mr Heraud ought to be aware that this capability has nothing whatever to do with their profession of schoolmaster, but depends wholly on their previous or contemporaneous regular course of study for the church; and that a tailor or shoemaker, who had gone through the preliminary training, possesses the very same claims and capabilities. The Rev. Mr Higginson, the author of the third essay in the volume, is afraid John Bull will be rather jealous of State interference, and refuse even a benefit upon compulsion; and we fervently hope that the honest and often-cheated man will be found so. The State has managed his religious instruction for him for a goodly length of time, and also his learned education; and finding he gets restive under its paternal tuition in those departments, it cunningly puts forth its long arm to grasp one far more important to the well-being of his family in all time coming. John ought to be wary, and take no more of either *State* or *Church* teaching than will do him good. Fortunately, there will be time to look about him before we are all agreed.

The low rate at which teachers are paid is noticed and condemned by each of the essayists, save the lady, who seems to think that teaching may, like virtue, be its own reward. The miserable remuneration of teachers is, we apprehend, both the cause and effect of their degraded condition to a very great extent. But are the masters of

* No. xlvii.—November, 1837. NATIONAL versus STATE EDUCATION.

the law-appointed schools better paid, and, consequently, in a more elevated position than the teachers of private schools, or of what are called subscription or proprietary schools? And is it to the State that we must look for an improvement of the pecuniary means so essential to the proper degree of accomplishment, and the moral influence of the mass of educators? A single fact is worth a bushel of speculation. In face of all such eloquent appeals and powerful reasoning, the Educating Whig Government, only the other day, out of their scanty funds for Irish Education, could afford £1000 per annum to a favourite new functionary, who probably has very good interest; while the teachers—the working men—jog on at the old rate of £12 a-year! It has been ever thus, and ever will be, while men in power are liable to abuse their power, or, in other words, are men.

A most angelic or all-perfect and all-accomplished human being is Mr Simpson's *beau idéal* of an "Educator," physically and morally. Dividing mankind (phrenologically) into three classes, he chooses the educator, provided he have no personal deformity or physical defect, (not connected with the brain,) from the third class—that in which, with enough of the animal propensities for their legitimate ends, there is a decided predominance of the moral and intellectual faculties—such a predominance "as would render it nearly a moral impossibility that the inferior propensities should ever so far master them as to impel them to commit crime." He must have as much *Acquisitiveness* "as shall confer a prudent economy;" as much *Secretiveness* as will "give tact and *savoir faire*;" and a liberal endowment, moreover, of *Philoprogenitiveness*. He must also have *Adhesiveness*, and the desire of taking to himself a helpmate—a teacher's properly chosen wife, besides being a comfort to himself, being indispensable to the due management of the school. The educator must also possess *Conscientiousness*, *Veneration*, and *Benevolence*. He must likewise have *Self-Esteem*, the *Love of Approbation*, *Firmness*, *Ideality*, and *Hope*, balanced by a proper degree of *Cautiousness*: in short, he must be the *beau idéal* of phrenological man. Mr Simpson does not uniformly use all these familiar terms of Phrenology; he sometimes employs their equivalents. How lads of this third or highest class of human natures are to be picked out as pupils for the normal schools, must, we presume, be ultimately left to the most skilful of the manipulators and measurers, or the greatest adepts in discriminating the distinctive marks of the three grand classes of human beings. The first or lowest class may be easily discovered. "They are mere animals, with the slenderest share of the man-distinguishing faculties." They are the criminal population, whose animal appetites are so powerful as to overbalance the restraining force of their moral and intellectual faculties. . . . "Any better endowment of intellect in this class is always perverted to the purposes of crime." So class first is a doomed class—the wrath of God and the curse of man lie upon it—and it is almost, without exception, we fear, to be found among the poor. But how class second, the mixed class, shading gradually off into the lofty original purity and felicitous organization of class third, or sinking into the brutality of class first, is to be always distinguished from them, may prove a puzzle to those who are to choose educators, unless adepts in Phrenology. "In low life they (the second class) often become criminals; in a more favourable condition of education and society they have continued respectable." "They are always selfish and

self-indulging, and bad example will make them sensual and profligate." Mr Simpson cannot, in his imaginary schoolmaster, make the standard of excellence too high; and we need not at present indulge further conjecture as to how he is to reach it.

He explicitly recognises State Education, through a Central Board, &c., to the widest extent; but not at all, that we perceive, the grand corrective principle asserted by Mr Lalor, of the poorest village schoolmaster being permitted to strive with generous ambition for the highest honours connected with the National Institutions for education. Mr Simpson "desiderates a legislation," he says, "preambled (?) by declarations of the paramount rank in human affairs of the education of the people, and the necessity of committing it to hands in everyway worthy of it." Now, there is no fear of any want of abundant *preambling*, and *perambuling*, too, in any such declaration. But he further requires that the trust may be placed in proper hands, and says "a *Centralized Power will be found indispensable*—a tribunal of men of the first character and talent which the country can produce, *not themselves to exercise the functions of teachers*, (and, from aught that appears, never to have exercised them,) but to frame and work a great and uniform system for the whole country." Mr Simpson supports the Centralization Scheme by the arguments already familiar to all the world, who care about the matter; stating that the objectors are often either "unreflecting or interested." How easy were it to retort this accusation, and yet not be one whit nearer the truth. But without making the educator a creature and appurtenance of the State, Mr Simpson believes that his position will never be raised in society: in short, without a Board, or, as Mr Simpson has it, "without a high, superintending, and sustaining authority, we feel assured that the teacher of youth will never be raised in society. . . . The Board, if composed of fit men, could judge at an interview of the merely personal qualifications of the candidate, and by examinations and inspections of his testimonials, of his talents and previous attainments." It seems as if the Board were, after all, to determine very much as persons in similar circumstances do at present! When the candidate approved has been trained in the normal seminary or college, he is to obtain a diploma very much after the fashion of the degree of master of arts, or of a surgeon, or other qualified individual's diploma, and with this obtain an immense advantage over educators who have not been trained in the State colleges, though the public is not to be compelled to choose educators from among the "*seminants*." No one, we presume, disputes the necessity, or doubts the advantages of teaching teachers; of making the business of a schoolmaster a profession to be carefully acquired by time and practice, and probably best in normal colleges, or proper seminaries, whatever be their name, and however they are constituted. Mr Simpson has what will be considered by some too magnificent ideas of the rate of remuneration to which the educator is entitled. He says—"The educator in a particular seminary"—clearly meaning, in any and every seminary—is entitled to "a gentleman's income, however realized;" that is, "whether paid directly by the State, or raised by the locality." An important *whether* this in our view, though we subscribe to Mr Simpson's opinion, that the educator "should have such an income as will enable him to maintain a family in respectability." But this, and still more, "a gentleman's income," are vague terms. An *enough* pay is "a

gentleman's income;" a judge's salary is considered no more. Mr Simpson comes nearer the point when he fixes a clergyman's income as the measure of what an educator's ought to be, and not the minimum of clergymen's incomes, but a fair average. Whatever more is due to the sacred office of the divine, he is for paying off in reverence, and not in filthy lucre. On the head of cost, Mr Simpson makes many good and sound remarks. But, in the meanwhile, the functionary of a Board, who never taught a class in his life, gets £1000 a-year, and the teacher £12: thus the thing is working in the sample; thus it will work in the bulk! As another expedient for elevating the profession, Mr Simpson suggests that it be made a fourth faculty, and have its degrees equivalent to B. A., and M. A., and LL.D.'s, or perhaps to the Knighthood of the great Guelphic, or some other learned Order. We have doubts about this. Nothing, at present, forbids that schoolmasters should obtain honorary distinctions. Mr Simpson "would call upon the *dispensers of honours and distinctions* to confer these on the eminent among the educators of youth, as such." And such calls have been answered again and again before now, to what good purpose we are not able to say. He thinks "badges tell under a monarchy," and, consequently, would tell under a State system. But let us hope that, at least, those of his educators, chosen from the third or highest class of cerebral development, could dispense with such badges, from being able to establish far better claims to the esteem of society. The prize for which we would have the teacher contend would be eminence in his profession; the highest honours of which, a seat at the high Directing Central Board, ought surely to be open to his ambition of excellence—that Board to which no one should be eligible save the schoolmaster rising by merit from the ranks. Lastly, Mr Simpson would not allow the educator to degrade himself by the office of executioner. "It is impossible to be both a flogger and a gentleman; and he must enter on the profession with the determination to make it the sole and the permanent business of his life." Few men spend the best years of their lives in acquiring a profession without an intention of abiding by it; and the determination of abandoning or abiding by it, may, we think, be very safely left to individual discretion, provided it is made worth sticking to.

Mrs Porter indulges some rather enthusiastic opinions, as the worldly-minded will deem them, about elevating the character of "Educators." We have heard of such things as she imagines in the Society of the Jesuits, and some instances of individuals with an aptitude to teach amounting to a passion; but, on the whole, we must, in looking forward to a system working for any length of time, take educators upon the average of mankind, and pretty much, as to permanent motives, as men are found in all professions. By means which she indicates, she considers that a class (of educators) may be raised, over whom worldly emoluments and worldly ambition could have little influence—who would disregard Mr Simpson's degree, or the badge of an honour conferred by the monarch, "and the income of a gentleman;" and who, according to her, "like missionaries, would go forth doing good, and would obtain their reward, even in this world, in the love of the pupils, rendered great and good by their assistance." "It may be deemed almost romantic to believe that such a class of persons, so self-sacrificing and so unworldly," she continues, "could be raised; but even in the humblest walks of life, qualified teachers might be obtained, who would pursue the profession from much high-

er motives than we could in this country believe possible, had we not facts in corroboration of what has been advanced." It is in Prussia that Mrs Porter finds those paragons of goodness and self-denial, which Mr Simpson does not look for, even among his picked or *third-class* specimens of skull-men. Religious zeal is the animating principle with those self-devoted teachers, who "cost scarcely anything, and do infinite good." We have little doubt, that an army of educators, willing to live upon next to air, could be recruited at this moment, among zealots of the Established Churches of England and Scotland, and none whatever, that the Catholic body of Ireland could furnish another army of such missionaries. Teachers who must be paid, Mrs Porter would, however, treat liberally. But Mr Simpson's principle of due compensation to the teachers, and due respect for his office, will, we are inclined to think, work much better in this money-loving country, and, on the whole, be as healthful for society. Mrs Porter objects entirely to the Voluntary principle in schools. So, indeed, does Mr Simpson, who deprecates it in every view. Their arguments are precisely the same, against a popular choice of schoolmasters, as those used against a popular choice of clergymen. Their's is Mr Wyse's argument—nor are we surprised that any Roman Catholic or Church-of-England man should object to independent action or voluntarism in schools. Yet, in everything, voluntarism—the right of independent judgment—is the fundamental principle of all that is worth calling Protestantism.

Mrs Porter further suggests, that a law should be passed for appointing means of examining "into the fitness of all who are engaged in the business of education." But she would not *compel* teachers to appear before such a tribunal. The stigma of presumed incapacity in the recusant dames and dominies would be a sufficient stigma. They would get no certificate, and Mrs Porter has great faith in a certificate. She would have a board of ladies to grant diplomas or certificates to governesses, as better qualified than the gentlemen, who might, perhaps, be brought under *glamour* influence, in cases of fair faces though haply belonging to very ill-furnished heads.

There is very considerable discrepancy in the opinions of the various essayists: None are so decidedly favourable to a sole State authority, and phrenological principles, as Mr Simpson; none so poetical as Mr Heraud; none so continental in their ideas as Mrs Porter, who seems to admire the most whatever has been considered objectionable in the Prussian system. Among other qualifications of the educator, Mr Simpson would have him able to watch in his pupil, and to teach him to watch in himself, the working of the nervous system as in connexion with the mental faculties. "He," the educator, "should thoroughly understand, up to the latest discoveries, (No. 37, on the plaster cast?) the structure and faculties of the brain as the organ of the mind and the seat of sensation, the condition of health in the brain, and the symptoms of the contrary. . . . The analysis (of the faculties of the mind) is, perhaps, the most important study which the educator will guide." By which is meant the analysis connected with the organs; or the observation and philosophy of Berkeley and Hume, Hartley, Stewart, and Brown, rendered subservient to the system of organology discovered by Gall. On the whole, after perusing the elect of the twenty-four prize essays, we are constrained to pronounce of them, as Mr Simpson does of *The Science of Mind*, previous to Gall, that "Little progress has been made to any practical end."

LITERARY REGISTER.

Memoirs of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne. By Mrs A. T. Thomson. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Pp. 1048.

These Memoirs appear in the very nick of time. So much has not been thought or spoken about Queen Anne and her Court, her imperious friend the Duchess of Marlborough, and her complaisant and intriguing favourite, Mrs Masham, since the accession of the House of Hanover, as within these two or three months, when circumstances so similar in character and, probably, in consequences, have again arisen at the Court of a female sovereign. The authoress appears to have bestowed great care in the search and selection of materials for composing the Memoirs; but of a person so prominent in national annals as the Duchess, from her long-continued influence or mastery over Queen Anne, her masculine talents, unbridled temper, and the illustrious name and station of her husband, not very much remained to be discovered. Mrs Thomson has, however, gleaned some fresh facts and traits from the former stores; and to her belongs the merit of having first arranged the existing materials. It is not a little singular, considering the conspicuous part which she so long acted in affairs, and the rank and number of her descendants, that one cannot tell exactly where this remarkable woman was born, or where or when she was married or died. Sarah Jennings was the daughter of a respectable landed gentleman of Hertfordshire. Like her sister, afterwards Duchess of Tyrconnell, (*La Belle Jennings* of Grammont,) she was early attached to the Court, both the fair Jennings being in the service of the Duchess of York. Her marriage with Colonel Churchill, long delayed by prudence, and kept secret for some time after its celebration, appears to have been one of pure attachment on both sides. The future hero of Blenheim was one of the handsomest and most attractive men of his age, and in his manners a model of elegance and suavity. Mrs Churchill's place in the household of Mary of Modena, the second consort of James II., brought her into close intimacy with the Princess Anne, who, much her inferior in intellect, was also by a few years her junior. Over Anne's mind and affections she acquired, and long held, a predominating influence, which nothing save her own haughtiness and domineering spirit, and the change of feeling which ever attends the accession of a sovereign, could have shaken.

On the marriage of Anne with Prince George of Denmark, Lady Churchill was, at the request of the Princess, made one of her ladies of the bed-chamber. The affection of the Princess led her to sink the distance which rank placed between her and her friend. She would not be called "Your Highness," but insisted on being treated with that freedom from etiquette and perfect equality which alone is compatible with friendship. In their conversations and correspondence they assumed the gossiping names—the Queen, of Mrs Morley, and the Duchess, of Mrs Freeman. In their correspondence the character of Anne appears in an amiable light. While Anne was sustained by the stronger mind of her friend, during many domestic trials, throughout the reign of her father and her sister, and under affliction from the death of her children, this singular attachment increased; and only

declined when the greater complaisance and arts of Mrs Masham—a relative, and imagined creature of the Duchess—and the despotic temper of the latter, totally alienated the affections of the Queen from her early favourite. In the prudent and, perhaps, conscientious adherence to Protestantism, which the Princess and her husband displayed at the Revolution, they were supported by Lord Churchill and his wife; who, when all were deserting the unhappy King James, arranged measures for the flight of his daughter, the Princess Anne, and accompanied her to Nottingham, where Anne threw herself among the friends of the Prince of Orange. From this period Lady Churchill became a political character, though it was not until the accession of Anne that she obtained a direct power in public affairs, which was equal, if not really superior, so far as the sovereign was concerned, to that of the Prime Minister. Throughout the reign of William and Mary, the Countess of Marlborough was the object of their jealousy and dislike; and at this season of adversity to herself and her husband, Marlborough and his wife were elung to by the Princess with a tenacity of regard worthy of a more grateful return from her "Dictatress" than the Duchess displayed.

The first symptoms of the declining favour of Lady Marlborough were shewn in that very natural attachment (in all crowned heads) to the Tory and High Church party, which the Queen early evinced; and by her extreme reluctance to shew any favour to the Whigs, with whom Marlborough and his wife were gradually becoming identified. But the female Groom of the Stole, and Keeper of the Privy Purse, who was permitted to *all* offices and to exercise unbounded patronage, states, that she was unable to withdraw her royal mistress from the party to which her prejudices and inclination led her, long before she came under the influence of Mrs Masham, and of Harley, who moved or managed the puppet which the Duchess despised. Lady Marlborough did not think the "gibberish of the Tories about non-resistance and passive obedience" boded any good to Queen Anne, whose title to the throne, like that of her successors, rested on a very different foundation. But this is the sort of gibberish in which all sovereign princes naturally delight. Mrs Morley still entreated Mrs Freeman to speak to her with the frank confidence of equal friendship; but the Queen, at the same time, held to her own opinions. Lord Marlborough was either more compliant to the secret wishes of the Queen, or else, educated in High-Tory principles, he really participated in her partialities; and the husband and wife were often opposed in opinion or, as probably, in temper. There was henceforward little peace and less affection between Queen Anne and "Queen Sarah," though the military successes of Marlborough for a time maintained his personal ascendancy.

So superior was the high-spirited Lady Marlborough to the ordinary small ambitions of Court ladies, that, thwarted in her political projects and struggle for power, she sincerely viewed the elevation of her husband to a dukedom, by her "poor faithful Morley," more as a humiliation than an honour. Her friend, Godolphin, was half afraid to announce to her the

Queen's design, and he endeavoured to prepare and soothe her proud mind under the infliction of the title. The pension which accompanied it might have been some consolation for the lampoons of the wits, and the opposition of the Tories in Parliament, to the grant; for both the Duke and Duchess loved, if not money, yet the more coveted things—great estates and splendid mansions—which money commands. The violent Tory or High Church measure, brought in, in the first Parliament of Queen Anne, for preventing occasional conformity—in other words, for imposing heavy penalties on all Dissenters—was as much a favourite with the Queen as it was politically odious to the Duchess and her party. She justly thought the Church in no immediate danger, with so affectionate “a nursing-mother” as Anne; and believed that the real object of the Tory party was to extinguish their political rivals, under the pretence of zeal for the Church. This bill did not, in the opinion of the Duchess, “aim at excluding the occasional conformists only, but all those *constant* conformists also who could not relish the High-Church nonsense of promoting religion by persecution.” It was remarkable, but not in the least unaccountable, that the leading members of the House of Commons who supported this tyrannical, invidious, and interested measure, and who were most active against Dissenters, were all descended from Dissenting families. Such, among others, were Harley and St John. Another intended indirect object of this measure was, by putting members to the test, to shew to the *nursing-mother* who were really the friends of the Church and of her opinions, and to estrange her farther from the Liberal party of that age, if either party deserved the name. The reign of Anne affords many parallels to the present period; and, among others, in that frenzied outcry about the Church which disquiets our day. The warmest panegyrist of the persecuting measure to disqualify Dissenters, and to impose fines on persons in office for attending any meeting of Dissenters, were the clergy and a crowd of clamorous women. The Peers threw out the Bill, favoured by the Court, but to which the press and the commercial part of the nation were unanimously opposed. Whig principles came more into favour. Marlborough himself, though so lately a High Churchman, rose into sudden popularity from his opposition to the Bill; and Godolphin, finding the Whigs so important a party in the nation, began, according to the Duchess, “to pay them as much regard as the times and the Queen’s prejudices would permit.” The hero of Blenheim took the same high, neutral, or see-saw part which some attribute to the hero of Waterloo. When advances were made to him by the Whig party through his son-in-law, Lord Sunderland, his reply, the Duchess reports, was, “That he hoped always to continue in the humour he was then in—that is, to be governed by neither party, but to do what he should think best for England, by which he should disoblige both parties.” The belief entertained in foreign Courts of the all-powerful influence of the Duchess of Marlborough, seems to have continued long after her real power had declined: and this belief she was not averse to foster. The brilliant success of Marlborough’s arms in a cause dear to the Whigs, was now the main foundation of their influence; though the Duchess still held her high offices, and never ceased in her efforts to keep her royal mistress out of the grasp of the Tories. The history of those long-continued jarings and squabbles, and of the triumphant intrigues of Harley, and his tool, Mrs Masham, will be read with

augmented interest in the present circumstances of the nation.

The Memoir is somewhat long-drawn-out, and naturally diverges into collateral affairs. It is also chargeable with redundancy, and even with the repetition both of facts and opinions. The authoress entertains a marked partiality for Marlborough, and something like a prejudice against his high-spirited wife; who, whatever were her faults, possessed many noble original qualities, perverted by ambition, and debased by courtier-craft, and probably leaving deeper stains in her moral nature than might have been traced on a feeble character who had passed through the same dangerous ordeal. How deep is the moral to be found in all such memoirs; and how little, when its secret character is revealed, is there to envy, how much to commiserate, in the life of a woman placed in the condition, most perilous to true nobility and goodness of nature, of a courtier and royal favourite! The Duchess of Marlborough was only secured from the degradation of sinking into an *intrigante* and flatterer, by her remaining natural dignity, and the arrogance, bred of favouritism, of her temper.

A very few sentences of the work will exhibit its value to the political reader.

“Harley was practising upon the Queen’s weak mind, and endeavouring to persuade her Majesty to ‘go alone’; or, as the Duchess expresses it, to instil into the Queen notions of the high prerogative of acting without her Ministers, and (as she expressed it) *being a Queen indeed!*”

The Duchess, at one time, urged the Queen to permit Lord Cowper, then Lord Keeper, to fill up several vacancies in the Church, which the Queen kept open until she could more conveniently appoint Tory dignitaries. To Mrs Freeman’s remonstrances, her “*poor faithful Morley*” replied, that though she had a high opinion of the equity and judgment of Lord Cowper, “the Crown could never have too many livings *at its own disposal*,” and she adds, “though there may be some trouble in it, it is a power I can never think it reasonable to part with, and I hope those who come after me will think the same.” Accordingly, following Harley’s congenial exhortations to “*go alone*,” her Majesty filled the bench with High-Church Bishops, as fast as, in defiance of her Ministers, she durst. Here is a portrait of the new favourite Masham, and of the situation of the Queen: Mrs Masham’s Christian name was Abigail—from which, probably, is derived the name of the class of artful, intriguing waiting maids, as Judas stands for all traitors.

“Artful and plausible, yet daring and insolent, according to circumstances, shameless in her ingratitude, the mean and despicable tool of others, with few advantages of education, that abject but able woman acquired an ascendancy over the mind of Anne that was truly astonishing. The poor Queen is to be pitied—we dare not say despised—for her subserviency, her little artifices, her manoeuvres in closets and the back stairs, her degrading connivance at duplicity, her thirst for flattery, or what she termed friendship.”

Queen Anne, under the exterior of great mildness, was remarkable for what our authoress calls “tenacity of impressions;” in other words, for dogged obstinacy. She was so long a suffering heiress-expectant, the victim of jealous dislike to those whom she was to succeed, that in her the self-willedness and headstrong temper of princes had assumed a peculiar form. She was one of those women whom the poet describes—

“No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.”

When Marlborough and Godolphin threatened to resign, if the conduct of Harley in the affair of Gregg, a clerk in Harley's office, who was detected in treasonable correspondence with the Pretender, was not investigated, the Queen, who might have good grounds for knowing that Harley personally was entirely innocent, discovered great reluctance to act in the matter. The rival statesmen in the Cabinet, "when irritated by her determined though meek opposition, told her plainly, it was impossible for them to do her Majesty any service whilst Mr Harley remained in the Council. She was still *firm*; and to the expressed resolution of Godolphin to leave her, seemed insensible. But when Marlborough proffered his resignation, her royal heart was touched, and she studied by long arguments and compliments to change his determination; but both her Treasurer and her General quitted her presence in disgust. Anne repaired on the same day to the Council, where Harley opened some matters relating to foreign affairs. The whole Board seemed to be infected with sullenness; and upon the Duke of Somerset remarking, that it was impossible to transact any business while the General and the Treasurer were away, a deeper gloom over-spread the faces of those who were present. The Queen then perceived *she must yield*—a conviction which she received with feminine wrath and perverseness." Surely the Queen alone ought to bear some of the censure which is here bestowed upon the sex. The Queen might yield, but she never forgave being compelled to yield, and to part with Harley. By his temporary defeat, his power was in fact confirmed. Though nominally dismissed, the Queen was as much or more than ever under his influence, until he was again restored. When disgust at the influence of Abigail, or of the back-stairs, was at the height, several Privy Counsellors resolved to address Parliament for the dismissal of the favourite from the Queen's confidence, for reasons of expedience; and, among others, Halifax and Wharton insisted, that, with all duty to the Queen, "*Evil counsellors of one sex might be as well dismissed from the Royal councils as those of another, by the advice of Parliament.*" In concluding her narrative of the last interviews which she had with Queen Anne, the Duchess magnanimously remarks—"The Queen always meant well, however much she may be blinded or misguided." The poor weak Queen, whom feebleness of mind, and the love of sway conjoined, had rendered deceitful, was hurried to her grave by these internal dissensions among her servants. "Never," wrote Dr Arbuthnot to Swift, "was sleep more welcome to a weary traveller, than death to the Queen." It was true, she had got rid of her Dictatress and the Whigs, but the squabbles of Harley and Lady Masham, and of Harley and Bolingbroke, were the torture of her dying hours. At the close of their feverish day, one does not know whether most to pity the Duchess or the Queen, who was, however, happy enough to find peace in the grave many years before her discarded favourite.

The Collected Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.
3 vols. 8vo.

This reverend and witty gentleman, who appears to have been the real progenitor of the *Edinburgh Review*—now, we think, rising some thirty-seven years of age—has, during many of these years, contributed some of the best articles to its pages. These, he says, he "has been foolish enough to collect and publish," with some other tracts written by him; and we imagine many persons

will be wise and tasteful enough to add them to their libraries. These three volumes probably include his entire writings. They consist of the famous "Plymley Letters," which he "denied till denial was found to be in vain," and so owns them; his pamphlet on the Ballot; his letters to Archdeacon Singleton; a sermon on the duties of the Queen, and a few other sermons; and some occasional pieces of amicable controversy of recent date. Whether the publication will tend to increase, among the rising generation, the general but somewhat vague opinion which has arisen of the unrivalled brilliancy of Mr Smith's wit, the pith of his logic, and the polished keenness of his satire, tickling where it wounds, is somewhat doubtful.

The reverend reviewer has not contributed anything to the journal he projected for the last dozen years. His papers range from the first number, published in 1802 to 1827, when, always a strenuous advocate for Catholic Emancipation, he contributed his last able pleading for that measure. The collection of papers shews that Mr Smith has both obtained credit and incurred censure for articles which he never wrote. A lively, characteristic, and very brief preface, is by no means the least piquant portion of the three volumes.

About the beginning of the century, Mr Sydney Smith, then in orders, was taking care of a pupil attending the Edinburgh University. Their plan had been to go to Welmar, then an attractive place for young Englishmen; but the Jacobins and Napoleon prevented this residence; and Mr Sydney Smith and his pupil came to Edinburgh, and remained for five years. Among his first acquaintances in the north were several choice spirits, then, with the exception of Mr Jeffrey, all very young men.

They were the future Lord Brougham, Lord Jeffrey, and Lord Murray—all of them more or less tainted with Liberalism, but not to the dangerous or imprudent length that was likely for ever to shut the door of preferment in their faces: "A little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas," is the properly qualified phrase of Mr Smith. According to Mr Lockhart's version of the story, the *Quarterly Review* originated mainly in a small fit of personal spleen, indulged by Scott. The *Edinburgh* had a happier birth. "One day," Mr Smith says, "we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review. This was acceded to with acclamation." Mr Sydney Smith was appointed editor, but he edited only the first number. "The motto, I proposed," he continues, "for the Review, was—

'Tenet musam meditatur avena.'
'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted; and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very able and important Journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success." The political and social evils which this journal has helped to mitigate or eradicate, are enumerated. Among them are the oppression of the Catholics of Ireland, Slavery, the Game Laws, and the Corporation and Test Acts. Mr Smith sees little in his own reviews to alter or repent of; and we suppose that he has altered very little, if anything. He lets us know that times have changed, and much for the better, since he began to suffer for his public labours as a Reformer; and, by implication, that judges, prebendaries, deans, and bishops, can no

longer be made over the heads of able and honest men, as the penalty of their political opinions or Liberal feelings towards their Catholic or Protestant dissenting brethren. Without being sure that there is much more than a change of names in the improvement he describes in high places, or that the Radicals, Chartists, Educators, and Anti-Corn-Law men are not to the Whigs exactly what the Jacobins, Levellers, Atheists, Deists, Incendiaries, and Regicides, were to the Tories in the early part of the century, we can, nevertheless, fully agree that, even yet, "it is always considered a piece of impertinence, in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a-year has any opinions at all upon important subjects." We must also admire Mr Smith's patriotic grounds of consolation, for no mitre having been found to fit his head during the last seven years' rain of those toys. He has achieved a higher dignity. He set on foot, and long contributed to, the *Edinburgh Review*. His only misfortune, if it be one, was to have been a Whig, when Whiggery did not pay; yet some of his contemporaries have not found the calling so very unprofitable. "Strange and ludicrous," he moralizes, "are the changes in human affairs. The Tories are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots, with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our Prime Minister) which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism: Liberalism is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy, may consider himself as a commissioner, and his fortune as made; and, to my utter and never-ending astonishment, I, an old Edinburgh Reviewer, find myself fighting, in the year 1839, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, for the existence of the National Church." There is a little pleasant exaggeration in this, no doubt, but the change is curious. We must leave to the reader to discover every specific paper coming from Mr Smith's pen: but, in general, his are all the articles on the Methodists, who seem to have been delivered up into his hands; those on missions; and such subjects for dissection, as the Quacks, the Bishops, Mrs Trimmer, and Hannah More. There are several excellent and humane-spirited papers upon the monstrous game-laws, upon emigration, and even about the poor chimney sweeps, and the Christian institution of man-traps and spring-guns—an enormity now extinct, or, at all events, illegal. It may be more flattering to his witty Reverence as a writer, than encouraging to his publishers, to say, that his papers in *The Review* are certainly among those best remembered, and about which memory least requires refreshing. They are all about something important, and that something is ever treated in a pertinent, lively, and humorous style.

Shelley's Poems.

This edition is concluded by the issue of a fourth volume, containing the *Witch of Atlas*, *Epipsychidion*, *Adonais*, and all Shelley's Translations, with fragments and short pieces, in the order of their composition, so far as the editor is acquainted with it. This is her proud, if melancholy task fulfilled; not, as it appears, to her own satisfaction, but certainly as no one else could have accomplished it. Had the poems of Shelley not, upon a former occasion, obtained in this Magazine a critical notice—which, however unworthy of the subject, was made in a loving and reverential spirit—it might have been a duty to say more at the close of this edition; which is, beyond doubt, the most complete that the world can now hope to possess. Yet the additional poems are not

numerous. A brief and very touching account of the circumstances attending Shelley's death, concludes the notes. Their writer declares that she began with energy, and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense she has of the virtues and genius of the Beloved and the Lost; but strength failed under the task—her health was shaken, and days of great suffering followed the attempts to write. Nor is this surprising. The narrative becomes too painful even for the indifferent reader. The last months of Shelley's life were spent in a wild, solitary residence in the Bay of Spezia, where he found opportunity of gratifying his passionate fondness for boating. His friend, Williams, who shared his fate, was with him there, and they resolved to build a boat, such as they could manage themselves, and thus to enjoy, at every hour, the pleasure they loved best. We must borrow Mrs Shelley's melancholy and pathetic narrative.

Captain Roberts, R. N., undertook to build the boat at Genoa, where he was also occupied in building the *Bolivar* for Lord Byron. Ours was to be an open boat, on a model taken from one of the royal dock-yards. I have since heard that there was a defect in this model, and it was never sea-worthy. In the month of February, Shelley and his friend went to Spezia to seek for houses for us. Not one was to be found at all suitable; however, a trifle, such as not finding a house, could not stop Shelley; the one found was to serve for all. It was unfurnished; we sent our furniture by sea, and with a great deal of precipitation, arising from his impatience, made our removal. We left Pisa on the 26th of April. The Bay of Spezia is of considerable extent, and divided by a rocky promontory into a larger and smaller one. The town of Lerici is situated on the eastern point; and in the depth of the smaller bay, which bears the name of this town, is the village of Sant' Arenzo. Our house, Casa Magni, was close to this village; the sea came up to the door; a steep hill sheltered it behind. The proprietor of the estate on which it was situated was insane; he had begun to erect a large house at the summit of the hill behind, but his madness prevented its being finished, and it was falling into ruin. He had—and this, to the Italians, had seemed a glaring symptom of very decided madness—rooted up the olives on the hill-side, and planted forest trees; these were mostly young, but the plantation was more in English taste than I ever elsewhere saw in Italy; some fine walnut and ilex trees intermingled their dark massy foliage, and formed groups which still haunt my memory, as then they satiated the eye with a sense of loveliness. The scene was indeed of unimaginable beauty; the blue extent of waters, the almost land-locked bay, the near castle of Lerici, shutting it in to the east, and distant Port Venere to the west; the varied forms of the precipitous rocks that bound in the beach, over which there was only a winding rugged footpath towards Lerici, and none on the other side: the tideless sea leaving no sands nor shingle—formed a picture, such as one sees in Salvatore Rosa's landscapes only; sometimes the sunshine vanished when the scirocco raged: the pomete, the wind was called on that shore. The gales and the squalls, that hailed our first arrival, surrounded the bay with foam; the howling wind swept round our exposed house, and the sea roared unintermittingly, so that we almost fancied ourselves on board ship. At other times, sunshine and calm invested sea and sky, and the rich tints of the Italian heaven bathed the scene with bright and ever-varying tints. The natives were wilder than the place. Our near neighbours of Sant' Arenzo were more like savages than any people I ever before saw. Many a night they passed on the beach, singing, or rather howling; the women dancing about among the waves that broke at their feet, the men leaning against the rocks, and joining in their loud wild chorus. We could get no provisions nearer than Sarzana, at a distance of three miles and a-half off, with the torrent of the Magra between; and, even there, the supply was very deficient. Had we been wrecked on an island of the South Seas, we could scarcely have fared

selves further from civilization and comfort; but where the sun shines the latter becomes an unnecessary luxury, and we had enough society among ourselves. Yet I confess housekeeping became rather a toilsome task, especially as I was suffering in my health, and could not exert myself actively.

The fatal boat arrived about the middle of May, and the whole party often passed their evenings on the water; Shelley and Williams now made long excursions, and engaged one of the English seamen who had brought round the boat from Genoa, to attend them. Much of Shelley's last poem, the unfinished "Triumph of Life," was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him. Leigh Hunt arrived at Leghorn about the middle of June, on his unlucky visit to Byron, and Shelley was eager to see him. It was therefore agreed that Shelley and Williams should go to Leghorn in their boat. "Strange," says the mournful narrator of the fatal catastrophe, "that no fear of danger crossed our minds. Living on the sea-shore, the ocean became a plaything. As a child may sport with a lighted stick, till a spark inflames a forest, and spreads destruction over all; so did we fearlessly and blindly tamper with danger, and make a game of the terrors of the ocean. . . . Once, some months before, Trelawny had raised a warning voice as to the difference of our calm bay and the open sea beyond; but Shelley and his friend, with their one sailor-boy, thought themselves a match for the storms of the Mediterranean, in a boat which they looked upon as equal to all it was put to do." Mrs Shelley continues:—

On the 1st of July they left us. If ever shadow of future ill darkened the present hour, such was over my mind when they went. I did not anticipate danger for them, but a vague expectation of evil shook me to agony, and I could scarcely bring myself to let them go. The day was calm and clear, and a fine breeze rising at twelve, they weighed for Leghorn; they made the run of about fifty miles in seven hours and a half: the Bolivar was in port, and the regulations of the health-office not permitting them to go on shore after sunset, they borrowed cushions from the larger vessel, and slept on board their boat. They spent a week at Pisa and Leghorn. The want of rain was severely felt in the country. The weather continued sultry and fine. I have heard that Shelley all this time was in brilliant spirits. Not long before, talking of presentiments, he had said the only one that he ever found infallible, was the certain advent of some evil fortune when he felt peculiarly joyous. Yet if ever fate whispered of coming disaster, such inaudible, but not unfelt, prognostics hovered around us. The beauty of the place seemed unearthly in its excess: the distance we were at from all signs of civilization, the sea at our feet, its murmurs or its roaring for ever in our ears—all these things led the mind to brood over strange thoughts, and, lifting it from every-day life, caused it to be familiar with the unreal. A sort of spell surrounded us; and each day, as the voyagers did not return, we grew restless and disquieted, and yet, strange to say, we were not fearful of the most apparent danger. The spell snapped; it was all over; an interval of agonizing doubt—of days passed in miserable journeys to gain tidings, of hopes that took firmer root, even as they were more senseless—were changed to the certainty of the death that eclipsed all happiness for the survivors for evermore. There was something in our fate peculiarly harrowing. The remains of those we lost were cast on shore; but by the quarantine laws of the coast, we were not permitted to have possession of them—the laws with respect to everything cast on land by the sea being, that such should be burnt, to prevent the possibility of any relic bringing plague into Italy; and no representation could alter the law. At length, through the kind and unwearied exertions of Mr Dawkins, our Charge d'Affaires at Florence, we gained permission to receive the ashes after the bodies

were consumed. Nothing could equal the zeal of Trelawny in carrying our wishes into effect. He was indefatigable in his exertions, and full of forethought and sagacity in his arrangements. It was a fearful task: he stood before us at last, his hands scorched and blistered by the flames of the funeral pyre, and by touching the burnt relics as he placed them in the receptacles prepared for the purpose; and there, in compass of that small case, was gathered all that remained on earth of him whose genius and virtue were a crown of glory to the world—whose love had been the source of happiness, peace, and good—to be buried with him.

The last that was seen of Shelley and his companions, was by Captain Roberts, who, from the top of the light-house at Leghorn, watched the boat on her homeward track. They were off Via Reggio, and at some distance from the shore, when a sudden squall was driven over the sea. When the cloud passed away, every vessel was seen as before, save the little schooner. It had vanished! Captain Roberts could scarcely doubt the fatal truth, yet vague hopes were entertained for a time that they might have been driven to Elba or Corsica.—The poem in which Shelley was last engaged, ends with the emphatic and appropriate broken line—

"Then what is life?" I cried.

The Manor of Glenmore; or the Irish Peasant. By a Member of the Irish Bar.

Save for its deep tincture of sectarianism, or inordinate jealous hatred of the Orange faction, (which party is rather to be either pitied or despised, as its members may be ignorant or virulent,) we could give unqualified praise to this picture of Ireland and its people, and especially of its peasantry. As it is, it deserves great commendation. The author is a genuine Irishman, fitted, by his warm sympathies, as much as by his talents and knowledge, to depict the loves, the joys, the virtues, the follies, and the crimes of his countrymen. This story lies at the period of the great political and religious agitation preceding and accompanying Catholic Emancipation. It details with minuteness the efforts of the Association, the memorable victory in county Clare, and the alternate hopes and fears of the Catholic body and the Liberals of Ireland, until that mighty battle, for which Scotland and England contended, was fairly won. The title "Irish Peasant" is to be understood in a comprehensive sense. We find, in the Barony of Glenmore, every variety of the species:—the venerable and worthy peasant, John Glennon—the village patriarch, a staunch patriot and true Catholic—a Saturday night expounder, at the Wheat Sheaf, of the "Weekly Register"—a humble functionary, in the far extended parish ramifications of the Dublin Central Political Societies, and, above all, an enthusiastic admirer of "our own Daniel," and, in a lesser degree, of Sheil, Wyse, O'Gorman Mahon, and even "Protestant Steele" or "Jack Lawless;"—the guilty and reckless peasant, the man of strong affections and violent passions, whose milk is turned to gall by the oppression of an Orange agent, and to whom the tempter comes in the dark hour, in the shape of a kindred sufferer—though he is, in fact, an Orange spy, thirsting for the blood-money of his victims. And the jovial boon peasant is found here with the patient, thoughtful, and affectionate peasant, and the manly though tender young lover, which makes up the complement; and true Irishmen all: The Barrister has selected many striking every-day events in the life of the Irish people as the subject of his illustrative sketches: We have an *ejection* of Catholic tenantry, with its attendant miseries and dreadful consequences; the too frequent social meetings at the Sheaf of Wheat, while

political and religious excitement were at the highest; and the dark midnight assemblies of the Rockites. The celebration of mass, the confirmation of children, the denunciations, from the altar, of unlawful and secret societies, and their instigators, find a prominent place. Dr Doyle is introduced at a visitation to Glenmore, and that eminent and excellent person is presented to us in glowing but true colours, though in a form somewhat long drawn out. This is indeed the main blemish of this racy, genuine, and characteristic national novel; the author sometimes, like his own social Willy Moore, or Slashing Paddy, unduly protracts the sitting or the speech. This is a national failing.

The adventures of the doomed man, Dunne—the maddened, tempted, and betrayed Rockite—and the village Ophelia attached to his evil destiny, supply some scenes of powerful tragic interest; while in sweet contrast are the happy and innocent loves of manly young Johnny Rourke, and his lovely, faithful, and amiable Kitty Kelly. The mixed characters of Willy Moore, the jovial Irish Squire Pigott, and mine host and hostess of the Wheat Sheaf, Slashing Paddy, and their fellows, are even more true to Irish nature, in its mingled yarn of faults and virtues, and its quick alternations of sunshine and shower, comic humour and wailing pathos. To those who would learn the actual condition, character, and feelings of the Irish peasantry, we warmly recommend this picture from the life.

The Forester. By Mary Louisa Boyle.

The "Forester" is in structure more of a pure romance than we are in the habit of meeting in these utilitarian days. The heroine, the lovely Mary Savile, is the orphan *protégée* of Mary of Modena, the consort of James II.; and the historical part of the tale opens with the scenes of that Prince's abdication. The loyalty of Lord Fleming, the lover of Mary, is unjustly suspected by James; and the lovers are involved in a long train of trials, disasters, and fatal misunderstandings, in consequence of the accidental death of Sir Philip Dudley, a rejected aspirant for the love of Mary, and of the dark intrigues and vengeful passions of his haughty sister, whose alliance had been declined by Lord Fleming. The "Forester" is a lowly hero, upon whom many of the incidents are made to hinge; and who, though devoted to the house of Fleming, and its gallant young representative, is secretly attached to the cause of the Prince of Orange. Poetical justice is done at last to all parties, and all ends happily, if not prosperously; for the beautiful Lady Fleming devotes herself to the fortunes of her beloved Queen and mistress, and goes with her husband into exile at the Court of St Germain. In the course of the narrative, Marlborough and King William come into play, besides inferior historical personages; but the beauty of the tale is the domestic scenes, the trials, and devoted, patient, and tender affection of the Queen, as a wife, a mother, and a mistress; and the sweetness and high-minded fidelity of her attached attendant, whether as a friend or a lover. The narrative has the merit of never lagging, as the scene, shifting from place to place, and from one kingdom to another, is always occupied, stirring, and life-like. The romance is interspersed with many effective descriptions of forest scenery, and of the peculiar landscape of soft and ever-verdant England.

Gammer Grethel's German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories.

Gammer Grethel is the Mother Bunch, or Mother Goose, or rather, if he will not be violently offended by

comparison with an old woman, the Crofton Croker of Germany; more like him than the above-mentioned venerable and endeared ancient dames. Gammer Grethel lived but the other day in the vicinity of Hesse-Cassel, and related many of the stories here translated to M. Ludwig Grimm, who is the true German Crofton Croker. The stories are, no doubt, intended for children; but the lover of old national usages, and the inquirers after literary antiquities and the birth of popular fiction, will find much to interest them in the "Merry Twelve Evenings of Gammer Grethel." The book is very neatly got up; and we rejoice to see, for once, something original and imaginative administered to the little people of the nursery, whom the whole world seems in a combination to make prematurely knowing and wise. We wish we could here tell them, were it but the pretty and elegant tale of "Ashputtel," or the comical history of "The Waits of Bremen;" but we must leave them to explore for themselves; merely indicating a newly opened vein of imaginative nursery fiction, rich, and of a pure ore.

Fardarougha, the Miser; or the Convicts of Lisnamona. By William Carleton. One thick volume.

This story possesses all the beauties of the author's charming "Tales of the Irish Peasantry." It may indeed be regarded as a continuation of that natural and pathetic series; and we should have been disposed to enter more fully into its merits, had it not been already pretty well known in Ireland, from having appeared from time to time in *The Dublin University Magazine*. Were Mr Carleton an indigenous English writer, our impatient countrymen might probably wish him to study the art of condensation; and the wide distinction between dramatic scenes, and rather prolix level dialogues, which, however characteristic of Irish rustic manners, either occur too frequently, or are too long drawn out. The character of Bartle Flanagan, the cold-blooded revengeful villain, is placed beyond the range of the reader's sympathies, and that of the miser injured by exaggeration; yet the family group of the O'Briens—young Connor and his mother—and the inferior personages of the tale, are true and fine personations of Irish character; and the plot naturally evolves some striking scenes.

Miss Sedgwick's Means and Ends; or Self-Training.

This lady, the authoress of some fictions which, we believe, are much and deservedly admired in her own country, has, in a small treatise, in which a wise if homely philosophy teaches by example, made a valuable present to her young countrywomen, and one which may be of use to English maidens in humble and even in middle life. From the preface to the English edition, Miss Sedgwick appears to be in England, "the beautiful land of her ancestors." Her lessons, and plain judicious counsels, are strictly of the Franklinian class, but with a higher moral feeling. Her style is lively and simple, and her manner no more pedantic than is inevitable in an instructress. The plan of her little book may be gathered from the headings of her chapters—*Health, Exercise, Care of the Skin*, (not, however, meaning the art cosmetic,) *Housewifery, Bad Cookery, Dress, Conversation, Loss of Nature*, and such like. Miss Sedgwick is a thorough Democrat, and even a moderate assertor of the *Rights of Women*; though on every subject she appears a calm and right-minded daughter of the Pilgrim Fathers. We shall like to see her book on England and English Women;

for such a work will, in all probability, be the result of her visit. Her strictures will, we are confident, be both judicious and candid; and we trust she will keep her own eyes open, and eschew all sorts of coteries—the literary coterie especially.

NEW WORKS ON BOTANY.

The Little English Flora; or a Botanical and Popular Description of all our Common Wild Flowers. By G. W. Francis. London: Simpkin & Marshall, Harvey & Darton, &c.

Here comes a work which realizes that *beau-ideal* of a popular pocket botanical system, which we have been longing for. To those to whom flowers give the most delight—children and young ladies—dry and learned treatises, with long rolls of heathen Greek and Latin names and difficult terms, are not much more intelligible or edifying than Latin prayers to English ears, which all good Protestants disclaim. How provoking to meet with the beautiful wildings which in childhood we had first seen and learned to love as the forget-me-not or yellow ladies' bed-straw, as the *myosotis palustris*, or the *galium verum*, things to us unknown; or what claim has the *Ilex aquifolia* upon our affections, compared with the simple green holly, with its glowing scarlet berries, which decorated our village church and our grandmother's parlour regularly at her Christmas feast? But, in ministering to pleasure, Mr Francis is so far from neglecting science, that he has rendered the systematic study of botany really more easy and attractive by popularizing it. Minute but accurate engravings are given of all the plants described, and, that with their English names, their class, order, and Linnæan appellation, and numerous anecdotes and copious and appropriate extracts from the poetesses of the flowers, and from what the poets have charmingly said about these darlings of Nature. An introduction contains useful hints for pursuing the study of botany, methods of gathering and preserving specimens, and a brief grammar, if we may so describe it, of the science of botany. Perhaps a "Botany made Easy" would be the fitter term. The Little Flora then proceeds systematically, beginning with the first class of Linneus. From this section we shall take a short extract, which will explain the plan adopted.

GERMANDER SPEEDWELL, *Veronica chamædrys*. Plate I. Fig. 4.

Leaves opposite, sessile, cordate, serrated; flowers in lateral spikes.*

"This very beautiful plant is a general favourite, and is found in the spring at the bottom of every hedge-row. Its large corollas are of the most vivid blue, with a pure white centre, but so short-lived that we can scarcely carry home or dry the plant, without losing them all. They close up also at night or before rain comes on, and open again when the shower is past. The leaves are hairy, strongly veined, and without stalks. The stem has two rows of hairs along it, at opposite sides, but the flower stems are hairy all round—capsule shorter than the calyx. Some take this for the "Forget-me-not," a different plant, but not more beautiful than the present.

Not for thy azure tint, though bright,
Nor form so elegantly light,
I single thee, thou lovely flower,
From others of the sylvan bower:
Thy name alone is like a spell,
And whispers love in "Speed-thee-well."

And now we heartily recommend this little work, as a companion, in their rural walks and wild wood or seabeach rambles, to the class to whom it is especially dedicated—"the young ladies of England;" and to all who

love the "simple, the elegant, and the sweet little flowers of our native land."

The British Phænogamous Plants and Ferns, arranged on the Linnæan System, and analysed after the Method of Lamarck, &c., &c. By John Rolfs, M.R.C.S.

This treatise is purely scientific, and intended partly to supply deficiencies of former works, and also to simplify the science by applying the method of Lamarck to the British Flora, or, as we take it, to combine the Linnæan systems with Lamarck's analysis. The merits of the analyses we must leave to proficient in the science, but we can bear testimony to the labour and pains bestowed upon this work.

Travels in Southern Asia, and a full Account of the Burman Empire. By the Rev. Howard Malcom.

The author of this very interesting book was sent from Boston, United States, on a missionary tour, by one of the great American Societies for propagating the Gospel and spreading education in India. The work bears a close resemblance, in plan and material, to Medhurst's or Gutzlaff's books on China, with something, in relation to the Burman Empire, of the minuteness, if not the amplitude of detail, of Lane's invaluable account of the manners and customs of the Egyptians. Whether it is a reprint, or appears first in England though an American book, we cannot tell; but if the former, the London publisher's choice is felicitous.

We have adopted this sort of general description of the work by comparison with others, as we wish to convey a clear idea of its contents and mode of execution, which our limits at present preclude in a more detailed form. The text is illustrated by numerous wood-engravings of costumes, antique remains, and objects of domestic life. To many readers, the most interesting part of the work will be the account of the Mission Schools.

Yarrell on the Growth of the Salmon in Fresh Water, Illustrated by Coloured Plates.

A learned controversy has long been maintained about the origin, growth, and habits of the salmon. The matter is set to rest, so far, by the experiments detailed in a few pages of letter-press, prefixed to a set of beautifully coloured engravings of the salmon in its different stages, and of the proportionate size. The result of the experiments, as conducted by Mr Shaw, in the Nith, would appear to be, that the growth of the young of the salmon is not nearly so rapid as has generally been imagined; that the young salmon assumes, at a certain age, the markings and colour of the parr; and that the parr, as a distinct species, does not exist. Mr Yarrell is, however, sceptical on this head; and he reasonably thinks that the fry may have been retarded in growth, from being circumscribed in space and food in the small ponds drawn from the Nith, in which Mr Shaw's experiments were made. He is more inclined to give credence to the fact that the young fish do not go down to the sea till they are more than twelve months old at least, but that the voyage is undertaken some time in their second year. In the first year the young salmon is named a *pink*, in the second, and until it goes to the sea, a *smolt*, when it goes to the sea it becomes a *grilse* or *peal*, and then an adult salmon. A grilse of seven pounds, at whatever age, has, as we apprehend, attained the honours of majority. These experiments will be especially interesting to gentlemen

* There is an explanation of all these terms prefixed.

having ponds or lakes near salmon rivers, from whence their fish preserves can be supplied with *pinks*, which are ascertained to have grown and thriven in this state of transference. The experiment was made in a small lake called Lillymere, near Kendal, by the proprietor, Thomas Upton, Esq. of Ingemire Hall. Sixteen months after some small pinks, from the Lune, a salmon stream, and weighing about two or three ounces, had been put into this lakelet, two were caught, by fishing with the red Palmer fly, measuring about fourteen inches in length, and weighing fourteen ounces each. The flavour of this fish was good, but the colour not so red as those of the parent river. Eleven months afterwards, another was caught, equal to the first in colour and condition, but only three ounces heavier, and three inches longer; so that the growth had not been so rapid as in the first period. It is, however, difficult to convey a true idea of the experiments without the coloured illustrative engravings. As a mere work of art, these few elegant sheets of drawing paper are interesting.

Supplement to Yarrell's History of British Fishes, Illustrated with Wood-cuts.

In this supplement Mr Yarrell has condensed the facts and information received subsequently to the appearance of his elaborate work. The supplement is divided into two parts, one being applicable to each of the volumes of the history.

Hofland's British Angler's Manual, with some account of the Principal Rivers, Lakes, and Trout Streams in the United Kingdom, &c., &c.

The author of this new manual is Mr Hofland the artist; who, in his rambles of thirty years, as a landscape painter, through the finest scenery of the United Kingdom, has been doubly armed, or had two strings to his bow—namely, the fly-rod as well as his professional apparatus. He is thus enabled to be a Guide to the amateur painter, as well as to the angler. The volume is profusely and delicately embellished with views of angling stations, recommended by their landscape beauty; and fishes, tackle, flies, and all picturesque angling appurtenances, form tail-pieces and vignettes. The Manual commences with salmon-fishing; trout-fishing, throughout the three kingdoms, follows; and next the inferior grades of fishes in the order of their rank. Besides describing their haunts and habits, and the various modes of fishing the several kinds in different places, Mr Hofland has wisely imitated the Father of Anglers, Walton, and taught us how to cook our fish when he is caught. He has drawn freely upon all approved writers on the "gentle craft;" those especially who, like Jesse and Sir Humphrey Davy, mingle poetry and scenic description with the art. The latter half of the volume is more particularly devoted to descriptions, and the business of a guide; supplying all sorts of useful information to rambling anglers. With the stations around the metropolis, including a wide circuit, the author appears intimately acquainted. From thence he passes to the lake country, which affords ample scope. With this particular region of scenic beauty, the author has had nearly a thirty years' personal acquaintance, and he has not neglected other sources of information. The fishing haunts of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, with their beautiful scenery, fall next to be described; the midland and south-eastern counties are more briefly dispatched; and a recent fishing excursion to the Argyshire lochs, and another to Ireland, finish a pleasing and diversified volume; which, however, is chiefly interesting to the mere angler. And so it ought

to be. Is not it their Manual? and "*Hofland's Fancy*" is, moreover, one of the most successful of dressed decoys. *Black's Economical Guide through Edinburgh, with a Plan of the City, and a Description of the Environs, and various Embellishments.*

This Guide-Book is, we presume, called the *Economical Guide*; because, while fulfilling all the purposes of such a compilation, it is low-priced. It is intended for the use of tourists and visitors to the city, and to the neighbouring sights; and embraces all those objects of antiquity, tradition, art, and literature, which constitute the merit of such compilations. It is, moreover, a joint-stock concern; and the division of literary labour has produced a more finished work. The description of the city is arranged in *Four Walks*—some of them rather lengthy—in summer weather; but, then, the tourist is informed at what rates hackney-coaches or cabs may be procured, and the *Walks* are arranged with a view to economy both of time and toil. Were tourists of our mind, they would like to see a little more of the Cowgate, the Canongate, and the wynds and closes. This might form a Fifth Walk, for which, however, no Guide is required.

The Spaniard, a Tragedy; and The Country Widow, a Comedy. By Simon Gray, Esq.

From an account of himself, prefixed to the Plays, we learn that the studies of the author must have appeared to his friends to lie in a direction widely different from the drama. He has been ostensibly known as a writer on political economy, though neither of the school of Adam Smith, Malthus, nor Ricardo. Who could have suspected that all the while, even until he was well-stricken in years, the Economist had been secretly coquetting with the drama? He is, in fact, deeply in for it, being the veritable author of fifty-four M.S. plays! The "*Spaniard*" was written fifty-two years since, and most favourably reviewed or judged in M.S. by Dr Blair, about the same period: in short, Mr Gray has kept his drama in his desk for more than five times the length of years prescribed by Horace, and produced it at last. He is a brave old gentleman. Some readers, he imagines, may think there is oldness in it, because it really is of mature age; but he thinks, and justly, that what pleased the critics of 1788 ought to please those of 1839; and the Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres—the very Blair of the Sermons—wrote three long letters of flattering commentary to the anonymous author of "*The Spaniard*," who was then a young clerk, it would seem, in a country attorney's office. The Doctor advised him to lay it aside, not for nine, but for three or four years; and it sees the light after a full half century. This, of itself, is enough to excite curiosity. As we have the modesty to believe Dr Blair a much better judge of the merits of "*The Spaniard*" than we pretend to be, we shall leave our readers to gather his opinion from his epistles. In "*The Young Country Widow*," written exactly fifty years ago under the original title of "*Wap at the Widow, my Ladie*," there is a considerable spice of comic humour, though we fear it is scarcely to the taste of these modern prudish times.

The Landgrave, a Play; and Dramatic Illustrations of the Female Character. By Eleanora Louisa Montague.

The plot of *The Landgrave* is mainly taken from Mr De Quincey's *Klosterheim*—a splendid fiction, which possesses many highly dramatic capabilities. The authoress has, however, both added characters and modified those created by the Opium-Eater. Her desire was

to produce, not a dramatic poem, but an acting play; and, we suppose, we must leave it to the stage-managers, and their tasters and tigers, to decide how far she has succeeded, as we have an idea that a play expressly adapted for the stage appears at disadvantage, when it previously comes before the public in print. The illustrations of female character are taken from striking passages in the early history of France, with the exception of the last, "The Bride of the Alps," which is more purely poetical. Another little drama is founded on the persecution of the Albigenses. It is full of pathos and dramatic beauty.

Sketch of Native Education in India, under the Superintendence of the Church of Scotland. By James Bryce, D.D.

What the Church of Scotland has yet done for the education of the Hindoos, spiritual or secular, would scarcely afford materials for a pamphlet, much less a volume. Dr Bryce's work is, therefore, to be regarded more as a somewhat excursive dissertation upon the moral and religious condition of the tribes of Hindostan, and the prospect of their amelioration, than the detailed history of a mission hopefully commenced, though in the face of formidable obstacles. These have arisen, we apprehend, quite as much from sectarian jealousy, and thirst of domination among the Christians as from the prejudices of the heathen population of India. Among the chief promoters of the mission, if not the sole originator, was Dr Bryce himself, then the first clergyman of the Scottish Church in India, and a doughty champion for the rights and dignities of Presbytery, attempted to be trampled on by Prelacy. By the encouragement of Rammohun Roy, who, though he afterwards lapsed into Unitarianism, at that time attended the ministrations of the Scottish Church, Dr Bryce, in 1824, sent a petition and memorial to the General Assembly, which then first directed its attention to British India, as a field for missionary exertion. The subject was warmly taken up by Dr Inglis, whom Dr Bryce eulogizes as the father of the Scottish Indian missions, and by Dr Brunton, who receives equal praise. We cannot wholly forget, that it was about the same period, or shortly after it, that, week after week, the public of Edinburgh were kept alive by the somewhat bitter, yet far from unjust, animadversions of Mr William Chambers, upon the gross neglect of their parishes, by, among others of our city ruralizing clergy, the same two reverend persons who took so warm an interest in the cause of native education in India, while, it was alleged, they manifested so little pastoral anxiety about the unreclaimed or uninstructed heathendom of the Grassmarket and the Clooses of the High Street, which formed their respective parishes of the Greyfriars and the Tron Kirk. But with this, whatever might be in it, Dr Bryce had no concern. He indulges sanguine hopes of the great good yet to be accomplished by the mission of the Presbyterian Church in India; and is full of confidence in its wise organization and scheme of operation. All that is wanting is funds, and for this he looks to the Government. Dr Bryce, who must have had excellent opportunities of knowing and judging, entertains a higher opinion of the natives of India, morally and intellectually, than is generally held at home. He points out the erroneous opinions of Mill, the historian of British India, on the point of the low intellectual maturity of the Hindoos; and he sturdily denies, in the face of Dugald Stewart, that the Sanscrit owes anything to the Greek language, which, on the

contrary, is rather derived from it. He also maintains, that Alexander's conquest of India was no more than an *irruption*! "Every day," he says, "is demonstrating, more and more, that when we tread the soil of India we approach the birthplace of all that has ever embellished the Western World in science and philosophy; and when the storehouses of the Sanscrit are unlocked by Colebrooke and Wilson, and other distinguished scholars, we discover at once from whence the Greeks stole their fables and their mythology. We learn where the lessons of Pythagoras had been familiar centuries before that philosopher flourished; and where he who taught others, and became the founder of a sect, on which the vanity of his countrymen affixed his name, was himself a scholar, indebted for all he ever knew or gave to Greece. The flights of Plato into the regions of metaphysics, on which the classical world of the West have hitherto looked as unrivalled in boldness, are beginning to be regarded as tame, compared with the eagle soarings of those Hindoo sages, from whose more adventurous wings the Greeks borrowed the plumes which have sustained their comparatively pigmy flight." Such is the high intellectual lineage of the degenerate race, to which the Church of Scotland is sending forth instructors. Is there not a small tincture of enthusiasm in the Doctor's admiration of the ancient Hindoos?—It is probable, that, with not a few readers, the chapters devoted to Hindoo literature and mythology, poetry, fable, fiction, the drama, and the arts and sciences, formerly said to have been cultivated in India, will prove more attractive than those treating of the ostensible object of the sketch.

The Doctor's account of the character of the modern Hindoos, so differently represented by some authors, appears exceedingly reasonable. They are not all the mild, gentle, and most amiable beings, which a few enthusiastic persons have described them; and still farther are they from being the cunning, treacherous, cruel, false, and sensual race which others have depicted. Dr Bryce, we are glad to find, regards the barrier of *caste* as a much less formidable obstacle in the way of the improvement of the natives than is customary among us at home. Though still powerful, it is fast giving way, the higher ranks setting the example; and from the increase of knowledge, and the power of Christian principle, the happiest results are anticipated. Dr Bryce treads on delicate ground, when he comes to demand from the treasury of the Indian government a grant for the General Assembly's School; at least if he would, which we take for granted, place that Institution on a different footing from other Christian Institutions of older date, and probably of equal utility. He states, that he has been met in the highest quarters with the objection, that it is unjust to tax the Hindoo with the support of an establishment, avowedly set up for the overthrow of his faith. There is casuistry or hair-splitting in the Reverend Doctor's answer to this objection, when he asserts, that "The institution of the General Assembly is not erected to overthrow the religion of the natives, but to purify it from the degrading tenets and demoralizing ceremonies that have crept into it." Then no missionary effort ever yet was made to overthrow any Pagan religion, for there is some semblance of Christian doctrine and morality mingling in the grossest superstition that ever was devised. Though there was at first discord and rivalry between them, the "titled Bishop of Episcopacy, and the more modest Priest of Presbytery, may now march together" to their sacred object; but Dr Bryce is by no means so sure that the Roman Ca-

tholics are fit to be intrusted with any part in the Christian education of the Hindoos. Indeed, he is certain of the very reverse. The East is a field in which the Roman Catholic Religion, from its rites and shews, may make great way; and he cannot admire the *spurious liberality* of the present day, which, in giving Presbytery "The solid footing of an establishment" in India, did not, at the same time, withhold from the Roman Catholic "The ministrations of his own religion at the expense of the State." Dr Bryce's feelings against Catholics seem as lively as on the day he left his native presbytery in Scotland, if they have not waxed hotter. The Government is cautioned to keep in mind that, to sanction the Church of Rome in any way "in taking part in the work of evangelizing India," is infallibly to defeat the great object in view. "The Protestant Churches of England and Scotland"—for we hear nothing of the Baptist, American, or any other Indian mission—"will act in unison in spreading Gospel light; but the genius and policy of the Church of Rome forbids any co-operation on her part." He is doubtful if good fruits are to be expected from even the partial amalgamation of the English Bishop and the Minister of the Church of Scotland at Calcutta with the Vicar Apostolic in the management of a public charity—the *Martiniere*. This is surely going far enough. Dr Bryce would apparently rather have the Hindoos remain worshippers of Brahma than believers in the creed of the Church of Rome. Any idolatry is better than Popish idolatry; and, in his opinion, there is, under the guise of "spurious liberality," far too much *trinketing* with Popery among the Protestant clergy in some of the Indian presidencies. The Doctor is tenacious of the most intimate alliance between Church and State; provided always, that the Church, in such holy union, be the Church of England, or the Kirk of Scotland only; and he repudiates the insidious attempts making to separate the religion from the politics of a people, under the pretext that religion is injured by the connexion. With these opinions, he would have what he terms the *National Religion* propagated in India at the expense of the State, and the instruction of our Indian subjects in the national religion considered one of the first duties of the Government; but as it is impossible to maintain and propagate a national religion without an adequate endowment, to grant this is another and greater duty. Dr Bryce speaks with greater moderation than might be inferred from these opinions, on the impolicy of outraging the feelings or religious prejudices of the Hindoos, by violently attacking their temples, or forcibly putting down their idolatrous worship. As a specimen of the work, we shall select a passage shewing the happy effects of the union between Church and State, or between religion and civil government, as shewn in India:—

"In no part of the world is the principle of a religious and educational establishment by the State more generally recognised and acted upon than in India. The natives do not, indeed, appear able to conceive the existence of a political which does not involve an ecclesiastical condition; and from the earliest ages of their history this union seems to have existed. It may, indeed, be granted that, in purer days, the Church did not lord it over the State in the despotic and degrading manner which more ignorant and corrupt days have witnessed. This process of national humiliation has been the necessary fruit of superstition among the Hindoos, as among the Christians of the Western World themselves, when it was once permitted to mix its poisonous waters with the pure stream of the Gospel; and until the unnatural preponderance of the Church is counteracted by a better policy, and more enlightened education, it is vain to look

for either the political, moral, or religious amelioration of the country. The wealth of the Hindoo temples is the measure of the people's poverty, ignorance, and degradation; and, in this point of view, their riches is a subject of deep regret equally to the statesman and the Christian philanthropist. But it were a dangerous error to argue from this abuse against the feeling and principle that lead a nation to support a public and authorized priesthood for the ministrations of the altars; and it is clearly the duty of a Christian Government of India to cherish and encourage these feelings, instead of discouraging them by the neglect of a duty, as regards its own faith, which even the heathen see and acknowledge to be of imperative obligation. When, therefore, the time happily arrives which is to see the priesthood drawn from the ranks of Christianity, the way will, long ago, have been paved for the revolution. The sacred text of *Menu* inculcates the duty of the King to endow the temple and provide for the priest. The endowments of the religion of *Vishnu* and *Sewa* are on a gigantic scale; yet not grater, perhaps, than a period in the history of Christianity itself can parallel. It is calculated that in Rageshan, where Hindooism exists in its purest form, nearly one-fifth of the rents of the land belong to the Brahmins and temples. The deeds of endowment do not bestow the lands themselves upon the priests—for the principle is universally respected, that these belong to the cultivators—but they direct the rents and fees due to the fisc or state to be paid to the Brahmins. In former days, as already hinted, these endowments were upon a much smaller scale than the present; and needy and courageous Rajahs sometimes ventured to resume the grants to the Church, notwithstanding the fearful denunciation of 60,000 years in hell."

Dr Bryce's illustration of the advantages of an union between Church and State, and the ease of procuring endowments in India, does not strike us as happy; nor is there any proof that whatever "the sacred text of *Menu*," or the priest-made oracles enjoin, the people admire the principle which takes their property from them, on the pain of damnation, to support the temples, and the priests who minister in them.

The Life of Margaret Beaufort, Mother of Henry VII. By Caroline A. Halsted.

This memoir of the famous Countess of Derby obtained the honorary premium awarded by the Directors of the Gresham Commemoration. At the age of nine, Margaret Beaufort, the rich heiress of the great Somerset, was sought in marriage by the Duke of Suffolk for his son and heir, John de Pole; and by King Henry VI. for his half-brother, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond. The "parlous girl," in this strait, being doubtful in her mind, sought counsel of "an old gentlewoman, whom she much loved and trusted"—probably her nurse, and the old gentlewoman advised her to commend herself to St Nicolas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, "and beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do." The circumstance was communicated by the Countess herself, late in life, to her spiritual director, and appears in her funeral sermon. She followed the counsel given, prayed often to the patron of distressed damsels, and especially the night before her final answer was to be given. In brief, the King's wooing prevailed. "A marvellous thing," said her confessor, "which I have heard her tell many a time as she lay in prayer, calling upon St Nicolas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure; but, about four o'clock of the morning, she appeared to her, arrayed like a bishop, and, naming unto her Edmund, bade her take him for her husband." She told her mother of the vision, or supernatural direction, and was forthwith solemnly betrothed. She was married when she had attained the age of fifteen, and at sixteen was first a widow. She afterwards became the

wife of Sir Henry Stafford, with whom she lived for above twenty years; when, "on the expiration of her mourning," she gave her hand to Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord of the Isle of Man, and steward of the King's household, whom she also survived. It would be superfluous to enter into a subject so familiar to the most ordinary reader of English history, as the life of the illustrious foundress of Christ College, Cambridge, and St John's College; to the which munificent deeds she was persuaded by her confessor, Fisher, afterwards made a bishop by her son, Henry VII. The Countess had always been remarkable for ascetic devotion; and after the death of the King, her son, she gave all her time to what she believed her religious duties; making pilgrimages to shrines and other holy places, distributing alms and food to the poor, and founding alms-houses. Though entitled a life, this volume would be more correctly denominated a eulogy on one of the most remarkable women of her age. It is inscribed to the Earl of Derby, who, we are told, with the ancient dignities and vast possessions of his illustrious house, has "inherited the eminent virtues, steadfast loyalty, and lofty patriotism of his ancestors; with a grace and kindness peculiarly his own." We had fancied this style of dedication obsolete.

Elements of Zoology. By William Rhind, Author of "The Elements of Geology," "Age of the Earth," "Scientific Excursions Round Edinburgh," &c., &c.

A concise though systematic treatise, on a science, the pursuit of which is rapidly spreading in this country. It will form an apt and accurate introduction to the young student, and is also calculated to be the text-book of a more extended system of Zoology.

The Rights of Necessity; and the Treatment of the Necessitous, by Various Nations.

This little work would be valuable for its diligent collection of facts and authorities, although it were not praiseworthy in its spirit and object. The author may not take the most enlightened view of the best means of remedying the bitter evils of poverty under which so large a portion of our fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects are suffering; but anything is better than cold callous indifference.

Channing's Lecture on War.

This discourse has been called forth by the late disorders on the British Canadian frontier, and the rash if not unlawful conduct of the State of Maine. It is every way worthy of the benevolent preacher, and will powerfully reinforce the arguments and efforts of the Peace Society of Great Britain. A more favourable season than the present, when Britain is "bound over to keep peace under penalties of eight hundred millions," besides the dread of spreading *Liberalism*, could not be found for the promulgation of the civilizing and heavenly doctrines of peace and good will.

The use of the Bible in Sunday Schools. By Edwin Chapman.

This little discourse is judicious, and written in a pious spirit; though the writer is somewhat overstrained in his alarm lest the Bible should not be treated with sufficient reverence, if freely used in schools as a reading-book. Is the Bible less venerated in Scotland than in other countries? or was it less venerated fifty years since than it is now? Yet then, it was not only a common school-book, but nearly the only school-book in the parish schools. The book of Proverbs formed the child's first book as soon as the alphabet was mastered; the New Testament followed, and

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then the whole Bible. We have no objection to selections—they may often be advisable, from considerations of economy and expediency, in teaching large numbers of the children of the poor—but we would once more protest against the necessity of such selections from the motives of a spurious delicacy, which are sometimes brought forward. The Bible never yet introduced an image of impurity into the mind of an innocent young child. If such has ever seemed the consequence of the indiscriminate use of the Scriptures by children, we may rest assured that previous corruption of the imagination was the true cause.

Lepage's French School, in Three Parts. Fourth Edition.

This instructor takes the method which must gain ground, if the knowledge of French, or any other continental language or languages, is to become universal. He commences with a copious selection of those phrases of daily and hourly occurrence, which a person must hear if living in France, or where French is the spoken language; and which must be heard in all ranks, and in all circumstances. The Second Part consists of exercises in writing in French phrases, upon ordinary topics. They are given in English, and explanatory notes connected with each section are appended. The Third Part, or last step to French, explains the principles of the grammar of the language in a series of easy lessons.

Cousin Elizabeth.

We can cordially commend this little story. It displays profound acquaintance with the characters and tempers of children, and with the temptations and faults which do most easily beset them. It is corrective and suggestive.

Agnes. By Mrs Loudon.

Here is a little story, written with a sensible and definite purpose—to teach the value of money—which is done by a little girl, after many schemes, laying out her half sovereign at last to a good and important end.

The Queen Bee. By M. A. Ward.

This rhyme is of the school of the "Peacock at Home," and its fellows. The shrubs, blossoms, and flowers, are summoned to the *fête champêtre* given by the Queen of the Hive. The *jingle* is easy and flowing, and will please the ears of children, and minister to their natural love for flowers.

SERIAL WORKS, TRACTS, AND SCHOOL-BOOKS.

The first volume of the "Pictorial Shakspeare" is concluded by King Henry V., making in all eight plays, illustrated by 161 engravings. This last play is enriched with many valuable emendatory notes.

Wordsworth's Greece, Historical and Descriptive.

We have not had an opportunity of seeing the late numbers of this classic series, but the fifth, which is before us, keeps the promise of the first; nor can we help thinking that the wood engravings, which are crowded into every page, are often superior to those on steel, both in character and effect. The name of the author is a guarantee for the text.

Thomas' Life of Napoleon.

A third Life of Napoleon is publishing in numbers, of which the chief feature is the illustrations. The designs are by Vernet; the text does little more than explain them, so numerous are they, and so meagre the Memoir.

Channing's Letter to Jonathan Philips, Esq.

An edition of this Letter has been published in London and Bristol. It was written in consequence of Mr Clay's attack in Congress on the Abolitionists, although Mr Channing does not altogether approve of their recent

conduct. Thus, many a man approves of the principles of the Chartists, even as embodied in their published declaration, who cannot admire their practical wisdom, as evinced in their late demonstrations; or their violent hostility to those who did not refuse to march side by side with them to the grand object, but who declined to keep their step, and tread to their time. The question which Mr Channing argues so eloquently, scarcely requires discussion in Great Britain; but every one interested in the destinies of America, in the destinies of humanity, will be glad of an opportunity of seeing the far-sighted views of one of humanity's most distinguished champions.

The Heresy of a Human Priesthood. By R. M. Beverley.

A copy of another *five thousand* of this work, which we are surprised that no attempt is made by the clergy to put down, by the strong hand of law, lies on our table. It is flanked by several cheap editions, appear-

ing in different quarters—of Milton's celebrated tract on removing hirelings out of the church; and so active are some publishers in disseminating Milton's pernicious doctrines, that these tracts are sold so low as fourpence and sixpence. Mr Beverley appears to think that though the Wesleyan Conference does not aspire to the place of the haughty spouse of the State, it is ambitious of the rank of that of a wife by the left-hand. This edition gives a good brief account of that new monstrosity, or rather "old friend with a new face," called Puseyism.

Davenport's Historical Class-Book.

Every reading or chapter of this compilation, details some prominent fact in European history. It commences with a general view of Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and is continued to the accession of Victoria. The importance of the events detailed, and the chronological arrangement, gives the Historical Class-Book considerable value as an epitome of history for schools and juvenile students, and index to older persons.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

LOCAL LEGISLATURES.

THE Session of Parliament is now nearly at a close, and, as usual, the great proportion of the business which should have been carried through has been postponed. Of eight or ten Scottish bills which have been read a first or second time, not more than two—the Judges' Salary Bill and the Prison Bill—are likely to pass; for the plunder and coercion of the People always find ready advocates in both houses of Parliament. Legislation for Ireland, for the colonies, and for England itself, is equally in arrear. Nothing will be done towards putting down fictitious votes, or improving the registration of voters—nothing towards the improvement of the law, notwithstanding the numerous bills before Parliament for that object. The great and important question of Banking and Currency, brought forward by Mr Hume, was discussed in a House of 122 Members, and thrown out because the period of the session at which it was introduced was too late; and the penny postage runs a great risk of sharing a similar fate for the same reason. It is plain that Parliament, as at present constituted, is utterly incapable of transacting the business of the nation, and that a change in its constitution is imperiously required. It would be very remarkable, indeed, if the machinery of legislation did not require, from time to time, renewal, or, at least, repair, like all other machinery. At the time of the Union with Scotland, the population of England hardly exceeded five millions; now it is fifteen; the revenue was considerably under six millions; now it exceeds forty; bills for canals, harbours, railroads, or even turnpike roads, &c., were unknown, now applications are made for them in hundreds every session. In the meantime, two legislatures have been abolished: the whole business of Ireland, Scotland, and of innumerable colonies, has been thrown upon one Parliament, which, instead of having the affairs of five millions of people to manage, has that of twenty-six millions in the United Kingdom alone, and of tens of millions more scattered over the whole globe. Some remedy must ere long be attempted for the present lock-fast in legislation. Were we not afraid of shocking the monarchical prejudices of our readers, we would suggest that the example of the United States of North America should be followed—that six or eight legislatures should be formed in Great Britain and Ireland for the dispatch of local and private business, such as roads, canals, private estate bills—and that the Imperial Legislature should confine itself to such matters alone as affect the whole nation. At present the time of the members is engrossed with local and private business, the whole forenoon being generally devoted to it; and that business is conducted, in all cases, at an enormous expense,

and in very many instances in the most slovenly and disgraceful manner. Having due fear of the House of Commons, we will not venture to repeat in print what we have often heard in private relative to the mode in which the attendance of Members is procured, and their influence obtained, in the case of local bills. We will only ask how it is possible that sums like £80,000, £100,000, or even £150,000 can be expended fairly and honourably in procuring a railway bill? By what means, we ask, is the opposition of landowners on the line of railway generally removed? We fear it is by paying them much more than their land is worth, lest they use their interest with *honourable* members to throw out the bill! Another alteration in the constitution of Parliament that is imperiously demanded, is the erection of a tribunal for the trial of controverted elections, not only in order that the time of members may be saved, but that there may be something like a chance of obtaining justice, without submitting to absolute robbery. In the late case of Carlow, the committee sat for sixty-nine days, and the expense exceeded £20,000. As matters at present stand, the electors' choice of representatives is materially curtailed; for many very eligible persons will not run the risk of being ruined by having a petition presented against their return. A permanent tribunal, unconnected with Parliament, ought to be appointed for the trial of controverted elections; and it ought to have power, as it judged expedient, either to proceed to the county or burgh, the election for which was disputed, and examine the witnesses on the spot—to issue a commission for their examination—or to summon the witnesses to appear before it in London. The same tribunal might have intrusted to it the Divorce and Naturalization Bills, and much other business, which, though in reality of a judicial nature, comes at present before Parliament.—We are convinced that, were a number of local legislatures to be established, the business before them would be transacted with an ease, economy, and dispatch, that we can form no idea of from looking at the proceedings of the present Parliament. In a local legislature, the tedious debates which now take place, and which in most instances are a sheer waste of time, would generally be avoided; for the speakers would be aware, that however well reported they might be, they would interest and be read only by a small number of persons. The attendance on such local legislatures would be hardly felt as a burden by the Members; for the place of meeting would generally be in the vicinity of the residence of the Members, and the sittings would not in general endure above a few months in the year. The utility of local courts of law has been long admitted by every one competent to form an opinion

on the subject. Such courts abound in every country in Europe, except England and Ireland; and there can be no doubt that local legislatures would be found equally useful, if once fairly tried. In drawing the line of demarcation between the duties of the local legislatures and the Imperial Parliament, we do not imagine that any great difficulty would be experienced. No collision between the State Legislatures and Congress, as far as we know, has ever taken place in the United States of America. Another great evil of the present system is, that it draws an undue proportion of the wealth of the United Kingdom to the metropolis, and thereby impoverishes the provinces. There can be no doubt that Dublin and Edinburgh would be in a much more flourishing condition at present, had they been allowed to retain their native Parliaments. Notwithstanding the great number of our Scottish nobility, there has not been one nobleman, and very few extensive landed proprietors, permanently resident in Edinburgh for many years. That this is an injury to our city in many ways, nobody can deny. The mischief has been increased in a great degree, of late years, by the removal of various public boards from Edinburgh to London; whereby not only has our city lost the expenditure of the officials who are employed in the collection and management of our own revenue, but Scotsmen have been deprived of those appointments under Government, which they are justly entitled to expect. Of late years, the proportion of Englishmen in the Customs, Excise, Stamp, and Post Offices, has been steadily on the increase; and now not only many of the heads of departments, but of the subordinate officials, are Englishmen. There can be no doubt, that many of the recent changes which have been made in our courts of law, and otherwise, though beneficial for the kingdom generally, have been highly prejudicial to Edinburgh; and though it may be unfashionable to talk of such an antiquated matter, that they are in direct violation of the treaty of Union—the abolition of the Court of Admiralty, for example—and we therefore think, that, in the present depressed state of this city, we are entitled to such compensation as can fairly be given. It would undoubtedly be highly beneficial to Edinburgh, as well as to the whole of Scotland, to have a local legislature established in this city; and it would probably be necessary to have another in Glasgow, the one having jurisdiction over the eastern, and the other over the western part of the kingdom. But there is still a stronger reason than any we have mentioned for the establishment of Local Legislatures. For a great many years past, a scheme has been steadfastly followed by all our Administrations, Whig and Tory, to centralise the government of the whole kingdom in London. The Public Boards have been withdrawn, not only from Edinburgh but from Dublin; and, as opportunity has offered, the patronage of every office, however subordinate, has been taken from the former Patrons and vested in the Crown—that is, in the section of the aristocracy which is in possession of the seals of office for the time being. Not content with these measures, a powerful Police force has been organized in the metropolis—an army in blue—which can be kept up without the consent of Parliament, and which does not require an annual mutiny act for its maintenance; and this Central Force can be despatched, by means of the railways, in a few hours, to any part of England. Ministers do not conceal that they are desirous to extend this force throughout England, and to supersede the old and constitutional force for the preservation of the peace—the constabulary. Now, whatever may be the real object of this scheme of centralizing, not only the whole patronage, but, as much as possible, the armed force, and even the public expenditure of the kingdom, in London; there can be no doubt that it is a step towards the establishment of despotism in the country; and, in the meantime, it impoverishes the provinces, to augment the “wen,” as Cobbett called it, which is already too big. It is only by self-government, in popular assemblies, that the spirit of liberty can be maintained. All the best writers on the United States of America agree, that the great protectors of liberty in that country are the Local Legislatures of the different

States, and the Councils and Assemblies which every town and even village possesses for the management of its affairs. On the other hand, when Buonaparte resolved to establish a despotism in France, he took care to have the whole affairs of the kingdom centralized in Paris. Thence every order issued to the Prefects of the Departments, in the same manner as orders are issued from a General of an Army to the Colonels of Regiments; and the result was, that a kingdom, in which a few years before nothing was heard of but liberty and equality, was reduced to a state of military despotism, which has hardly ever been equalled in Europe. If a people wish to retain their freedom, they ought, as much as possible, to manage their own affairs, and to delegate their powers as sparingly as possible.—To accomplish the establishment of these Local Legislatures, or rather tribunals—for, after all, they would not possess powers superior, or, indeed, equal, to those of the Court of Session or the higher Courts of Law in England—no repeal of the Union, nor any other step tending to create alarm among the most timid, need be resorted to. The extent of their jurisdiction, their duties and powers, might all be defined by act of Parliament; but, in order to give them their due authority, it is essential that the Members should be freely elected by the People. It is now some years since we first broached this project, and the more we reflect on it, and the more we observe of the proceedings of Parliament, the more we are convinced, not only of its necessity, but feasibility. It is impossible that we can go on much longer, having four-fifths of the business of the country postponed from one Session of Parliament to another, and the other fifth huddled over in the most slovenly manner. A great many of the statutes, which one finds in the Statute-Book at the end of a Session, are carried through Parliament after midnight, when a bare quorum of the House is present; and hence, it often happens that the most assiduous reader of the newspapers finds that laws have been enacted of which he never observed the least notice among the reported proceedings of the House. Notwithstanding the eagerness displayed to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, it is only on rare occasions that more than one-sixth of the Members are present at a debate; and, notwithstanding the apparent value attached to the possession of the right of voting, constituencies rarely call their representatives to account for their neglect of duty.—That the Parliament, as at present constituted, is unfit for its duties, might also be shewn, from the circumstance, that no measure, however beneficial for the People, has any chance of being carried without years of agitation, and the greatest exertions on their part. We need only instance the Penny Post.—To give our readers a notion of the interminable delay in the despatch of business in Parliament, we will take as an instance the Scotch Bankrupt Bill. The present Bankrupt Act was passed in 1814, and, being confessedly only an experimental measure, its endurance was limited to seven years; so that it expired in 1821. For the last eighteen years, an Act has annually been passed to continue for one year longer the Bankrupt Act; it having been always confidently anticipated that, in the course of the next ensuing Session, a new and more perfect Bankrupt Act would be passed. And so, accordingly, for the last twelve or fifteen years, has an abortive attempt been annually made to accomplish the object. A new Bankrupt Bill has been regularly introduced, read a first time, and ordered to be printed; then a day for the second reading has been named, and postponed, from day to day, and from week to week, till at length the Session has come to a close, (which it must always do, as far as any real business is concerned, when grouse shooting begins,) and the bill enters on a new and similar career in the ensuing Session:—

“Rusticus expectat dum defuit annis; at ille
Labitur, et labitur in omne volubilis ævum.”

Another example we may give is the Stamps Consolidation Bill. There are many hundred Stamp Acts in force, extending from the reign of William III. to the present day; and so confused and contradictory are the enactments, that the Scottish Courts, and even the Court of Session, do not attempt to interpret them, but always refer to the Stamp-Office for the solution of any question

which may be raised. About sixteen years ago, a Bill, consolidating all the acts into one, was introduced into the House of Commons, and went through the preliminary stages. It was not, however, moved in annually, like the Bankrupt Bill, but was allowed to lie dormant for two or three years at a time. The last time any attempt was made to proceed with it, was, we believe, in 1835 or 1836; but it stuck, of course, at the second reading, and there it remains at this hour. If a bill of this sort, of the greatest importance to the collection of an important branch of the revenue, is managed in such a manner, we may easily conceive how others of less importance to the Ministry of the day are likely to fare. For the evils we have enumerated, the only remedy that has occurred to us—and we have a strong conviction it would be an effectual remedy—is the establishment of numerous local legislatures or tribunals, having the functions we have explained, in Great Britain and Ireland; leaving the Imperial Parliament to dedicate its whole time and energies exclusively to the general and public business of the United Kingdom and her colonies. We hope that our brethren of the periodical press, as well as the People generally, will direct some portion of their attention to this subject, and get up a system of agitation; without which, daily experience teaches us, no measure, however obviously safe and beneficial, and however imperiously required, can be obtained from Parliament as presently constituted.

PARLIAMENT.

Six weeks ago expectations were formed, that the Ballot would make great progress, from its being made an "open" question; and the advocates of the Ministry took much credit for what they called this concession to the Liberal party; but the result has been, that, instead of gaining, the Ballot has rather lost ground by the tactics which have been adopted. Last year the numbers were 200 for, and 317 against; this year they are 217 and 335; shewing an increase of eighteen opponents and only seventeen friends. Four Cabinet Ministers voted against the motion, two staid away, and only one, Mr Poulet Thomson, voted for it. We do not think that there is much probability of the Ballot being carried in Parliament as at present constituted; for even were it, by any chance, to get through the Commons, it is sure to be rejected by the Lords. Ministers, during the month, have had the narrowest majorities in the House; the third reading of the Jamaica Bill was carried only by ten; and the resolutions on the Education Scheme, first by five and then by two; so that it is evident the Ministry are at the mercy of the Tories, whenever the latter take courage to resume office. The gross job of giving two millions and a-half for Irish railways, has been abandoned, much to the disappointment of the Irish Members. It appears that, since 1800, the Irish have received upwards of eight and a-half millions of public money. We suspect that but a very small proportion of this sum has been expended for the general benefit of Ireland, however much it may have improved private estates. The Scottish Judges' Salary Bill was, of course, carried triumphantly through the Commons, and all Mr Wallace's amendments rejected; but most unexpectedly, Sir William Rae moved an amendment, reducing the retired allowance from the full salary to two-thirds, as it is at present. The Ministry opposed the amendment; but as they could not, with any decency, reject an economical proposal coming from a Tory, they did not divide the House against it, and it was carried. The object of Sir William Rae is no doubt to prevent any of the judges retiring at present, lest their places be filled up by Whig lawyers. When the Tories get into power, it will be easy to get an Act allowing the full salary as retired allowance, and then we shall have plenty of retirements and of Tory appointments. Only seventy Members thought it worth while to divide on the third reading of this bill. Mr T. Attwood's motion for a Select Committee to take into consideration the prayer of the "National Petition" for the Charter, was supported by forty-six Members—a greater number than could have been anticipated, and opposed by 235. The Tories have rather un-

expectedly opposed the Penny Postage question: but they were defeated in the House of Commons by 213 to 113. Whether it will get through the Lords unscathed, is doubtful. It is, no doubt, a measure which the Tories would like to have the popularity of carrying themselves; and they do not like the prospective deficiency of revenue it may occasion. Whether Ministers are very sincere in the advocacy of the Penny Postage, may well be doubted; for the very unusual course of pledging the House of Commons to make good any deficiency; and even inserting this pledge in the preamble of the Bill, looks, at this period of the Session especially, exceedingly like furnishing the Lords with a handle for its destruction. Besides, it is not easy to understand how the House can bind itself by any such agreement with a Ministry. Is the pledge binding on a new House, or can another Ministry make it available? It seems time enough to ask the House to make up the deficiency, when that deficiency occurs. An opposition has risen up to the Penny Postage from a quarter that could not have been anticipated, viz. the stationers, who fear their business will be injured by the stamped envelopes being furnished by Government or by a single stationer, and by their being used for correspondence. The method of meeting this objection seems obvious, viz. to dispense with envelopes altogether, and to allow any person that chooses to send paper to be stamped, in the same way as paper for newspapers is stamped at present.—Although the Irish have, in the meanwhile, lost the grant for railways, they will succeed in getting £600,000 for the improvement of the navigation of the Shannon. What has become of a grant for the Edinburgh Police, which Sir John Campbell, when last here, said he considered as reasonable as the grants for the Police of London and Dublin? Has he made any application for it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer? We suspect not. Let him be reminded of this matter when he comes here again.

EDUCATION SCHEME.—The vote of £70,000 to build additional stables for her Majesty has excited little attention; but that of £30,000 for educating the People has been a constant theme of discussion for some weeks, both by the periodical press and at public meetings. It is plain that the Established clergy, and their supporters, would rather not have the People educated at all, if they are not to be educated under their superintendence, and brought up free from all sorts of sectarian doctrines, however numerous and respectable may be the body by which these doctrines are entertained. It is now obvious that, until education be separated from state or sect religion, no general system can be adopted; and it would be quite unjustifiable to take money from the general revenue of the country—a great part of which is contributed by Catholics and Protestant Dissenters—to propagate the opinions of black prelatry. It appears very remarkable that Presbyterian clergymen and laymen should insist that no schools should be established, in England or Ireland, in which the doctrines of the Episcopalian Church are not to be taught; for nothing can be conceived more oppressive to their Presbyterian brethren resident in England and Ireland. It cannot fail to be observed, that all the zeal for religion has sprung up since the Tories were turned out of office. While their party enjoyed the loaves and fishes they notoriously gave themselves little trouble about the religious instruction of the People, nor whether such instruction was given by Episcopalians or Dissenters; nay, they allowed, without animadversion, thousands to be annually voted for the propagation, at Maynooth, of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Church-building, the agitation for additional endowments, and the introduction of religious instruction into every school, are none of them ten years old. Before that period, the Bible might be occasionally, but very rarely, read in the more respectable schools; but neither was the Catechism taught, nor was religious instruction of any kind attempted to be given. Considering that at least eight millions must be annually paid to the clergy of all the different denominations in the three kingdoms, we think that the young as well as the old might be adequately instructed in religion; and, indeed, we never were aware

before, that it was to the grown up alone that the services of the clergy were intended to be confined. In many English towns—Carlisle, for example—the Episcopal clergy, holding official situations alone, are in the proportion of one to 1000 of the inhabitants of all sects; so that their labours cannot be very severe. In the city of Edinburgh we have upwards of thirty clergymen of the Establishment, and nearly forty Dissenters, including Catholics and Episcopallians, or about seventy in all—a number exceeding that of the whole teachers of English, male and female, in this city. If the Tory scheme of education is to be carried into effect, more care will require to be taken than has hitherto been done, that the schoolmasters not only profess to belong to the Established Church, but that they are thoroughly instructed in, and able to teach, its doctrines. It will be essential that every schoolmaster go through a course of divinity, and be duly examined as to his knowledge, before he be allowed to teach a school. The lax system that has hitherto been followed in Scotland, of permitting Dissenters—and, among others, Episcopallians—to become schoolmasters, and even professors in universities, must no longer be tolerated; and the clergy ought to take much blame to themselves for so long overlooking so pernicious a practice, (as *they* must think it.) A schoolmaster who has not studied divinity ought no more to be allowed (if the Tory scheme is to be followed) to give religious instruction to children than he who has not studied medicine ought to be allowed to prescribe for them.

ENGLAND.

As has long been generally foreseen, the Chartist Agitation has broken out in open riot. It appears that, for a considerable time past, nightly meetings had been held in the Bull Ring at Birmingham, where the usual seditious harangues and exhortations to resort to violence were addressed to the mob; and the magistrates of the town becoming alarmed at the continuance of these meetings, and desirous to put them down, but not having a sufficient police force for the purpose, sent the Mayor, and another magistrate, to London, who had an interview on the subject with Lord John Russell. After some hesitation, Lord John acceded to the request of the magistrates, to send to Birmingham a body of the London police; and sixty men were accordingly dispatched to that town on the 4th of July. On their arrival, on the evening of that day, there happened, as usual, to be a meeting in the Bull Ring; the police immediately proceeded to disperse it, and capture the leaders; but they were vigorously resisted by the Chartists, and did not succeed in their efforts till the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoons and the Rifle Brigade came to their assistance. Dr John Taylor, Collins, Lovett, and several other Chartists, were taken prisoners, and conveyed to Warwick Jail; where they were treated precisely in the same manner as if they had been convicted felons: their hair was cut off; they were forced to bathe in the same bath, and dry themselves with the same towel, with felons having cutaneous diseases; and confined to the prison allowance, being only permitted to spend threepence per day on other food, and not allowed the means of cooking anything they purchased. We could not have believed that such an atrocity could, at the present day, have taken place in any civilized country, and especially in England, which boasts so much of liberty. In law, as in common sense, every person is held to be innocent till he be convicted; and, whatever may be the crime of which any one is accused, Government, until his conviction, has no right to do anything more than detain his person. They have no right to regulate his food, if he choose to live on his own means, and far less to cut off his hair or expose him to contagious diseases. Bail, which turned out to be perfectly good, was refused; and some of the prisoners were detained in jail, among felons, for ten days, till the Magistrates made up their minds to accept the bail which had been offered when they had been apprehended. A day or two afterwards, forty more of the London Police arrived at Birmingham, and their presence seems to have greatly irritated the Chartists.

Matters, however, continued quiet until the evening of Monday, the 16th of July, when the mob again collected in large numbers; and being unopposed either by the military or the police, and the magistrates being all out of the way, they made an attack on the Public Office, broke all the windows without opposition, although the police were stationed within, then proceeded to break open several shops, strewed their contents about the streets, and having afterwards made a fire of such of them as were combustible, they set fire to two houses, both of which were completely destroyed. The rioters drove off the firemen and fire-engines; and it was not till a strong escort of dragoons and rifles were procured, that the engines were allowed to play on the flames. For one hour and a quarter, the mob had undisputed possession of the town; for, although the magistrates anticipated a disturbance, both from the information they had received, and from the circumstance of Monday being kept as a holiday by a considerable proportion of the working classes, and although they had sat during the greater part of the forenoon at the Public Office, they had all left it by five o'clock. They could hardly fail to be aware, from their former experience, that if there was to be any assemblage or outbreak, it would most probably take place after eight o'clock in the evening. The Tories, in both Houses of Parliament, and especially the Duke of Wellington, made a severe attack on the Government for the appointment of magistrates for Birmingham which they had made, and for the remissness with which the magistrates had discharged their duty. Complaints of the same kind were also sent to the Home-Office from a number of the inhabitants of the town, and an inquiry into the conduct of the magistrates has been instituted by Government. The damage is estimated to amount, at a moderate calculation, to between £30,000 and £40,000; which, it is understood, will fall to be assessed on the town of Birmingham alone, and not on the whole county of Warwick. Since the outbreak on the 16th, the town has been kept quiet; but only by the display of a powerful military force, cannon even having been stationed in the streets. There is great reason to fear similar riots in the other large manufacturing towns; and were a simultaneous outbreak to take place, it is doubtful how far it could be suppressed. Such is the result of eight years of Whig Government!

PRICES AND WAGES.—The working classes must now have had sufficient experience of the Tory fallacy, that wages rise as prices rise. Good wheat is now 80s. a quarter; has any working man double the wages now, which he had little more than three years ago, when wheat was 36s.? Have not many of the working classes—the handloom weavers especially—positively lower wages at this moment than they had then? And is not employment more difficult to be got? It is well known that, for the last six months, many of those employed in the cotton manufacture have not had more than three or four days' wages a-week; and there is little prospect of trade reviving. But, in truth, can anything be more paradoxical than to assert that wages rise as prices rise? that is, that the population have an equal supply of food when prices are high as when they are low; for if this be not the meaning, the assertion is a mere juggle. What is the cause of high prices of grain, but a deficient supply? In this country, in ordinary years, we do not certainly produce *more than enough* of grain for our consumption, and indeed the population is kept down by starvation to the limit which the estates of our landowners will feed. Suppose the quantity of grain, in ordinary years, to be 52 millions of quarters of all sorts; and that that quantity, or two quarters per head, is entirely consumed within the year, at an average price of 30s. per quarter for wheat, barley, and oats; is it in the nature of things that an equal quantity can be consumed by each of the population when prices have risen to 40s. or 60s. a quarter—a rise which can be occasioned only by a deficiency of the crop, a smaller quantity of grain, say 40 or 45 million quarters, instead of 52 millions, being produced? High prices are the invariable concomitant of scarcity, and there are no instances of dearths or scarcity in any country which have

not been accompanied with the misery of the working classes. In his treatise of annuities, Mr Milne has given us, from a Swedish author, the characters of all the crops in Sweden from 1747 to 1803, whether abundant, middling, scanty, poor, or a failure, with the deaths in each year; and the effect of an abundant or scanty crop on human life is abundantly shewn, as the following examples testify. It will be observed that the crop of one year feeds the population for the greater part of the next, and therefore we give two years always in succession.

1750	crop abundant	deaths	58,845
1751	- middling	-	57,377
1762	- failure	-	74,931
1763	- poor	-	85,003
1769	- abundant	-	70,547
1770	- middling	-	69,895
1771	- failure	-	71,577
1772	- scanty	-	90,081
1773	- middling	-	117,509

The effect of the two deficient crops on the mortality of the third is here sufficiently apparent; and did our limits allow, we could quote many other instances to the same effect. It is needless to say, that all the years of extraordinary mortality were years of high prices. At all times, high prices of food have been the precursors of turbulence, sedition, and bloodshed, and we have little doubt that much of the prevailing discontent which exists, would be alleviated by an abundant harvest and the reduction of prices to something nearer to the rate of wages than exists at the present moment.

SCOTLAND.

CORN-LAW LECTURES.—Mr Paulton, the able lecturer on the Corn-Laws, gave two admirable lectures against these laws, in the Waterloo Rooms, on the 15th and 17th July. The large room was completely crowded, the audience consisting chiefly of the working classes. The lecturer was greatly applauded. He demonstrated, in forcible terms, the evils arising from this atrocious monopoly; and proved, from unquestionable evidence, that the manufactures of this country have already suffered severely, and that our foreign trade is threatened with annihilation, unless these laws be immediately repealed. We were glad to observe that he made a copious use of the facts and arguments which have been published in this Magazine, from time to time, on the subject of the Corn-Laws. He declared his determination never to desist from agitation till he carried his point; and as he has an excellent voice, a ready command of language, speaking without notes, and is, above all, enthusiastic in the cause, we have no doubt that his lectures will be attended with the most salutary effects. At the conclusion of the second lecture, an attempt was made by the Chartists to move a resolution for the adoption, by the meeting, of their panacea, although the room had been taken for the exclusive use of the lecturer; but the good sense of the workmen put down this attempt to obtrude the charter into a meeting called for the purpose of hearing a lecture on a different subject. Mr Paulton complained of this tyrannical conduct of the Chartists, who, while bawling out for liberty themselves, seem determined not to allow liberty to others to advocate any opinions except those contained in the charter. It is absurd to wait for a repeal of the Corn-Laws till Universal Suffrage be obtained. Bad as the constitution of Parliament has hitherto been, experience shews that it is not impossible to carry good measures through it, when the People are in earnest. We have, within a few years, obtained a repeal of the House Duty, Beer Duty, of the Test and Corporation Acts; Catholic Emancipation, and the Abolition of Slavery; and we doubt not that the repeal of the Starvation Laws would have been secured ere now, had not the attention of the working classes been almost exclusively directed towards the Charter. The landed interest certainly owe a debt of gratitude to the Chartists they cannot easily repay. It ought to be kept in mind, that the repeal of the Corn-Laws is not a matter which can brook delay. These laws are raising up manufacturing rivals to us throughout the whole

world. Already is our export of cotton-cloth to many countries annihilated; soon also will these countries dispense with our twist. All the operatives in the cotton trade—one million and a-half in number—are threatened with the fate of the hand-loom weavers, who are barely able to earn 5s. a-week, and whose wages have been seriously reduced at the very time that the price of food has risen. There is little probability of the charter being the law of the land for some years. In the meantime, the Corn-Laws press severely on those for whose behoof the charter is intended.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts still continue unfavourable, and, in many places, numbers of workmen are either unemployed, or working only three or four days a-week. Some of the cotton-mills have been stopped altogether, particularly those belonging to the Peels; but they give a small weekly allowance to their people, to save them from utter starvation. The want of work and high price of food, are two of the chief causes of the discontents in the manufacturing districts; and these discontents will go on increasing, from year to year, until more work and cheaper food be obtained. There is no practical mode of effecting these objects but by a repeal of the Corn-Laws. The conflagration of manufactories, shops, and dwelling-houses, will only aggravate the evil; for, as experience teaches, it will drive the master manufacturers to other countries, where they can employ their capital with safety and without fear; leaving the operatives here to enter into a still more fierce struggle than at present exists for employment, whereby a still farther reduction of the rate of wages will be occasioned; while the aristocracy, taking advantage of the disunion between the middle and working classes, will continue to maintain the high price of food. It is in vain for the Chartists to attack the shops of Birmingham, or the cottonmills of Lancashire, with the view of obtaining the charter; such attacks will give little disturbance to the landowners, who have the whole power of the country in their hands, and will only drive the middle classes to co-operate with the higher for the purpose of preserving, at every sacrifice, law, peace, and order. No great change, such as that demanded by the Chartists, ever took place in any country by the efforts of the operatives unaided by the middle and upper classes; and, while the present disunion continues, the aristocracy will, as they have hitherto done, trample on both.

AGRICULTURE.

East Lothian.—Wheat is generally thriving, though, in general light on the ground. Barley may yield a fair return, though, in many situations it is not luxuriant. Oats promise an average produce. Hay is a light crop. Potatoes are everywhere healthy and regular, with hardly any failures. The produce of wool is satisfactory, both in quantity and quality. **Berwickshire.**—Turnips are reckoned a good crop. Potatoes are almost universally a failure; in many instances the seed has rotted in the ground. **Stirlingshire.**—Wheat is a strong crop. Barley and oats promise fair. Potatoes sprung up with great vigour, and continue vigorous. **Carse of Gowrie.**—The fly has appeared in the wheat crop in great numbers, but the extent of the damage cannot yet be ascertained. **Ross-shire.**—The corn crops are generally good. Wheat everywhere appears in good condition. Oats and barley are very promising. **Caitness.**—Oats and barley look well. Turnips are also promising. But the hay crop here, as elsewhere, is a complete failure.

At the great Inverness sheep and wool fair, which commenced on the 11th of July, the demand for sheep was brisk; Cheviot wethers sold from 23s. to 31s., being an advance of from 1s. to 2s. 6d. above last year's prices. Cheviot ewes brought from 14s. to 19s.; black-faced wethers, 16s. to 22s.; ewes, 10s. to 12s. Very little wool was disposed of, and at a reduction of from 10s. to 15s. per cent. on last year's prices. Cheviot laid, washed, sold from 18s. to 20s.; unwashed, 14s. to 16s.; black-faced, 8s. to 9s.; white, 10s. to 12s.

POSTSCRIPT POLITICAL.

In our Monthly Political Register, an outline of public affairs, and of measures under discussion, those especially which affect the interests of the People and the prospects of Reform, is regularly traced. To this Register we may now refer for the leading events of a Session, memorable above all that have gone before it for abortions, inconsistencies, and bad faith. It opened under the tremour of the Durham Panic; and, after six months of bungling, abandoning, and jobbing, mingled with vapour and rhodomontade, has ended exactly where it began. Canada, Jamaica, Ireland, National Education, Church Rates, remain, as to permanent settlement, precisely where they were. The County Courts' Bill, and the Summary Justice Bill, both opposed by the Tories, have been withdrawn, with Lord John Russell's usual politeness to that party. Ballot has gained nothing that is perceptible, and, according to Lord Howick, a loss; and the Corn-Law Abolition, whatever progress it is making among the People, has received a blow in Parliament, which, were strength equal to good-will, would prove fatal. The single national measure of the Session, the Penny Postage, is scarcely yet to be reckoned upon as won; though there is hope it must be carried—and little gratitude due to Mr Spring Rice after all. What shall we say of the state of a country claiming to possess a representative constitution, where the communication of the citizens by the post, having most unwisely and unjustly been made a source of public revenue, and the People having at last perceived the necessity of redressing an abuse which ought never to have been tolerated, acquiescing, upon compulsion, is made the cause of extravagant laudation of the Ministry! How gracious and bountiful, not openly to oppose the will of the nation to set its correspondence free, upon whatever other interest the presumed deficit of revenue—which the People must make good—should be shifted! This, however, we consider a measure of such invaluable, such unimaginable advantage, that it might of itself redeem an otherwise abortive Session, had it sprung spontaneously from the Government, instead of having been forced upon it. It will do more for education, for the instruction of the People, the spread of knowledge, and the promotion of good morals, than all the Parliamentary grants that can be placed in the jobbing hands of the Whigs, should they wriggle and see-saw on in office much longer than their friends dare anticipate. And yet the mere Downing Street prospects of the Whigs certainly do not look gloomier than last year. The light of the Queen's countenance shines upon them; and their grasp of place is, in the meanwhile, growing more firm, from causes which may be found in the history of every limited monarch that ever lived. The Cabinet, as reconstructed, resembles a house built upon false levels and a crumbling foundation. If the rickety erection hold together for a time, it gathers a kind of artificial, unsafe solidity, from merely sinking, in all its parts, deeper and deeper in the line of the original bias. It may be far off the true plumb, but its materials are getting knitted and firm; and it may also be patched up and buttressed, from time to time, exactly after the fashion of the Melbourne Cabinet. To this propping and patching both Tories and Chartists have, during the session, indirectly contributed.

Lord Melbourne is not only a fortunate Minister, but a potent person. First came home Lord Durham, breathing fire and fury, and threatening to extinguish every Whig Minister of them. Since the magic whispers of Richard to Lady Anne, no change has been more wonderful than that in the tone of his Lordship. Before facing the treacherous parties, Lord Durham was to do such things for Canada as were to astonish the Old World and the New. His Lordship's patriotism, as, on former occasions, has unhappily been extinguished in its own smoke.

The Tory blunders in tactics have not been few. Sir Robert Peel and Mr Goulburn have, in particular, by their opposition to Cheap Postage, done great injury to their faction. All the commercial part of the nation—and there is too much of it, unnatural as it may seem, Tory at heart—were anxious for the measure; and these Middle-Class Tories are not only offended at an ill-timed and fruitless opposition, but furnished with a pretext for withdrawing their confidence from their leader, preparatory to the abandonment of their party, if the Whigs are likely to continue long in the ascendant. Had the reasonable part of the Tories opposed the Education Grant, not upon the narrow and bigoted principles of Churchmen, but as a regular job, placing twenty or thirty thousand pounds annually in the hands of Ministers, to be expended, if not as secret service money, yet dispensed chiefly to Irish adherents, they would have stood better with the community; who now laugh at the dignified rebuke which the Church has drawn upon its head from the Crown. These, and other errors in tactics, to which Sir Robert is driven from being in reality the slave of the prejudices of those of whom he pretends to be the master or guide, have largely benefited the Ministry. As men, they ought to have their mouths in the dust; but, as placemen, they may be allowed to exult. They have turned the corner. They are on the winning side—that side which ever wins golden opinions. The Chartists have also powerfully contributed to the temporary stability of the Government. Liberal men, of cautious and timid dispositions—disgusted, on the one side, with the high-flying tyrannical doctrines of the old Tories, who really give the law to their ostensible leader—and alarmed, on the other, at the violence of the Chartists, who, professing the purest political creed, are yet chargeable with the grossest folly in their daily language, leading to acts and consequences which it is fearful to contemplate—naturally fall into the middle course—Conservative-Whiggism. Any state of things seems preferable to Reform ushered in by riot, spoliation, and burning. The Birmingham rioters have made more Whig-Conservatives in a week than the ruling faction could otherwise have drawn to their banners in years among good men. They have done worse—they have risked putting back the cause of National improvement for an incalculable period. They have demonstrated their own weakness and folly shamed their high political faith, and furnished their enemies with weapons against themselves, which it will not be easy to parry. Were more fallacious arguments needed for accomplishing the desire of the Whigs, to bring the country under an armed Police to be wielded by Downing Street, Birmingham furnishes them. Is it wished to be proved that the People are unfit for the exercise of the Franchise, who dare deny that the incendiaries and spoliators

forming these mobs are most unfit? There is, no doubt, much exaggeration on all sides; and every probability that the real delinquents were a mere handful of unruly boys and women, irritated by the London Police, misled by persons whom it is charity to call only fools, and not checked with sufficient promptitude. But Chartism will not the less bear the blame of all the unhappy or lawless outrages which have taken place; its doctrines will now be judged by their fruits at Birmingham. This may be as unjust as to impute the cruelties of Cortez or Pizarro to the religion under the sanction of which they pretended to commit their atrocities; but it is thus men judge. The original error of the Chartists was their separation from the great body of the Middle Class, advocating Reform to some extent, with the Abolition of the Corn-Laws; and the tone of defiance assumed, when a common interest and common sympathies enjoined the strictest confidence and union. Nor was the Middle Class without their share of blame; and that a large share. The unnatural, unwise, and most deplorable growing alienation of these classes, we have long held to be the very worst symptom of the social progress. What were a Whig or a Tory ruling faction, or both combined, if the People—the *People* in the wide, majestic, and only true sense—were reasonable, united, and true to themselves? At this dark juncture, there still is a gleam of light. The rational and sober-minded part of the Chartists, which, we believe, to be a very great majority of the whole body, must now be quite aware of the folly, conceit, and, we fear, selfishness or treachery of some of their leaders. They are aware that many of the Middle-Class Reformers, though reproaching the conduct of these leaders, are warmly attached to their professed objects, as embodied in the Charter. They have what in former times would have been reckoned a respectable minority in Parliament; and every one of these advantages is, in the meanwhile, thrown away, or neutralized by the wild speeches at the late public meetings, and the fatal outbreak at Birmingham, while Whigs and Tories stand by exulting. Now, we will venture to affirm, that there is not one man in a thousand who have subscribed the Charter, who does not strongly condemn and abjure speeches and actions which would be perfectly in place in the disciples of Thom, or in those of the violent Tory, Oastler; but which are unworthy of reflecting men, who wish, in sincerity, to work out their political emancipation by the only practicable means—union, order, and perseverance. The Catholic Association of Ireland ought, in its arrangements and deportment, to be the model of every People contending against power for their rights. It is the true normal school for agitators; and, with its example before us, there is little excuse for errors so grievous as those we lament. There the violator of the public peace, the robber of fire-arms, the man guilty of any act or speech which might be construed into lawless or seditious, was denounced as the worst enemy of the body; denounced from the rostrum, anathematized from the altar, branded and expelled from the Association. The same punishment is due to those who have made the principles of the Charter the cloak of their nefarious acts; a punishment justly due to their crimes, and to the character of the National Body which they have injured. They are not Chartists, however they may abuse the name; and, if not knaves, they are headstrong fools—as ignorant as the infant who beats the table on which it has broken its own head—or, as probably, plunderers in disguise. In a community like Birmingham, it is surely possible to separate the sheep from the goats; and it is a bounden duty. Temperate and reflecting men, who seek only their rights, ought at once to separate themselves from those whose conduct and language give but too much countenance to the prevailing outcry, that the object of the Chartists is plunder, or a violent division, the robbers' sharing, of property. None are more thoroughly convinced of the general fallacy of this charge than ourselves; and in the same proportion are we desirous that it should be instantly met and rebutted. In this course of exculpation—which the Chartists owe to themselves, and in the middle and lower class, feeling the urgent necessity of forgetting, forgiving, and uniting,—is our hope.

Upon the vexed question of the conduct of the Birmingham Magistracy, veiled as it is in obscurity and point-blank contradiction on matters-of-fact, no one can pronounce; but we may safely aver, that with the local Force, the Military at hand, and the unlimited power of swearing in Special Constables, the need of a foreign force could not be all at once urgent; while the consequences of the irritating incursion of the London Police turned out precisely as might have been foreseen. Wherever, in large towns, the Police Force shall be employed against a mob consisting of the same kind of materials, men inflamed and desperate, the same or worse consequences may be anticipated. The People are subdued to the regular soldiery, but the armed Police will long be found as hateful to them as the yeomanry; which is the most detested and exasperating kind of force that has ever been employed in quelling riots, and that which, in harshly putting down a popular outbreak, sows deeply the seeds of discontent. Twenty years have elapsed since the Manchester Massacre: but are its consequences obliterated? Happily in the tumults at Birmingham no lives have been lost. Though both the police and the mob acted with great brutality, and it may take a long while to allay the irritation that has arisen, the stains of blood are not left. One thing is obvious from these disorderly assemblies:—the People of every large town ought to have some fixed place, say their public resort for recreation, where they may undisturbed, and unwatched by the police, hold their meetings for discussion; and having this, their leaders, or those who call them together, ought to hold themselves responsible for their good conduct, and for their not straggling about the streets in disorderly bands, under cover of which, thieves, and all manner of vagrants, may find license to break the peace, in order to commit depredations on property. The riots of Bristol were not incited by political agitators, but by prize-fighters, pilferers, and other bad characters, who carried off whatever spoil they could find. In Birmingham it is a more alarming symptom that we hear of no thefts, and that the infuriated People actually used the articles of silver which they took from one shop as missiles in their fierce onset on the police. The gratification of their revengeful passions was dearer at that moment than silver or gold; but such men are not, on this account, less dangerous members of society, nor is it less necessary that the Birmingham Chartists should openly denounce them and all their works.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1839.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S AMERICA.

THERE is to be no end to works upon America. It is the one *serious* subject which never becomes stale, and of which we can never hear enough. The reason for this is painfully obvious. We are a little jealous, and perhaps a very little envious, of our vigorous, hearty, and thriving Republican neighbour; and, though too proud to acknowledge the fact, not a little anxious to ascertain the secret of her astonishing prosperity, or ability "to go a-head" at so tremendous a rate. In relation to the United States, Britain is somewhat in the condition of an impoverished and decaying aristocratic family, excessively proud of its Norman descent; yet, while it affects contempt, sore, and envious of the upstart *parvenu*, whom great wealth, acquired by industry, enables to eclipse it in the external signs of rank, as well as in substantial command over the comforts and luxuries of life. We look upon America, in short, much as some poor outworn French noble of the old regime may upon the Rothschilds, when their respective vanities happen to come into collision; allowing that, how rich soever those new-gilt brass barons may be, yet they are not the less plebeian, vulgar, and unbaptized Jews. In like manner, the people of America may be universally the best-educated and fattest-fed, the best-clothed, and the best-lodged *nation*, as a nation, in the world; but then they have no Court, no Church, no titles, and no nobility; and, moreover, they don't, like refined Europeans, swallow theirs alive. The working people eat molasses with bacon, and maid-servants sometimes go without caps, and, in some instances, either for use or ornament, wear spectacles, and take a good deal of their own way, just like their mistresses. Now, it is obvious that a people without a Church can have no religion; and without a Court, and an aristocratic order, no good-breeding among the higher, nor reverence among the lower orders. Bating these social vices and essential wants, the American people are found wonderfully like the middle and lower classes of the commercial and manufacturing districts of Great Britain. As for a lady or a gentleman, it is notorious, that such a phenomenon is not to be met with throughout the Union, save in the Southern States, where great refinement of manners is to be found, as the natural conse-

quence and accompaniment of one set of men and women being the instruments of degrading another into brutes. Captain Marryat, we are glad to find, is much less finical as to merely conventional usages, and silver-fork questions, than some of his gentlemanly precursors; and, bating a few prejudices, much less addicted to dogmatize and lay down the law and Gospel, than his philosophical ones. If liberality enlarges his candour, it also impairs the consistency of his judgments on men and manners. Allowing for certain modes of thinking, which in him can hardly be called prejudice, he is as impartial a writer as he is a quick and penetrating observer. It is going far to assert this much, yet we rather think the Americans themselves will, on the whole, be satisfied with his report of them, which is saying a great deal.

He sets out by telling them that he owes them no gratitude; they shewed him but scanty hospitality, and often insulted and annoyed him. But this he attributes in a great measure to the unhandsome conduct of former travellers; and he disclaims the meanness of retaliation. It is true, that the very latest travellers have been more favourable; but the Americans are not yet appeased for the strictures of the Trollopes and Kembles, and Halls and Hamiltons; and, while they actually insulted Captain Marryat, they boast of having crammed and mystified Miss Martineau, and exult in the successful hoax. This bad faith, or breach of morality, put Captain Marryat on his guard; and he has been cautious of asserting anything for which he had not sufficient evidence. A breach of morals may be too serious a name for the humorous offence, especially as we remember Miss Edgeworth makes her Irish Lady Geraldine delight in cramming and hoaxing a pedantic Englishman about to publish his travels in Ireland; yet it is an offence hardly extenuated by the apology, that hoaxing and hyperbole constitute the major part of American humour.

If they have the slightest suspicion that a foreigner is about to write a book, nothing appears to give them so much pleasure as to try to mislead him: this has constantly been practised upon me, and, for all I know, they may in some instances have been successful; if they have, all I can say of the story is, that "*se non e vero, e si ben trovato*," that it might have happened.

Paragraph from a New York Paper.

"That old deaf English maiden lady, Miss Martineau, who travelled through some of the States, a few years since, gives a full account of Mr Pointdexters' death; unfortunately for her veracity, the gentleman still lives; but this is about as near the truth as the majority of her statements. The *Loafing* English men and women who visit America, as penny-a-liners, are perfectly understood here, and Jonathan amuses himself whenever he meets them, by imposing upon their credulity the most absurd stories which he can invent; which they swallow whole, go home with their eyes sticking out of their heads with wonder, and print all they have heard, for the benefit of John Bull's calves."

Added to this humorous fancy, the different States misrepresent each other, or *misdescribe* each other, much, we presume, as the people of London paint all Yorkshiremen as cheats, and Lincolnshiremen as heavy and stupid:—

Boston turns up her erudite nose at New York, Philadelphia, in her pride, looks down upon both New York and Boston; while New York, chinking her dollars, swears the Bostonians are a parcel of puritanical prigs, and the Philadelphians a would-be aristocracy. A western man from Kentucky, when at Tremont House, in Boston, begged me particularly not to pay attention to what they said of his State in that quarter. Both a Virginian and Tennessean, when I was at New York, did the same.

At Boston, I was drinking champagne at a supper. "Are you drinking champagne?" said a young Bostonian. "That's New York—take claret; or, if you will drink champagne, pour it into a *green* glass, and they will think it *hock*; champagne's not right." How are we to distinguish between right and wrong in this queer world? At New York, they do drink a great deal of champagne; it is the small beer of the dinner-table. Champagne becomes associated with New York, and therefore is not *right*. I will do the New Yorkers the justice to say, that, as far as *drinks* are concerned, they are above prejudice; all's right with them, provided there is enough of it.

This paragraph is an apt specimen of Captain Marryat's manner of getting on; a fair though a shrewd statement, often closing with a sharp sly hit. At an early period of his residence, he made up his mind to refuse all invitations; and his work has not suffered from his subsequent independence of the social influences. Captain Marryat gets rid at the outset of a systematic account of America as a *nation*, by boldly denying that it is a nation at all. It is "a chaotic mass," that, in time, may take form as a nation or nations. But its present chaotic state is well worth consideration. America has, he acknowledges, begun its career under singularly favourable auspices, albeit the great wants we have specified. It had, when it started, neither church, king, nor nobility; neither a law of primogeniture, nor a privileged order; but in lieu of these, "industry, activity, and courage"—we will add, and religious principle, with a decided bias among its people to free civil institutions. According to Captain Marryat, Washington left his emancipated country a Republic, but it has changed itself into a pure Democracy. This nice classic distinction between a Republic and a pure Democracy will not readily be understood in America, where, we apprehend, a Republic is valued only as it approximates to a Democracy. Captain Marryat's definition of a Democracy is, that the representative, even after the election, must vote as his constituents direct him. In this view, the Tory constituency

of Ipswich is, at present, purely democratical; and Kilkenny would have been another democratic section of the empire, had Mr Hume submitted to the dictation of a part of his constituents. It is of less consequence to trace the distinction, as Captain Marryat is decidedly of opinion that a Democracy with all its imperfections, is the form of government, best suited to the present condition of America, because under it the country has made, and will continue to "make, the most rapid advances." When it is found necessary for society to pause, or to make a dead halt, oligarchical institutions will no doubt be found more efficacious: but our author does not fix the period when this may take place; and he even regards it as presumptuous to calculate the time. We can venture to guess at it. The Americans being a thoroughly commonsensical and utilitarian people, will certainly abandon their Democratic institutions, and adopt those of older communities, the moment they perceive that the latter tend more to the happiness and prosperity of the people living under them.

The first and lighter part of the work consists of extracts from the traveller's diary. In it his random observations on national and individual character, and on manners, are embodied, together with descriptions of a country of which he has seen, if not exactly everything, yet nearly all that is really worth seeing; the great cities, the new cities, and the institutions of all kinds, which are peculiar to the United States. He dashes at once, seaman-like, into the heart of his narrative, with the men heaving the anchor of the good ship *Quebec*, in which he sailed, to the Yankee salt-water lyric of *Sally Brown*.

Sally Brown, Oh my dear Sally! (*Single voice.*)

Oh Sally Brown! (*Chorus.*)

Sally Brown of Bubble Al-ly. (*Single voice.*)

Oh Sal-ly Brown! (*Chorus.*)

I went to town, to get some toddy,

Oh Sally Brown!

'Twasn't fit for any body,

Oh Sally Brown!

Sally is a bright mulattar; (*Single voice.*)

Oh Sally Brown! (*Chorus.*)

Pretty girl, but can't get at her,

Oh Sally Brown! (*Chorus.*) &c., &c.

But we mar the effect of this dramatic opening, by suppressing the recitative or dialogue. Captain Marryat landed at New York in May, 1837, just when half the merchants of the city had been declared bankrupt. Universal dismay and apprehension then prevailed, succeeding excessive panic.

Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and re-pass; hurried steps, care-worn faces, rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary individual with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are, pacing up and down with the air of famished wretches. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the country to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads, and all public works have been discontinued; and the Irish emigrant Jesus against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and staring as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle.

All the banks have stopped payment in specie, and there is not a dollar to be had. I walked down Wall Street, and had a convincing proof of the great demand for money, for somebody picked my pocket.

The militia are under arms, as riots are expected. The banks in the country and other towns have followed the example of New York, and thus has General Jackson's currency bill been repealed without the aid of Congress. Affairs are now at their worst, and now that such is the case, the New Yorkers appear to recover their spirits. One of the newspapers humorously observes — "All Broadway is like unto a new-made widow, and don't know whether to laugh or cry." There certainly is a very remarkable energy in the American disposition; if they fall, they bound up again. Somebody has observed that the New York merchants are of that *elastic* nature, that, when fit for nothing else, they might be converted into *cocksprings*, and such really appears to be their character.

Nobody refuses to take the paper of the New York banks, although they virtually have stopped payment—they never refuse anything at New York;—but nobody will give specie in change, and great distress is occasioned by this want of a circulating medium.

At Philadelphia the ultra-democrats have held a large public meeting, at which one of the first resolutions brought forward and agreed to was—"That they did not owe one farthing to the English people."

"They may say the times are bad," said a young American to me, "but I think that they are excellent. A twenty dollar note used to last me but a week, but now it is as good as Fortunatus's purse, which was never empty. I eat my dinner at the hotel, and shew them my twenty dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy everything that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded."

Miss Martineau's work is before me. How dangerous it is to prophesy. Speaking of the merchants of New York, and their recovering after the heavy losses they sustained by the calamitous fire of 1835, she says, that although eighteen millions of property were destroyed, not one merchant failed; and she continues, "It seems now as if the commercial credit of New York could stand any shock short of an earthquake like that of Lisbon." That was the prophesy of 1836. Where is the commercial credit of New York now in 1837? ! ! !

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing.

There is a little jocularly here, no doubt, yet the crisis was singular, and the rebound was not less remarkable than the shock.

Every body in the Union seemed by instinct to know Captain Marryat. It was impossible to preserve the incognito, and he wisely gave the matter up. His first excursion was by the Hudson, and he will gain the good-will of the Americans by placing the scenery of that noble river above even the Rhine scenery. He went up the river in the usual manner; stopped at West Point, and at Albany, and went thence to Boston. Of the society of that attic city, he judges much more favourably than Miss Martineau, but probably they viewed it from very different points.

Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are, that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they strictly adhere to, and which, I think, would be more honoured in the

breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentleman, descendants of the best old English families who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house, and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.

Perhaps of all the Americans the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves, and pride themselves, as being peculiarly English; while, on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English. There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America.

After all that has been said about those moral absurdities, the *Shakers*, Captain Marryat contrives to impart novelty and freshness to his description of their externals; for it is only of the externals that he is qualified to report. There is hot rivalry between Troy and Albany in several ways, but particularly in the respective excellence of the large female colleges, rather than boarding schools, in which both rejoice. The Captain was invited to attend an examination of one of them at Albany. He says—

Here, and indeed in many other establishments, the young ladies, upon quitting it, have diplomas given to them, if they pass their examinations satisfactorily. They are educated upon a system which would satisfy even Miss Martineau, and prepared to exercise the rights of which she complains that women have been so unjustly deprived. Conceive three hundred modern Portias, who regularly take their degrees, and emerge from the portico of the seminary full of algebra, equality, and the theory of the constitution! The quantity and variety crammed into them is beyond all calculation. The examination takes place yearly, to prove to the parents that the preceptors have done their duty, and is in itself very innocent, as it only causes the young ladies to blush a little.

This afternoon they were examined in algebra, and their performance was very creditable. Under a certain age girls are certainly much quicker than boys, and I presume would retain what they learned if it were not for their subsequent duties in making puddings and nursing babies. Yet these are affairs which must be performed by one sex or the other; and of what use can algebra and other abstruse matters be to a woman in her present state of domestic thralldom?

The theory of the American constitution was the next subject on which they were examined; by their replies, this appeared to be to them more abstruse than algebra; but the fact is, women are born Tories, and admit no other than petticoat government as legitimate.

The next day we again repaired to the hall, and French was the language in which they were to be examined, and the examination afforded us much amusement.

The young ladies sat down in rows on one side of the room. In the centre, towards the end, was an easel, on which was placed a large black board on which they worked with chalk the questions in algebra, &c.—a towel hanging to it, that they might wipe out and correct. The French preceptor, an old Emigré Count, sat down with the examiners before the board, the visitors (chiefly composed of anxious papas and mammas) being seated on benches behind them. As it happened, I had taken my seat close to the examining board, and at some little distance from the other persons who were deputed or invited to attend. I don't know how I came there. I believe I had come in too late; but there I was, within three feet of every young lady who came up to the board.

"Now, messieurs, have the kindness to ask any question you please," said the old Count, "Mademoiselle,

you will have the goodness to step forward." A question was proposed in English, which the young lady had to write down in French. The very first went wrong: I perceived it; and, without looking at her, pronounced the right word, so that she could hear it. She caught it, rubbed out the wrong word with the towel, and rectified it. This was carried on through the whole sentence, and then she retreated from the board that her work might be examined. "Very well, very well, indeed, *Mais, c'est parfaitement bien;*" and the young lady sat down blushing. Thus were they all called up, and one after another prompted by me; and the old Count was delighted at the success of his pupils.

Now, what amused me in this way was the little bit of human nature—the *tact* displayed by the sex, which appears to be innate, and which never deserts them. Had I prompted a boy, he would most likely have turned his head round towards me, and thus have revealed what I was about; but not one of the whole class was guilty of such indiscretion. They heard me, rubbed out, corrected, waited for the word when they did not know it, but never, by any look or sign, made it appear that there was any understanding between us. Their eyes were constantly fixed on the board, and they appeared not to know that I was in the room. It was really beautiful. When the examination was over, I received a look from them all, half comic, half serious, which amply repaid me for my assistance.

As young ladies are assembled here from every State of the Union, it was a *fair* criterion of American beauty, and it must be acknowledged that the American women are the *prettiest* in the whole world.

We are sceptical about the doctrine of *innate tact* in female nature; if not altogether a fallacy—and it is obviously one in many instances—then we must look to education and social position for the origin of tact, not to sex. Slaves and maniacs under coercion, are proverbially cunning; and a chamber-maid, when she lies, where truth would equally serve her purpose, is said to follow her natural instinct; but it is the instinct of her degraded calling, not of her sex. If Captain Marryat's account of the *tact* of the Albanian pupils be *au pié de la lettre*, then is there something still to be desired in the educational systems of the great female seminaries. He remarked a very youthful matron, who had been married "the month after she graduated." On leaving Saratoga Springs—where he ran the gauntlet of introductions, Mr A., first introducing himself, and all the other gentlemen of the alphabet introducing each other, from B on to Z—he hoped to throw the whole citizens of the Republic *off his trail*. He put no name on his luggage, gave none to the Utica rail-road people, yet at Schenectady he was again hailed as Captain Marryat!

At introduction it is invariably the custom to shake hands; and thus you go on, shaking hands here, there, and everywhere, and with everybody; for it is impossible to know who is who in this land of equality.

But one shake of the hand will not do; if twenty times during the same day you meet a person to whom you have been introduced, the hand is everywhere extended, with—"Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?"

"At last," said I to myself, "*I am incog.*" I had walked out of the engine-house, looked round the compass, and resolved in which direction I would bend my steps, when a young man came up to me; and, very politely taking off his hat, said—"I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Captain M——." Had he known my indignation when he mentioned my name, poor fellow! But there was no help for it, and I replied in the affirmative. After apologizing, he introduced him-

self; and then requested the liberty of introducing his friend. "Well, if ever," thought I; and, "no never," followed afterwards, as a matter of course; and, as a matter of course, his friend was introduced. It reminded me of old times, when midshipmen, at balls, we used to introduce each other to ladies we had none of us seen before in our lives. Well, there I was, between two overpowering civilities; but they meant it kindly, and I could not be angry.

I had not been recognised in the rail-car, and I again flattered myself that I was unknown. I proceeded, on my arrival at Utica, to the hotel, and, asking at the bar for a bed, the book was handed to me, and I was requested to write my name. Wherever you stop in America, they generally produce a book, and demand your name—not on account of any police regulations, but merely because they will not allow secrecy in America, and because they choose to know who you may be. Of course, you may frustrate this espionage by putting down any name you please; and I had the pen in my hand, and was just thinking whether I should be Mr Snooks or Mr Smith, when I received a slap on the shoulder, accompanied with—"Well, captain, how are you by this time?" In despair, I let the pen drop out of my hand; and, instead of my name, I left on the book a large blot. It was an old acquaintance from Albany; and, before I had been ten minutes in the hotel, I was recognised by at least ten more.

These free-and-easy gentlemen wished to shew the traveller Professor Nott, who governed the students of Schenectady College "by moral influence and paternal sway," and who had written profoundly on stones and anthracite coal.

Captain Marryat, in his discussions on religion, is decidedly adverse to what is termed the Voluntary system, under which he avers that neither religion, morals, nor education can prosper. Yet, with inconsistency not limited to this particular case, he states:—

Seriously speaking, Professor Nott is a very clever man; and, I suspect, this college will turn out *more* clever men than any other in the Union. It differs from the other colleges in another point. *It upholds no peculiar sect of religion, which almost all the rest do.*

In travelling by coach from Kentucky to Baltimore, a tedious and fatiguing journey, our traveller had some singular adventures with curious and hospitable Americans. When the coach reached any town on the fatiguing journey, he was glad to throw off his coat and take a rest in bed till it started again, and at one place was following this good practice; but behold!

I had been reposing more than two hours when my door was opened—but this was too common a circumstance for me to think anything of it; the people would come into my room whether I was in bed or out of bed, dressed or not dressed, and if I expostulated, they would reply, "Never mind, we don't care, captain." On this occasion I called out, "Well, what do you want?"

"Are you Captain M——?" said the person, walking up to the bed where I was lying.

"Yes, I am," replied I.

"Well, I reckon I wouldn't allow you to go through our town without seeing you any how. Of all the humans, you're the one I most wish to see."

I told him I was highly flattered.

"Well now," said he, giving a jump, and coming down right upon the bed in his greatcoat, "I'll just tell you; I said to the chap at the bar, 'Aint the captain in your house?' 'Yes,' says he. 'Then where is he?' says I. 'Oh,' says he, 'he's gone into his own room, and locked himself up; he's a d——d aristocrat, and won't drink at the bar with other gentlemen.' So thought I, I've read M——'s works, and I'll be swamped

if he is an aristocrat, and by the 'tarnal I'll go up and see; so here I am, and you're no aristocrat."

"I should think not," replied I, moving my feet away, which he was half sitting on.

"Oh, don't move; never mind me, captain, I'm quite comfortable. And how do you find yourself by this time?"

"Very tired indeed," replied I.

"I suspicion as much. Now, d'ye see, I left four or five good fellows down below who wish to see you; I said I'd go up first, and come down to them. The fact is, captain, we don't like you should pass through our town without shewing you a little American hospitality."

So saying he slid off the bed, and went out of the room. In a minute he returned, bringing with him four or five others, all of whom he introduced by name, and seated himself on my bed, while the others took chairs.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "as I was telling the captain, we wish to shew him a little American hospitality; what shall it be, gentlemen; what d'ye say—a bottle of Madeira?"

An immediate answer not being returned, he continued,

"Yes, gentlemen, a bottle of Madeira; at my expense, gentlemen, recollect that; now ring the bell."

"I shall be most happy to take a glass of wine with you," observed I, but in my own room the wine must be at my expense."

"At your expense, captain; well, if it must be, I don't care; at your expense then, captain, if you say so; only you see, we must shew you a little American hospitality, as I said to them all down below; didn't I, gentlemen?"

The wine was ordered, and it ended in my hospitable friends drinking three bottles; and then they all shook hands with me, declaring how happy they should be if I came to the town again, and allowed them to shew me a little more American hospitality. There was something so very ridiculous in this event that I cannot help narrating it; but let it not be supposed, for a moment, that I intend it as a sarcasm upon American hospitality in general.

Captain Marryat justly detests the vile taste which has led the Americans to dub so many of their towns and villages with classic and scriptural names, and indeed with resounding names, borrowed from all parts of the earth. Two hospitable gentlemen requested to see him on his route to Upper Canada, one of whom lived at *Batavia*, and the other at *Pekin*. Mount Olympus overlooks Troy on one hand, and Mount Ida on the other; and on the stand at Brooklyn, of two coaches seen one day, the one set out for *Babylon*, and the other for *Jericho*. The proper names are as absurd as the names of places. *Byron*, a man-slave, is sent to summon *Ada*, a young female slave. But this, after all, is only equivalent to the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, *Hannibals* and *Hebes* of the West Indies. The absurd or burlesque concatenation of these grand names is often diverting, as when "*Telemachus* is desired to leave off teasing *Calypso*, on pain of tasting the *cow-hide*," or when one passes through the towns of *Sempronius* and *Cato*, on the way to *Butternuts*. Some of the Christian names are, to modern English ears, abundantly ludicrous. Such are *Preserved Fish*, *Populorum Hightower*, or *Asa Peasebody*. There are two lawyers, partners, in New York, with the happy appellatives of *Catchem* and *Cheatem*; and, the one being Isaac and the other Uriah, gives this felicitous combination on a door-plate of

"I. CATCHEM & U. CHEATEM."

Captain Marryat imagines that the Americans drawl their words, as they *whittle*, from their cautious, calculating habits. Is it the same cause, or what other, that gives the universal nasal twang, to which drawingl and twanging they are insensible? He once said to a lady,

"Why do you drawl out your words that way?"

"Well," replied she, "I'd drawl all the way from Maine to Georgia, rather than clip my words as you English people do."

The remarks on language do not offer much that is new. *Sam Slick*, in this respect, beats all travellers put together. Some of the phrases are significant of national customs. The term used for baggage in the south and west is still *plunder*. A man was asked—

"Well, Abel, what d'ye think of our native genus, Mister Forrest?"

"Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think he *piled the agony up a little too high* in that last scene."

The gamblers on the Mississippi use a very refined phrase for "cheating"—"playing the advantages over him."

But, as may be supposed, the principal terms used are those which are borrowed from trade and commerce.

The rest, or remainder, is usually termed 'the balance.

"Put some of those apples into a dish, and the *balance* into the store-room."

When a person has made a mistake, or is out in his calculation, they say, "You missed a figure that time."

Even the thieves must be commercial in their ideas. One rogue meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning; "Not much," was the reply, "I've only *realized* this umbrella." There is sometimes in the American metaphors an energy which is very remarkable.

"Well, I reckon, that from his teeth to his toe-nail, there's not a human of a more conquering nature than General Jackson."

One gentleman said to me, "I wish I had all hell boiled down to a pint, just to pour down your throat."

Where we employ the dainty phrase *perquisites*, the Americans say *stealings*; or, they get so much in salary, and so much *cheatage*. The excessive delicacy, or, at the reader's pleasure, the prudish indelicacy of the American women, has been duly celebrated by Mrs Trollope, and, we should hope, to good purpose; but it is clear that her useful strictures have not yet taken full effect. All the world knows that a *Queen of Spain* has no *legs*, but neither are such indelicate appendages allowed to refined American ladies. Captain Marryat had one day the indiscretion or indelicacy to ask a young lady, who had fallen from a piece of rock, on which she stood to view the Falls of Niagara, if she had hurt her *leg*?

She turned from me, evidently much shocked, or much offended; and not being aware that I had committed any very heinous offence, I begged to know what was the reason of her displeasure. After some hesitation, she said that as she knew me well, she would tell me that the word *leg* was never mentioned before ladies. I apologized for my want of refinement, which was attributable to my having been accustomed only to *English* society, and added, that as such articles must occasionally be referred to, even in the most polite circles of America, perhaps she would inform me by what name I might mention them without shocking the company. Her reply was, that the word *limb* was used; "nay,"

continued she, "I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table, or limb of a pianoforte."

In a fashionable ladies' boarding-school, to which Captain Marryat afterwards escorted a lady, he discovered that the damsel, whose legs were only *limbs*, had told him truly that "she was not so particular as some people;" for he there saw a square piano-forte, with its four *limbs* delicately concealed in modest little trousers, with frills at the bottom of them! We should imagine this was more likely to be meant as a defence against flies, destroying French polish, than as a protection to female delicacy; but there is no calculating.

Captain Marryat does not admire the system of prison discipline in America nearly so much as a few of those who have witnessed its effects, and as many others, who merely judge by hearsay, appear to do. He prefers a little more hanging, with less severe secondary punishments. He was allowed to visit the prisoners alone, as Mrs Martineau and others have done; and, after an interval of six months, he went back to have his first impressions corrected. His first acquaintance in the Penitentiary was a butcher, who had murdered his wife. This man's sentence was twelve years' imprisonment. More than half the period had elapsed, and he was, as is common in the last period, become most impatient for its termination. He persisted in denying his crime, though there was no doubt of his guilt; so there was so much punishment thrown away, save that the man could not, in the meanwhile, contaminate society by his presence. The second case was that of a schoolmaster, imprisoned for four years for forgery, for which crime he had formerly been imprisoned for a shorter period. His opinion of the moral effects of the penitentiary of Philadelphia was rather favourable. A third was of opinion that, however it might be in the Penitentiary, the severe discipline of *Sing Sing* was positively injurious to the prisoners. A man was sent there for doing wrong to others, and had his passions excited by the greater wrong done to himself. Captain Marryat's penitentiary catalogue is curious. One young woman, found guilty of larceny, was fond of her solitude; she declared herself quite peaceful and happy, and content to remain. An ugly mulatto girl was rather proud of her crime. "Please, sir, I poisoned a *whole family*," was her reply to the traveller's interrogatory; and she was not sure if another seven years' imprisonment would keep her, if ill-treated, from doing it over again. She was, indeed, pretty sure she would, but yet she did not like being "shut up." On the whole, the traveller finds the Philadelphia Penitentiary system the best yet discovered for reclaiming the guilty, and putting them in the way to sin no more. One great merit is, that, while in prison every man acquires a trade, by which he may afterwards earn honest bread if he is so inclined.

While Captain Marryat was in the United States, a very remarkable discourse on punish-

ments and prison discipline appeared, which, among the many small American "utterances" seized upon here, we rather wonder none of our re-publishers have caught. It is the production of an American gentleman, once in the best society, but who forfeited his place by intemperance, which had reduced him to beggary and wretchedness. By his own request, he was shut up in the House of Correction, at South Boston, and, while there, wrote his "Rat-trap" or "The Cogitations of a Convert in the House of Correction." His observations on the condition and character of the prisoners and the prison discipline are shrewd, sagacious, witty, and satirical.

On his way to Upper Canada and the Western Lakes, Captain Marryat visited Buffalo. His account of the rapid rise of that town presents features which could be found only in the United States, where commercial speculation becomes perfect gambling, with all the frauds and hazards of that vice. The conception, the enterprise, the pious fraud with a selfish object, the modest demeanour and charity of the speculator, are all quite American. The fraudulent person who was the main cause of the rapid increase of Buffalo, and of its sudden change from wooden huts to brick and stone houses, was a Mr Rathbun, who, when Captain Marryat was in the place, lay incarcerated in a jail of his own building.

It was he who built all the hotels, churches, and other public edifices; in fact, every structure worthy of observation in the whole town was projected, contracted for, and executed by Mr Rathbun. His history is singular. Of quiet unassuming manners, Quaker in his dress, moderate in all his expenses, (except in charity, wherein, assisted by an amiable wife, he was very liberal,) he concealed under his apparent simplicity and goodness a mind capable of the vastest conceptions, united with the greatest powers of execution. He undertook contracts, and embarked in building speculations, to an amount almost incredible. Rathbun undertook everything, and everything undertaken by Rathbun was well done. Not only at Buffalo, but at Niagara and other places, he was engaged in raising vast buildings, when the great crash occurred, and Rathbun, with others, was unable to meet his liabilities. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that for more than five years he had been conniving at a system of forgery, to the amount of two millions of dollars: the forgery consisted in putting to his bills the names of responsible parties as indorsers, that they might be more current. It does not appear that he ever intended to defraud, for he took up all his notes as fast as they became due; and it was this extreme regularity on his part which prevented the discovery of his fraud for so unusually long a period. It is surmised, that had not the general failure taken place, he would have eventually withdrawn all these forged bills from the market, and have paid all his creditors, reserving for himself a handsome fortune. It is a singular event in the annals of forgery, that this should have been carried on undiscovered for so unprecedented a time. Mr Rathbun is to be tried as an accessory, as it was his brother who forged the name. As soon as it was discovered, the latter made his escape, and he is said to have died miserably in a hotel on the confines of Texas.

It is worthy of note, as indicative of the alert and speculating spirit of the people of the United States, and, we fear, the want of markets for British wares, that at such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, every luxury of food, dress, or accommodation may be obtained that is to be found in New York or Boston.

In these two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished and handsomer than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find, in either of them, articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England.

This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available depot in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised, that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses, but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required.

Our traveller went up the lakes by the steamers, and luxuriated for a time among hunters and Indians. At Sault Ste. Marie, the *Ultima Thule* of America, on this point, there was found a clean comfortable inn, where the fare was well cooked, and the guests waited on by two pretty, modest, and well-informed girls, the host's daughters. There were only about fifty log-houses in this remote village, and in two of them, which Captain Marryat visited, he found complete editions of Byron's works. This was so far well; yet one could wish the denizens of Sault Ste. Marie a better foundation for their English libraries. From his picture, it would appear that neither Mrs Jameson nor Miss Martineau have over-rated the fairy beauty of Mackinaw and of the isle-studded lakes.

Other travellers have shewn us that the spirit of barter is as strong among the boys as the men of America, or that as the old cock crows the young cock learns; but Captain Marryat found that the commercial spirit had seized the ladies also. He was one day travelling, by the stage-coach, in the State of Vermont, when his only companion chanced to be two girls, both young and good-looking, the one in a pink silk bonnet, too fine for travelling, and the other in a shabby plush one.

The young lady in the plush, eyed the pink bonnet for some time: at last *Plush* observed in a drawling half-indifferent way:

"That's rather a pretty bonnet of your's, miss."

"Why, yes, I calculate it's rather smart," replied Pink.

After a pause and closer survey—"You wouldn't have any objection to part with it, miss?" "Well now, I don't know but I might; I have worn it but three days, I reckon." "Oh, my! I should have reckoned that you have carried it longer—perhaps it rained on them three days." "I've a notion it didn't rain, not one. It's not the only bonnet I have, miss." "Well now, I should not mind an exchange, and paying you the balance." "That's an awful thing that you have on, miss." "I rather think not, but that's as may be. Come I miss, what will you take?" "Why I don't know, what will you give?" "I reckon you'll know best when you answer my question." "Well then, I shouldn't like less than five dollars." "Five dollars and my bonnet! I reckon two would be nearer the mark—but it's of no consequence." "None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet.—We'll say no more about it." "Just so, miss."

A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush, looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, "I shouldn't mind giving four dollars, but no more." She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink

put her head out of the window and said: "I shouldn't refuse four dollars after all, if it was offered," and then she fell back to her former position.

"Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?"

"Well! I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home."

"Well," replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money. "What bank is this, miss?"

"Oh, all's right there, Safety Fund, I calculate."

The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance.

Whittling is a practice which Captain Marryat seems to consider peculiar to America; but the raw, emigrating Scot, of former generations, was a notorious *whittler*. It used to be a joke against our countrymen, that when they entered an English inn, the landlord gave them a piece of stick, that, employing the whittle upon it, the furniture might be spared. All schoolboys are notorious *whittlers*—witness school-desks and benches; but, in America, even ladies whittle. We would for them prefer the more feminine rocking-chair. But the Yankees use the *whittle*, in bargaining, as an instrument of diplomacy. Captain Marryat describes a scene to which he says he was a witness, and which Matthews might have imagined.

Whittling prevents any examination of the countenance—for, in bargaining, like in the game of brag, the countenance is carefully watched, as an index to the wishes. I was once witness to a bargain made between two respectable Yankees, who wished to agree about a farm, and in which whittling was resorted to.

They sat down on a log of wood, about three or four feet apart from each other, with their faces turned opposite ways—that is, one had his legs on one side of the log with his face to the east, and the other his legs on the other side with his face to the west. One had a piece of soft wood, and was sawing it with his penknife; the other had an unbarked hickory stick, which he was peeling for a walking-stick. The reader will perceive a strong analogy between this bargain and that in the stage between the two ladies.

"Well, good morning—and about this farm?" "I don't know; what will you take?" "What will you give?" Silence, and whittle away. "Well, I should think two thousand dollars, a heap of money for this farm." "I've a notion it will never go for three thousand, any how." "There's a fine farm, and cheaper, on the North side." "But where's the sun to ripen the corn?" "Sun shines on all alike." "Not exactly through a Vermont hill, I reckon. The driver offered me as much as I say, if I recollect right." "Money not always to be depended upon. Money not always forthcoming." "I reckon I shall make an elegant 'backy stopper of this piece of sycamore." Silence for a few moments. Knives hard at work. "I've a notion this is as pretty a hickory stick as ever came out of wood." "I shouldn't mind two thousand five hundred dollars, and time given." "It couldn't be more than six months then, if it goes at that price." Pause. "Well, that might suit me." "What do you say, then?" "Suppose it must be so." "It's a bargain then, (rising up;) come let's liquor on it."

Among the old cities, Captain Marryat prefers Philadelphia, though he can amuse himself with the *exclusiveness* and other absurdities of manners found there. The line of demarcation in this refined city, is minute and intricate.

In no city is there so much fuss made about lineage and descent; in no city are there so many cliques and sets in society, who keep apart from each other; and it is very often difficult to ascertain the grounds of their distinctions. One family will live at No. 1, and another at No. 2 in the same street, both have similar establishments, both keep their carriages, both be well educated, and both may talk of their grandfathers and grandmothers; and yet No. 1 will tell you that No. 2 is nobody and you must

not visit there; and when you inquire—Why? there is no other answer, but that they are not of the right sort. As long as a portion are rich and a portion are poor, there is a line of demarcation easy to be drawn, even in a Democracy; but in Philadelphia, where there are so many in affluent circumstances, that line has been effaced, and they now seek an imaginary one, like the equinoctial, which none can be permitted to pass without going through the ceremonies of perfect ablution. This social contest, as may be supposed, is carried on among those who have no real pretensions.

At the *White Sulphur Springs*, there is a master of the ceremonies, who exercises the powers of all the patronesses of Almack's rolled into one. No one is allowed to burrow in the huts around the Springs who does not, at least, keep a carriage: but old blood is also indispensable.—Captain Marryat repeatedly condemns the Abolitionists as fanatics and fools, who will endanger the Union by their violence. He imagines that slavery must cease some time, not because it is unjust, but because, in the progress of society, it will be profitably superseded by free labour; but, if not an Abolitionist, he can nevertheless perceive the intolerant feelings of the whites; and, notwithstanding his own prejudices of race, he places faith in the possible intellectual amelioration of the blacks.

It was not (he observes) until I had been some time in Philadelphia that I became convinced how very superior the free coloured people were in intelligence and education, to what, from my knowledge of them in our West India islands, I had ever imagined them capable of. Not that I mean to imply that they will ever attain to the same powers of intellect as the white man; for I really believe the race are not formed for it by the Almighty. I do not mean to say that there *never* will be great men among the African race, but that such instances will always be very *rare*, compared to the numbers produced among the white. But this is certain, that, in Philadelphia, the free coloured people are a very respectable class, and, in my opinion, quite as intelligent as the more humble of the free whites. I have been quite surprised to see them take out their pencils, write down and calculate with quickness and precision, and in every other point shew great intelligence and keenness. In this city they are both numerous and wealthy. The most extravagant funeral I saw in Philadelphia was that of a black; the coaches were very numerous, as well as the pedestrians, who were all well dressed, and behaving with the utmost decorum. They were preceded by a black clergyman, dressed in his full black silk canonicals. He did look very odd, I must confess. Singular is the degree of contempt and dislike in which the free blacks are held in all the free States of America.

There is injustice to the blacks of the most glaring kind. While Captain Marryat was in Philadelphia, a mulatto, named James Fortin, who, as a sailmaker, had acquired property to the amount of 150,000 dollars, was considered not *white* enough to be allowed to vote at elections; a right which in that State the Irish pauper, landed but yesterday, may, we believe, exercise. He was, however, *white* enough to be made to pay his share of the local taxation. He appealed to the Supreme Court, claiming his right as a citizen, and the judge and jury found against him. A curious fact is noticed here. When the constitution of the United States was originally drawn up, the freedom of the blacks and their rights as men and citizens were recognised. But we must cite the most important new fact which this traveller has communicated.

In the course of one of my sojourns in Philadelphia, Mr Vaughan, of the Athenæum of that city, stated to me that he had found the *original draft* of the Declaration of Independence, in the handwriting of Mr Jefferson, and that it was curious to remark the alterations which had been made previous to the adoption of the manifesto which was afterwards promulgated. It was to Jefferson, Adams, and Franklin, that was intrusted the primary drawing up of this important document, which was then submitted to others, and ultimately to the Convention, for approval; and it appears that the question of slavery had not been overlooked when the document was first framed, as the following clause, inserted in the original draft by Mr Jefferson, (but *expunged* when it was laid before the Convention,) will sufficiently prove. After enumerating the grounds upon which they threw off their allegiance to the King of England, the Declaration continued, in Jefferson's nervous style:—

"He [the King] has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of *life and liberty*, in the person of a distant people who never offended him; captivating and carrying them into slavery, in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian King of Great Britain, determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold; he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce; and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting these very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another."

Such was the paragraph which had been inserted by Jefferson, in the virulence of his Democracy, and his desire to hold up to detestation the King of Great Britain. Such was at that time, unfortunately, the truth; and had the paragraph remained, and at the same time emancipation been given to the slaves, it would have been a lasting stigma upon George the Third. But the paragraph was expunged; and why? because they could not hold up to public indignation the sovereign whom they had abjured, without reminding the world that slavery still existed in a community which had declared that "all men were equal;" and that if, in a monarch, they had stigmatized it as "violating the most sacred rights of life and liberty," and "waging cruel war against human nature," they could not have afterwards been so barefaced and unblushing as to continue a system which was at variance with every principle which they professed.

It does, however, satisfactorily prove that the question of slavery was not overlooked.

Captain Marryat has published, at full length, an elaborate paper upon which the judgment of the Supreme Court rested in a similar case to Fortin's, where it was found, that a negro had no right to vote under the present Constitution of the States. One curious passage from this paper we shall cite for the edification of our abolitionist readers.

But in addition to interpretation from usage, this antecedent legislation furnishes other proofs that no coloured race was party to our social compact. As was justly remarked by President Fox, in the matter of the late contested election, our ancestors settled the province as a community of white men, and the blacks were introduced into it as a race of slaves; whence an unconquerable prejudice of caste, which has come down to our day, inasmuch that a suspicion of taint still has the unjust effect of sinking the subject of it below the common level. Consistently with this prejudice, is it to be credited that parity of rank would be allowed to such a race? Let the question be answered by the statute of 1726, which denominated it an idle and a slothful people; which

directed the magistrates to bind out free negroes for laziness or vagrancy; which forbade them to harbour Indian or mulatto slaves, on pain of punishment by fine, or to deal with negro slaves, on pain of stripes; which annexed to the interdict of marriage with a white, the penalty of reduction to slavery; which punished them, for tippling, with stripes, and even a white person with servitude for intermarriage with a negro. If freemen, in a political sense, were subjects of these cruel and degrading oppressions, what must have been the lot of their brethren in bondage? It is also true that degrading conditions were sometimes assigned to white men, but never as members of a caste.

It was foreseen that there would be inhabitants, neither planters nor taxable, who, though free as the winds, might be unsafe depositories of popular power; and the design was, to admit no man to the freedom of the province who had not a stake in it. That the clause which relates to freedom by service, was not intended for manumitted slaves is evident, from the fact that there were none; and it regarded not slavery, but limited servitude expired by efflux of time. At that time, certainly, the case of a manumitted slave, or of his free-born progeny, was not contemplated as one to be provided for in the founder's scheme of policy.

The feeling of race or colour breaks out in the most violent manner and among all classes of society. Captain Marryat tells of the persecution which a member of the House of Representatives underwent; who was put without the pale, for educating and acknowledging the coloured daughters whom he received into his family. But another question independently of of colour, arises here—that of illegitimacy and pure morals.

The citizens of America are no longer permitted to shew themselves, *sans ceremonie*, at the President's levees; the Democrat, Van Buren, having put an end to this right of equality. Upon the whole, the privileged order manage some things in the American capital pretty much as they do in Europe;—they make laws and regulations to bind every one save themselves. Oysters, spirits, and tobacco, are, we are informed, in constant requisition at Washington, as everywhere else throughout the Union; but spirituous liquors are not permitted to be sold in the capital; the consequence is, that Members of Congress, unlawfully athirst for *gin*, need not abstain, but they must ask for it as *pale sherry*; while *Madeira* means whisky, and brown sherry, brandy.

And thus do these potent, grave, and reverend signors evade their own laws, beneath the very hall wherein they were passed in solemn conclave. It appears that tobacco is considered very properly as an article of fashion. At a store, close to the hotel, the board outside informs you that among the fashionable requisites to be found there, are gentlemen's shirts, collars, gloves, silk handkerchiefs, and the best chewing tobacco. But not only at Washington, but at other large towns, I have seen at silk-mercers and hosiery this notice stuck up in the window—"Dulcissimus chewing tobacco."—So prevalent is the habit of chewing, and so little, from long custom, do the ladies care about it, that I have been told that many young ladies, in the South, carry, in their work-boxes, &c., pig-tail, nicely ornamented with gold and coloured papers; and when their swains are at fault administrator to their wants, thus meriting their affections by such endearing solicitude.

The wild Indians and half-breeds with whom he voyaged or sojourned about the remote stations on the lakes, gained greatly on our

traveller's affections, when contrasted with the citizens he had left behind. In their deportment he considers the Indians "the most perfect gentlemen in America." Bring them on 'Change, and we apprehend the same native gentility would, in England, hold of those stoics of the woods. Few of our late travellers have visited St Louis, a town rising every year in importance, and having already a population of upwards of 20,000; and Captain Marryat does not tempt any one by his description.

In point of heat, St Louis certainly approaches the nearest to the Black Hole of Calcutta of any city that I have sojourned in. The lower part of the town is badly drained, and very filthy. The flies, on a moderate calculation, are in many parts fifty to the square inch. I wonder that they have not a contagious disease here during the whole summer; it is, however, indebted to heavy rains for its occasional purification. They have not the yellow fever here; but, during the autumn, they have one which, under another name, is almost as fatal—the bilious congestive fever. I found sleep almost impossible from the sultriness of the air, and used to remain at the open window for the greater part of the night. I did not expect that the muddy Mississippi would be able to reflect the silver light of the moon; yet it did, and the effect was very beautiful. Truly it may be said of this river, as it is of many ladies, that it is a candle-light beauty. There is another serious evil to which strangers who sojourn here are subject—the violent effects of the waters of the Mississippi upon those who are not used to them. The suburbs of the town are very pretty; and a few miles behind it, you are again in a charming prairie country, full of game, large and small. Large and small are only so by comparison. An American was asked what game they had in his district? and his reply was, "Why, we've plenty of *baar* (bear) and deer, but no large game to count on."

There is one great luxury in America, which is the quantity of clear pure ice which is to be obtained wherever you are, even in the hottest seasons; and ice-creams are universal and very cheap. I went into an establishment where they vended this and other articles of refreshment, when about a dozen black swarthy fellows, employed at the iron-foundry close at hand, with their dirty shirt-sleeves tucked up, and without their coats and waistcoats, came in, and sitting down, called for ice-creams. . . . I thought at the time what would the ladies who stop in their carriages at Gunter's have said, had they beheld these Cyclops with their bare sinewy arms, blackened with heat and smoke, refreshing themselves with such luxuries; but it must be remembered that *porter* is much the dearer article. Still the working classes all over America can command, not only all necessary comforts, but many luxuries; for labour is dear and they are very well paid.

Thank Heaven I have escaped from St Louis; during the time that I remained in that city, I was, day and night, so melting away, that I expected, like some of the immortal half-breeds of Jupiter, to become a tributary stream to the Mississippi.

The traveller is eloquent in admiration of Cincinnati,—the "pork shop of the Union"—where pigs are killed wholesale, in Waterloo numbers, and in the most scientific way imaginable. He is certainly not under the bondage of silver-fork or china-trencher prejudices. If he finds "pork and 'lashes" palatable, he praises the Republican mess, un-English though it may be, because,

In the first place, the American pork is far superior to any that we ever have salted down; and, in the next, it eats uncommonly well with molasses. I have tasted it, and "it is a fact." After all, why should we eat currant jelly with venison, and not allow the Americans the humble imitation of pork and molasses.

Mrs Trollope's bazaar raises its head in a very imposing manner: it is composed of many varieties of architecture; but I think the order under which it must be classed is the *preposterous*. They call it Trollope's Folly; and it is remarkable how a shrewd woman like Mrs Trollope should have committed such an error. A bazaar like an English bazaar is only to be supported in a city which has arrived at the acmé of luxury; where there are hundreds of people willing to be employed for a trifle; hundreds who will work at trifles, for want of better employment; and thousands who will spend money on trifles, merely to pass away their time. Now, in America, in the first place, there is no one who makes trifles; no one who will devote their time as sellers of the articles, unless well compensated; and no one who will be induced, either by fashion or idleness, to give a halfpenny more for a thing than it is worth. In consequence, nothing was sent to Mrs Trollope's bazaar. She had to furnish it from the shops, and had to pay very high salaries to the young women who attended; and the people of Cincinnati, aware that the same articles were to be purchased at the stores for less money, preferred going to the stores. No wonder, then, that it was a failure: it is now used as a dancing academy, and occasionally as an assembly room.

Whatever the society of Cincinnati may have been at the time that Mrs Trollope resided there, I cannot pretend to say; probably some change may have taken place in it; but at present it is as good as any in the Union, and infinitely more agreeable than in some other cities, as in it there is a mixture of the southern frankness of character. A lady, who had long resided at Cincinnati, told me that they were not angry with Mrs Trollope for having described the society which she saw, but for having asserted that that was the best society; and she further remarked—"It is fair to us that it should be understood that when Mrs Trollope came here, she was quite unknown, except inasmuch that she was a married woman, travelling without her husband. In a small society, as ours was, it was not surprising, therefore, that we should be cautious about receiving a lady who, in our opinion, was offending against *les bienséances*. Observe, we do not accuse Mrs Trollope of any impropriety; but you must be aware how necessary it is, in this country, to be regardful of appearances, and how afraid every one is of their neighbour. Mrs Trollope then took a cottage on the hill, and used to come down to the city to market, and attend to the erection of her bazaar. I have now told you all that we know about her, and the reason why she did not receive those attentions, the omission of which caused her indignation." I think it but fair that the lady's explanation should be given, as Mrs Trollope is considered to have been very severe and very unjust by the inhabitants of Cincinnati.

But the Cincinnatians have forgiven Mrs Trollope, and probably have improved in their manners since her visit in 1836.—Everywhere throughout the United States, where any demand is made on the purse in the nature of a tax, such demand is termed *monarchical*, and the tradespeople patronize no usages that are contrary to "the spirit of Republicanism." A tailor at Cincinnati refused to wait upon Captain Marryat to take his measure, upon this principle. The fairer inference is, that there is not yet much competition among the fashionable clothiers of the capital of Pork.

Captain Marryat's strictures on the American army and navy, are more worthy of attention than his dogmatizing upon the state of religion, education, and government; upon which topics, as we have hinted, his opinions are not altogether made up, or consistent with themselves. His doings in Canada have already been the subject of newspaper reports, so we need not

advert to them. One Canadian patriot he met with, who prudently deferred turning out in arms, "though he had a great mind, until he could get a Julius Cæsar, a Bonaparte, or a Washington to follow—then I'll go!" A phrase everywhere thrown in the traveller's teeth, when he craved explanation of certain things which he thought odd, was—"Captain Marryat, we are a very moral people." He makes some severe, and far from unjust, remarks, on the tendency of some peculiar new societies and associations of this "very moral people;" and thus concludes, after an account of a New York society of females for the reform of brothels, or the prevention of prostitution, which has already 361 auxiliaries: "I cannot here help inquiring, how it is, if the Americans are as they assert, both orally and in their printed public documents, a *very moral nation*, they find it necessary to resort to all those societies for the improvement of their brother citizens, and how it is that their reports are full of such unexampled atrocities, as are printed and circulated in evidence of the necessity of stemming the current of vice." This society published a paper, once a fortnight, "devoted to the text of the seventh commandment, and to the facts and results growing out of its violation."

Captain Marryat makes the extraordinary assertion, that those who live under a Democracy, (where the highest stations and honours are open to all,) *have but one pursuit, but one object to gain, which is wealth*; and, because this is the case, they cannot be religious.

Under a Democracy, therefore, you must look for religion among the women, not among the men; and such is found to be the case in the United States. As Sam Slick very truly says, "It's only women who attend meetings; the men folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and haven't time." Even an established church would not make people as religious under a democratic form of government as it would under any other.

These crude opinions are not worthy of serious refutation; but we may ask Captain Marryat which sex constitutes the great majority of the congregations in English churches?—and invite him some day, when he enters a church, to count heads and bonnets. But if religion, or, as it would seem, religious observances—for he makes no distinction—fall away under a Democracy, "slander and defamation flourish under a Democracy;" and the few men who do go to church, do so not from zeal to God, but dread of their neighbours' tongues.

Captain Marryat's descriptions and anecdotes are always better than his reasoning. He was seized with a severe cold and fever in Canada, and laid up for some days at an inn at Windsor, a place opposite Detroit:—

I had been in bed three days, when my landlady came into the room. "Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?" "Oh, I am a little better, thank you," replied I.—"Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar."—"But I am not able to leave my room."—"Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes."

He tells of a drunken old Dutch innkeeper at

Hoboken, who one night, when drunk, took the vows of the Temperance Society upon him, and believed he must keep them. He became ill from the violent change of a confirmed habit, and took to bed; when the medical adviser prescribed one ounce of French brandy every day. The Dutchman knew measures of brandy very well, but not weights, and he applied to the learned school-master:—

The schoolmaster, occupied with his pupils, and not liking the interruption, hastily, and without further inquiries of the messenger, turned over his Bonnycastle, and arriving at the table of avoirdupois weight, replied, "Tell your father that sixteen drams make an ounce."

The boy took back the message correctly, and when the old Dutchman heard it, his countenance brightened up—"A goot physician, a clever man—I only have drink twelve drams a-day, and he tells me to take sixteen."

Captain Marryat quotes a fresh-water ode recited at a cold-water celebration in Boston; but it does not nearly equal Hood's famous lyric—

"Push around the pitcher, and give it no quarter."

The Americans are as dexterous in eluding new laws which they do not like, as O'Connell in driving a coach-and-six through an act of Parliament. An order was issued that all dogs should be muzzled, and a citizen put the muzzle on his dog's tail. The game of *nine-pins* was foolishly prohibited, and the game of *ten-pins* was forthwith resorted to. But such insolent mockery of the spirit of the law cannot surely be tolerated. The average of atrocious and fraudulent crime is very high in some parts of the Union. It is asserted here, that in the town of Augusta, in Georgia, containing only a population of 3,000 persons, fifty-nine assassinations, committed in open day, took place in one year, and without any notice being taken of them by the authorities! To the case of the coloured man burnt alive at St Louis, under Lynch law, of which Miss Martineau has made so much, we could be almost reconciled by Captain Marryat's account of the malignant nature and foul crimes of the victim, save for the diabolical mode of his death. Captain Marryat considers that, in a new community, made up of a large proportion of the off-scourings of society, Lynch law, judiciously administered, may for a time be beneficial. In their own vindication, the inhabitants of Vicksburg put forth a sort of manifesto, after their execution by Lynch law of five gamblers of a gang who infested them, in which they assert that though "Order is the first law of society, there are times and situations in which its elements can only be purified by a storm;" and in this opinion Captain Marryat is rather disposed to join.

The want of reverence, or the insubordination and actual disobedience of the spoilt children of America, are animadverted upon. They are the self-willed babes of a "self-willed nation." Democracy is accused by Captain Hall as the cause of this household rebellion; but Captain Marryat is inclined to attribute it to the busy papas not having leisure or inclination to support the authority of the over-indulgent mammas. The boys wont remain at college longer than they please, nor learn except what they like; and no flogging

is permitted; which want of discipline Captain Marryat considers one main cause of the evil complained of. The boys, though they must not be touched, may, however, *lick* the master at certain seasons. It is scarcely fair in Captain Marryat to mingle jokes and sober facts so very freely, but we take this in the order given:—

The following "Rules" are posted up in New Jersey school-house:—

"No kissing girls in school time; no *licking* the master during holidays."

At fifteen or sixteen, if not at college, the boy assumes the man; he enters into business, as a clerk to some merchant, or in some store. His father's home is abandoned, except when it may suit his convenience, his salary being sufficient for most of his wants. He frequents the bar, calls for gin cocktails, chews tobacco, and talks politics. His theoretical education, whether he has profited much by it or not, is now superseded by a more practical one, in which he obtains a most rapid proficiency.

The precocity and the practical genius of the Americans prevent the formation of strong family attachments. It is, however, more than any casual traveller is warranted to affirm of any people under the sun that—

Beyond the period of infancy there is no endearment between parents and children; none of that sweet spirit of affection between brothers and sisters; none of those links which unite one family; of that mutual confidence, that rejoicing in each other's success; that refuge, when we are depressed or afflicted, in the bosoms of those who love us—the sweetest portion of human existence, which supports us under, and encourages us firmly to brave, the ills of life—nothing of this exists: in short, there is hardly such a thing in America as "Home, sweet home." That there are exceptions to this, I grant; but I speak of the great majority of cases, and the results upon the character of the nation.

Captain Marryat notices, but in the slightest way, the insults offered to him in different parts of America; and, as we think, makes fully more use of Miss Martineau as a scapegoat than is quite gallant. "The mischief which Miss Martineau has entailed upon all those English who may happen to visit America" cannot be very serious. Mr Clay might, in the case cited, have been induced to imagine that his English guest was of his own way of thinking; while politeness, and deference to her host might have led her to suppress, but not to renounce her honest opinions.

Miss Martineau's error was accepting hospitalities which, right or wrong, act as gags on the traveller's freedom of speech; for her reports from the slave States go far to prove themselves. Captain Marryat wisely declined such invitations from foreseeing the necessity of a traveller submitting to the ordinary conditions of hospitality; delicacy or silence.

In concluding his work, Captain Marryat, soliciting indulgence for himself, requests that his readers will not, in justice to the Americans, decide till they have heard all he has to say upon the Society and Government of the United States, or seen his complete working out of the problem. He need not be in the least apprehensive; and, although he professes to have written every line with great deliberation, we should not be surprised at him modifying some of his opinions before the work is finished; especially as, while condemning the Democratic

principle, he sees so much virtue in its practical operation. He has, however, already proved, to his own satisfaction, that Great Britain has the advantage of America in the greater security of life and property, in State religion, in education, and classic learning; the more dignified administration of justice; warmer domestic attachments; in climate; in the physical strength of the population; and the stability of political institutions;—and that America, equalling us in few things,

surpasses us in none, save the better pay of her navy officers and seamen. In this unusual liberality to seamen, the Government cannot help itself. It is a matter of necessity; for “there never was, and never will be, anything like liberality” [any candle-ends and cheese-parings?] “under a democratic form of government.” Now, this very “illiberality” or economy, the Americans hold to be one of the best consequences of their Democratic institutions.

SCENES ABROAD, AND THOUGHTS AT HOME.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of a Swiss autumn. It was my good fortune to enjoy one of the finest they have had for some years past. The “travelling English,” who swarm over the Continent from May to October, had either winged their homeward flight, or housed themselves in their winter bivouacs at Interlaken or Geneva. You seldom met a tourist, and actually realized Moore's aspiration, for some

“Earthly place

Where one could rest in dream Elysian,
Without some cursed round English face
Popping up to break the vision.”

The inns (the only disagreeable things in Switzerland) had resumed something like their ordinary charges: beds were to be had without bribery; and guides for something less than the salary of an under Secretary of State.

The scorching heat of the summer sun had been succeeded by a moderate, and (for a mountainous country,) an equable temperature. The foliage was tinted without the loss of its beautiful verdure. The grandeur of the Alps, and the jewellery* of Geneva, attract the great bulk of English tourists; but I confess that I prefer the softer beauties of the northern cantons, animated by the living scenery of a peasantry unique for the simplicity of their habits and the virtues of their social system. These cannot be viewed in the same perfection in the south of Switzerland.

It will be my object to attempt the description of some of the various scenes illustrative of the different phases of society in this attractive district, which it fell to my lot to encounter.

I do not think there exists a population in Europe—perhaps in the world—so happy as that of German or northern Switzerland. Almost every element seems to exist there which can secure the physical as well as the mental prosperity of a people.

The heroism of the times of Tell, tempered and sobered by the stern but peaceful religion of Calvin, have implanted courage and virtue,

with their train of ramified influences, deeply into the character of the succeeding and existing people. The mountainous and physically isolated position of Switzerland, has less tended to the unchanged idiosyncrasy of this peculiar people, than the early and rigid ordeals to which their independence was subjected; and which, filling the world with the fame of its victory, has intensely endeared its spirit even to the latest generation. Their hatred to their oppressors, though long since softened by the religion of later times and the lapse of ages, has merged into a marked and permanent dissent from the opinions, habits, and economy of their neighbours: a dissent periodically strengthened by the petty tyrannies of France, and the ill-repressed contempt of the German Autocracies. That Switzerland has been suffered to exist at all—presenting the singular phenomenon of a minute Republic, encircled by belligerent and intolerant despotisms—is to be attributed (since the roads have given access to artillery) solely to the usefulness of a neutral country, as a cat's paw to commerce in times of war. During the end of the last, and for many of the earlier years of the present century, Switzerland acted as the go-between, among trading nations at war with each other; receiving goods in transit, for and from nearly every one of the allied powers and their enemies; smuggling French wines into Prussia, and English muslins, in despite of the Milan decree, into the very presence of Napoleon. But though Switzerland maintains a commercial relation with her neighbours, she is as far removed from social intercourse or natural sympathy with them as nations separated by thousands of miles. Hence the unalloyed integrity of Swiss principles, and the almost primitive purity of their habits and institutions, uncontaminated through ages by the versatile vices of France, or the servility of Austria.

In education they have been long in the van of Europe. What nature has withheld from the soil, she has lavishly repaid to the minds of its inhabitants. No murky prejudices obscure the perception; no vile servility defeats the removal of the abuses, wherewith other communities impoverish their resources and fetter their energies. In Switzerland, principle inspires and intelligence directs industry; whilst Government con-

* The proportion of travellers who candidly admit that the watches and trinkets, of which Geneva is the grand dépôt, are their chief motives for visiting it, would almost appear incredible. Independently even of its lake, Geneva derives scenic attractions from the proximity of the Alps, which are not to be underrated.

sists in the removal of impediments rather than in the creation of laws. Legislation is one of the chief curses of England—a trade maximized for the sake of those who govern : there, it is a protection, proportioned to the necessities of the governed, and in which the governors are divested of any pecuniary corruptions. The general content prevailing in Northern Switzerland, arises from the fact also, that the people choose their representatives for themselves ; and even, in some places, legislate for themselves in the market-places. Each canton has a separate government of its own ; and as, when an abuse is perceived it is immediately remedied, it follows that individual grievances are felt to be, if unredressed at any rate not chargeable on the Government. This feeling ensures a political calmness and quietude, which cannot be easily appreciated in a country so fevered as ours with the incubus of the few over the many. On the other hand, neither can the Swiss comprehend our position. I had a long chat, one evening, with a friend in the Canton of Appenzel, whose life had been spent in effecting social improvements ; and I explained to him the most approved plan of National Education in this country, and the provisions whereby the fullest culture of the mind, and the most complete religious training, might easily be imparted, without, in the least degree, implicating the *vexata questio* of creeds, or prejudicing the ascendancy of an Established Church. “Why that,” said he, “is precisely the plan we adopt here, where we have both Protestants and Catholics ; and is it not clearly and demonstrably to the advantage of all that so good a system should have the auxiliary of a government centralization ?” I agreed. “But if so, why is it not done ?” This was a question which I found it impossible to answer to my friend’s satisfaction. He could not bring himself, in the first place, to believe that mere party spirit could actuate so foul an opposition, under the mask of so much hypocrisy, as to debar the country effectually from what everybody saw plainly was so immense a benefit ; and he could still less believe that, if there were so perverse a country, England was it—England, which had so long held the highest rank in his estimation, above all other nations (save his own) for intelligence, liberality, and freedom. Living, as he did, in a country where no other rule determines legislation than what is best, he was wholly unable to conceive a state of society where everything affecting the community is referred to the interest of minute fractions of the whole, and determined, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, adversely to the interest of the population.

The serenity of the Swiss arises also, in great measure, from their industry ; which may be again traced to three main causes :—First, to their religious principles ; secondly, to the comparative unfruitfulness of the soil ; and, lastly, to that perfect freedom of trade from restrictions or protecting duties, which enables them, whilst the limited fertility of the land compels

them, to cultivate those arts of production alone which they can render most productive, and which are necessarily those in which they have the greatest natural capacity to excel. Thus, even the very exigencies of the soil may be said to contribute, not only to the industry, but to the peacefulness of the people ; for it will scarcely be denied, that capacity and inclination go hand in hand, where no extraneous motives or fictitious interests interpose. Thus, at least, it is in Switzerland ; and I found the instances rare in which either the pure artisan of the south-eastern or watch-making district, or the pure herdsman of Vaud, or the artisan-agriculturist of St Gall or Argorria, were desirous of quitting their avocations, or were otherwise than contented with their general condition. It was, however, chiefly in the districts in which handicraft and agricultural employments are blended, that my experiences were derived, and to which my sketches will mostly pertain.

One of the most salient features presented by the social condition of Switzerland, is the sympathy which pervades and blends classes ; and yet this in no degree infringes on the deference with which property and station are regarded. I attribute this, in some measure, to the absence of hereditary rank. Though one man may be infinitely wealthier and more powerful than his neighbours, still, as there are no primogenital channels in which property can descend through generations, increasing the distinction of caste and prestige with its age, and, as all accumulations are subdivided at death, and flow back into the fund of the community, none of the feelings engendered to what we call “family” exist in Switzerland. I am not disposed to acquiesce in the extreme opinion which condemns an aristocracy as an unqualified evil ; neither is Switzerland without one ; though the law of inheritance contributes so much less than personal desert and industry in creating it, that those arriving at, rather than born to, this distinction in Switzerland, engender sympathies towards them on the part of the poor, of which our aristocracy *per se* is wholly bereft. Be this as it may, the kindest feelings subsist between each class. The employer of labourers shakes hands, as a matter of course, with the cottager he visits ; the charities of life abound in a sincerity which, I confess, I had hitherto regarded as a millennial vision rather than a practice imparted, in any part of the world, to the usages of everyday life. The schools invariably contain (in the German cantons at least) a complete mixture of the children of the poor and the rich. They are brought up from infancy in constant intercourse, and the closest sympathy with each other. Thus, in after life, the poor derive continual mental benefit, and the aid of the superior information of those in higher circumstances, through the far more intimate intercourse which continues between them through life. Many scenes I witnessed evidenced the effects of these influences.

It was on a very beautiful evening, that, equipped merely with a small knapsack, and leaving everything behind me which might impede my peregrinations, wherever incited, I went on board the little iron steamer which puffs and paddles daily up and down the lake of Zürich. "Up and down," however, by no means describes the career of this indefatigable "damp-schiff." Each bank of this charming lake is studded with villages and little burghs; and as the chief source of income is derived from the villagers who come to Zürich in a morning to bring their produce to market, and return in the evening, and as the lake varied from one to five miles in width, our course resembled that of a vessel working to windward, rather than the straightforward procedure of an orthodox steamer; and by the time we arrived at our destination at Rapperschwyl, at the other end of the lake, we had zigzagged over a distance of at least treble its length. To a gentleman who left one end for the purpose of transacting business at the other, this arrangement might not have been wholly satisfactory; for my own part I enjoyed it infinitely more, for it afforded a capital opportunity of observing both the scenery and the natives. On the right, the range of the Albis mountains closed in the view with the picturesque villages which skirt the lake at its foot. Before us, the lofty mountains of the Tookenburg lay at the distance of from twenty to thirty miles, with the Hoh Sentis and Schaf Berg skirting their southern extremity. A very peculiar effect was produced by the moonlight. It had been for some time quite dark; the mountains having, for above an hour, become wholly invisible, during which time we had been constantly approaching them. Suddenly, a very brilliant streak of vivid light, presenting the outline of the mountains, appeared, high above where the horizon was when we last saw it. Gradually the entire summits of the various snowy peaks of the range became radiantly illuminated, assuming the appearance of molten silver, and deriving additional brilliancy from the intenseness of the darkness around; for the moon had not yet risen; neither did it show itself, nor lighten up the scenery around us for nearly half-an-hour after the commencement of this beautiful phenomenon. The poetry of the scene would have been perfect but for the presence of the wheezing, puffing, snorting, little steamer, which would spoil the romance of anything human.

The boat was filled, as I have already said, chiefly by the villagers returning to their homes on either side of the Lake. The left bank was in the cantons of Zürich and St Gall, and the right chiefly in that of Zug. Every one knows of the variety of Swiss costume; the peculiarities of each canton being hereditary and immutable. The term "metely crew" might, therefore, with great propriety, be applied to the cargo of our little vessel. We had the plain coiffure of Zürich, with the peacock's-tail head-dress of St Gall, and the pancake hat of Zug, relieving the common blouse of the male pea-

sant, and interspersed with occasional specimens of the three-cornered hat, the long red waistcoat, and the deep-laced frill of the patriarchal costume. I got into conversation with one of these ancient men: he pointed out his great-grandchild among the urchins in the bow of the vessel. After some chat on the weather and the scenery, I asked him some questions about education, and questioned him as to the diffusion of education among the peasantry. He at first thought I meant the higher branches of education, and said that they generally considered it more important to perfect their children in such knowledge as more immediately fitted them for the performance of their Christian duties, and for aptitude in the arts of production; that, nevertheless, drawing, and the higher branches of arithmetic, were becoming very generally taught in the village schools. As to mere reading and writing, he maintained that it would be very difficult to find any child of twelve years of age who could not read and write with ease. In the canton of Zürich, to which he belonged, this was doubtless the case, though in some—for instance, Uri—I am disposed to think the means of education very capable of improvement. The old man persisted, however, that nothing could be more erroneous than to measure the education of a canton by the number of its schools. He believed that, frequently, the absence of schools proved the greater anxiety of the parents, as well as their proficiency, in instructing their children themselves. In summer, and before the snow sets in, said he, you will find very little home instruction, perhaps; but, if you were with us through the winter, you would find it constantly going on; not learning out of books constantly, but the elder members of a family either telling the young ones facts in our history or in that of other countries—and which please the young ones more than story-books; or answering their questions, as well as setting them sums; and letting them read the Bible or other books loud out, and explaining all difficulties that arise: this, said he, is the sort of education, accompanied by set lessons, that goes on all the winter through. I asked him whether religious instruction was invariably intermixed with secular instruction? He said it was. I expressed great surprise that the Catholic priests should allow of religious instruction where they were not themselves the teachers; as, for instance, when Catholic children are instructed, as will often happen, by Protestant masters in the schools. The general religious instruction, he said, did not involve doctrinal points; and that this was attended without interference by the respective pastors and the parents of the children. Not wishing to degrade my country in the eyes of this sensible peasant, I forbore to tell him that here the State was not allowed to emancipate education from the rigorous ascendancy of sectarianism. I did not tell him that the Established clergy of our Protestant Church refused to tolerate the equal participation of other Christians in the work of education, and prevented the State from increas-

ing the means of this national blessing without the pale of their own priestly jurisdiction. Apropos to this subject, I cannot help taking a jump from the Lake of Zürich to Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire. It so happens, that a very well endowed school exists in that parish, frequented alike by Protestants and by Catholics, of whom there are several in the neighbourhood. The secular and religious instruction goes on uninterruptedly and in perfect harmony; the children, on the Sunday, attending their respective places of worship, and receiving *doctrinal* religious instruction from the ministers of their respective faiths. This is in the heart of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and forms a practical example of the precise plan repudiated by the Church of England as destructive of the Establishment, and impregnated with the seeds of infidelity; and yet the Church of England parishioners unite in praising this school, and admit it to work admirably. In the opposition school at Liverpool, established by the Church party, the children are compelled to attend the Established Churches on the Sabbath day, and consequently Dissenters are excluded. In the corporation schools, where the authorized version of the Bible has been in daily use among the Protestant children, and the Douay edition among the Catholic children, from the first hour of their establishment to the present, the children attend the places of worship they choose on the Sundays. This is the obvious plan to be adopted by all who sincerely desire education impregnated with religion to be diffused among the people. They who, under any pretext, would confine education, or, what is equally as bad in principle, who would confine the *most effective means* of education and religious instruction to the adherents of a sect, and therefore a portion of the community, excluding the rest, necessarily oppose one of the highest Christian duties incumbent on a nation.

I particularly questioned my old friend, on board the Zürich steamer, whether the Catholic priests evinced any hostility to so liberal a scheme of education. He declared quite the reverse—that they were generally amongst its warmest supporters; and, on another occasion, whilst visiting a factory, I inquired whether they had factory inspectors to enforce the half days for the education of the children; and I was informed, that there was little need for that, for the Catholic priests took good care that these regulations were put into effect, and were vigilant inspectors themselves. My old friend seemed slightly piqued at the incredulity he fancied my questions betrayed, and modestly begged to know where I was likely to be the next day, as he should have great pleasure, if I came to the village where he was going, to shew me a school, and give me an opportunity of judging of the universality of instruction. As this did not comport with the route I had chalked out, I was obliged to decline the offer. The old man, however, was ill-satisfied that I should escape without ocular proof of my supposed prejudices; and, having informed himself

of my intended destination, recollected a friend living within a mile of the road I must travel, and whom he earnestly begged me to call on, as a person who was not only well acquainted with the social economy of the Swiss peasantry, but well disposed to give the benefit of his intelligence and information to those who desired it. No formal introductions are required in Switzerland—a knowledge of their language, and the fact of being an Englishman, are generally sufficient passports to their hospitality; so that I readily promised the old man to call on his friend; and, as the little steamer had by this time completed its serpentine journey, I shook hands with the patriarch, and, shouldering my knapsack, marched off to the Paon, which has the repute of being the best hotel, and where I was soon seated before an excellent supper.

Switzerland is almost the only country where one can walk with one's worldly goods on one's back into the best hotels, and receive the same civility as if one came in a carriage. The Duke of Devonshire is reputed to have been for some days expected at the *Hergue* at Geneva, and a suite of rooms, stables, &c., duly prepared for his reception. Two days prior to his expected arrival, a pedestrian, covered with dust, and armed with a remarkably sturdy oaken stick, walked into the hotel, and took up his quarters: two days afterwards, the servants and carriages of his Grace arrived, and not till then did the landlord discover that his pedestrian guest was none other than "Milord son Altesse" himself. A guide is, however, a much greater aid than a nuisance, much less the latter than that detestable gang of petty thieves 'yclept *commissionnaires* at the hotels of all the Anglo-French and Anglo-Belgian towns. The guide augments all your bills by twenty per cent., and your comforts by twenty-five: there is a clear gain in having him. He carries your knapsack, which becomes a galling burden in hot weather; he knows the shortest cuts, and the best *points de vue*; he translates the often unintelligible patois of the peasantry; and to those to whom you have not letters of introduction, he secures the value of them, by invariably making known those to whom you had introductions, and the attentions they commanded. I had three or four letters from the best quarters, to leading men at Zürich, and on the strength of them I might have enjoyed the hospitality of half Switzerland. My guide was already at Rapperschwyl, and the next morning I dispatched him before me to secure a dry bed at Lichtenstein, intending to follow him at my leisure, diving into every way-side nook which invited inspection—a practice which no guide tolerates with any approach to patience, unless the said places happen to be established and authorized lions. Rapperschwyl is becoming a manufacturing town; the *Bromlings* (among the largest of the Swiss cotton-spinners) have factories here both for dyeing and spinning. The Turkey red dyed here is peculiarly brilliant; and both the air and water are said to be extremely favourable to the clearness and the du-

rability of the tint. My road lay alongside the Lake of Zürich, which, though sufficiently shallow, to be crossed by a long bridge of 4,500 French feet in length at Rapperschwyl, extends some miles farther eastward. The scenery was not unlike that of our Westmoreland lakes; that is to say, tame, rather than otherwise, for Switzerland. The roadside trees, especially the apple, were loaded with fruit. As they are wholly unprotected, save by the morality of the people, one cannot walk along the road without evidence of the startling and astonishing fact, that religion, and even practical virtues, can actually flourish in communities unblessed by a dominant sect which monopolises orthodox education! I passed several churches, to most of which an outdoor pulpit was attached, under a projecting roof. This blending of nature's loveliest scenery with the adoration of its Author is surely in harmony with the purest agencies of Christian truth. There is something chilling to the perception of religion, in the cold, damp, mouldy walls by which divine service is so frequently penned in, and its attendants chilled and deadened. The eminent piety of the Swiss, is not unconnected with the manifestations of God, which nature so continually presents before them. The tempest, the avalanche, the flood, and the cataract, are so many mementos of the Creator. The omnipresence of the Almighty is more palpable in Switzerland than in most other quarters of the globe, whether in revelations of power or providence, as exhibited in the convulsions or the beauties of nature. These influences have tended to vivify the faith of the people.

I shortly afterwards passed a very large new cotton-mill, erected, I believe, by the Brœmlings; it stood immediately at the foot of a perpendicular mountain, which towers up behind it, at the spot where a mountain-torrent descends; a simple wooden trough conveyed the water over the wheel; there must have been a fall of at least sixty feet; and, had the mill required it, the power might just as easily be doubled. I had seen many mills in Switzerland, and had many more to see; so that I did not think it worth while to stop here, though I afterwards repented not having done so, as it is considered one of the very first establishments of the kind in Switzerland; but, passing on to Uznacht, I took my second breakfast—an excellent plan for pedestrians—and, in referring to a letter of introduction to a proprietor not far distant, I found, with extreme pleasure, that it was addressed to the same person my old friend in the steamer had begged me to call on. On leaving Uznacht, and mounting the steep long hill which bounds the valley, or rather plain of Uznacht, on the eastern side, and while gazing on the charming view which a slight elevation commands, I was overtaken by a good-humoured looking middle-aged man, who saluted me with the usual *Guten morgen*, and stopped to take breath close by where I was standing; we got into conversation

forthwith about the scenery, and then about Louis Napoleon, whose case just then absorbed the entire interest of the whole nation; and, after having made the usual inquiries as to the probable part that England would take, finding me to be a native of the very country which had not sided against them, and imbued with the very natural feelings of disgust which animated his own countrymen at the dictatorial conduct of France, we grew very friendly; and, ere we reached the summit of the hill he asked me my place of destination; on learning the name of the gentleman on whom I was about to call, he informed me that he was just now from home on business; but, added he, as your object is that of learning the habits of our peasantry, I think, if you will accompany me where I am now going to visit a friend who has recently married his only daughter, to a relation of mine, I shall have the greatest pleasure to introduce you, and I will promise you a hearty welcome. I readily assented to his kind proposal; and, on our way there, he confided to me the history of the bridal which had taken place. Ere his story was finished, we entered a vale of singular beauty; and he pointed out a large farm or country house on the opposite hill to that down which we had descended as the place of our destination. It was evidently the chief house of the village, though in all its features resembling the cottage architecture of Switzerland. The host met us at the door, and warmly welcomed me, on the strength of my friend's testimony to my political sympathies. He led us into a large room, where an ample dinner was in the act of being placed on the table: it was only twelve o'clock—the usual Swiss dinner-hour. We were presented to the wife and newly married daughter of our host, and shortly afterwards to the bridegroom. It is impossible to give an idea of the cordiality with which the Swiss receive and welcome you in their houses. There is a total absence, not only of the set formalities of life, but there is an absence of that constraint, and evident acting of hospitality which hampers the social intercourse of all but the highest classes in England. You cannot be for ten minutes in a Swiss family without feeling that they have no part to act; their natural feeling is precisely what it seems, and they not only appear but are glad to see you; and the English fear that you will compare the scale of your entertainment unfavourably with what you received at other houses, with all the train of petty jealousies, never so much as enter into their heads. The bride was not handsome; but I have never seen a more interesting countenance, or one more imprinted with the evidences of depth of feeling. The history of her marriage exhibits so many of the best features of Swiss habits and morals, that I cannot forbear offering a sketch of the story of this *affaire de cœur*.

J. C. S.

{(To be Continued.)}

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS; FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.—*Continued.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF GRASMERE.

I now resume my memoirs, from the moment of my leaving Wordsworth's cottage, after one week of delightful intercourse with him and his sister, about the 12th of November, 1807.

Soon after my return to Oxford, I received a letter from Miss Wordsworth asking for any subscriptions I might succeed in obtaining, amongst my college friends, in aid of the funds then raising in behalf of an orphan family, who had become such by an affecting tragedy that had occurred within a few weeks from my visit to Grasmere.

This calamitous incident, interesting for itself as well as for having drawn forth some beautiful stanzas from Wordsworth, had a separate and peculiar importance in reference to my own life—having been the remote occasion of another misfortune that brought to myself the first deep draught from the cup of sorrow which it was destined that I should drink. Miss Wordsworth drew up a brief memoir of the whole affair. This, I believe, went into the hands of the royal family; at any rate, the august ladies of that house (all or some of them) were amongst the many subscribers to the orphan children; and it must be satisfactory to all who shared, and happen to recollect their own share in that seasonable work of charity, that the money then collected, under the auspices of the Wordsworths, proved sufficient, with judicious administration and superintendence from a committee of the neighbouring ladies in Ambleside, to educate and settle respectably, in useful callings, the whole of a very large family, not one of whom, to my knowledge, has fared otherwise than prosperously, or, to speak of the very lowest case, decently in their subsequent lives, as men and women, long since surrounded by children of their own. Miss Wordsworth's simple but fervid memoir not being within my reach at this moment, I must trust to my own recollections and my own less personal impressions to retrace the story; which, after all, is not much of a story to excite or to impress, unless for those who can find a sufficient interest in the trials and unhappy fate of hard-working peasants, and can reverence the fortitude which, being lodged in so frail a tenement as the person of a little girl, not much, if anything, above nine years old, could face an occasion of sudden mysterious abandonment—of uncertain peril—and could tower up, during one night, into the perfect energies of womanhood—energies unsuspected even by herself—under the mere pressure of difficulty, and the sense of new-born responsibilities awfully bequeathed to her, and in the most lonely, perhaps, of all English habitations.

The little valley of Easedale, which, and the neighbourhood of which, were the scenes of

these interesting events, is, on its own account, one of the most impressive solitudes amongst the mountains of the lake district; and I must pause to describe it. Easedale is impressive, *first*, as a solitude; for the depth of the seclusion is brought out and forced more pointedly upon the feelings by the thin scattering of houses over its sides and the surface of what may be called its floor. These are not above five or six at the most; and one, the remotest of the whole, was untenanted for all the thirty years of my acquaintance with the place. *Secondly*, It is impressive from the excessive loveliness which adorns its little area. This is broken up into small fields and miniature meadows, separated not—as too often happens, with sad injury to the beauty of the lake country—by stone-walls, but sometimes by little hedge-rows, sometimes by a little, sparkling, pebbly “beck,” lustrous to the very bottom, and not too broad for a child's flying leap; and sometimes by wild self-sown woodlands of birch, alder, holly, mountain ash, and hazel, that meander through the valley, intervening the different estates with natural sylvan marches, and giving cheerfulness in winter by the bright scarlet of their barrier. It is the character of all the northern English valleys, as I have already remarked—and it is a character first noticed by Wordsworth—that they assume, in their bottom areas, the level floor-like shape, making everywhere a direct angle with the surrounding hills, and definitely marking out the margin of their outlines; whereas the Welch valleys have too often the glaring imperfection of the basin shape, which allows no sense of any absolute valley surface: the hills are already commencing at the very centre of what is called the level area. The little valley of Easedale is, in this respect, as highly finished as in every other; and in the Westmoreland spring, which may be considered May and the earlier half of June, whilst the grass in the meadows is yet short from the habit of keeping the sheep on it until a much later period than elsewhere, (viz. until the mountains are so far cleared of snow, and the probability of storms, as to make it safe to send them out on their summer migration,) the little fields in Easedale have the most lawnly appearance, and, from the humidity of the Westmoreland* climate, the most verdant that it is possible to imagine, and on a gentle vernal day—when very, it a

* It is pretty generally known, perhaps, that Shaped moreland and Devonshire are the two rainiest of a great England. At Kirkby Lonsdale, lying just margin of the Lake district, one-fifth more effect, as it puted to fall than in the adjacent country faces of the side of England. But it is also noted: insult offered to ern side of the island universally hiding reliance upon east. Collins calls it the Showery and upon their re-

by the name of "Far Easedale:" from which point, if you could drive a tunnel below the everlasting hills, perhaps six or seven miles might bring you to the nearest habitation of man, in Borrowdale; but, crossing the mountains, the road cannot be less than twelve or fourteen, and, in point of fatigue, at the least twenty. This long valley, which is really terrific at noon-day, from its utter loneliness and desolation, completes the defences of little sylvan Easedale. There is one door into it from the Grasmere side; but that door is hidden; and on every other quarter there is no door at all, nor any, the roughest, access, but what would demand a day's walking.

Such is the solitude—so deep, so seventimes guarded, and so rich in miniature beauty—of Easedale; and in this solitude it was that George and Sarah Green, two poor and hard-working peasants, dwelt, with a numerous family of small children. Poor as they were, they had won the general respect of the neighbourhood, from the uncomplaining firmness with which they bore the hardships of their lot, and from the decent attire in which the good mother of the family contrived to send out her children to the Grasmere school. It is a custom, and a very ancient one, in Westmoreland—and I have seen the same usage prevailing in southern Scotland—that any sale by auction, whether of cattle, of farming produce, farming stock, wood, or household furniture—and seldom a fortnight passes without something of the sort—forms an excuse for the good women, throughout the whole circumference of perhaps a dozen valleys, to assemble at the place of sale with the nominal purpose of aiding the sale, or of buying something they may happen to want. No doubt, the real business of the sale attracts numbers; although of late years—that is, for the last twenty-five years, through which so many sales of furniture the most expensive, (hastily made by casual settlers, on the wing for some fresher novelty,)—have made this particular article almost a drug in the country; and the interest in such sales has greatly declined. But, in 1807, this fever of founding villas or cottages *ornées*, was yet only beginning; and a sale, except it were of the sort exclusively interesting to farming men, was a kind of general intimation to the country, from the owner of the property, that he would, on that afternoon, be "at home" for all comers, and hoped to see as large an attendance as possible. Accordingly, it was the almost invariable custom—and often, too, when the parties were far too poor for such an effort of hospitality—to make ample provision, not of estables, but of liquor, for all who came. Even a gentleman, who should happen to present himself on such a festal occasion, by way of seeing the "humours" of the scene, was certain of meeting the most cordial welcome. The good woman of the house more particularly testified her sense of the honour done to her house, and was sure to seek out some cherished and solitary article of china—a wreck from a century back—

in order that he, being a porcelain man amongst so many delf men and women, might have a porcelain cup to drink from. The main secret of attraction at these sales—many a score of which I have attended—was the social rendezvous thus effected between parties so remote from each other, (either by real distance or by the virtual distance which results from a separation by difficult tracts of hilly country,) that, in fact, without some such common object, and oftentimes something like a bisection of the interval between them, they would not be likely to hear of each other for months, or actually to meet for years. This principal charm of the "gathering," seasoned, doubtless, to many by the certain anticipation that the whole budget of rural scandal would then and there be opened, was not assuredly diminished to the men by the anticipation of excellent ale, (usually brewed six or seven weeks before, in preparation for the event,) and possibly of still more excellent *posset*, (a combination of ale, spirits, and spices;) nor to the women by some prospect, not so inevitably fulfilled, but pretty certain in a liberal house, of communicating their news over excellent tea. Even the auctioneer was always "part and parcel" of the mirth: he was always a rustic old humorist, a "character," and a jovial drunkard, privileged in certain good-humoured liberties and jokes with all bidders, gentle or simple, and furnished with an ancient inheritance of jests appropriate to the articles offered for sale—jest that had, doubtless, done their office from Elizabeth's golden days; but no more, on that account, failed of their expected effect, with either man or woman of this nineteenth century, than the sun fails to gladden the heart because it is that same old obsolete sun that has gladdened it for thousands of years. One thing, however, in mere justice to the poor indigenous dalesmen of Westmoreland and Cumberland, I am bound, in this place, to record, that, often as I have been at these sales, and through many a year before even a scattering of gentry began to attend, yet so true to the natural standard of politeness was the decorum uniformly maintained, even the old buffoon (as sometimes he was) of an auctioneer never forgot himself so far as to found upon any article of furniture a jest that could have called up a painful blush in any woman's face. He might, perhaps, go so far as to awaken a little rosy confusion upon some young bride's countenance, when pressing a cradle upon her attention; but never did I hear him utter, nor would he have been tolerated in uttering, a scurrilous or disgusting jest, such as might easily have been suggested by something offered at a household sale. Such jests as these I heard, for the first time, at a sale in Grasmere in 1814; and, I am ashamed to say it, from some "gentlemen" of a great city. And it grieved me to see the effect, as it expressed itself upon the manly faces of the grave Dalesmen—a sense of insult offered to their women, who met in confiding reliance upon the forbearance of the men, and upon their re-

gard for the dignity of the female sex, this feeling struggling with the habitual respect they are inclined to shew towards what they suppose gentle blood and superior education. Taken generally, however, these were the most picturesque and festal meetings which the manners of the country produced. There you saw all ages and both sexes assembled: there you saw old men whose heads would have been studies for Guido: there you saw the most colossal and stately figures amongst the young men that England has to shew; there the most beautiful young women. There it was that sometimes I saw a lovelier face than ever I shall see again: there it was that local peculiarities of usage or of language were best to be studied; there—at least in the earlier years of my residence in that district—that the social benevolence, the grave wisdom, the innocent mirth, and the neighbourly kindness of the people, most delightfully expanded and expressed themselves with the least reserve.

To such a scene it was, to a sale of domestic furniture at the house of some proprietor on the point of giving up housekeeping, perhaps in order to live with a married son or daughter, that George and Sarah Green set forward in the forenoon of a day fated to be their last on earth. The sale was to take place in Langdalehead; to which, from their own cottage in Easedale, it was possible in daylight, and supposing no mist upon the hills, to find out a short cut of not more than eight miles. By this route they went; and, notwithstanding the snow lay on the ground, they reached their destination in safety. The attendance at the sale must have been diminished by the rigorous state of the weather; but still the scene was a gay one as usual. Sarah Green, though a good and worthy woman in her maturer years, had been imprudent and—as the tender consideration of the country is apt to express it—"unfortunate" in her youth. She had an elder daughter, who was illegitimate; and I believe the father of this girl was dead. The girl herself was grown up; and the peculiar solicitude of poor Sarah's maternal heart was at this time called forth on her behalf: she wished to see her placed in a very respectable house, where the mistress was distinguished for her notable qualities and her success in forming good servants. This object, so important to Sarah Green in the narrow range of her cares, as, in a more exalted family it might be to obtain a ship for a lieutenant that had passed as master and commander, or to get him "posted"—occupied her almost throughout the sale. A doubtful answer had been given to her application; and Sarah was going about the crowd, and weaving her person in and out in order to lay hold of this or that intercessor who might have, or might seem to have, some weight with the principal person concerned.

This was the last occupation which is known to have stirred the pulses of her heart. An illegitimate child is everywhere, even in the indulgent society of Westmoreland dalesmen,

under some shade of discountenance; so that Sarah Green might consider her duty to be the stronger towards the child of her "misfortune." And she probably had another reason for her anxiety—as some words dropped by her on this evening led people to presume—in her conscientious desire to introduce her daughter into a situation less perilous than that which had compassed her own youthful steps with snares. If so, it is painful to know that the virtuous wish, whose

"——— vital warmth

Gave the last human motion to her heart,"

should not have been fulfilled. She was a woman of ardent and affectionate spirit, of which Miss Wordsworth's memoir, or else her subsequent memorials in conversation, (I forget which,) gave some circumstantial and affecting instances, which I cannot now recall with accuracy. This ardour it was, and her impassioned manner, that drew attention to what she did; for, otherwise, she was too poor a person to be important in the estimation of strangers, and, of all possible situations, to be important at a sale, where the public attention was naturally fixed upon the chief purchasers, and the attention of the purchasers upon the chief competitors. Hence it happened, that, after she ceased to challenge notice by the emphasis of her solicitations for her daughter, she ceased to be noticed at all; and nothing was recollected of her subsequent behaviour until the time arrived for general separation. This time was considerably after sunset; and the final recollections of the crowd with respect to George and Sarah Green, were, that, upon their intention being understood to retrace their morning path, and to attempt the perilous task of dropping down into Easedale from the mountains above Langdale Head, a sound of remonstrance arose from many quarters. However, at a moment when everybody was in the hurry of departure—and, to persons of their mature age, the opposition could not be very obstinate—party after party rode off; the meeting melted away, or, as the northern phrase is, *scaled*;* and, at length, nobody was left of any weight that could pretend to influence the decision of elderly people. They quitted the scene, professing to obey some advice or other upon the choice of roads; but, at as early a point as they could do so unobserved, began to ascend the hills, everywhere open from the rude carriage way. After this, they were seen no more. They had disappeared into the cloud of death. Voices were heard, some hours afterwards, from the mountains—voices, as some thought, of alarm; others said, no—that it was only the voices of jovial people, carried by the wind into uncertain regions. The result was, that no attention was paid to the sounds.

* *Scaled*—*scale* is a verb both active and neuter. I use it here as a neuter verb, in the sense (a Cumberland sense) of separating to all the thirty-two points of the compass. But by Shakespeare it is used in an active or transitive sense. Speaking of some secret news, he says—"We'll scale it a little more," i.e., spread it in all directions.

That night, in little peaceful Easedale, six children sat by a peat fire, expecting the return of their parents, upon whom they depended for their daily bread. Let a day pass, and they were starved. Every sound was heard with anxiety; for all this was reported many a hundred times to Miss Wordsworth, and those who, like myself, were never wearied of hearing the details. Every sound, every echo amongst the hills was listened to for five hours—from seven to twelve. At length, the eldest girl of the family—about nine years old—told her little brothers and sisters to go to bed. They had been taught obedience; and all of them, at the voice of their eldest sister, went off fearfully to their beds. What could be *their* fears, it is difficult to say; they had no knowledge to instruct them in the dangers of the hills; but the eldest sister always averred that they had a deep solicitude, as she herself had, about their parents. Doubtless she had communicated her fears to *them*. Some time, in the course of the evening—but it was late and after midnight—the moon arose and shed a torrent of light upon the Langdale Fells, which had already, long hours before, witnessed in darkness the death of their parents. It may be well here to cite Mr Wordsworth's stanzas:—

Who weeps for strangers? Many wept
For George and Sarah Green;
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,
Whose graves may here be seen.
By night, upon these stormy fells,
Did wife and husband roam;
Six little ones at home had left,
And could not find that home.
For any dwellingplace of man
As vainly did they seek.
He perished; and a voice was heard—
The widow's lonely shriek.
Not many steps, and she was left
A body without life—
A few short steps were the chain that bound
The husband to the wife.
Now do those sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave;
And quiet now are the depths of air,
As a sea without a wave.
But deeper lies the heart of peace
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here
Within this churchyard bound.
And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star.
O darkness of the grave! how deep,
After that living night—
That last and dreary living one
Of sorrow and affright!
O sacred marriage-bed of death,
That keeps them side by side
In bond of peace, in bond of love,
That may not be untied!

That night, and the following morning, came a further and a heavier fall of snow; in consequence of which the poor children were completely imprisoned, and cut off from all possibility of communicating with their next neighbours. The brook was too much for them to leap; and the little, crazy, wooden bridge could not be crossed or even approached with safety,

from the drifting of the snow having made it impossible to ascertain the exact situation of some treacherous hole in its timbers, which, if trod upon, would have let a small child drop through into the rapid waters. Their parents did not return. For some hours of the morning, the children clung to the hope that the extreme severity of the night had tempted them to sleep in Langdale; but this hope forsook them as the day wore away. Their father, George Green, had served as a soldier, and was an active man, of ready resources, who would not, under any circumstances, have failed to force a road back to his family, had he been still living; and this reflection, or rather semi-conscious feeling, which the awfulness of their situation forced upon the minds of all but the mere infants, taught them to feel the extremity of their danger. Wonderful it is to see the effect of sudden misery, sudden grief, or sudden fear, (where they do not utterly upset the faculties,) in sharpening the intellectual perceptions. Instances must have fallen in the way of most of us. And I have noticed frequently that even sudden and intense bodily pain is part of the machinery employed by nature for quickening the developement of the mind. The perceptions of infants are not, in fact, excited *gradatim* and continuously, but *per saltum*, and by unequals starts. At least, in the case of my own children, one and all, I have remarked, that, after any very severe fit of those peculiar pains to which the delicate digestive organs of most infants are liable, there always become apparent on the following day a very considerable increase of vital energy and of vivacious attention to the objects around them. The poor desolate children of Blentarn Ghyll,* hourly becoming more ruefully convinced that they were orphans, gave many evidences of this awaking power, as lodged, by a providential arrangement, in situations of trial that most require it. They huddled together, in the evening, round their hearth-fire of peats, and held their little councils upon what was to be done towards any chance—if chance remained—of yet giving aid to their parents; for a slender hope had sprung up that some hovel or sheep-fold might have furnished them a screen (or, in Westmoreland phrase, a *biekl*) against the weather quarter of the storm, in which hovel they might be lying disabled or snowed up; and, secondly, as regarded themselves, in what way they were to make known their situation, in case the snow should continue or increase; for starvation stared them in the face, if they should be confined for many days to their house. Meantime, the eldest sister, little Agnes, though sadly alarmed, and feeling the

* Wordsworth's conjecture as to the origin of the name is probably the true one. There is, at a little elevation above the place, a small concave tract of ground, shaped like the bed of a tarn. Some causes having diverted the supplies of water, at some remote period, from the little reservoir, the tarn has consequently disappeared; but the bed, and other indications of a tarn, (particularly a little ghyll, or steep rocky cleft for discharging the water,) having remained as memorials that it once existed, the country people have called it the Blind Tarn.

sensation of *earnestness* as twilight came on, and she looked out from the cottage door to the dreadful falls, on which, too probably, her parents were lying corpses, (and possibly not many hundred yards from their own threshold)—yet exerted herself to take all the measures which their own prospects made prudent. And she told Miss Wordsworth, that, in the midst of the oppression on her little spirit, from vague ghostly terrors, she did not fail, however, to draw some comfort from the consideration, that the very same causes which produced their danger in one direction, sheltered them from danger of another kind—such dangers as she knew, from books that she had read, would have threatened a little desolate flock of children in other parts of England; that, if they could not get out into Grassmere, on the other hand, bad men, and wild seafaring foreigners, who sometimes passed along the high road in that vale, could not get to them; and that, as to their neighbours, so far from having anything to fear in that quarter, their greatest apprehension was lest they might not be able to acquaint them with their situation; but that, if that could be accomplished, the very sternest amongst them were kind-hearted people, that would contend with each other for the privilege of assisting them. Somewhat cheered with these thoughts, and having caused all her brothers and sisters—except the two little things, not yet of a fit age—to kneel down and say the prayers which they had been taught, this admirable little maiden turned herself to every household task that could have proved useful to them in a long captivity. First of all, upon some recollection that the clock was nearly going down, she wound it up. Next, she took all the milk which remained from what her mother had provided for the children's consumption during her absence, and for the breakfast of the following morning—this luckily was still in sufficient plenty for two days' consumption, (skimmed or "blue" milk being only one half-penny a quart, and the quart a most redundant one, in Grassmere)—this she took and scalded, so as to save it from turning sour. That done, she next examined the meal chest; made the common oatmeal porridge of the country, (the *burgoo* of the royal navy;) but put all of the children, except the two youngest, on short allowance; and, by way of reconciling them in some measure to this stinted meal, she found out a little hoard of flour, part of which she baked for them upon the hearth into little cakes; and this unusual delicacy persuaded them to think that they had been celebrating a feast. Next, before night coming on should make it too trying to her own feelings, or before fresh snow coming on might make it impossible, she issued out of doors. There her first task was, with the assistance of two younger brothers, to carry in from the peatstack as many peats as might serve them for a week's consumption. That done, in the second place, she examined the potatoes buried in "brackens," (that is, withered fern;) these were not many; and she thought it better

to leave them where they were, excepting as many as would make a single meal, under a fear that the heat of their cottage would spoil them if removed. Having thus made all the provision in her power for supporting their own lives, she turned her attention to the cow. Her she milked; but, unfortunately, the milk she gave, either from being badly fed, or from some other cause, was too trifling to be of much consideration towards the wants of a large family. Here, however, her chief anxiety was to get down the hay for the cow's food from a loft above the outhouse; and in this she succeeded but imperfectly, from want of strength and size to cope with the difficulties of the case; besides that the increasing darkness by this time, together with the gloom of the place, made it a matter of great self-conquest for her to work at all; and, as respected one night at any rate, she placed the cow in a situation of luxurious warmth and comfort. Then retreating into the warm house, and "barring" the door, she sat down to address the two youngest of the children: them she laid carefully and cosily in their little nests up stairs, and sang them to sleep. The rest she kept up to bear her company until the clock should tell them it was midnight; up to which time she had still a lingering hope that some welcome shout from the hills above, which they were all to strain their ears to catch, might yet assure them that they were not wholly orphans, even though one parent should have perished. No shout, it may be supposed, was ever heard; nor could a shout, in any case, have been heard, for the night was one of tumultuous wind. And though, amidst its ravings, sometimes they fancied a sound of voices, still, in the dead lulls that now and then succeeded, they heard nothing to confirm their hopes. As last services to what she might now have called her own little family, Agnes took precautions against the drifting of the snow within the door and the imperfect window, which had caused them some discomfort on the preceding day; and, finally, she adopted the most systematic and elaborate plans for preventing the possibility of their fire being extinguished, which, in the event of their being thrown upon the ultimate resource of their potatoes, would be absolutely (and in any event nearly) indispensable to their existence.

The night slipped away, and another morning came, bringing with it no better hopes of any kind. Change there had been none, but for the worse. The snow had greatly increased in quantity; and the drifts seemed far more formidable. A second day passed like the first; little Agnes still keeping all her flock quiet, and tolerably comfortable; and still calling on all the elders in succession to say their prayers, morning and night.

A third day came; and whether it was on that or on the fourth, I do not now recollect; but on one or other there came a welcome gleam of hope. The arrangement of the snow drifts had shifted during the night; and though the wooden bridge was still impracticable, a low wall had

been exposed, over which, by a very considerable circuit, and crossing the low shoulder of a hill, it seemed possible that a road might be found into Grasmere. In some walls it was necessary to force gaps; but this was effected without much difficulty, even by children; for the Westmoreland walls are always "open," that is, uncemented with mortar; and the push of a stick will readily detach so much from the upper part of an old crazy field wall, as to lower it sufficiently for female or for childish steps to pass. The little boys accompanied their sister until she came to the other side of the hill, which, lying more sheltered from the weather, and to windward, offered a path onwards comparatively easy. Here they parted; and little Agnes pursued her solitary mission to the nearest house she could find accessible in Grasmere.

No house could have proved a wrong one in such a case. Miss Wordsworth and I often heard the description renewed, of the horror which, in an instant, displaced the smile of hospitable greeting, when little weeping Agnes told her sad tale. No tongue can express the fervid sympathy which travelled through the vale, like the fire in an American forest, when it was learned that neither George nor Sarah Green had been seen by their children since the day of the Langdale sale. Within half an hour, or little more, from the remotest parts of the valley—some of them distant nearly two miles from the point of rendezvous—all the men of Grasmere had assembled at the little cluster of cottages called "Kirktown," from their adjacency to the venerable parish church of St Oswald. There were at the time I settled in Grasmere, (*viz.* in the Spring of 1809,) and, therefore, I suppose at this time, fifteen months previously, about sixty-three households in the vale; and the total number of souls was about 265; so that the number of fighting men would be about sixty or sixty-six, according to the common way of computing the proportion; and the majority were so athletic and powerfully built, that, at the village games of wrestling and leaping, Professor Wilson, and some visitors of his and mine, scarcely one of whom was under five feet eleven in height, with proportionable breadth, seemed but middle sized men amongst the towering forms of the Dalesmen. Sixty at least, after a short consultation as to the plan of operations, and for arranging the kind of signals by which they were to communicate from great distances, and in the perilous event of mists or snow storms, set off, with the speed of Alpine hunters, to the hills. The dangers of the undertaking were considerable, under the uneasy and agitated state of the weather; and all the women of the vale were in the greatest anxiety, until night brought them back, in a body, unsuccessful. Three days at the least, and I rather think five, the search was ineffectual: which arose partly from the great extent of ground to be examined, and partly from the natural mistake made of ranging almost exclusively on the earlier days on that part of the hills over which the path to Basedale might be presumed to have been

selected under any reasonable latitude of circuitousness. But the fact is, when the fatal accident (for such it has often proved) of a permanent mist surprises a man on the hills, if he turns and loses his direction, he is a lost man; and without doing this so as to lose the power of *s'orienter* in one instant, it is well known how difficult it is to avoid losing it insensibly and by degrees. Baffling snow showers are the worst kind of mists. And the poor Greens had, under that kind of confusion, wandered many a mile out of their proper track. The seal of the people, meantime, was not in the least abated, but rather quickened, by the wearisome disappointments; every hour of day-light was turned to account; no man of the valley ever came home to dinner; and the reply of a young shoemaker, on the fourth night's return, speaks sufficiently for the unabated spirit of the vale. Miss Wordsworth asked what he would do on the next morning. "Go up again, of course," was his answer. But what if to-morrow also should turn out like all the rest? "Why go up in stronger force on the next day." Yet this man was sacrificing his own daily earnings without a chance of recompense. At length, sagacious dogs were taken up; and, about noonday, a shout from an aerial height, amongst thick volumes of cloudy vapour, propagated through repeating bands of men from a distance of many miles, conveyed as by telegraph the news that the bodies were found. George Green was found lying at the bottom of a precipice, from which he had fallen. Sarah Green was found on the summit of the precipice; and, by laying together all the indications of what had passed, the sad hieroglyphics of their last agonies, it was conjectured that the husband had desired his wife to pause for a few minutes, wrapping her, meantime, in his own greatcoat, whilst he should go forward and reconnoitre the ground, in order to catch a sight of some object (rocky peak, or tarn, or peat-field) which might ascertain their real situation. Either the snow above, already lying in drifts, or the blinding snow storms driving into his eyes, must have misled him as to the nature of the circumjacent ground; for the precipice over which he had fallen was but a few yards from the spot in which he had quitted his wife. The depth of the descent, and the fury of the wind, (almost always violent on these cloudy altitudes,) would prevent any distinct communication between the dying husband below and his despairing wife above; but it was believed by the shepherds, best acquainted with the ground and the range of sound as regarded the capacities of the human ear under the probable circumstances of the storm, that Sarah might have caught, at intervals, the groans of her unhappy partner, supposing that his death were at all a lingering one. Others, on the contrary, supposed her to have gathered this catastrophe rather from the want of any sounds, and from his continued absence, than from any one distinct or positive expression of it; both because the smooth and unrudded surface of the snow where he lay seemed to argue that he had

died without a struggle, perhaps without a groan, and because that tremendous sound of "hurting" in the upper chambers of the air, which often accompanies a snow storm, when combined with heavy gales of wind, would utterly oppress and stifle (as they conceived) any sounds so feeble as those from a dying man. In any case, and by whatever sad language of sounds or signs, positive or negative, she might have learned or guessed her loss, it was generally agreed that the wild shrieks hard towards midnight in Langdale* Head announced the agonizing moment which brought to her now widowed heart the conviction of utter desolation and of final abandonment to her own fast-fleeting energies. It seemed probable that the sudden disappearance of her husband from her pursuing eyes would teach her to understand his fate; and that the consequent indefinite apprehension of instant death lying all around the point on which she sat, had kept her stationary to the very attitude in which her husband left her, until her failing powers and the increasing bitterness of the cold, to one no longer in motion, would soon make those changes of place impossible, which, at any rate, had appeared too dangerous. The footsteps in some places, wherever drifting had not obliterated them, yet traceable as to the outline, though partially filled up with later falls of snow, satisfactorily shewed that however much they might have rambled, after crossing and doubling upon their own paths, and many a mile astray from their right track, still they must have kept together to the very plateau or shelf of rock at which their wanderings had terminated; for there were evidently no steps from this plateau in the retrograde order. By the time they had reached this final stage of their erroneous course, all possibility of escape must have been long over for both alike; because their exhaustion must have been excessive before they could have reached a point so remote and high; and, unfortunately, the direct result of all this exhaustion had been to throw them farther off their home, or from "any dwellingplace of man," than they were at starting. Here, therefore, at this rocky pinnacle, hope was extinct for either party. But it was the impression of the vale, that, perhaps, within half an hour before reaching this fatal point, George Green might, had his conscience or his

heart allowed him in so base a desertion, have saved himself singly, without any very great difficulty. It is to be hoped, however—and, for my part, I think too well of human nature to hesitate in believing—that not many even amongst the meaner-minded and the least generous of men could have reconciled themselves to the abandonment of a poor fainting female companion in such circumstances. Still, though not more than a most imperative duty, it was one (I repeat) which most of his associates believed to have cost him (perhaps consciously) his life. For his wife not only must have disabled him greatly by clinging to his arm for support; but it was known, from her peculiar character and manner, that she would be likely to rob him of his coolness and presence of mind by too painfully fixing his thoughts, where her own would be busiest, upon their helpless little family. "*Stung* with the thoughts of home"—to borrow the fine expression of Thomson in describing a similar case—alternately thinking of the blessedness of that warm fire-side at Blentarn Ghyll, which was not again to spread its genial glow through her freezing limbs, and of those darling little faces which, in this world, she was to see no more; unintentionally, and without being aware even of that result, she would rob the brave man (for such he was) of his fortitude, and the strong man of his *animal* resources. And yet—(such, in the very opposite direction, was equally the impression universally through Grasmere)—had Sarah Green foreseen, could her affectionate heart have guessed even the tenth part of that love and neighbourly respect for herself, which soon afterwards expressed themselves in showers of bounty to her children; could she have looked behind the curtain of destiny sufficiently to learn that the very desolation of these poor children which wrung her maternal heart, and doubtless constituted to her the sting of death, would prove the signal and the pledge of such anxious guardianship as not many rich men's children receive, and that this overflowing offering to her own memory would not be a hasty or decaying tribute of the first sorrowing sensibilities, but would pursue her children steadily until their hopeful settlement in life—or anything approaching this, to have known or have guessed, would have caused her (as all said who knew her) to welcome the bitter end by which such privileges were to be purchased.

The funeral of the ill-fated Greens was, it may be supposed, attended by all the vale: it took place about eight days after they were found; and the day happened to be in the most perfect contrast to the sort of weather which prevailed at the time of their misfortune; some snow still remained here and there upon the ground; but the azure of the sky was unstained by a cloud; and a golden sunlight seemed to sleep, so balmy and tranquil was the season, upon the very hills where they had wandered—then a howling wilderness, but now a green pastoral lawn, in its lower ranges, and a glittering expanse, smooth, apparently, and not difficult to the footing, of

* I once heard, also, in talking with a Langdale family upon this tragic tale, that the sounds had penetrated into the Valley of Little Langdale; which is possible enough. For although this interesting recess of the entire Langdale basin (which bears somewhat of the same relation to Great Langdale that Easedale bears to Grasmere) does, in fact, lie beyond Langdale Head by the entire breadth of that dale, yet, from the singular accident of having its area raised far above the level of the adjacent vales, one most solitary section of Little Langdale (in which lies a tiny lake, and on the banks of that lake dwells one solitary family) being exactly at right angles both to Langdale Head and to the other complementary section of the Lesser Langdale, is brought into a position and an elevation virtually much nearer to objects (especially to audible objects) on the Langdale Fells.

virgin snow, in its higher. George Green had, I believe, an elder family by a former wife; and it was for some of these children, who lived at a distance, and who wished to give their attendance at the grave, that the funeral was delayed. After this solemn ceremony was over—at which, by the way, I then heard Miss Wordsworth say that the grief of Sarah's illegitimate daughter was the most overwhelming she had ever witnessed—a regular distribution of the children was made amongst the wealthier families of the vale. There had already, and before the funeral, been a perfect struggle to obtain one of the children, amongst all who had any facilities for discharging the duties of such a trust; and even the poorest had put in their claim to bear some part in the expenses of the case. But it was judiciously decided, that none of the children should be entrusted to any persons who seemed likely, either from old age, or from slender means, or from nearer and more personal responsibilities, to be under the necessity of devolving the trust, sooner or later, upon strangers, who might have none of that interest in the children which attached, in their minds, the Grasmere people to the circumstances that made them orphans. Two twins, who had naturally played together and slept together from their birth, passed into the same family: the others were dispersed; but into such kind-hearted and intelligent families, with continual opportunities of meeting each other on errands, or at church, or at sales, that it was hard to say which had the happier fate. And thus, in so brief a period as one fortnight, a household that, by health and strength, by the humility of poverty, and by innocence of life, seemed sheltered from all attacks but those of time, came to be utterly broken up. George and Sarah Green slept in Grasmere churchyard, never more to know the want of "sun or guiding star." Their children were scattered over wealthier houses than those of their poor parents, through the vales of Grasmere or Rydal; and Blentarn Ghyll, after being shut up for a season, and ceasing for months to send up its little slender column of smoke at morning and evening, finally passed into the hands of a stranger.

The Wordsworths, meantime, were so much interested in the future fortunes and the suitable education of the children—feeling, no doubt, that, when both parents, in any little sequestered community, such as that of Grasmere, are suddenly cut off by a tragical death, the children, in such a case, become, in all reason and natural humanity, a bequest to the other members of that community—that they energetically applied themselves to the task of raising funds by subscription; most of which, it is true, might not be wanted until future years should carry one after another of the children successively into different trades or occupations; but they well understood, that more, by tenfold, would be raised under an immediate appeal to the sympathies of men, whilst yet burning fervently towards the sufferers in this calamity, than if the application were delayed until the money should be needed. I have

mentioned that the Royal Family were made acquainted with the details of the case; that they were powerfully affected by the story, especially by the account of little Agnes, and her premature assumption of the maternal character; and that they contributed most munificently. For my part I could have obtained a good deal from the careless liberality of Oxonian friends towards such a fund. But finding, or rather knowing previously how little, in such an application, it would aid me to plead the name of Wordsworth as the mover of the subscription, (a name that now would stand good for some thousands of pounds in that same Oxford—so passes the injustice as well as the glory of this world!)—knowing this, I did not choose to trouble anybody; and the more so as Miss Wordsworth, upon my proposal to write to various ladies, upon whom I knew that I could rely for their several contributions, wrote back to me, desiring that I would not; and upon this satisfactory reason—that the fund had already swelled under the Royal patronage, and the interest excited by so much of the circumstances as could be reported in hurried letters, to an amount beyond what was likely to be wanted for persons whom there was no good reason for pushing out of the sphere to which their birth had called them. The parish even was liable to give aid; and, in the midst of Royal bounty, this was not declined. Finally, the Wordsworths took into their own family one of the children; a girl; Sarah by name; the least amiable, I believe, of the whole; so, at least, I imagined; for this girl it was, and her criminal negligence, that in years to come inflicted the first heavy wound that I sustained in my affections, and first caused me to drink deeply from the cup of grief.

In taking leave of this subject, I may mention, by the way, that accidents of this nature are not by any means so uncommon, in the mountainous districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as the reader might infer from the intensity of the excitement which waited on the catastrophe of the Greens. In that instance, it was not the simple death by cold upon the hills, but the surrounding circumstances, which invested the case with its agitating power: the fellowship in death of a wife and husband; the general impression that the husband had perished in his generous devotion to his wife, (a duty certainly, and no more than a duty, but still, under the instincts of self-preservation, a generous duty;) sympathy with their long agony, as expressed by their long ramblings, and the earnestness of their efforts to recover their home; awe for the long concealment which rested upon their fate; and pity for the helpless condition of the children, so young, and so instantaneously made desolate, and so nearly perishing through the loneliness of their situation, co-operating with stress of weather, had they not been saved by the prudence and timely exertions of a little girl, not much above eight years old;—these were the circumstances and accessory adjuncts of the

story which pointed and sharpened the public feelings on that occasion. Else the mere general case of perishing upon the mountains is not, unfortunately, so rare, in *any* season of the year, as, for itself alone, to command a powerful tribute of sorrow from the public mind. Natives as well as strangers, shepherds as well as tourists, have fallen victims, even in summer, to the misleading and confounding effects of deep mists. Sometimes they have continued for days to wander unconsciously in a small circle of two or three miles, never coming within hail of a human dwelling, until exhaustion has forced them into a sleep which has proved their last. Sometimes a sprain or injury, that disabled a foot or a leg, has destined them to die by the shocking death of hunger.* Sometimes a fall from the summit of awful precipices has dismissed them from the anguish of perplexity in the extreme, from the conflicts of hope and fear, and in the same moment perhaps from life. Sometimes, also, the mountainous solitudes have been made the scenes

of remarkable suicides: in particular, there was a case, a little before I came into the country, of a studious and meditative young boy, who found no pleasure but in books, and the search after knowledge. He languished, with a sort of despairing nympholepsy, after intellectual pleasures—for which he felt too well assured that *his* term of allotted time, the short period of years through which his relatives had been willing to support him at St Bees, was rapidly drawing to an end. It fact, it was just at hand; and he was sternly required to take a long farewell of the poets and geometricians for whose sublime contemplations he hungered and thirsted. One week was to have transferred him to some huxtering concern, which not in any spirit of pride he ever affected to despise, but which in utter alienation of heart he loathed—as one whom nature, and his own diligent cultivation of the opportunities recently open to him for a brief season, had dedicated to another yoke. He mused—revolved his situation in his own mind

* The case of Mr Gough, who perished in the bosom of Helvellyn, and was supposed by some to have been disabled by a sprain of the ankle, whilst others believed him to have received that injury and his death simultaneously, in a fall from the lower shelf of a precipice, became well known to the public, in all its details, from the accident of having been recorded in verse by two writers nearly at the same time—by Sir Walter Scott, and by Wordsworth. But here, again, as in the case of the Greens, it was not the naked fact of his death amongst the solitudes of the mountains that would have won the public attention, or have obtained the honour of a metrical commemoration—indeed, to say the truth, the general sympathy with this tragic event was not derived chiefly from the unhappy tourist's melancholy end, for that was too shocking to be even hinted at by either of the two writers, (in fact, there was too much reason to fear that it had been the lingering death of famine)—not the personal sufferings of the principal figure in the little drama—but the sublime and mysterious fidelity of the secondary figure, his dog; this it was which won the imperishable remembrance of the vales, and which accounted for the profound interest that immediately gathered round the incidents—an interest that still continues to hallow the memory of the dog. Not the dog of Athens, nor the dog of Pompeii, so well deserve the immortality of history or verse. Mr Gough was a young man, belonging to the Society of "Friends," who took an interest in the mountain scenery of the lake district, both as a lover of the picturesque, and as a man of science. It was in this latter character, I believe, that he had ascended Helvellyn at the time when he met his melancholy end. From his local familiarity with the ground—for he had been an annual visitant to the lakes—he slighted the usual precaution of taking a guide; and, probably, under any clear state of the atmosphere, he might have found the attendance of such a person a superfluous restraint upon the freedom of his motions, and of his solitary thoughts. Mist, unfortunately—impenetrable volumes of mist—came floating over (as so often they do) from the gloomy falls that compose a common centre for Keadale, Langdale, Eekdale, Borrowdale, Wastdale, Gatesgarthdale, (pronounced Keskadale,) and Binesdale. Ten or fifteen minutes afford ample time for this aerial navigation: within that short interval, sunlight, moonlight, starlight, alike disappear; all paths are lost; vast precipices are concealed, or filled up by treacherous draperies of vapour; the points of the compass are irrecoverably confounded; and one vast cloud, too often the cloud of death even to the experienced shepherd, sits like a vast pavilion upon the summits and the gloomy coaves of Helvellyn. Mr Gough ought to have allowed for this not unfrequent accident, and for its bewildering effects, under which all local knowledge (even that of shepherds) becomes in an instant unavailing. What was the course and succession of his dismal adventures, after he became hidden from the world by the vapoury screen, could not be deciphered even by the most sagacious of mountaineers, although, in most cases, they manifest an Indian truth of eye, together with an Indian felicity of weaving all the signs that the eye can gather into a significant tale, by connecting links of judgment and natural inference, especially where the whole case ranges within certain known limits of time and of space; but in this case two accidents forbade the application of their customary skill to the circumstances. One was, the want of snow at the time, to receive the impression of his feet; the other, the unusual length of time through which his remains lay undiscovered. He had made the ascent at the latter end of October—a season when the final garment of snow, which clothes Helvellyn from the setting-in of winter to the sunny days of June, has frequently not made its appearance. He was not discovered until the following spring, when a shepherd, traversing the coaves of Helvellyn or of Fairfield in quest of a stray sheep, was struck by the unusual sound (and its echo from the neighbouring rocks) of a short, quick bark, or cry of distress, as if from a dog or young fox. Mr Gough had not been missed: for those who saw or knew of his ascent from the Wyburn side of the mountain, took it for granted that he had fulfilled his intention of descending in the opposite direction into the valley of Patterdale, or into the Duke of Norfolk's deer-park on Ulleswater, or possibly into Matterdale; and that he had finally quitted the country by way of Penrith. Having no reason, therefore, to expect a domestic animal in a region so far from human habitations, the shepherd was the more surprised at the sound, and its continued iteration. He followed its guiding, and came to a deep hollow, near that awful curtain of rock called *Striding-Edge*. There, at the foot of a tremendous precipice, lay the body of the unfortunate tourist; and, watching by his side, a meagre shadow, literally reduced to a skin and to bones that could be counted, (for it is a matter of absolute demonstration that he never could have obtained either food or shelter through his long winter's imprisonment,) sat this most faithful of servants—mounting guard upon his master's honoured body, and protecting it (as he *had* done effectually) from all violation by the birds of prey which haunt the central solitudes of Helvellyn:—

"How nourish'd through that length of time
He knows—who gave that love sublime,
And sense of loyal duty—great
Beyond all human estimate."

—computed his power to liberate himself from the bondage of dependancy—calculated the chances of his ever obtaining this liberation, from change in the position of his family, or revolution in his fortunes—and, finally, attempted conjecturally to determine the amount of effect which his new and illiberal employments might have upon his own mind in weaning him from his present elevated tasks, and unfitting him for their enjoyment in distant years, when circumstances might again place it in his power to indulge them. These meditations were, in part, communicated to a friend; and in part, also, the result to which they brought him. That this result was gloomy, his friend knew; but not, as in the end it appeared, that it was despairing. Such, however, it was: and, accordingly, having satisfied himself that the chances of a happier destiny were for him slight or none—and having, by a last fruitless effort, ascertained that there was no hope whatever of mollifying his relatives, or of obtaining a year's delay of his sentence—he walked quietly up to the cloudy wildernesses within Blencathara; read his *Æschylus*, (perhaps in those appropriate scenes of the *Prometheus*, that pass amidst the wild valleys of the Caucasus, and below the awful summits, untrod by man, of the ancient *Elborus*;) read him for the last time; for the last time fathomed the abyss-like subtleties of his favourite geometrician, the mighty *Apollonius*; for the last time retraced some parts of the narrative, so simple in its natural grandeur, composed by that imperial captain, the most majestic man of ancient history—

“The foremost man of all this world,”

in the confession of his enemies—the first of the *Cæsars*. These three authors—*Æschylus*, *Apollonius*, and *Cæsar*—he studied until the daylight waned, and the stars began to appear. Then he made a little pile of the three volumes that served him for a pillow; took a dose, such as he had heard would be sufficient, of *laudanum*; laid his head upon the records of the three mighty spirits of elder times; and, with his face upturned to the heavens and the stars, slipped quietly away into a sleep upon which no morning ever dawned. The *laudanum*—whether it were from the effect of the open air, or from some peculiarity of temperament—had not produced sickness in the first stage of its action, nor convulsions in the last. But from the serenity of his countenance, and from the tranquil maintenance of his original supine position—for his head was still pillowed upon the three intellectual *Titans*, Greek and Roman, and his eyes were still directed towards the stars—it would appear that he had died placidly, and without a struggle. In this way, the imprudent boy, who, like *Chatterton*, would not wait for the change that a day might bring, obtained the liberty he sought; and whatsoever, in his last scene of life, was not explained by the objects and the arrangement of the objects, about him, found a sufficient solution in previous conversations with various acquaintances, and in his confidential explanations

of his purposes, which he had communicated, so far as he felt it safe, to his only friend.

Reverting, however, from this little episode to the more ordinary case of shepherds, whose duties, in searching after missing sheep, or after sheep surprised by sudden snow-drifts, are too likely, in all seasons of severity, to bring them within reach of dangers which, in relation to their natural causes, must probably for ever remain the same; and it seems the more surprising, and the more to be deplored, that no effort has been made, or at least none commensurate to the evil—none upon a scale that can be called *national*—to apply the resources of art and human contrivance, in any one of many possible modes, to the relief of a case which, in some years, has gone near to the depopulation of a whole pastoral hamlet, as respects the most vigorous and hopeful part of its male population; and which annually causes, by its mere contemplation, the heartach to many a young wife, and many an anxious mother. In reality, amongst all pastoral districts, where the field of their labour lies in mountainous tracts, an allowance is as regularly made for the loss of human life, in severe autumns or springs—by accidents, owing to mists or storms suddenly enveloping the hills, and surprising the shepherds—as for the loss of sheep: some proportion out of each class is considered as a kind of tithe-offering to the stern goddess of calamity, and in the light of a ransom for those who escape. *Grahame*, the excellent author of “*The Sabbath*,” says that (confining himself to Scotland) he has known winters in which a single parish lost as many as ten shepherds. And this mention of *Grahame* reminds me of a most most useful and feasible plan proposed by him for obviating the main pressure of such situations, amidst snow, and solitude, and night. I call it feasible with good reason; for *Grahame*, who doubtless had made the calculations, declares that, for so trifling a sum as a few hundred pounds, every square mile in the southern counties of Scotland, (that is, I presume, throughout the Lowlands,) might be fitted up with his apparatus; and, when that sum is compared with the lavish expenditure upon lifeboats, it will appear trivial indeed. He prefaces his plan by one general remark, to which I believe that every mountaineer will assent, viz. that the vast majority of deaths in such cases is owing to the waste of animal power in trying to recover the right direction; and, probably, it *would* be recovered in a far greater number of instances, were the advance persisted in according to any unity of plan: but partly the distraction of mind, and irresolution, under such circumstances, cause the wanderer frequently to change his direction voluntarily, according to any new fancy that starts up to beguile him; and partly, he changes it often insensibly and unconsciously, from the same cause which originally led him astray. Obviously, therefore, the primary object should be, to compensate the loss of distinct vision—which, for the present, is irreparable in that form—by substituting an appeal to another sense. That

error which has been caused by the obstruction of the eye, may be corrected by the sounder information of the ear. Let crosses, such as are raised for other purposes in Catholic lands, be planted at intervals, suppose of one mile, in every direction. "Snow storms," says Grahame, "are almost always accompanied with wind. Suppose, then, a pole, fifteen feet high, well fixed in the ground, with two cross spars placed near the bottom, to denote the airts, (or points of the compass;) a bell, hung at the top of this pole, with a piece of flat wood (attached to it) projecting upwards, would ring with the slightest breeze. As they would be purposely made to have different tones, the shepherd would soon be able to distinguish one from another. He could never be more than a mile from one or other of them. On coming to the spot, he would at once know the points of the compass, and, of course, the direction in which his home lay." This is part of the note attached to the "Winter Sabbath Walk," and particularly referring to the following picturesque passages:—

"Now is the time
To visit Nature in her grand attire;
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretch'd far below!
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood.
But what the beauty of the plain compar'd
To that sublimity which reigns enthron'd,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or, if the cry
Of high-pois'd eagle break at times the calm,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts;
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall
Heaped by the blast, fills up the shelter'd glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-cov'ed way. O then
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot;
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away."

A more useful suggestion was never made. Many thousands of lives would be saved in each century by the general adoption of Mr Grahame's plan; and two or three further hints may be added. 1. Before these crosses can be sown as plentifully as he proposes, it will, in a large majority of cases, answer the same end, to make such an approximation to his plan as would not cost, perhaps, more than one quarter of the first expense, viz.—by placing the crosses at such distances that the bell might make itself heard: suppose the intervals to be four miles, then the greatest possible distance from the sound would be two miles; and so far a bell might send its sound upon the breeze, for there will be always some of these crosses to windward. 2. They might be made of cast-iron—as one means of ensuring their preservation. 3. There might be a

box, or little cell attached, capable of receiving one person; this should be suspended at a height, suppose of eight feet, from the ground; and the entrance should be by a little ladder leading into the box through an orifice from below; which orifice should be covered by a little door or lid—one that should open inwards when pressed by the head of the ascending person. Finally, in a country where mile-stones and guide-posts are often wantonly mutilated or destroyed, it may be thought that these crosses would not long be in a condition to do their office; in particular, that the bells would be detached and carried off. But it should be remembered, that even mile-stones on the most public roads have ceased to be injured since they have been made of iron; that these crosses never would be in a populous region, but exactly in the most solitary places of the island; and that in any case where they ceased to be solitary, *there* the crosses would cease to be necessary. Another protecting circumstance would rise out of the simplicity of manners, which is pretty sure to prevail in a mountainous region, and the pious tenderness universally felt towards those situations of peril, which are incident to all alike—men and women, parents and children, the strong and the weak. The crosses, I would answer for it, whenever they are erected, will be protected by a superstition, such as that which in Holland consecrates the loss of a stork, and in most countries of some animal or other. But it would be right to strengthen this feeling, by instilling it as a principle of duty, in the catechisms of mountainous regions: and, perhaps, also, to invest this duty with a religious sanctity, at the approach of every winter, there might be read from the altar a solemn commination, such as that which the English Church appoints for Ash-Wednesday—"Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark," &c. &c., to which might now be added—"Cursed is he that causeth the steps of the wayfarer to go astray, and layeth snares for the belated traveller in the wilderness; cursed is he that removeth the bell from the snow-cross." And every child might learn to fear a judgment of retribution upon its own steps in case of any such wicked action, by reading the tale of him, who, in order

"To plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock," removed the bell from the Inchcape rock; which same rock, in after days, and for want of this very warning bell, inflicted miserable ruin upon himself, his ship, and his unoffending crew. Warning sentences should also be inscribed upon all the four faces of the little cell, that nobody might offend in a spirit of jest or forgetfulness; and as the century advanced, a memorial list, (like the Roman *votive tablets*, suspended on the walls of temples,) should be firmly attached to the cross, of all who had benefited by its shelter. The mere fact of having ascended the ladder being taken as sufficient evidence that a sanctuary had been found necessary. The sanctity of the place might, in one generation, be so far improved as to protect a small supply of brandy

and biscuit, to be lodged there on the coming on of winter. If a few rockets, and some apparatus for lighting a match were also left accessible in some of the remoter solitudes, the storm-bound and exhausted wanderer, would, besides recruiting his strength, find it possible to telegraph his situation to some one of the neighbouring valleys. Once made sacred from violation, these crosses might afterwards be made subjects of suitable ornament; that is to say, they might be made as picturesque in form, and colour, and material, as the crosses of Alpine countries, or the guide-posts of England often are. The associated circumstances of storm and solitude, of winter, of night, and wayfaring, would give dignity to almost any form which had become familiar to the eye as the one appropriated to this purpose; and the particular form of a cross or crucifix, besides its own beauty, would suggest to the mind a pensive allegoric memorial of that spiritual asylum, offered by the same emblem to the poor erring roamer in our human pilgrimage, whose steps are beset with other snares, and whose heart is made anxious by another darkness, and another storm—the darkness of guilt, or the storm of affliction. If iron was found too costly, it might be used only for the little cell; and the rest of the structure might be composed with no expense at all, except the labour, (and that

would generally be given by public contribution of the neighbourhood,) from the rude undressed stones which are always found lying about in such situations, and which are so sufficient for all purposes of strength, that the field-walls, and by far the greater number of the dwelling-houses in Westmoreland, are built of such materials, and, until late years, without mortar.* But, whatever were the materials, the name of these rural guides and asylums—"storm-crosses"—would continually remind both the natives and strangers of their purpose and functions—functions that, in the process of time, would make them as interesting to the imagination and to the memory, as they would, in fact, be useful and hope-sustaining to the shepherd surprised by snow, and the traveller surprised by night.

* This recent change in the art of rustic masonry by the adoption of mortar, does not mark any advance in that art, but, on the contrary, a decay of skill and care. Twenty years ago, when "dry" walls were in general use except for a superior class of houses, it was necessary to supply the want of mortar by a much nicer adaptation of the stones to each other. But now this care is regarded as quite superfluous; for the largest gaps and cavities amongst the stones are filled up with mortar; meantime, the walls built in this way are not so impervious either to rain or wind as those upon the old patent construction of the past generation.

FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1839.

THE most bland and conciliatory of Lords Marshal, or Masters of the Ceremonies, are liable, we understand, to occasional perplexity in arranging the order of grand processions, and the high places at feasts, even where rank is absolute, and usage and etiquette fixed. We confess to something of the same difficulty in arranging the order of our usual Autumnal Festival.

The epic, the dramatic, the didactic, the descriptive, the purely lyric, the sonnet, and the ballad, press for precedence, and overwhelm us with the embarrassment of riches. There is, however, one kind of verse which conciliates every diversity of taste by uniting all sympathies. The *poetry of the affections* never loses the power to please. In this captivating species of verse, our principal contributors this year are ladies—another claim to precedence.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

TIME'S CHANGES.

"Elle était de ce monde, ou les plus belles choses ont le pire destin."

I saw her once, in other days,
A fair and girlish thing,
With the flush of hope upon her cheek,
And the bloom of early spring.

I never heard a voice so sweet—
Its very slightest tone
Woke deep sad memories in my heart,
Of times and voices gone.

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Yet there was something mournful too,
In the softness of her eyes;
They had that bright, that shadowy look
In which deep feeling lies.

It made me always sorrowful
To gaze upon that brow,
So pure, so soft, so shadowless:
Where is its beauty now?

It sadly came across my soul,
The thought that one so fair
Should ever know those bitter ills
To which our race is heir.

And after long, long years had pass'd,
In other scenes we met;
But the change which those sad years had wrought—
It haunts my memory yet:

The bloom of early youth had gone,
And the dimness of her eye
Told a sad and fearful tale of woe,
And of human misery.

From her cheek the summer rose had gone,
And the smile was seen no more
Which had lighted every heart with joy
And with gladness, long before.

The flush of pain was mantling there,
And the tint of coming death.
Ah! all ye fairest things of earth,
Ye fade as the rose's breath.

She faded with the summer flowers,
Those bright and glorious things
Which flit, like all that's fair on earth,
"On rapid, rapid wings."

L. C. W.

3 B

ESTRANGEMENT.

'Twas said that he had refuge sought
In love, from his unquiet thought,
In distant lands, and been deceived
By some strange show; for there were found
Blotted by tears, as those relieved
By their own words are wont to do,
These mournful verses on the ground :—

" This fond heart—my only treasure—
Blindly
Gave I to thee; why then coldly
With those altered looks behold me,
While the light of former pleasure,
Beaming kindly,
Lingers yet; tho' faint and fearful,
As shine the rainbow's hues thro' clouds all dark and
tearful.

" Know you not that friendship slighted
Withers;
While *love* to grief or anger turneth,
And the fire which inly burneth,
(All its dying embers lighted,)
Wildly gathers
New strength and vigour from the cold winds blowing,
As zephyrs fan the flame in gentlest bosoms glowing.

" Ah! wherefore should it be that *genius* giveth
feeling,
To wound the conscious heart with tenfold anguish,
While torpid wretches 'midst life's blessings languish;
Nor taste the bitter pangs which mind receiveth,
As stealing
Adown the sluggish stream of life, they go
Unwarned, unawaked by love, but, oh! unpierced by wo.

" Soon the cypress bough will garland]
Mourning,
And the bright-robed flowrets cover
All that once was friend or lover,
From that dim, mysterious, far land;
No returning
From that last dread home of mortals,
Whose shadowy goal we reach thro' pain and sorrow's
portals."

E. M.

" THE WISH OF THE WEARY."

O that I were on a mountain's side,
Where the breezes so purely blow;
Beneath me, the rolling, gushing tide,
And above me the realms of snow—
To commune with God and nature there,
And feel within the spirit of pray'r!

O that I were in a deep, deep glen!
With heaven's blue dome above me,
Far, far removed from the haunts of men,
With the few that truly love me—
To hold sweet converse in Nature's halls,
And gaze on beauty that never palls.

O that I were, by a sheelin low,
With its garden roof of heather,
The bairns and colliers sporting below,
Defying the wind and weather—
To learn of the shepherd mountain lore,
And feel a content unknown before.

O that I were, on a Sabbath morn,
By village Kirk on Tay's green side,
Where towering trees the paths adorn,
Through which blue bonnets slowly glide—
To join in echoing praises there,
And list to the pastor's deep low prayer!

O that I were, on a winter's eve,
Sitting close to the thrice-heap'd fire,
With those kindred souls I wept to leave,
And whose presence could never tire—

To mourn for the *One** whose transient day
Of bright, bright promise soon past away!

O would I were out of the city's din,
Of mind and body grievous ban,
All glitt'ring without, all dark within,
Full of great works of little man—
Where the poor man's cry is no man's care,
And the house of God no house of prayer!

O would I were out of the city's glare,
Where human kindness yields no milk,
And the creeping tribe are ev'rywhere—
Not silk-worms that spin, but worms in silk—
Where the million cry for bread alone,
And the pampered few that cry disown.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

THE MOORLAND CHILD.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

I knew a little happy child,
Some twenty years ago,
Who loved amidst the heather wild
And the golden furze to go:
She sought there the red strawberry,
And the bonny blue harebell,
And the thyme, beloved of the bee,
And the snail's so curious shell!

She loved her little garden—small
And overcultured spot!
She loved the peach-tree on the wall,
And the pebble-built grot;
She loved, beneath the tall elm trees,
To feel the soft winds glide;
She loved her home, its flowers, its bees,
But most that common wide.

It was her chosen playing ground,
Amidst its yellow furze;
She loved the small bird's song—each sound
That joined its voice to her's—
To her's that rose in simple song,
Or burst in merry shout,
When, the thick rustling fern among,
The leveret bounded out.

She was a little merry child;
And yet, for her young years,
Sometimes too tenderly she smiled,
Or shed too bitter tears;
Yet who, when heaven is sunny bright,
With but one fleecy cloud,
Thinks, 'midst the calm and golden light,
What thunder it may shroud?

There was one evening when the west
Was all a flood of gold,
And to the east, in lazy rest,
The floating clouds were rolled;
And the young crescent moon began
To shed her silver ray,
And one pale star shone, white and wan,
Beside the dying day;

The child went bounding o'er the heath,
Then suddenly she stayed;
It seemed as if her very breath
Its even throb delayed;
She held her hand above her brow,
And ceased her childish song;
Her cheek grew deeper in its glow,
And her heart beat high and strong.

* The late highly gifted and exemplary Mr James Wilson, student of medicine in Edinburgh, who (distinguished by the professors of his college, and beloved and respected by his fellow-students) was cut off, in the midst of a successful and honourable career, by typhus fever, caught during the discharge of his duties.

Slowly her dark eyes filled with tears,
And so she stood and gazed ;
And yet that sunset west for years
Had just as brightly blazed ;
Yet never till that evening hour
The careless laughing one
Had felt the magic and the power
Of the declining sun.

Oh ! who may tell what thronging dreams
And thoughts unknown till then,
Crowded, like freshly-opened streams,
Upon her breast and brain !
How did her very spirit yearn
Beneath their sudden life !
How did her inmost bosom burn
Amidst their stirring strife !

And tenderness, and solemn thought,
Unnamed, unknown, were there ;
And so within her bosom wrought
A home for future care.
The passion of that hour went by—
Its thrilling magic past ;
But oh ! its bright strange memory
Will haunt her to the last !

Again the little child was gay—
Again the lonely moor
Became her scene of childish play,
But never as before !
She felt as one to whom a power
Unearthly is revealed ;
She felt as if that sunset hour
Her doom of life had sealed.

Day after day, year after year,
She visited the wild,
Till fell upon her heart the fear
She was no more a child.
They would not let her wander so—
They bade her wiser be ;
And said she was a woman now—
And checked her childish glee.

Alas ! she knew the truth too well—
She felt it in her soul—
She knew how strong though cold the spell
That must her words control !
She knew her dreams were disallowed,
That she must act a part ;
Yet, 'midst the false and hollow crowd,
She took her moorland heart.

She took it, and it suffered wrong,
And, crushed, and soiled, and torn,
She bears it, singing still its song,
Whilst leaning on a thorn ;*
But when she hears of sunset hours,
Spent on some heathery plain,
And fragrant gorse, and sweet wild-flowers,
Oh ! how it leaps again !

The three subjoined pieces have lain long in our repositories. While the most melancholy event to which two of them owe existence was fresh in memory, it was impossible to publish them. There is now a mournful pleasure in letting the world know how deeply that loss was felt, which must have come home to thousands and tens of thousands of young hearts. All the three poems were written before the public mind had been disturbed by the dark and painful surmises which so speedily followed the death of the lamented poetess. The verses on reading that prophetic novel which shadows forth the morbid state of her over-

* There is an old superstition, that the nightingale sets her breast against a thorn when she sings the sweetest.

wrought mind, were, we think, in our possession before her death. The poem first in order is, with a few omissions and slight alterations, from the pen of a young London mechanic, and was written, as will be seen, on the impulse of the moment, and before those mysterious surmises, which have never been cleared up, had reached England.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

" A star hath left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light :
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night !"—L. E. L.

A gentle lady, newly wed,
Far from her native shore,
Went with the partner of her bed,
Like her who loved the Moor.

With heartfelt blessings from old friends,
The friends of earlier times,
She climbs the ship, and pensive wends
Her way to torrid climes.

Fixed on the cliffs of England's shore,
That lov'd one's eyes were kept ;
And when they could be seen no more,
She droop'd her head and wept.

And fondly turn'd and gaz'd upon
" The lovely northern light,"
And wondered if its rays fell lone ;
On friends at home that night.

Yet full of hope, and joy, and life,
The future dream'd and plann'd,
She went, a lov'd and loving wife,
To her adopted land.

And safely o'er a thousand waves,
That noble ship hath gone,
Unto the land of sable slaves,
Within the torrid zone.

* * * * *

Sickness, and deeper mental pain,
That " Lost One" suffer'd long ;
Nor hope, nor health, return'd again,
To bless the Child of song.

* * * * *

O life thou'rt but a dream of dreams !—
A basilisk disguis'd—
A catalogue of blight'd schemes,
And hopes ne'er realiz'd.

T. G.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. LONDON.

Hush'd is the music of thy lyre, sweet Poetess ! and thou,
In Afric's distant sunny clime, art calmly sleeping now—
Far from that land whose children lov'd to hear thy
witching strains,
When soft, and sweet, and fairy-like, they floated o'er
her plains ;
And, ah ! the children of that land will mourn and weep
for thee,
And ever brightly wilt thou dwell upon their memory.
Ah ! never more from lordly hall to the dwelling of the
poor
Will those fairy strains of L. E. L. be heard upon our
shore.
Fled is that spirit which could dream, and, in her fancy,
see
Things which belongeth not to earth—the bright, the
pure, the free ;
And mould those dreams so beautiful, as if with magic
skill,
Till, in sweet strains of loveliness, they bent unto her
will,

Sweet Poetess ! those dreams of bliss, which hover'd o'er
thy way,
Cast haloes round thy path of life, as bright as endless
day ;
And we have seen how thou couldst make (though we
shall see no more)
A theme all lovely in itself, more lovely than before.
Is there no spirit that can raise, now that thy own hath
flown,
A lay so plaintive, yet so sweet, with beauty all thine
own ?
No ! one that breathes such strains of bliss as thine we
may not see ;
For all that's bright and beautiful we've lost in losing
thee.

COMPOSED AFTER READING MISS LONDON'S NOVEL—
" ETHEL CHURCHILL."

The first part of this dream is intended to illustrate
the misery genius often entails upon itself, by pondering
the inscrutable mysteries of futurity. A contrast is
drawn to this noble temerity by a lady, oppressed with
grief, revisiting the haunts of childhood, and gathering
from past happiness present relief.

Life is dark history—its saddest tale
Is love misplaced ;
Its music would be one unbroken wail
For charms defaced,
If the past sent not oft a pleasant gale
On Time's bleak waste.

So thought I while this plaintive story reading,
Till, wrapt in sleep,
Dreams came, in truth, reality exceeding,
How great men leap
Into the mystic future, nothing heeding
The endless steep.

A large flat island, the eternal sea
That girds it round,
Dashes on one coast low and gloomily
With doubtful sound,
Save when its billows rise tempestuously
To lash the ground.

Voices are mingled with its leaping waters,
Uncarthy sweet,
Which fascinate the island sons and daughters
In bands to meet,
And listen, careless of the wrecks and slaughters
It ever doth repeat.

Some walk there gifted with impetuous wings
Strong to dare ;
The burning mist its heavy rolling flings,
With forehead bare
And flashing eye ; resistless genius springs
Undaunted thro' the air.

A noble youth came bounding to the shore,
Shouting out loud ;
But when he heard the interminable roar,
His spirit bowed
One moment, and the next he strove to soar
Unchecked and proud.

Upon his feet and shoulders, wings are waving
Widely and fast ;
Over the quiet country he was leaving
One look he cast
Of beautiful contempt and godlike craving.
The music past :

Its wild mysterious notes are loudly ringing ;
He knows the tone ;
Over the deep the mighty child is winging ;
Oh, not alone,
Conceal'd Sirens pour their softest singing,
While golden spray is thrown.

Why, great Apollo, must it ever be
The thorny crown,
The mocking robe of splendid misery,
The storm-wrapt throne ;
Only the meed and heritage of poetry,
Why must thy children moan ?

The youth came rushing back with drooping plume,
His brow on fire,
With stern resolve to search the future's gloom,
Which did respire
Those maddening melodies which shall consume
His nature with desire.

His frenzied eye read the eternal ocean—
His pale lips gave
Echoes to its inscrutable commotion—
His speech did rave
In unknown sounds—with slow and stately motion
He passed beneath the wave.

Sleep bears me swift to the opposing coast :—
A sea of light,
Shining all over, but irradiant most
Farthest from sight,
Murmurs tranquillity before a host,
Who view it with delight.

Numbers are met ; I see a lovely maiden
Watching the tide,
As tho' its rippling flow did greatly sadden,
For she does hide
Her gentle countenance, with sorrow laden,
For promises denied.

A pearly barque floats like a crescent moon
Thro' the clear sky
Of downy shadows of a night in June,
So gracefully,
And with such quivering liquidness of tune,
The Gondola draws nigh.

All garlanded with buds, and hanging flowers,
And silken leaves,
So green, they must have flourished in the bowers
Whence young life weaves
Wreathes frail as fair, to clasp the laughing hours,
The heart so well believes.

'Tis conveyed sweetly on by wild young fawns,
Whose shining hair
Tells a bright tale of dew-besprinkled lawns
And shaded lair,
Of warm soft vales, where morning ever dawns
Uncloudedly and fair.

Their meek eyes look on her invitingly ;
And she will go.
O Love ! how glad I am to see this lady
Forget her wo,
And look beyond the sea so ardently,
Where verdant islands glow.

Swiftly and peacefully the boat is sailing
In distance long,
And down its wake rich fragrantcy is trailing :—
Now steals a song
Of mournful soothing, beautiful bewailing,
Waving the waves along.

The maiden, crowned with violets, has returned
For pity's sake,
To sisters not so gifted, who have yearned
To see her take
Her harp, and tell the glory she has learned
Where music is awake.

What melancholy sounds are round me breaking,
To memory sweet,
Soft as the chant of seraphim forsaking,
With loitering feet,
Her genial home, that misery sadly shaking,
Some happiness may greet.

One dream succeeds another, and so fast
 Visions arise,
 I wake ! the impassioned priestess of the past,
 In mortal guise,
 Pours a strong song, that evermore shall last,
 Of youthful harmonies. E. J. P.

The following monologue is not without great faults of execution, but it is recommended to us by a vigour and boldness of conception which may be looked for in vain in more carefully finished juvenile performances.

THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

" Pressed hard by indigence and its companions, gloom and despondency, the mind of Chatterton became disordered. and, on the night of the 24th of August, 1770, he swallowed a large dose of opium, which caused his death. He was found the next morning a horrid spectacle, with his limbs and features distorted, and several pieces of opium sticking to his teeth. The floor of his room was covered with little pieces of written paper, which he had torn before he took the poison."—*Lift of Chatterton.* John Davis.

SCENE.—*A Garret in Brook Street, London.*—CHATTERTON discovered seated at a table, his face white and hollow, and his whole person emaciated.

CHAT. How cruel is the world which crushes worth,
 And calls the guilt blind destiny ! O lie !
 Ill-fated world, which makes the fate it mourns !
 Ah ! (*writing*) "Hurl thee back thy scorn ;" let me live yet
 To speak the bursting passions of my soul. [*Writing.*]
 "Ere death shall close his ken," God ! that I could
 But spread before mankind's besotted eyes
 The half that springs up in my bosom now !
 'Twould set so black a stain upon their hearts,
 As weeping Charity could never wash away.

[*Pause—writing again.*]

"While ye would watch and pity me in death,"
 "My wrongs be on ye !" O pour out thy grief,
 My soul, or send that haggard spirit forth,
 Which once Ambition was, but whose proud throbs,
 And soarings weariless, an icy world
 Unpitied restrained, that back the spirit shrank
 A blasted thing, and mourned, in broken sighs,
 Its beggar'd state to stark and hollow solitude.
 O for the fire of heaven ! that I might burn
 Each fearful word into men's shrinking hearts !

[*After a pause, writing hurriedly.*]

"That yet shall tell you how a poet died !
 Why should I cater to ye, wolves !"
 [*Writes again, and then abstractedly reads aloud what he has written.*]

"O world of icy-hearted men,
 Tardy to aid, but speedy to destroy.
 Wrung with unmerited neglect, his pen,
 Dipped in his proudest blood, that boy—
 Who to thy love or justice whispered when
 Proud soaring honours were his dearest joy—
 Has roared to tell thee he has changed since then,
 And hurl thee back thy scorn ere death shall close his ken.

"Ignoble souls ! ye fancied I could stoop,
 In miserable indigence, and feed
 Upon the vapid praises of your breath ;
 Telling my heart that it might swiftly bleed,
 While ye would watch and pity me in death.
 My wrongs be on ye ! I can swoop
 'E'en as the full-plumed eagle soars on high,
 And watch where such as you amid earth's deserts lie.
 Light up my heart, O God ! that it may never droop ;
 My soul still tell's me I'm above the clay ;—
 It seeks its upward home while here compelled to stay.

"Ye miserable babblers, know, I dare to die,
 And scorn ye, though ye value me so low ;
 Where feeble nature binds ye grovelling lie ;
 The sordid earth 's to you the strongest tie ;
 For me, wherever soared my soul, I go !
 I leave you that which ye may know me by ;
 It is your own—the mem'ry of my woe !

"I could crush down my ever-rising pride,
 And with a throbbing bosom own
 That which my breath has erst denied ;
 But, ah, ye'll find the secret in the groan,
 Which yet shall tell you how a poet died !
 Why should I cater to ye, wolves, full-supped
 With blood more precious than the crystal drops
 From pitying angel's eyes ?"—

[*Casting down the paper and starting to his feet.*]

No ! be still unyielding, heart ! Why should I crouch
 And kiss low-humbled the contemning foot ?
 They tell me I am proud, and walk on earth
 Like one whose proper home were heaven, or one
 Whose way led over nations' necks ; my God !
 Thou'st made my heart so, and I thank thee for't !
 It is the noblest attribute of man,
 That while he walks on earth he looks on heaven,
 Scorning to bend his eyes upon the sod.
 Down earth ! thus could I spurn thee. O thou, Pride,
 Who fly'st midway between the earth and sky,
 Thy look still upward turned, while with thy feet
 Thou strik'st the ground to raise thee in thy flight ;
 Thy vest of glowing red ;—thy heart seen through
 Thy crystal breast to throb with blood of fire ;
 Thy streaming locks unto the sunshine bare,
 And to the howling tempest ; and thy hands
 All weaponless, still clutching at the sky ;
 O God ! thus figured to my burning sight,
 Be still my guide, as thou hast ever been,
 And let me shoot along thy rapid way,
 Thy second self ! My soul is with thee,
 Though a clogging world still warps around
 With heavy suffering my shrunken form,
 And drags my feeble limbs to earth.

[*Throws himself again into his seat, and buries his face in his hands.*]

(*After a pause.*) O God ! to starve—to starve—like any
 worthless wretch,
 Whom God and men have left to die unknown !
 Ah, why did I not drop into the grave,
 My blood parched up by ceaseless fever,
 Till there ran no drop within my withering veins
 To let my spirit live ! or why not die
 Slain by the northern wind ! or like a floweret
 Blasted by the sun ! or sink a hollow victim
 To some unknown ill past all men's cure !
 Or never lived—or died a whim'ring infant ?
 O God ! anything but starve—to starve like a hunted
 dog !

How happy was I when I lived and dreamed
 How sweet a thing it was to be a man
 And earn men's praises ! How I loved
 To look with forward eye upon the world,
 When, flushed and heated with the burning things
 My soul would tell me I could give to life,
 They'd rush to heap those honours on my brow
 A country's heroes only wear. Miserable hope !
 Destroying vanity ! which, blasted, back
 Comes creeping to the wounded heart to seek
 That happy home which now my breast is not.
 Why should I have respect unto the world
 Or to its customs, since it is not just,
 And still denied that which I've bravely won ?
 Why should I falter to destroy that life

[*Tears the paper he has written.*]

Its heartlessness makes miserable ? Thou earth,
 I'll give my flesh to thee ; my spirit goes elsewhere.

[*He takes the opium from the table, but pauses as he is about to swallow it.*]

O—h ! This is horrible ! I can remember
 When first I knew what blighted yearnings were ;
 When first unkindness cooled that feverish glow
 Which erst was wont to light the glittering path
 I thought my own—but which, indeed, was nought
 But the reflected beaming of the light
 My own soul shed. In deep despondency,
 Stung by a present wrong, and spiritless
 To look to future years for my reward,
 I penned that last sad testament of man,

My Will, and bade my heart prepare to beat no more.
 How much more sunken am I now! when food,
 Which soulless creatures have unsought for, gives
 No renovating impulse to my limbs;—when wild
 And furious my spirit grows, while sinks,
 In sickliest decay, each unstrung sinew,
 And my pining flesh!—and yet, 'tis horrible to die!
 O God! is there no other way? nothing but death—
 Nothing but a grave? My mother—ah, good God!
 What of my mother; and my sister? they
 Now fancy I'm triumphant in the good
 Men shower upon the worthy. I shall kill them too.
 Where are my boastings now? Oh, I had hoped
 To heap up hills of riches at their feet,
 And count all valueless, except for them.
 Oh, how I sink into a worm to think I live
 And am a debtor to the kindest pair
 That ever gave to earth a touch of heaven!
 I—I—that very I, who was to change
 Earth's dust to gold, and bring the wond'ring world
 To look upon my face! Thank God! they know not all;
 Thank God! for now I seem as I should shrink
 A withered corpse before their eyes, did they
 But know the half of what I hoped to do,
 And see me now!—Why should I seek to live?
 I've lived already long enough to know
 I cannot live for that I love the best.
 Curses—curses—curses! what is the world
 But a huge sluggish lake, where all that's light
 And frivolous floats jauntily above,
 While priceless worth sinks darkly, swiftly down?
 I'll be its slave no more;—I will not lie
 And rot, and sink into the clay unknown
 Through weary rolling years; or let the heel
 Of courtly worthlessness crush me to dust.
 Pardon me, God! 'tis heaven and thee I seek!

[He swallows the opium—a pause.]

'Tis done, my soul thou art avenged! I pine no more.
 Ah, what a world of sorrow now is past,
 And what an easy thing it is to meet with death!
 Why did I waver? 'twill be over soon.
 Now it is done—I value life no more;
 It was the having it that made it precious.
 Now 'tis gone—for I am as a thing of death
 Still ling'ring on the verge—it is a dream,
 Which, like a waking man, I shake to air.
 How heavy are my eyelids—they are weighed
 By Death's hand down! and every limb
 Seems loaded with the clouds that cover graves.
 Thank God, I shall not see life go!
 I shall die sleeping; die—die—ah! for what?
 To live again?—ah, let me cling to that,
 For thee, weak flesh, wither to dust!—die—earth!
 How quiet is the world! Death—death—death!
 God help my mother! Oh, how throbs my heart!
 My brain seems swelling in its scanty cell
 As though 'twould burst away;—my mother,
 O death!—death!

[He falls back in a stupor.]

CECIL.

DESCRIPTIVE AND REFLECTIVE POETRY.

LAMENT FOR ROBIN HOOD.

Oh, never more, ye willowy gentle streams,
 Shall ye run mocking by as Robin drinks;
 Long gone is he, though oft, in pleasant dreams,
 He and his outlawed men still wander on your brinks.
 O mourn ye then in solemn strains subdued!
 And glide with tuneful wail for Robin Hood.
 Oh, never more, ye yew trees, pall'd in night,
 Shall merry archers nourish you again.
 No need have they of trusty bows for fight;
 No need—now Robin's treacherously slain!
 O mourn ye then, with heavy grief imbued!
 And bow your mournful heads for Robin Hood.
 Oh, never more, ye green enamel'd dells,
 Shall whizzing shafts pass up amid your boughs;
 Nor start the fallow deer that drink your shady wells:
 Bold Robin's gone! he has no merry men to rouse.

O mourn ye then though mossy trees so rude!
 For never more shall ye see gentle Robin Hood.

Oh, never more, ye trysting trees so green,
 Beneath your verdant boughs shall ye see merriment.
 Oh, never more brave foresters shall lean
 Around your rugged trunks all careless of intent.
 O mourn ye then, in Autumn's leafless mood!
 That ye bereaved are of merry Robin Hood!

Ye bonny swaths, that smile with pied flowers;
 Ye joy-wreaths, o'ertrailing Bainesdale;
 Ye shady nooks and smiling bosky bowers,
 Hide up your beauties for this heavy bale;
 And murky be your paths with winter's flood,
 For visit ye no more shall gallant Robin Hood.

And you, pale Echo, that of old did sit
 In hollow caves, and mimic his glad sounds,
 Retire, thou mournful, till the bat does flit;
 And when a lonely voice o'er all the vale resounds,
 Catch up the dying fall that murmurs through the wood,
 And thrill an evening hymn for long-lost Robin Hood!

A. W.

THE WOODLAND.

By the late Robert Nicoll.

The Woodland wild!—wilt thou go with me
 Where the squirrel is perched on his oaken tree—
 Where the yellow fern doth wave its head—
 Where the hand of night the dew hath laid—
 And the winds, that wander to and fro,
 Kiss the brown leaflets as they go—
 Where the morning sun peeps in so mild
 To the dark green nooks of the woodland wild?

The woodland wild!—where the dun deer roam,
 And the song-birds build them a happy home—
 Where the grass is green, and the turf, so sweet,
 Seems shorn by the tread of fairy feet—
 Where the daylight comes, so richly dim,
 And the cushat's coo seems a hermit's hymn,
 The care-worn heart might be self-beguiled
 To forget its woes in the woodland wild!

The woodland wild!—where the hazels grow,
 Where the ladye-broom doth its branches throw—
 Where the god-built sky is in patches seen
 Through the roof of leaves. There aye hath been
 The home of those wild and fairy flowers
 That gladden all Nature's life and our's,
 As they bloom by the stream—that prattling child—
 That wanders along through the woodland wild!

The woodland wild!—if thy heart be pure,
 If thy faith in the right be firm and sure,
 Go wander the woodland paths within,
 And the love of Nature woo and win:
 Drink of the cup of beauty there,
 Where the breath of Omnipotence scents the air;
 For the Father of beauty in love hath smiled
 On the sweet green bowers of the woodland wild!

The woodland wild!—long, long ago
 I have buried myself its leaves below,
 And dreamed of its beauteous tenants all—
 'Tis the linnet's home and the fairies' hall!—
 'Tis the spot where the wondrous monk of old
 His hermitage reared in the pleasant wold;
 By its door a crystal springlet boiled
 For the pilgrim to drink in the woodland wild!

The woodland wild!—what pleasant stories
 Make sunlight over its olden glories—
 Of Robin Hood, and his bowmen bold—
 The raids they made, and the tales they told.
 In winter, in spring, and in summer time,
 The glorious forests are aye in prime;
 For glad thoughts for ever are round them piled,
 Those grassy glades in the woodland wild!

The woodland wild!—make haste—make haste!
 Away with me and its gladness taste:
 We will wander beside each gushing stream,
 Where flowers in the water reflected gleam;

We will follow its paths, and pluck its flowers,
And lie on its grass in the evening hours,
Till the dying sunlight, soft and mild,
Warns us away from the woodland wild !

THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

They have pitched by Jordan in the plain,
For the forty years are o'er,
And but two of that mighty host remain
Which trode the Red Sea shore.

The pillar of cloud in their progress,
Hath marshalled them hitherto,
And amid the howling wilderness
Guarded their armies through.

But never again on its resting place
Will they see the signal set,
Though over the Ark of the Lord of Hosts
That pillar lingers yet.

The Syrian sun on all the coasts
Of the Promised Land went down,
But over the Ark of the Lord of Hosts
That pillar lingers on.

It changes, as fades the light away,
E'en as it hath done of yore,
But that pillar of cloud which led by day
Shall forward move no more.

Slowly it taketh its upward flight
To Him who first it had given;
That pillar of fire, on through the night,
Burns in the depths of Heaven.

It hath passed away—there is no sound—
For all on its warning dwell,
And deeper the gloom of the night spreads round
The tents of Israel.

Their angel guide, it is true, is gone
In the pillar of cloud and flame,
But that watch of which it the symbol shone,
Forever shall be the same. F. H. E.

THE PREFERENCE OF THOUGHT.*

There's a starry heaven and a glowing earth,
Which Power and Beauty have bless'd with the birth,
And the life, and the presence of wondrous love,
And glory beneath us, around, and above.

But Thought may wander, untamed and free,
And, fleetier than glance of an angel, flee
Where our sunshine and starlight have never been seen,
And where Time with its cycles may never have been.

Remote in the Infinite, Thought may decree
The clime of passionless natures high—
Where spirit is free from the wondrous strife,
The mysterious union of death and life.

It may pierce to where seasons have never begun,
To the centreless age unevolved by the sun—
May review the dim past of the measureless day,
And the times of new worlds that are doomed to decay.

But beneath the cold moon, and beneath the bright sun,
It returns to its home when its wanderings are done;
And better it loves the warm heart as its guide,
Than embrace the Unknown in its lonely pride.

It wanders, with Love, by the brake and the bower,
To catch the first blush of the delicate flower:
In the forest it mournfully gazes, with Grief,
On the death-beauty spread o'er the Autumn leaf.

It wanders, with Hope, when the woodlands are rife
With freshness and music, and stirring with life :

* There is some obscurity in this title, but it is the poet's, and we have found it impossible to render it more lucid. When the verses are once read, its meaning is emphatically revealed.

"Thy Mind, Horatio,
Best witness heaven and earth," &c.

In the shade of the yew tree 'twill oftentimes borrow
An hour's deep communion with Silence and Borrow.

All Nature communes with its mystic power,
In the storm and the sunshine, the fall and the flower :
It talks with the storm in its wild domain,
And gains the deep secrets of cloud and of rain.

It talks with Old Ocean, and bids him reveal
The wonders which fathomless waters conceal;
Reveal the deep spell that o'ermasters the billow,
When the tall mast is bending like wind-shaken willow.

It communes with the stream like the tiniest star,
Seen gleaming alone on the mountain afar;
And, when clothed with the might of proud navies at rest,
With all the bright firmament mantling its breast.

It talks with the winds in their hurricane sweep;
And, when woodlands in balm and in music they steep,
It subdues the far flash of the thunderbolt's blaze,
That the keen eye of science undazzled may gaze.

It talks with the choirs of the echoing Spring—
With the bright feathered tribes of the wandering wing—
With the eagle, when soaring and screaming above—
With the robin, the bird of the poor man's love.

It stoops to the flowers from its loftiest height—
To the snow-drop, sweet firstling of beauty and light—
To the full-bosomed pride of the summer-clad tree :
But its converse is sweeter, the humbler they be.

And, from all its communings, it brings to the breast
A might and a calm as of ocean at rest—
A philosophy pure as the radiance above—
A religion of joy, and of ardour, and love. G. P.

MY EXPERIENCES.

Since when I was a little boy
What changes I have seen !
Nature hath turned so very coy,
She's not what she hath been.

Time's finger, both on cloud and sun,
Hath writ what I would blot
From the blue sky—the Ancient One !—
I liked him when he first began;
And read with joy, and marked him run
O'er bright lines, unforget,
Of beamingness, and joy, and youth—
Of glory, rapture, love, and truth.

His iron pen, how fast it flew !
Till o'er the silent heaven
The mystic lines had dimmed the hue
Of sunbeam and of star ; and through
The depth of sky and ocean blue
The queen of night was driven,
Less gloriously than when at first
Upon my soul her vision burst.

And the green earth—that finger there
Hath written sterner change :
The joyous flowers have looks of care ;
Trees stand so stiff and silent where
They laughed and kissed the wanton air ;
The old blue hills look strange.
Still sing the streams as on they flow,
But not the songs of long ago.

And is it thus ? Sun, moon, and star,
And stream, and tree exclaim ;
Heaven's brightness owns no mystic bar—
No spell earth's loveliness can mar—
Still wave and forest fling afar
Their light and song the same
As when the dreamy boy began
To long for care, and envy man.

Ah me ! 'tis on the heart, and eye,
The pulse, and bounding limb,
That time hath written change ; the sky
Undimmed may burn—earth's age may vie
With its bright youth—
They gave is not for him

Whose eye communes with spectred glooms,
 Who stumbles 'mid the gathering tombs,
 Time's iron-pen ! its point is cold—
 'Tis made of hopes o'ercastr—
 Of youthful eyes grown dark and old—
 Of friends entombed beneath the mould—
 Of glorious visions darkly rolled
 Before Misfortune's blast—
 Of ashes from the silent urn—
 Of passions that have ceased to burn.

G. P.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

Swift as the arrow's flight
 Through the summer air,
 Mocking the eager sight,
 In its quick path there—
 Like the vapours at early dawn,
 Owning a transient stay,
 Sweeping over the sunny lawn,
 One moment, then away.
 Marked as the vessel's track,
 O'er the Ocean's breezy plain,
 From the billows glancing back,
 Then swiftly lost again.
 As a flower that the proud sun calls
 Into birth, with its first bright ray,
 Yet an hour, and its beauty falls
 Into quick decay.

Such art thou life—at best
 But a waking dream—
 A sleep in which none find rest,
 Tho' sweet it seem.
 For life is a troubled sea,
 And man is a fragile barque,
 Wantonly tossing in misery
 O'er its waste of waters dark.

Afar as a beacon burning,
 It beams o'er the clouded tide ;
 And yet the frail barque is spurning
 That friendly light for its guide.
 Oh, that is religion's ray—
 It shines o'er the foaming wave,
 To lighten the mariner's dreary way—
 From danger his barque to save.

PROMETHEUS.

Titan, thy sufferings, prolonged, everlasting,
 What for mankind or thyself did they gain ?
 Torments endured—but to know thou wert wasting
 Numberless ages of anguish in vain.
 Yes, thou could'st suffer ; but more than compassion
 Was needed, O Titan ! for us as for thee :
 Could the silence of grief melt the heart of oppression ?
 Could unpitied we make a universe free ?
 One, diviner than thou, hast wept over our anguish—
 Has endured wo much keener than e'er was thy lot—
 Has suffered the pangs He descended to vanquish—
 Has come to his own, who received him—not.
 Titan, though torture eternal defying,
 Scorning the vulture, the rock, and the chain—
 Ages of torment enduring, undying,
 Hope was thy sorrow, and fortitude vain !
 And were these as useless, O Thou Most Immortal !
 In pity and love toward perishing man ?
 Thy blood, tears, and agony, opened the portal
 Of life ; and say, shall it be opened in vain ?

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Sleep softly stole upon the old man's eyes,
 Suspending consciousness of things around ;
 And then the soul, escaping from the ties
 With which, in dreamless hours, it had been bound,
 Was quickly 'mong the shadows of the past,
 Renewing fond companionship with all
 That love had known, ere life was overcast
 By age's darkness and affliction's pall !

A smile was on his features, for the soul
 Was wand'ring now amid the haunts of youth,
 With playmates gay, defying care's control.
 Once more he walked glad childhood's path of truth :
 He felt the sunny ringlets, gently stirred
 By zephyrs, play about his forehead fair—
 And voices he had loved again he heard—
 Again he lisped with them his earliest prayer !

He smiled !—he was upon his father's knee—
 His mother, bending o'er, gazed on his face ;
 From her fond kiss he rushed, in boyish glee,
 And soon upon the meadow in the chase
 To catch the sportive glitt'ring butterfly,
 Outran his sisters, till the glowing hour
 Fatigued them, when they sought the streamlet nigh,
 Lay on its banks and press'd the fragrant flower.

Yet happier still the thought that warm'd his breast,
 When in his dream there rose the form of one
 To whom he had his youthful vows address'd,
 Before the heart's first purity was gone :
 Life's sun had kiss'd away the morning dew,
 And young love's sparkling brilliancy was o'er,
 When one bright moment's ecstasy it knew,
 Its glory vanish'd and it shone no more.

A flush came o'er the old man's features !—for
 The first dread agony of love's despair,
 Within his breast rekindling passion's war,
 Returned as in that hour of darkest care,
 When dearest hopes were crush'd, and all that gave
 To earth enchantment, seem'd at once to fade,
 And every feeling sigh'd to share the grave,
 For wither'd hope by disappointment made.

The old man, even as he calmly slept—
 And his was noiseless as an infant's sleep—
 By tears, which from his moist lids slowly crept,
 Betray'd that memory—which makes men weep
 When they know not they are observed—had brought
 The cup of grief for him once more to drain—
 The draught with the old bitters freshly fraught,
 That made remembrance feel like present pain.

He wept, as o'er his soul a gathering gloom
 Came, when each light he loved he saw depart—
 He wept, as kneeling at his mother's tomb,
 The mem'ry of her fondness fill'd his heart.
 His sisters, one by one, the grave had grasp'd ;
 His bosom-friends had vanish'd from his view ;
 And she was lost whom oft his arms had clasp'd,
 Whom still he loved tho' she had been untrue.

The dream again was changed. His heart grew young,
 And felt the freshness of its youthful joy ;
 His bosom glowed—"The harp was newly strung"—
 He bounded o'er the meads a fearless boy ;
 His brow was cloudless as it was of yore,
 Ere yet, 'mid selfish crowds, his spirit broke—
 But now the old man's transient bliss was o'er—
 The bright delusion ceased, and he awoke !

Awoke, to find himself unloved and lone !
 Companionless !—for he had long outlived
 All whom in earlier moments he had known,
 The few who might with him have smiled or grieved.
 His heart was worn—no new affection there
 Could ever find a space wherein to grow ;
 Alike of pleasure and of sorrow bare,
 A future tie it could not form below !

One moment thinking of that fleeting dream
 And things with which it had been thronged, he sigh'd ;
 Still was he carried buoyant on the stream
 Which had o'erwhelm'd the loved ones ; and a pride
 That he was chosen to outlast so long,
 Lit up brief sunshine in that dreary heart ;
 And clinging on to life, he walked among
 A crowd ;—he loathed, and yet feared to part.

O Life ! we weary of thee in our prime,
 Yet trust thee as if ne'er thou might'st decay ;
 And when the gathering hands of silent time
 Have stolen all we prized on earth away,

And left us desolate, we wildly grieve,
As if nought could remain that we might love;
And sigh to be at rest, yet dread to leave
A world we know—thro' stranger realms to rove!

THE OLD HACKNEY COACH.

I strike no silver-sounding lyre—
Burn with no old poetic fire—
Nor lofty themes approach.
Reader, a moment be thy mind
To lowly communings resign'd;
So searching thought may wisdom find,
In yon old Hackney Coach.

Forget their vulgar fallacies,
Who point to mould'ring palaces,
And old dismantled towers;
As if grim ruin dwelt on high,
Feeding on ancient majesty,
Nor turned her dull malignant eye,
To lowly themes like our's.

Grandeur hath reverence in decay,
And full-blown glory still doth pay
Honour to glories past:
Yet darker, heavier fate doth lie
On many a meaner vanity,
Whose little splendour hath pass'd by,
Leaving but scorn at last.

Desolate vehicle! in thee
A "faded splendour," wan we see,
A time-dishonoured glory;
Thy battered sides, thy drooping steeds,
Whose ribs betray no plenteous feeds,
Thy ruffian Jehu's squalid weeds,
Whisper a moving story.

Where are thy liveried lackeys tall,
Thy boxes gay and graceful pall,
And portly coachman gone?
And where those steeds so fair and free,
High stepping as in spite of thee,
Flashing in burnished bravery,
That roll'd thee proudly on?

Some are who'd weep long hours away,
'Midst cloisters dim and turrets gray,
Yet smile at this thy fall;
But sure thy shattered pannel, set
With shield and lordly coronet,
As natural tears might well beget
As broken arch or wall.

What find we in high places old,
Save thoughts of all they once did hold,
Visions of long ago:
And hath this little cushioned cell,
No stories of old times to tell,
Of bright traditionary belle,
Or brisk departed beau?

Tell us of days of bygone date,
When thou didst bear a joyous freight,
To Opera, Park, or Ball:
Tell of high matrons, blooming girls,
Soft waving plumes, and gems, and pearls,
And brighter eyes, and softer curls,
For thou hast held them all.

Perchance on some fair wedding morn,
Proudly and swiftly hast thou borne
A happy pair away.
Without—blithe bells, and voices singing;
Within—two hearts together clinging,
Joy-crowned hope and passion flinging
Round each a golden ray.

And, haply, 'midst the funeral train,
When noble dust to dust again,
Was pompously returning.
Thou mov'dst conspicuous and slow,
In proud solemnity of woe,
Whilst some for grief, and some for show,
The sable-clad, went mourning.

But ne'er again to courtly ball,
Pageant or solemn festival,
Thy fate shall summon thee:—
Crest-fallen and discarded, thou
From lofty pride of place must bow,
To bear most vulgar burdens now,
And folks of low degree.

Yet some that once within thee sate,
In pride of youth and high estate,
Fulfil a darker doom:
Fair faces once with beauty glowing,
Young hearts with happy thoughts o'erflowing,
Lie all unknown, and all unknowing,
Low in the silent tomb.

And many a sad survivor wan
Dreams of old days and faces gone,
'Midst scenes of mirth and gladness.
And grief hath furrow'd foreheads fair,
Robb'd eyes of light and lustre rare,
And touched with gray the sunny hair,
The silvery voice with sadness.

So ever weeps humanity,
O'er dear departed vanity,
As treacherous years encroach:
They come, bedeck'd with visions gay,
Yet steal each cherish'd joy away,
Leaving us lone in life's decay,
Like this old way-worn coach.

G. O. G.

SUNSET MUSINGS IN MILAN.

Proud are thy walls, Milano,
Thy towers rise gorgeously:
One thought hath dimm'd their splendour—
They look not on the free.

A richly-mellow'd beauty
Lives in thy clear blue sky;
Sad stain to its deep purity
There alien banners fly.

The pandour through thy palaces
Hath stalk'd in savage pride,
And on thy floors of marble
Hath Freedom's God defied.

Kind are thy sons, Milano!
Then shall they not be free?
Earth-grasping masters, sternly,
Have bid them bow the knee.

With eyes of fascination,
Half-hid by raven hair;
Oh, lovely are thy daughters!
Must they thy ruin share?

Their port, their step, how graceful!
Where green the linden waves;
Alas, that these thy daughters
Should mothers be to slaves!

Sweet on the twilight stealing,
Like hope to hearts that grieve,
Thy many-toned minstrelsy
Floats on the summer eve.

Far o'er the giant mountains,
The day-beam smiling dies;
The peace of Heaven is resting
Amid those happy skies.

What speaks yon martial claron?
The spoiler, Man, is near.
The haughty tread of warriors
Bursts harshly on the ear.

These soulless tools of tyranny—
'Tis thus in every crime—
Bind fast the chain they first have worn,
Hired guards of royal crime.

Thy fair fruit-laden meadows,
Thy olive and thy vine,
Are food to foreign revellers
Who laugh at thee and thine.

Many the works of beauty
Thy master-minds have wrought ;
Was it to sooth the robber
They gave their lives to thought.
Sweet are thy songs, Italia,
Melodious as thy streams ;
They tell thy bygone glories
Like pleasures known in dreams.
To lift the hopes of Freedom
They sound in other skies,
O for thy Dante's spirit !
To bid thy fallen rise.

J. LISTER.

THE DEATH OF THE SPRING.

Away with the hues of her rainbow wing—
She hath fled away—the glad young Spring:
The brightest ripple on Old Time's stream,
And brief as a maiden's first-love dream.
She came to us we know not how ;
But the leaves burst forth from each bare bough ;
And the joyous birds were on the stir,
'Mid blossoming trees to welcome her.
And wheresoever her unseen footsteps stray'd,
Or her bright glance pierced, or her sweet breath play'd,
Over the land as she wander'd through,
All sweet flowers and feelings grew.
But soon the blossoms fell, too soon ;
And spring wax'd faint in the sunny noon ;
Drooping her wings, as loth to stay,
When her loveliest had fled away.
And thus she died—one twinkling eye,
When dews for the waning day did grieve,
In a silent nook, o'er-shaded with green,
Sate the pining Spring-tide all unseen ;
And a faded lily, with chalice bare,
Shone bright as a drop of silver air ;
And a violet closed its dim blue eye,
As it greeted the Spring with a deep sweet sigh.
And they heeded not the kisses of night,
Or her cold tears mourning their early blight ;
But when the morn and the moonlight blent
Together, to one young grave they went.
And the fairy Spring hath left no flower
To live as a type of her natal hour ;
And the dreams of eve, and the dews of morn,
With her sweet presence—all are gone !

F. ADAMS.

SUMMER'S ADDRESS TO THE LOVER OF NATURE.

Haste, come away
Unto the green fields. I have spread
An odorous pavilion, wreathed with flowers
Of curious intertexture, tangled like the spray
Of ocean ; around and overhead,
Music is panting in her leafy bowers ;
Green earth has felt the fresh'ning of the showers
In all her pores. The prattling brooks
Have hid themselves in grassy nooks.
The hills, like milch-kine, longing for the gloam,
Are waiting for high minds to come and roam
Over their many coloured slopes—they've made
Of shrubs and mossy rocks a cooling shade
For contemplation. The dim glassy lake
Is slumbering in the shadows of the brake
And craggy mountains ; in its depths they lie
Trembling in the embraces of the sky.
Launch the light skiff, and as the ripples rise
Beneath the prow, so will bright phantasies
Breathe rapture on thy brain the live-long day.
Lulled by the wild bird's thrilling melody,
And gazing on the heavens, thou wilt feel
A wild enchantment o'er thy spirit steal.
Oh ! 'tis the sympathy of Nature with the soul,
Both springing from the universal whole,
And soaring, on the wings of Fancy, far
Above the troubled waves and worldly jar.

Be sure the spirit, when it shall return
To all mankind, with boundless love, shall burn.
The violet, long,
Is peering bashful for you 'neath the stone.
The cushat in the woods is overpowered
By all the odours, and the beauty poured
Upon his solitude. The waterfall
Is made the messenger ; the rocks and all
The hills have echoed back the call ;
The clustering tendrils fainting with the dew,
Like children hang around him. Unto you
They send a welcome. The sun hath bent his bow
In misty radiance round his hoary brow :
If in your joyless path you chance to meet
His waters, they'll cast flowrets at your feet.
Ah me ! thought fades at what it would express,
Like Shelley at his own mind's loveliness,
I've chosen the humblest post of my throng
Of young and flickering fire. O listen to his song,
And come away ! Great Mammon fails !—Let me
Breathe on your souls the sense of their eternity.

ODE TO A BROOK.

How pleasantly doth roll along
The curling eddies on thy breast,
How pleasant 'tis to hear thy song
When pebbles fret thee from thy rest.
They say you are a murmurer, and tell
Your trouble to the listening weeds,
And whisper to the blue harebell,
And preach it to the level meads.
But care not what they say of you—
Whirl on, and tell thy summer tale
To those who love thy gush of dew,
Thy bubbling sound, and musing wail :
Whirl on, for those who see thee run,
And glance and glitter in the sun,
Know well the hide-and-seek you play
With dark green shade and sunny day :
Whirl on full soft, for as you flow
I see the blue-eyed heaven below,
I hear sweet Nature breath her prayer,
And worship at her altar there. A. W.

SCOTTISH AND BALLAD POETRY.

We have some misgivings about the following division of our *Olio*, now that the very language of our "auld respectit mither" is nearly banished from the land. More indulgence may, however, be shewn to the Scottish muse by the Southron and the Irish than by our own fastidious countrymen. The poetry of the land of Burns, Ramsay, Hogg, Fergusson, and Tannahill, is now forced to hide its diminished head in the most obscure corner of the provincial newspapers. But we feeling bound in honour and nationality to uphold the dignity of the Scottish muse, and in humble dependance upon the aid of "Jameson's Dictionary," to those of our readers who may have had the misfortune to forget their vernacular speech, once again venture forth a few purely Doric rhymes.

The first three pieces in this section are the composition of three brothers, members of one of those rural or pastoral families of which Scotland is so justly proud. The first was a shepherd lad when the poem which bears his name was written. The second is a scholar ; and the third, the author of the "Fragment of a True Tale," is perhaps a shepherd also, and ambitious to become a scholar : we cannot tell, but in either case he is not likely to shame the brotherhood.

A WINTER NIGHT IN THE COUNTRY.

By John Murray.

New gloamin has the lift encircled round,
And frae the field the warkman wends his way;
The kitchen ingle has a rantin sound,
And ilka corner shines as clear as day:—
As blythe a scene as ever bloomed in May.
Then round and round ilk youngster plants a stool,
And speedily the harmless chat ensues;
E'en o' their tricks, when bairnies at the school,
They'll raise a crack when they rin scarce o' news—
Or Scotland's ballads greedily peruse.
The lasses get some other wark in hand—
Some cardin' woo, some spinnin' at the wheel;
The ploughmen talk o' cultivatin' land;
How they can draw a *hintin* fur or *drill*,
While some maintain that *braidcast* grows as well.
Belye the supper 's on the table spread,
Syne ilk ane claims his horn wi' tenty e'e;
The little wee things by the nurse are fed,
And first the spoonfu' she maun always pree;
As some stand round, and ane sits on her knee.

The readin' past,* the auld guidwife comes ben,
It's like she'll say, "O bairns, its wearin' late!"
Away to bed slip a' the boys and men,
And leave abint them Betty, Jean, and Kate;
Fain Rab wad stay—but 'lake the lad's but blate!

Now Jean draws in her little creepie-stool,
And frae the papers lets her curls flee,
The other twa misca' her for a fool—
They little wat whar Jeanie means to be—
She soon gets up and slips away the key.

They hadna spiered the question, "Whar ye gaun?"
Until a tirl struck the window peen;
But ere they gat the least conjecture drawn
The third was tint—and wha was this but Jean?—
The tryste was set just eight nights past yestreen.

Around the corner Jamie stands hard by;
A sweet reception, mixed wi' other charms,
Tells him that pleasure's streams will ne'er rin dry,—
He kisses Jean, and locks her in his arms;
When lovers meet they seldom dread alarms.

Straight to the barn with eager step they draw,
And to their comfort meet a weel filled mou;†
The farmer had some doubts o't being snaw,
And Tam had thrushen there the hale week through;
Sae there was fother for baith horse and cow.

Now Jamie rows his Jeanie in his plaid;
She whispering says, "It smells as gif't were new."
Quo he, "It is a hansel frae my dad,
The neist I get it maun be spun by you."
Syne steals a kiss frae Jeanie's glowin mou.

Now Jeanie blushes at the tale he tells;
Her cheek grows warm wi' modesty and love,
Through pride o' conscious worth her bosom swells,
Yet nought she asks, and nought she disapproves,—
She kens to speak, it Jamie best behoves.

At length auld honest *Chanty*‡ claps his wings,
Wha's ever faithfu' to his trust at *Three*.
"Oh, time is vanished!" is the sang he sings,
Whilk makes the tear to start in Jeanie's e'e,
While Jamie heaves a sigh he scarce can dree.

They lowse the door and keek up to the lift
In hopes that chanty had a traitor been;
But 'lake! the seven sterns had made a shift,
And *Charlie's* wain was scarcely to be seen—
The door stood north, and they by east had gane.

Now Jamie takes a shake o' Jeanie's hand,—
The wisest man could ne'er express his flame;
Their innocence the envious cou'dna brand,
They set the night when they should taste the same:
The lovers part, yet bear the lovers' name.

* Family worship.

† The place where hay and straw are kept. ‡ Cock.

OUR AIN AULD TOUN.

By James Murray.

Oh, weels me on the bright, and the warm sunny glens,
And the bonny heathy hills, and the fragrant flowery dens,
And the little burnies gurgling with music in their soun',
A' glenting sae sweetly roun' our ain auld toun.

Let foreign birkies crack o' their groves among themselves,
I wad rather hae a glisk o' the purple heather-bells,
And the bonny ewe-gowans that shed their sweets aroun',
When the sun blinks blythe aboon our ain auld toun.

There's something ay sae kind in a couthis little hame
That ilka ane has felt, though he mayna gi'et a name;
And weel I wat were I to search the wide warld roun',
I should ne'er find aught like our ain auld toun.

Wi' its sonsie lads and lasses as a sunbeam ever kint,
And its gash auld carles in their Sunday claithing drest,
And its gaucie little wives a' toddlin' up and doon;
Troth there's nae place to me like our ain auld toun.

In the lang summer days, when the neebours meet at e'en,
And the bare-legged laddies stoutly scamper ower the green,
Ye'll hear auld warld stories as the joke and tale gae
roun'—

We've right queer chaps about our ain auld toun.

Then the langheaded wabster meets the roset-fingered
snab,

And the spunky little tailor sae trig and glib o' gab,
And the braid-shouthered smith wha sets richt the state
affairs,

And to a' the foes to Scotland's weal a deadly hatred
bears.

And they ken about the Mexicans! and warrings o' the
Turks!

And can pose you wi' the saws o' the Chathams and the
Burkes!

And they're awfu' on the Autocrat, the ill-designing loon!
O wha's like the statesmen o' our ain auld toun?

And the auld lame pensioners they yowf about the wars;
In the heat o' their story they lay bare their "cuts and
scars,"

And brag o' the days when they mawed the Frenchmen
doon—

Ha! we've brave auld fallows yet in our ain wee toun.

But at kirk my heart grows grit when I gaze frae pew to
pew,

For a' the weel-kent faces that wont to meet my view;
The young thrapple up, and the strangest hae their day,
And the auld siller pows are elyin' away.

I'm young and yauld enoo, and should Fate ca' me away,
To warble wi' the warld till my locks be thinned and
gray;

Should the time at length arrive that my straits I win
aboon,

Then Heaven send me back to our ain auld toun!

For I fain wad look on hame, and wander there a while,
And forget the weary warld, its bustle and its toil, [doon,
Wi' some auld and faithfu' cronies ere the sun o' life gang
And be laid at last by them I lo'e in our auld toun.

A FRAGMENT OF A TRUE TALE.

By ——— Murray.

The moonbeam waned, and the drowning flood
Fell fast on the dismal plain,
When a wanderer knocked at a rich man's gate;
Alas! he knocked in vain.

Amid the blaze of lordly pomp
The man of wealth reclined,
But heeded not the wanderer's cry
That blent with the angry wind.

But aye as on the deepening gust
Was told his mournful tale,
The rich man turned his head away,
Nor listened to his wail.

The wanderer slowly turned aside
And sighed a heavenward prayer,
And big tears coursed his furrowed cheek,
For he knew of pity there.

The morn rose bright o'er land and sea,
And waked the world to smile;
The peasant left his lowly cot,
To seek the field of toil.

And far aloft the smiling sun
Dispersed his cheering rays,
While wild birds sang till the forest rang
With a thousand joyous lays.

Around the rich man's stately towers
Two children gathered flowers,
In childish mirth and pleasantries
Wasting the summer hours.

And aye as from the daisy meek
They scared the butterfly,
Their little hearts leapt joyously
As it flitted gaily by.

And aye they roamed and better roamed,
Through copse and forest dell;
For, Oh! 'tis fair in the wild greenwood,
And the young heart loves it well.

When underneath a gnarled oak,
Which marred their onward way,
A poor old man lay stiff and cold,
His locks were silver gray;

And the merlin hawk and raven dark
Sung hoarsely o'er the prey.

Beside his fevered infant's couch
An anxious father prayed,
And morning sent his early beams
Ere the mournful watch was staid.

"O what can ail my little boys?"
The man of wealth would say;
"O what can ail my merry boys?"
They left me well to-day!"

And every time the evening breeze
Sighed through the woody vale,
The little sufferers wildly gazed,
But could not tell their tale.

"O what can ail? O what can ail?"
The mother sad would say.
The fevered infants only moaned,
"His locks were silver gray."

TO BE WHISPERED.—A BALLAD.

Two walked beneath the greenwood tree,
Their shadows side by side;
What mattereth if most warily
A knife the one did hide.

One fell beneath the greenwood tree,
One shadow fled along;
What mattereth what was done to thee,
The bonny leaves among.

One dived beneath the greenwood tree,
One shadow up and down;
What mattereth then what listeth he,
Or what he putteth down.

One walked from out the greenwood tree,
One shadow and no more;
What mattereth it to you or me
Why two not as before.

Underneath the greenwood tree,
Two orphans sit at play;
They little think what it may be
That nourisheth the weeds so gay.

A. W.

REMAINING SUPERSTITIONS.—THE DEATH OF THE WITCH.

Noo Catlaw, late aae smilin' fair,
Is looking dreary, cauld, and bare;
Half seen out thro' the murky air,
Whase drizzly rains
The earth, unable to haud mair,
Spreads owre the plains.

Nae flowrie wild noo sweetly blaws;
Nae birdie warbles i' the shaws;
Nae crystal burnie saftly fa's,
But, muddy-deep,
It onward rushes, like the fa's
On Scylla's steep.

How eerie now the Isla's roar,
As—madly tearing frae its shore
Trees, banks, and rocks—it rushes o'er
The reeky linn,
Where water-kelpies neigh *encore*!
And gallop in.

Noo witches broom-stick naigs bestride;
Noo water-wraiths shriek owre the tide;
Noo coffins unsupported glide
To human view,
And deils the very lightning ride,
If tales be true.

Sae stories ran, if I mind right,
Upon ae dark December night,
When I had wandered o'er the height
To yon wee cot,
To see if a' was keeping tight
Wi' Widow Scott.

There Pedler Peter sat fu' vauntie;
And John o' Gill, no fou, but cantie;
And here my douce-like thrifty auntie,
Wi' cards an' woo,
Aye drivin' at her eenin' stentie,
To ca' it thro'.

"I dinna ken," quoth John o' Gill;
"But, gie me plenty brown-stout yill,
I think I'd meet Auld Nick himsel',
E'en in yon glack
Whar bogies fell on you pell-mell,
And steal your pack."

"Gude safe's!" said auntie, as she raise
To gar the fire mair cheerfu' blaze;
Synne edgin' in her stool side-ways,
To steer the light—
"You shoudna say sic daft-like says
On sic a night.

"Ye ne'er should say a word uncivil,
Either o' dead fouk or the Deevil;
Ye dinna ken what awfu' evil—
The thought should daunt's—
Sair ance they tried auld Elder Greville,
The pick o' saunta.

"Ye see, when Sappie Epp was deein'—
Wha lang was kenned for aiths and lecin',
And mair than ance accused o' bein'
A witch and mair—
The elder gaed out-owre to see an'
Gie her a prayer.

"It was an awfu' winter's night—
The Linn was roarin' till a high—
I maist, beside the fire, took fright
To hear the wind,
Noo rattlin loud, and then icht-icht,
Like some brute kind.

"It hailed, and snawed, and rained thro' ither,
I'm sure I never saw sic weather;
And aae too said my guid auld mither,
Dead an' awa;
And mony a time, when neighbours gather,
There's hardly twa

"But what declare the dreadfu' blast
Came south, and north, and east, and wast;

While voices hissed, and spunkies cast
 Their flare about;
 You'd thought the world was at its last,
 Or thereabout.

"But yet, for a', the elder wandered—
 And aye on holy texts he pondered—
 Yet thought and thought, and often wondered
 To find that he,
 Wha kenned the road sae weel, had daundered
 Sae aft agee.

"At length he came where Iala hurled,
 And lap, and dash'd, and faem'd, and swirl'd;
 When something close beside him skirled
 Right in his lug,
 Sae loud the very stanes a' tirl'd
 That built the brig.

"Then shapeless things came flickering by,
 Between him and the murky sky;
 And then a lang, low, fearfu' cry
 Came on the wind,
 And put him in an eerie way,
 Sad state o' mind.

"Then frae the crags around the pool,
 Whare Steenie drowned himsel' last Yule,
 Loud nickerings came; syne sounds o' dool
 Were faintly heard;
 And they wha'd lang lain i' the mool
 Dim-like appeared.

"Before, the ne'er a thing could fear him,
 But noo his legs wad hardly bear him;
 And tho' naught durstna touch a hair o'm,
 Yet, frae that night,
 His looks were aye some harum-scarum,
 Wi' sic a fright.

"Then aye was heard a souf, souf, soufin',
 Just like the yird aboon the coffin;
 Then some unearthly sort o' laughin'
 Came through the trees.
 (Troth, John, it's true, for a' your daffin',
 I tell nae lees.

"'Tis true I wasna there mysel',
 An' sawna, therefore, what I tell;
 But Tibbie Doeg, and Rachel Bell,
 And Widow Watt,
 And mair, hae heard Greville himsel'
 Say mair than that.)

"Aweel, at length he turned the knowe,
 And gae a ca' on Jacob Low;
 And sae they baith gaed thro' the howe
 Unto the heugh,
 Whar Eppie's house—it's lang since noo—
 Stood lane enough.

"Some folks sat round the ingle nook,
 But nane had ventured yet to look
 On her wha, howling *curses*, brook
 The tempest's pause;
 And then, when wind the cupples shook,
 Lang breathings drawa.

"The lids the elder drew aside,
 But sic a sight his een did bide!—
 The like o't ne'er may ane betide,
 No e'en my face—
 For there he saw a bloody tide
 Among the claes.

"Her een rowed awful in her head,
 Syne fixed and glassey, like the dead;
 And then her teeth sic grindin' made!
 And sic a yowl!
 And then sic cursin' as she said!
 And bann'd her soul!

"O sirs! O sirs!—it's wae to see
 A fellow-creature's agony;
 But hear her, when she's gaun to dee,
 Swear and blasphemae,
 Has aye a something in't to me
 I canna name.

"The elder knelt beside his chair,
 And tried to gie a suitin' prayer;
 But scarcely got begun, or mair,
 When he'd be scur'd—
 She'd swear such dreadfu' aiths as ne'er
 On earth were heard.

"She raved—there was no hideous guilt
 But she had haen some hand intil't;
 Fause aiths she'd sworn, and blood she'd spilt,
 And bound hersel',
 Wi them wha wi' the Devil dealt,
 To gang to hell!

"Syne whittret brutes would scour the floor,
 An' strange like rape came to the door,
 An' noises, like an earthquake's roar,
 Came through the gavel.
 Syne floss, floss, floss, came aye before
 Ilk word o' Greville.

"And often when they thought her gane,
 She'd wake again wi' eldritch grane,
 And aye her hollow een wad strain
 To see some sight;
 And then she'd pluck the claes, and then
 Lie straight outright.

"At length the rattle in her throat,
 Told plainly death was noo her lot;
 And sae it was—few minutes brought
 Rest to her clay.
 Her spirit fled—what road it sought
 I canna say.

"But a' were happy when the spade
 Had clapped the grave where she was laid;
 And mony ane mair earnest said
 Their evenin' prayers,
 And better sons and parents made
 In after years."

W. K.

SONG.

By John Nevay.

When o'er the hill the golden moon
 Lights the tired reapers to repose,
 Oh, I'll be near your father's ha',
 Where the sweet-singing burnie rowa.
 O'er moor and dale I'll hie to thee,
 Even as a bird unto its nest;
 For the love that liveth in my heart
 Maun find its home in thy downy breast.

My Peggy dear! 'neath the bright-red rowan,
 O let us twa be blest ance mair!
 An' I will breathe my soul to thee,
 Like morning's sun to the lily fair;
 Or where the bonny young guigne-tree grows
 On the thymy brae aboon the stream;
 But its murmur scarcely will we hear
 For the sweeter music o' love's sweet theme.

Our hearts will meet, and gladly sweet,
 Like sounds melting into harmonie;
 For the chords o' love are smiles an' joys,
 An' the joy o' heaven is in thy ee.
 Our souls will meet, like the odours sweet,
 Of summer's roses wet wi' dew;
 An' the vow unspoken shall ne'er be broken—
 What 'vails the vow when love is true!

The moon has clomb o'er the eastern hill,
 The vale is flooded wi' silver light;
 An' it seems a land o' peace an' joy,
 Sae sheen, the night is not like night!
 O'er moor an' dale I hie to thee,
 Even like a bird unto its nest;
 For the love that fluttereth in my heart
 Maun find its home in thy balmy breast.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LAST VIEW OF SCOTLAND.

By David Vedder.

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy verdure is blighted,
 Thy daisies are steep'd in the blood of the brave;

And I, who thy wrongs with the sword would have righted,

Am toss'd like a fugitive serf on the wave !
Impell'd to the pursuit by gold and by vengeance,
My foemen are swift as the storm-driven rack ;
From the fierce brutal tribes they've selected their engines,

The beagles and blood-hounds are scenting my track.
Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy hills are receding,
So beagles and blood-hounds can track as they may ;
But my heart to its centre is wounded and bleeding,
For thousands who fell on Culloden's dark day.

The hill-fox's howl, and the lorn widow's wailings,
Commingle at midnight, 'midst tempest and rain ;
And the red mountain-streamlets by smouldering shields,

Brawl hoarsely and fiercely the dirge of the slain.
The chieftains and heroes who followed my banner,
Are pining in dungeons, and bleaching on walls ;
Or, stripp'd of their all, saving conscience and honour,
The grass growing rank on their hearths and their halls.

Farewell to thee, Scotland, thy loftiest mountain
Is fading and blending with ocean and sky,
I groan—for my tears are dried up at the fountain,
A wanderer I've lived, and an exile I'll die.

The next song we publish *under protest*.
" Mary Williamson " is no doubt a very pretty
Scottish ballad, but unfortunately it is " Jeanie
Morison " diluted. There is, however, merit,
and great merit, in feeling, admiring, and suc-
cessfully imitating Motherwell's exquisite ballad ;
and as the author of " Mary Williamson " is a
young working man, we commend this one spec-
imen of his first attempts at song writing to the
good-liking of our readers, without wishing him
to believe that he is yet a lyrical poet ; a delu-
sion very easily created, as we have reason to
believe, and which sometimes proves of mis-
chievous tendency.

MARY WILLIAMSON.

Ye pass by, Mary Williamson,
As me ye'd never seen—
And can ye hae forgotten, then,
The happy time that's been ?
When bairns baith we played oursel
The lee-lang summer day,
Till gloamin' clos'd the violet's e'e
And hush'd the linnets' lay.

Ye mind, dear Mary Williamson,
We wandered by yon stream,
And culled the fairest flowrets there
To be a diadem.
While, fondly hanging on my neck,
I'd place it on your brow,
And kiss your cheek, and hear you say,
" Oh, how I love you now."

Ye mind too, Mary Williamson,
How a't we sought the brae,
To read for hours the simple tales
That made our hearts sae wae.
I yet could tell the thymy bank
We made our seat at e'en,
But maybe ye've forgotten, now,
The happy time that's been.

I mind yet, Mary Williamson,
The hour ye left the glen,
When baith our hearts were like to break,
That scarce before knew pain.
I think I see your gushing een,
And hear you sabbing sair—
Ah ! Mary, a' my troubles since,
Hae been far less to bear.

I've wandered, Mary Williamson,
Thro' mony a laud sinsyne,
But never yet hae met a heart
Wha's strings could thrill to mine.
And aft I've wonder'd, when I roam'd
Alang yon distant sea,
If I were still as dear to you
As ye were then to me,
I've seen you, Mary Williamson,
But, oh, how chang'd ye seem,
Frae that same little happy child,
The seraph o' my dream.
The bloom o' womanhood has plac'd
Its beauty on your brow—
But, oh, I fear, ye cannot say,
" Oh, how I love you now."
But joy, sweet Mary Williamson,
Within your bosom be,
Altho' a cup o' wretchedness,
Be a' that's left to me.
I'll love you aye—I'll bless you aye,
That joy may still be mine ;
And in my dreams embrace the child,
Who loved me lang, lang syne.

W. K.

This section we close with a spirited lyric,
which, if not purely Scottish, is of a kindred race.

SONG OF THE NORSEMEN.

The ocean shakes his angry brow,
He rages for his prey,
But shall we heed the tempest now ?
Ye thousand barques away !
Away ! each gallant mast
Shall bend beneath the gale,
As the reed bows to the blast,
In the tempest-beaten vale.
Before we reach the sea-girt land,
Where the blue-eyed Saxons dwell,
Where the blood lies red on the thirny sand,
To mark where our fathers fell.
Ye sons of the mountain, rejoice in your might,
'Tis the sword of revenge waves us on to the fight.
On high the seaman soars
To chant his dismal tale—
How the storm will strew the shores,
Ere the eastern sky turns pale.
We listen to the crashing noise,
As the angry waters roll ;
We love to hear the tempest's voice—
'Tis music to the soul—
We laugh at the rage of the foaming wave,
We laugh at the north wind's wrath ;
What, what can daunt the breathless brave,
Who tread in glory's path ? [now,
Howl on resistless blast, that dwell'st 'mid the northern
We love to hear your voice, for you hear us to the foe.
As the flood foams down the rock,
We rush into the fray,
For we love the battle shock,
As the eagle loves his prey:
Our eyelids scorn repose,
Till our swords are drunk with gore—
The cursed name of our fathers' foes
Shall perish evermore ;
For we have girded on their blades,
To tread their glorious path ;
Weep on ! weep on ! ye blue-eyed maids,
The whirlwind of our wrath
Shall leave not a lover, a brother, a sire,
For the vengeance of Norsemen can never expire.
And when the Saxon foe
Has sunk beneath our blades,
'Tis then to feast we go,
Beneath the forest shades ;
With generous cups of the blood-red wine
We rouse the fainting soul,
Till the warrior glows with joys divine,
Deep drawn from the foaming bowl,

Our spirits roam thro' Odin's bowers,
 Beyond the deep-green sea,
 Where the chilling (smapet never lowers,
 Where the bowl is ever free;
 'Tis thus that the ocean-borne sons of the north
 To the fight, and the feast, and the wassail go forth.
 Thou vast unfathom'd deep,
 Whose waters never rest,
 Thy warrior sovereigns sweep
 O'er thy many-furrowed breast;
 Then let thy billows bear us fast,
 To the white-haired Saxons' home;
 Let the hoarse winds bend each quivering mast;
 Till it kiss thy churning foam!
 Now o'er the mountain surge we go,
 The northern blast our guide;
 We mount their threatening crests of snow,
 As the sea-bird mounts the tide.
 Hurrah! hurrah! ere the morrow's sun has kissed the
 burning wave,
 The sons of Odin shall have won a kingdom or a grave.
 H.

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

"And it came to pass, that, at midnight, the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle.

"And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt; for there was not a house where there was not one dead."—*Exod.*, xiv., 30, 30.

I look'd, and, lo! a city fair, amid the twilight gray,
 Encased in rich magnificence and glittering array;
 Whose mighty towers and battlements, ascending far on
 high,
 Methought they vainly tried to reach the mansions of the
 sky.

The gilded domes and palaces which in the sun-ray shone,
 Could boast the glories of the sky to rival them alone;
 And giant warriors, fierce and grim, reclined in soft re-
 pose,
 Ne'er dreaming of the great I AM, whose might excell'd
 their foes.

Despite the wonders he had done so lately in their land,
 They trusted in their idols dumb, who little aid could
 lend.

I look'd, and, lo! a river great, whose waters, deep and
 broad,
 Were rushing, with o'erwhelming force and fury, on their
 road;
 And, when I saw its mighty swell, and heard its deafening
 crash,
 Methought I heard the thunder's roll, and saw red light-
 nings flash,

As if the caverns of the earth with fear had shook awhile.
 When Nature's stern command broke forth,* so rush'd
 the fruitful Nile.

I look'd beyond the city walls, and saw, with pity great,
 A tribe forlorn and destitute, of low and mean estate:
 'Twas Israel's seed, in bondage held, by Pharaoh's cruel
 hand;

And deep and awful were the wrongs of this oppressed
 band;

For, in their labour, hard and great, their masters grieved
 them sore;

Their cries for pity pass'd unheard—in vain did they im-
 plore;

For harden'd were the hearts of those who made them
 baw and build,

In crowded lanes, in forests dense, or in the open field.

And, as I look'd, a man of GOD amid this tribe arose—
 "Fear not," said he, with accents mild, "though girded
 by your foes;

The Lord of Armies is your God, and who can conquer
 him?

Though now in life your state be low, before his sight
 you seem

* At the Deluge.

Of more importance than the hosts on Egypt's haughty
 shore;
 And soon the power which mocks you now shall ne'er
 oppress you more.

But let each heart and hand to Him who reigns on high
 above

Be lifted up in prayer divine, and trust his gracious love.
 A ray of hope now burst anew, and cheer'd each drooping
 mind—

They bow'd their heads to JACOB'S GOD with gratitude
 unfeign'd.

Now, hidden in the gloom of night, the earth enshrouded
 lay;

And now the city's busy hum had died far, far away;
 And nothing broke the silence mild which reigned far
 around,

Except the rushing of the Nile, whose fearful rolling
 sound

Portended to each guilty one, who started from his rest,
 A dire revenge for wrongs which sprang within his hidden
 breast.

* * *
 But now the mournful scene is chang'd from gloomy
 silence deep,

And through those haughty palaces the moaning winds
 now creep.

Now fierce and fiercer still they blow; afar is heard the
 crash

Of angry Thunder's hoary bolts; and now in fury dash
 And bound from side to side—then pause—then onward,
 on they swing,

The foaming waters of the Nile, till earth's foundations
 ring.

See, lo, it comes!—with hasty strides it marches swift
 along!

Now, o'er the city's golden head, ten thousand lightnings
 throng;

And pealing thunders, fierce and loud, are rushing to and
 fro,

And all is dark, save when illum'd by the red lightning's
 glow.

Behold yon tow'ring battlements, how beautiful they seem,
 While, gleaming like a meteor bright, amid the lurid
 beam.

They quake—they totter—down they fall—those mighty
 turrets high!

Affrighted at the dreadful shock, their wretched inmates
 fly.

They fly—but into Nilus' surge, who swiftly onward
 bore;

They struggle in his raging waves—then sink, to rise no
 more.

Heard ye that shrill and piercing cry ascending through
 the gloom?

'Tis some sad mother o'er her child lamenting at its doom.
 For what can hush a mother's love?—Hark! there it peals
 again!

Another, and another still!—why all this mournful
 strain?

Why all those doleful cries and groans that fearfully arise,
 And, spreading far asunder, burst beneath the frowning
 skies?

Say, can it be the citizens who raise that fearful wail,
 Who lately revell'd in the thought that none could them
 assail,

And who had mock'd Jehovah's power, enslav'd his chosen
 race,

For which his vengeance surely falls on this devoted place?
 Hark! these tremendous bursts again, ascending far on
 high,

Which seem to drown the thunderbolts that ev'rywhere
 do fly.

Now Nature quakes, and quakes again. In Egypt ne'er
 was heard,

And never shall be heard again, such cries as now were
 rear'd

Unto the host of Heav'n above. From Pharaoh's mighty
 throne

E'en to the captive's lowly cell, just Heav'n's revenge
 was thrown.

And now those haughty palaces earthquakes have rent in
twain—
Now Israel's cause avenged is, and Egypt's first-born
slain.
CALEDONIUS.

NOTHING. A POEM.*

"Adornatissimum virum."—HERACIUS BROUGHAM.

"'Tis something, nothing."—OTHELLO.

Christmas, 1835.

Janus approaches; eight days and he's here,
And I no gift to offer the new year!
Is then the fountain of my wit quite dry,
And will no drop distil from Castaly?
And must the year's old tollman—"twere absurd—
See me pass by without a single word?
Rather let me in a new track explore
Some theme no minstrel ever woke before.

These things, my Muse, revolving in her mind,
Nothing (nor think that nought) hath chanced to find;
Nothing excels the ruby's purple glow,
Nothing the golden wealth of Mexico!
Look here, my friends, lend me each man his ear,
A thing ne'er heard before prepare to hear!
All other themes have claim'd the poet's fire,
Nothing hath fail'd as yet the bard 't inspire!
As far as earth or ocean's arms extend
Nothing exists without or birth or end;

Nothing immortal is by all confest;
Nothing, in every point of view, is blest!
Yet such the attributes of power divine,
Is aught then God, to aught shall altars shine;
Nothing more jocund than Apollo's rays
When on the gardens of the East he plays!
Than flowery meadows *Nothing* is more fair;
Nothing more gentle than a breath of air;
Nothing in war is sacred and secure;
Nothing in peace is just, in treaties sure!
"Happy who *Nothing* has," a bard doth sing;
No wiles he dreads, no thieves, nor fires, nor *Swing*!
No lengthen'd suits in chancery's Chancery,
Nor aught hath he to do with lawyer's fee!

The atole, who resigns all things to fate,
Nothing admires, with *Nothing* is elate!
"Nothing I know," said he who knew the most,
A wisdom now, † the universal boast!
Nothing the young man studies hard at school—
Such knowledge hath advanced full many a fool.
Know *Nothing*, and you'll know at last, I ween,
The secret of the Sage-forbidden bean.
Th' alchemist, (trusting the false god of theft,) Whom his own toil and trouble have bereft
Of all his gold and patrimonial ground,
Shuts out the light of day and busy sound,
And *Nothing* seeks though he hath *Nothing* found.

Nothing—unmeted by geodætic chain—
Nothing can measure o'er the boundless main,
Or mark the roods the desert may contain.
To sage Apollo *Nothing* is unknown,
Nothing is loftier than the starry throne!
Nothing the strength of the sun's light may shame,
Nothing more pure than spark of heavenly flame!
And Brougham!—wide, wide, 'tis true thy range of
thought;
Who throughout Nature hast thy wisdom sought—
Nothing to deck thy mind is yet unbought!

Withouten substance *Nothing* yet hath been
By finger touch'd, and without colour seen,
Nothing deaf hears, without a voice can beg,
Flies without wings, or walks without a leg!
Nothing on *Nothing* moving, *Nothing* buoy'd,
Wanders throughout the vast and pathless void!

* Poema Joannis Passeratii, Regii in Academia Parisiensi, Professoris, ad Ornatisimum virum Erricum Memmum. (Written about Christmas, 300 years ago.) For original poem, vide Johnson's "Life of Rochester."

† It was the translation, not the original, that was indited in this "Age of Intellect."

Nothing 's more useful than the leech's art.
Thou, then, that art transfix'd with Cupid's dart,
No longer trust Thessalian witches's skill,
Nor think with Cretan herbs to cure thine ill;
Nothing will cure the wound that dart has made;
Nothing has power to call the dreary shade
Across the waters of the Styx convey'd.
Nothing old Pluto's stony heart will turn,
Arrest Fate's scissors and the circling urn!
When o'er the Titan youth Jove's thunder broke,
Nothing surpass'd in power that lightning-stroke;
Nothing extends beyond the world's wide walls;
Nothing th' immortal deities appals!
But why attempt its endless might to prove,
Nothing excelleth Hope, and Faith, and Love,
Nothing outshines the attributes of Jove!
'Tis time laborious trifling have an end,
Lest, if I farther this fine web extend,
You deem those lines to which my Muse gives birth,
As spun from *Nothing*, so as *Nothing* worth.

U. U.

SONNETS.

By Major Calder Campbell.

When foredoomed lovers first behold each other,
Portents of good or ill the scene attend
Unnoted and unknown! When I, my friend,
First met thee, (*thee*, now dearer than a brother!)
It was the omen season, *Hallows'en*—
And the first look the one gave to the other
Bound each to each! Yet trivial was the scene,
And unaccompanied by nature's charms,
That link true lovers to encircling arms
By sights and sounds of beauty. Forest green,
Half-hid in snow, nor welly-wood was there,
Nor flowery field, nor mountain bare and bold,
But the bright faggot to fend off the cold,
And laughter loud, that pierced the frosty air!

SONNETS ON THE MONTHS.

The following complete the Rural Calendar of the months, of which we gave the Summer and Autumn months upon a former occasion.

NOVEMBER.

The trees are near undraped, and every gale
Thins the sere brotherhood of leaves that cling—
Last of their race—to the gray twigs, and sing
Their latest songs with melancholy wail.
Cold rain and sleet, and the round patt'ring hail
Drive through the gorges of the hills, and sweep
Across the plains; while blinded cattle creep
'Neath the tall hedge or mossy thicket-pale.
The dank, drenched earth is comfortless; the woods—
'Reft of their parent trees by mighty winds—
Look sad; torn ocean lifts his roaring floods
Up to the sky, and strewn the beach with wrecks.
Howl, storm! my spirit loves your violence; and finds
A joy, ecstatic deep, in your terrific freaks.

DECEMBER.

The fields are emptied of the sweet-breath'd kine;
The woods are shelterless; the mountain-brook,
That scarce in Summer's face had dared to look,
Now foams along, and scorns a narrow line.
Rivers spill o'er their banks, and madly tinge,
Thundering with waste of waters to the sea.
Clouds drop their snowy burthens silently;
And leafless trees in fleecy vestments shine.
Last of the Months and merriest!—for with thee—
Like old Silenus and his company—
Comes ancient Christmas, with a jocund train—
With dance, and frolic, and the wasail-bowl!
Thy festive charm long, long may'st thou retain,
Joiner of friends, and soft'ner of the soul!

JANUARY.

The depth of Winter!—Stilly, but blindly,
Deep-burying all of earth, in one wide grave,
Fast falls the flaky snow.—What now can save

* Time—to rage.—Spenser.

The traveller sinking on the moor to die ?
What cheers the shepherd's heart, while, lonesomely,
He buffets with the storm, and winds that rave
Loud on th' eternal hills, and fears to have
A lifeless burial, and no mourner nigh ?
Now the frozen soil is hardened into rock ;
Broad waters are bridged o'er with ice, and bear
The heavy waggon, and a sportive throng
That, to and fro, glide rapidly along.
Home, now, has charms untold ; and numbers flock
Round the big fire that blazes everywhere.*

FEBRUARY.

The river strayeth at its own sweet will—†
Swoll'n by the melting snows and deluge rains—
Spilling its waters o'er the grassy plains ;
And a hoarse brook is Summer's tinkling rill.
A few faint snow-spots linger on the hill,
High on its unsunn'd side ; the woods and lanes,
Dank, bedded leaves, torn branches—the remains
Of greedy storms—the blusterer's relics—fill.
But blue-eyed Spring is struggling into life,
And feebly laughs, and lisps her earliest words.
The snow-drop peeps ; the voice of singing birds
Is heard again ;—the blackbird's warble brief—
And the sweet song that tumbles from the sky.
The woodlark's, throstle's, wren's soft minstrelsy—

* I should have said everywhere but in "the huts
where poor men lie"—the hovels of the destitute. Have
pity upon them, ye rich ! Have pity upon the wretched
poor !

† The river *glideth* at its own sweet will.—*Wordsworth*.

MARCH.

March has a greener verdure for the mead,
And for o'erarching heaven a livelier blue ;
Her clouds more fleecy are, more lightsome too,
And morn and even burn with paly red ;
In pranksome mood they troop it overhead,
Or side by side in stilly clusters lie,
Leaning their cheeks together lovingly.
March, of the gusty breath ! a snow-white bed
Of wood-anemonies is strewn for thee ;
Pansies, and violets, and crocuses
Attend thee with their loving companies,
And wait upon thy steps devotedly.
With starry pilewort-flowers thy chaplet's made,
And all thy wind-blown tresses garlanded.

APRIL.

Lo ! the full march of Spring !—And now 'tis sweet
In woods, beneath the budding trees, to rest,
And hear the young rook clamour in his nest ;
Or, 'mid the blooms, upon the orchard-seat,
With vernal songs around, and the lamb's bleat
Coming from fields between the blossoms seen,
With knots of cowslips spotting o'er their green.
And sweet it is to stroll, with lingering feet,
Along the primrose-sprinkled banks of brooks
That seem to bring glad tidings from the hills—
Brooks big with vernal showers—and frequent fright,
The oft-heard cuckoo from his hiding nooks.
Sweet is the sheen of clustering daffodils !
And daisies lavish of their red and white !

W. H.

BLANCHE DELAMERE.

BY MRS JOHNSTONE.

CHAPTER XII.

The Denouement.

It will scarcely be remembered how we left
Blanche Delamere, after having solemnly, if
silently, given her troth-plight, and just as she
and her lover joined their waiting friends, under
the magnificent guardian beeches in front of
Holy Cross, on the day of her coming of age,
and on the eve of Frederick Leighton's depart-
ure from England for a period of years.

It was Blanche who first courageously spoke,
"Dr Leighton leaves to-morrow, Dr Hayley.
Having advised or approved my strong measure
about the poor negroes, he goes to ensure its
success by his personal superintendence."

"So soon ?" replied the good Doctor.

"Ay, make much of me to-night, ladies," said
Leighton with gaiety somewhat forced ; "You
may not see me for three years again :—I wish
much to visit the United States ; from thence I
can easily procure a vessel for the Mediterra-
nean, and realize a boy's classic dreams, by visit-
ing Greece. I may, perhaps, be tempted to carry
your united loves to our old friend Hassan, under
his tent."

"We gentlemen who live at home at ease,
may be tempted to envy you the power of doing
good and acquiring liberal knowledge," replied
the Doctor. "The system of a gentleman's
education is greatly expanded since I was a
young man, and placed my highest pride in being
appended to a noble lady's girdle."

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"The ladies do not seem to covet so awk-
ward an appendage as myself, or I also might be
but too proud. The Countess, however my vanity
may be mortified by the preference, has, I fear,
the good taste to choose you."

"Indeed you must never leave us again," said
Blanche ; "and I shall never be quite sure of you,
till you fairly give up the living. You flatter-
ingly tell me how happy I make you : Now, that
I am emancipated, your protection is more ne-
cessary to me than ever, were it but to put the
proper face of decorum upon my maiden court."

"You are but too good to me—too kind,
dearest lady," replied the old man, melted to
tears. "Need I say that my home of forty years
is become dearer to me than ever."

"Then we never part !" said Blanche, extend-
ing her hand to shake hands. The old man
raised the fair hand to his lips with affectionate
and graceful courtesy. His former petulant pu-
pil also seemed deeply touched.

"And that I may deserve your countenance,"
she said, when she had recovered composure,
"I promise to be the most decorous, dignified, and
pretty-behaved peeress of my years, in this well-
ordered realm—that is, in my public capacity.
At home, among ourselves, with the children,
and such worthy and intelligent people as will be
social with us, I may be as foolish as I list ; and
we shall be a happy, and, I am sure, an attached,
though the world should call us a humdrum fa-
mily. Nor shall we be so very humdrum. Many
of life's best pleasures lie around us for the

3 C

gathering, and we will taste them with relish and cheerfulness. The world may not quite understand us, but it shall be compelled to reverence, perhaps, in time, to love us. By the time I have reached the mature age of twenty-five, it will perhaps admit that so sober-minded and well-conducted a personage has a right to judge for herself in what mainly concerns her own happiness; it may not, in short, be longer able to withhold its consent"—and she hesitated—"to my marriage with Frederick. Give us yours now, Doctor, with your blessing!" The good Doctor was taken by surprise, and fairly overcome. The consent he had no right to give or to withhold, and the fervent blessing, was the spontaneous impulse of his warmest feelings, as he clasped the united hands presented to him.

"And now," said Blanche, smiling and drying her eyes, "all is as it should be—there are no secrets, no mysteries in our little household, and we shall be all the happier for that ourselves:—strangers have no business with our affairs or projects." The ladies withdrew to the house, and Leighton soon followed them, leaving the Doctor to recover himself.

A thousand last words were still to be spoken—and a thousand reminders of arrangements for constant correspondence—and ten thousand fond entreaties and counsels to be given to a medical man about the care of his own health:—and that scheme was to be absolutely negated which precluded an intermediate visit to England before Leighton went to Greece. Even his sage aunt remarked, that he was bound first to return and give an account of his stewardship.

"Return only to be banished again? I am not equal to this continually renewed torture."

"Nay, remember," said Blanche, "that this lies in your own choice. If I have sometimes spit in the world's face, to express my scorn of some of its base ways, I am surely equal to setting myself above its tyrannical opinion, in so solemn a matter as this. It would punish me for being a woman! Were I a young independent nobleman, falling in love and marrying a physician's pretty daughter, I would in time be forgiven by the ladies, and the gentlemen would at once applaud me—if she were *very* pretty. . . . How idly I talk! Good night, then, *Good night!*"

"Nay, aunt—my own Blanche—stay but a moment! You shall not take her from me yet," and, while the old lady, smiling gently, retired, he led back the Lady Blanche, softly repeating—

"Good night! Ah, no, the night is ill
That severs those it should unite;
Let us but be together still,
Then will it be—*GOOD NIGHT!*"

For how many solitary days and nights, in my exile, will those words, which your Good night has recalled, ring in my ears? But now it must be Good night, indeed."

"Our God be ever with you to bless you, dear Leighton! . . . Oh, remember all that you are to me—that I have in this world, of supreme, but you alone!"

Though Leighton, it had been agreed, was to go off without further leave-taking, the young Countess felt deep chagrin, and something like momentary displeasure, to find next morning that he had been able to obey her own command.

"He might have let us see him for one moment," she said; "I could be superstitious about it. Do you remember Clara's feeling about St Preux's dream of Julia and the veil?—and you can smile, my friend. Well, fortunately, I must go down to those business people—and then receive those visitors. Well, well, the longest day comes to an end."

On this long day Sir Jervis Yates had the honour of attending the ladies of Fanfaronade Park, on their congratulatory visit to Holy Cross, and to arrange about the ball he meditated in honour of its mistress coming of age. She was found looking remarkably well, in high spirits, and dressed with more splendour and care than was her wont; and also exceedingly obliging and gracious. She accepted a verbal invitation to a quiet dinner, in the next week, for herself and Dr Hayley. The invitation had, from policy, been extended to "the *ci-devant* laundress," her "*Maintenon*," as her friend was sarcastically called by this family, but declined by that judicious person, who quietly put an end to a mutual embarrassment, by simply stating that she never visited save among her own friends.

"And may we not hope to be included in that favoured number?" said Lady Blanche, in her most insinuating voice, though with the gentlest sneer.

The rebuke of the Quakeress was, quietly going on with her muslin-hemming, as if nothing had been said. It was a sensible arrangement of the old woman, they agreed, since the Countess was so very absurd as to place her so nearly on a level with her own society, though, indeed, she was rarely met in the reception rooms.

Nor was this all the good luck of the morning. Dr Leighton, it was understood, had departed, and was immediately to sail for the West Indies.

"It must, therefore, have been all nonsense, that has been whispered on that score," Sir Jervis said; "or else Blanche had come to her senses, and retreated in time, and it was of little consequence which;" while Lady Blanche whispered a request to see "her little niece," and "that mamma, also, might see Devereux's child."

"Pardon me," returned her hostess, reddening; "I cannot expose Eleanor to such a trial. She remembers her mother; she is a child of great natural sensibility—another time she may be prepared to see you:" and no more was said. They joined Dr Hayley at luncheon, and heard him enlightening Sir Jervis upon the Countess's plans.

"Her ladyship sets off for Ireland in a month, and tempts me to accompany her; she will, if we find the residence as agreeable and quiet as she anticipates, remain there till late in October. We are to be great schoolmasters and agriculturists. After spending Christmas at Holy

Cross, the Countess proposes to make her first season in London."

"I am delighted!" cried three or four female voices, in chorus.

"I admire your good taste, my dear Countess, in refurnishing Delamere House, antique as it is, in the good old square: And that charming villa—the ambassador's lease of it is expired, I believe?"

"It is my own now," said Blanche, "and I must, I fancy, be so extravagant as to keep it. It will be, if not impossible—since toiling thousands do it continually—yet dire punishment to my friends and myself to live in London, in the sweet spring, and sweeter early summer; but I hope we shall contrive somehow not altogether to misuse our privileges and indulgences."

It was not until after Easter, that the young Countess and her venerable establishment went to London. The widow of a late Governor-General of India—a distant cousin of the Delameres, a woman of high connexions, and universally respected, though far from being rich—condescended to patronise the heiress, and to live with her in town. Dr Hayley also formed part of the town establishment, while the Quakeress lived wholly at the villa, where the Doctor also had an apartment. The Fanfaronades disliked the new arrangement, and endeavoured to impress the heiress with the apprehension, that, in her haughty chaperone, she would take a bore and a selfish tyrant into her family; but Blanche, always a decided person, had not become less so since she had reflected upon her changed position and felt her own consequence. She therefore took her own way; mingled moderately in fashionable society; went twice to Court, and sometimes to Church, and sometimes to Meeting;—rejected, or, more properly, delicately distanced admirers and proposals; and made the duty of her chaperone almost a sinecure, by plainly stating that she would not marry until she was twenty-five, and that her affections were engaged. Save that she acted upon all occasions with the independence and decision of a married woman, or of one far beyond her in years, little fault could be found with her conduct; and if not popular in her first season, neither was she condemned. It was found impossible to fasten a ridicule, whether in dress, style, or behaviour upon a person whose natural dignity and courtesy, and perfect simplicity of manner, baffled the most dexterous of the fashionable wits, gossips, and quizzers.

Even the nice, cheerful-looking, silver-haired matron often seen in the carriage with her, was now dressed with simple elegance, in rich, though mild-coloured silken garments, not of the stiffest Quaker cut. She was, to be sure, rather a Hannah-Moreish looking person, but not objectionable as an old governess. And the aristocratic dowager who, if poor in purse, was a person of high spirit, if she began the connexion—to which her poverty and not her will consented—with an inward feeling of mortification, prolonged her residence under the roof of the orphan heiress from genuine attachment. The mystery of

season after season, passing away and the Countess remaining single was none to her. The secret had been frankly intrusted to her honour. She did not approve, but she would not betray; and, as their intimacy ripened into sincere friendship, Blanche would playfully say—

"You must see Frederick ere you condemn me for falling in love at ten years of age and deliberately confirming my choice at twenty."

The dowager had learned the history of their connexion, and sometimes she heard part of the contents of those letters read which formed so much of the happiness of her young friend; on which, indeed, her soul seemed to hang, and to sink when they failed to appear.

The maiden condition of Blanche was accounted for in various ways. There was, according to some excellent authorities, disappointment in consequence of the romantic attachment in girlhood, of a very romantic girl, to one in inferior station. Others, whispered of a compromise with the next heir, who had agreed, on obtaining an immense annuity, not to disturb the actual holder of the honours and estates about flaws in her titles, provided she remained unmarried. The Fanfaronade family did not discourage such reports. True, she continued inexorable towards Mr Devereux, but she was indifferent to any other admirer; and thus hope was not shut out.

"We must wait till she get alarmed at being an old maid," said the politic Lady Blande.

That she lived in comparative retirement, and in a style below her imagined circumstances, was imputed to various causes. She was known to have devoted a considerable share of her income to the improvement of her Irish colony, and to objects of public utility and benevolence; and when tempted to what seemed very trifling and not wholly unnecessary expenses, she would thus laughingly parry the attack.

"Can't afford another white bonnet of the 'exquisite' shape this summer; this is quite clean. Think what a pretty chest of drawers the cabinet-maker in my village of Ballyperi could give me for this sum, (so trifling to Madame,) for one of my tidy Judys. It would purchase such a quantity of prize-books for my school; why, four complete cuckoo clocks—heir-looks among my tenants—could be got for this. No, I can't afford it. Thank you, dear friend, for having so early instructed my tastes and feelings in the true value of money to myself and others. How much of the science of happiness may lie in the knowledge which teaches the proper application of the first rules of arithmetic! To that homely science, together with the perception of the truly beautiful as distinguished from the expensive and conventionally beautiful, how much of the daily enjoyment of my life has been owing, with nearly the whole power which I possess even from my ample fortune of doing some little good to my fellow-creatures!"

She sat with her matronly friend and her noble chaperone, Lady Vesey, and one or two ladies, over their small but elegant dessert, when the new bonnet had been started, apropos to a public

breakfast which was about to be given by a noble bachelor, no longer young, where the unmarried ladies were to appear in a kind of uniform, and which led to the conversation on toilet economics.

"Is it not the duty of persons of fortune and condition to encourage elegant manufactures and ingenious industry, especially ladies, with deserving persons of their own sex—a sort of charity to purchase and use lace and embroidery?" said Lady Vesey.

"Perhaps—a sort it may;—many amiable women, at least, consider it so; and it is *charity*, even to palliate the distress of the poor lace-makers and embroideresses until their distress is done away by society learning to do *justice* to all its members. These are deep, difficult subjects. But I am so far from thinking myself *charitable* for purchasing lace and embroidery, that I have trembled to think of the price in health, and in the absence of leisure, pleasure, seasons of mental improvement to some young sister woman or her babes, that my veil, or the trimming of my pocket handkerchief, may have cost; luxuries which, idle as I am, while those pale emaciated creatures fabricate—labouring fifteen hours a-day, and stealing time from necessary sleep to perform their domestic duties—I shall be pronounced *charitable* for bringing to me with a wish. I strive to put such thoughts from me; and, fortunately, in the meanwhile, there are enow of persons in the great—I mean in the *rich* world—to foster the pretty arts of millinery and jewellery, though my taste in luxury takes another direction. To say truth, so far as concerns my personal tastes, I have little to give up. I feel little difference between my ornaments and those of the simple maiden, who has the better taste to decorate herself and shed an atmosphere of perfume around her with fresh flowers. The whole to me seems resolvable into what pamphleteers call "*The Bullion Question*"—hoarded wealth—*fixed* capital—which men exhibit on the persons of their wives and daughters, or principal slaves, as it may be. The custom of loading the person with ornaments is so essentially barbarous, that I wonder, Lady Vesey, what my jewels would bring? The money could be turned to so much better account. Yes, yes! depend on it, our trinkets will speedily follow the gold-lace and bag-wigs of our lords. I speculate upon all the jewels of civilized Europe (that are left unstolen) being speedily absorbed by the Americans and Russians, to be made over in time to the Esquimaux, provided that nation be ingenious enough to find any trifling exchangeable commodity. There is some real value in trinkets:—like the desire for guns and pistols, they may stimulate the industry of savages, and so help to civilize them."

The Lady Blanche spoke rapidly, as if embarrassed, and, meanwhile, fixed a steady gaze on her chaperone.

"I have been denying stoutly everywhere that you mean to sell your jewels, Countess."

"Thank you; but it won't deny. I have told

it myself, hoping to raise my market. I require all the money the ornaments will bring from the very best bidders."

Lady Vesey looked disturbed. She hemmed.

"So many commercial people, and even Jewesses, now wear diamonds, that no doubt their value to persons of condition is greatly depreciated; yet valuable *family* jewels have always been one distinction of persons of rank." She added emphatically. "Probably their age and history greatly enhance their value to their hereditary possessors. I have a clumsy, little, antique seal-ring, which belonged to our common ancestor, Hubert, seventh Baron of Delamere, which I certainly value at twenty times its intrinsic worth."

"Oh, no! depend upon it, your value is no more to you than its intrinsic worth. Though, somehow, I disregard the mere ornament, don't imagine I undervalue the *token*, the *symbol*, the *heirloom*, if you will. Yet I sadly fear this religion of sentiment is very apt, in our own sex, at any rate, to degenerate into superstition; that the mere symbol becomes the worshipped idol. I love the sentiment, the memorial, the *token*, but yet dread and despise the vanity and avarice generated by the passion for these pretty toys."

"Remember the turquoise ring and the silver shrine," said the Quakeress, looking up from paring her pippin, with the quiet archness of manner which often gave point and drollery to her simplest laconisms.

"I do; and am charitable!" returned Blanche, blushing and smiling, while her eyes glowed with pleasurable recollections. "The turquoise—I believe it is a bit of blue glass, after all—but Frederick Leighton, when a boy, brought it to me at the laundry from Stock Delamere Fair; the 'silver shrine'—it is the covering I procured with about my first pocket-money, for that old oak-bound Bible, derived to me through my Puritan grandsires. It has, as I find by my grandfather's papers, such a history that poor homely tome! To me, it is hallowed by so many tender, so many lofty, and solemn associations—deep as the first heavings of the Protestant Reformation—elevating as every the poorest emblem must be, of the unconquerable martyr-spirit, the unquenchable love of truth and freedom which burned in the magnanimous breast of its first possessor—that Cheshire yeoman, of whom I feel more proud than if he had been descended of the flower of Norman chivalry."

Blanche felt that she had said far too much, and spoken out of season; and she suffered a chill and recoil of spirit. Excellent, or rather *respectable* person as Lady Vesey was, it was not from her she could expect sympathy in such enthusiastic feelings. She rose from table, saying, in a lighter if not gay tone—

"I find how difficult it is, in this affair of gems and shrines, to retain the Protestantism of the spirit—should I say the Quakerism? How one's best feelings imperceptibly blend with one's most pitiable weaknesses! I had no sooner gotten an idol than I must have a shrine for it, as my

friend says ; and, lest the pure sentiment which the heart attaches to family memorials and tokens of affection, should degenerate in me into woman's paltry love of personal ornaments, and for other good reasons, I am determined to get rid of mine. Besides, I need the money."

"To maintain your orphan family, your modern St Cyr, as your satirical friend, Lady Blande, terms the establishment at the villa."

"I am obliged to Lady Blande for giving my little household so fine a name. Do not you, Lady Vesey, think, that if I am able to provide the means of educating those twelve orphan girls aright, my trinkets—the loss of which is really no personal sacrifice—which, on the contrary, are a plague and anxiety to me—will not be worth considering? My friend, at an age which requires indulgence, gives up her time, devotes her whole energies to our pupils."

"I trust the results may be as satisfactory as the motives for the undertaking are pure," returned the Lady, evasively, and rather drily. "But family jewels—there are questions of transmission involved. Should your Ladyship marry, and have a son, for which, as a true Delamere, I am bound to pray heaven, the jewels—at your pleasure no doubt—might naturally be regarded as part of the fitting paraphernalia of his bride; or be divided, in part, among your daughters."

"'Tis a far cry to Lochawe,' as our cousins, the Campbells say, Lady Vesey," returned Blanche, laughing; "and I hope my sons and daughters may have some of their mamma's tastes in matters of mere luxury and decoration. But, though not convinced that I have not a perfect right to use my own discretion, I shall certainly not purloin the property of my heirs and successors. Much good may it do them, to peruse the inventory of their necklaces, rings, bracelets, spoons, buckles and dishes, 'with a cover.' Save the spoons which I and my friends eat with, I am sure I have had no other good from those heaps of *useless* things, accumulated at our different supernumerary mansions. I have experienced a swell of pride in looking on my woods and streams, but I am immovable towards my plate chests."

"Gold plate is not to be laughed at," said Lady Vesey. "*Old family plate*," more emphatically.

"Certainly not—nor for that matter silver-gilt;—and I am so much of the silver-fork school myself, that I wish every body in the world had silver in place of iron and horn to eat their food with—'tis so much cleaner and nicer."

"You love luxury after all, Countess?"

"Warmly—I love it, where it ministers to the cleanliness, the refinement, nay, to the real grace and ornament of life—so warmly, that I wish all mankind to share in what I love. But my homely Quaker arithmetic taught me to prize, first, things necessary; and my Bible bids me love my neighbour as myself, and do to others as I would have them do unto me. Now, were I in the place of one of the pretty young wives

of my poor Irish tenants, I am certain I could never think it right, that an idle young woman, like myself, should be squandering those fruits of Judy's husband's labour, which he gives in rack-rent, upon useless, cumbrous ornaments, while the cabin was without beds, chairs, spoons, and platters. But, as I have told you, I follow and gratify my own tastes, by what is fancied an unusual mode of expenditure, although I did not consider it, in my peculiar circumstances, a duty. No, Lady Vesey, the regalia of Great Britain, did it adorn my person, would but humble me the more were those, whom a vicious social state have made my impoverished dependants, left in poverty, while I lavish what is theirs. I prescribe to no one: but, with my Bible lights, I am bound to a certain distribution of my income, and to a certain present and prospective management of my property. My St Cyr, as it seems my friends call it, will not be allowed to interfere with these first duties; but it will absorb all my personal savings. I deny myself no pleasure, meanwhile, that I really feel to be such; and I only fear our family at the villa is becoming too attractive to fashionable people, though I am not afraid of many imitating our plan."

The beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, which the eccentric young lady had given up—some said for a Nunnery, others for a Magdalen Penitentiary—did become an object of curiosity to a set of persons ever excited by any novelty that promises amusement; and many applications were made to the foundress, both for the admission of pupils and examination of premises. The greater part, and far the happiest, of her own hours were actively spent there, in forwarding the objects of an establishment, from which it required some firmness in the superintendent Quakeress, to keep off the inroads of the idle and impertinent.

"We shall burst upon you, Countess, when you hold your Fancy Fair to dispose of the pretty things made by your ingenious *protégées*," said one of the Ladies Fanfaronade. "Devereux means to be an immense purchaser."

"My young friends make no pretty things for sale; they are busy in educating and being educated, and in being happy."

"Oh, then it is a drama they are to perform on your birth-day—something *Gentis-like*. We are quite resolved to be invited. Mamma says she will take no refusal; she takes immense interest in such exhibitions."

"I have seen the girls on the lawn of an evening, perform *Thread my Grandmother's Needle*," replied Blanche, laughing, "the most brilliant, hitherto, of their histrionic or pantomimic efforts, I fancy."

"Are you not training them for vocalists? so enthusiastic and accomplished a vocalist as you are yourself, or actresses?"

"To act their part as useful independent members of society, to be amiable women, energetic moral beings; no more than that, of acting, Lady Fanny."

"And they wear the Quaker garb, and take vows of celibacy, poor things." Blanche laughed. "Only strong resolutions against foolish, loveless or mercenary marriages, Lady Fanny, which their education sets them above, if they follow it up."

"Your Friend is qualifying the young women for superior domestics, I understand," said Lady Fanfaronade; "and of these there is indeed a grievous want in high life."

"Not exactly for domestics; though every mistress of a family, as I hope some or many of my young friends will become, must first know how to *serve*. There is really nothing wonderful in the system on which we are endeavouring to train these friendless young women. Their range of study is much more limited than that one sees in the conglomerated *ologies* of the advertising cards of ordinary boarding-schools. We wish them to learn nothing that is not worth acquiring and retaining; and we strive not to force natural genius. I shall be disappointed if, in after life, these young girls may not be heard to say, that the days in which they were qualifying themselves for the serious duties of life, and to earn independent bread, if need be, were as happy as any they have known."

"But what do they learn, pray? Do they embroider, or do millinery, or make artificial flowers? or ——"

Blanche shook her head, as if dissenting. "We prefer, for their acquirement, skilled labour in things likely to remain useful, and, consequently, in demand, to mere manual dexterity in any art, however temporarily profitable. Of a thousand girls, one four hundred and fifty will make dresses and bonnets about as well as the larger half. We wish our pupils to turn their attention (where Nature has not denied the powers) to pursuits requiring long study and diligent application. No trade can, to man or woman, be the certain means of comfortable subsistence in our society which is too easily acquired; and I hope these young persons will, by their own labour, be rendered *comfortable* as well as independent in their circumstances."

"Trades! I fancied they were respectable young women, the daughters of professional men and of decayed gentlemen."

"And so they are—all of them, the unprovided daughters of educated if reduced families. But call their future *vocations*, *professions*, if you please, for the term will be rightly applied. We have three young ladies who will, by-and-by, be well qualified to supply the place of mothers—to be instructresses—governesses if you will; but that is the one hackneyed resource of all well-born young women in reduced circumstances—one that is both over-done and under-done. We have already two very promising wood-engravers, and one exquisite miniature-painter, particularly of children: that girl will make a fortune if she choose. We have a map-engraver, and a painter of decorations and armorial bearings for us nobility. I have no doubt that some among them might be very clever at jewellery and watch-making. But these are not

considered very high arts. One mathematical genius among my Friend's pupils, her master has formed the ambition of having apprenticed to his brother, who is an eminent optical instrument-maker. I hope the plan may succeed. Women, without renouncing the gentle virtues of their sex, might be helpful to themselves in a thousand ways, and society all the happier for it, had they only fair play."

"Oh, true; see the women in Paris in all the shops—*Madame* directing, managing everything, so keen and active and alert in business—and really harder to deal with than men," said Lady Fanfaronade.

"I confess," returned Blanche, "that I participate in the English prejudice against female traffickers, shopkeepers, and clerks. How very sharp, and sharp-witted, selfish, hard, worldly, and, in one word, *unwomanized*, clever girls do become, in *chaffering* situations, as book-keepers, bar-maids, and whatever exposes them to the public gaze and the contact of strange multitudes, with gain, or the hope of it, for the object, or personal vanity the continual stimulus.—Morally, these female dealers are in a worse condition than the poor actresses and figurantes. They only simulate, and often, what is the most soft, refined, and feminine in the sex; while the women of business, where the most gentle in their nature, at best only learn to conceal their grasping dispositions under flattering and cajolery."

"Just like a fashionable physician striving, by mean arts, to obtain practice: the *modiste* palms off her wares, the doctor his nostrums upon silly women," said the Quakeress, "and often by the same arts of cozening and white-lying. I would not, therefore, have thee rest blame exclusively upon the poor professional women, dear lady."

"Nor do I—they are very like their brethren; and perhaps the brazen impudence or hardness of the lower class of trading women—those whom one sees at the counters of gin-palaces and in pawnbrokers' shops—is not a whit worse than the polished or lackered metal worn as the visors of their superiors. If our young friends cannot acquire and exercise some branch of skilled industry without becoming public traders, plunged into the keen competition of selfish interests, and jostling and elbowing their way in the market, I shall at once abandon my plan. Let us English, whatever the French may do, keep at least one sex sacred from the selfishness and contamination of traffic, as far as is possible. I suppose that few merchants, and indeed few professional men, physicians, lawyers, and still less statesmen, would wish their high-principled and pure and single-minded wives and daughters to know about the compromises, and trimmings, and subterfuges, and tricks in trade, that enter into their affairs. Such imprudent confidences would inevitably diminish esteem on both sides. When a man is blamed for not acquainting his wife with his affairs, one must believe that the true reason often is, that he respects her probity, her purity of principle, too much

to take her into his confidence about his commercial enterprises, speculations, watchings of the turn of the market, and all those fine things into which, for the sake of both men and women, I should be very sorry to see women initiated, although they should be condemned 'to chronicle small beer' for a century longer. My young sisterhood shall be taught no 'art nor science which they may not exercise in woman's true place, the bosom and sanctuary of *home*; and either as single women, wives, or widows, as circumstances may dictate; though it is for the independence, and consequently the happiness, of *single* women I am mainly concerned."

"And you would neither have them milliners, dressmakers, nor in business at all?" said Lady Vesey.

"There will always, I fear, be too many milliners and dressmakers; and I have said that I do not, at present, like *trafficking* for women. In the name of all that is holy and happy in domestic life, let us shield at least one-half of the species from, I fear, the too frequently corrupting processes by which bread must be striven for in our imperfect and uneasy society."

"Not bread," said the Quakeress, quietly; "that is generally honestly and hardly earned by the sweat of the brow; but certainly bread, if with *butter* to it, by those who profess to believe all the while that, for the three score and ten years, food and raiment will suffice; and to depend, from day to day, for that same on God's Providence."

"Oh, just so. It is plum-cake then, the *was-sail* bread, which so many among us are striving for, and rarely obtain, without sustaining some moral injury—some stain to the virgin purity of conscience in the worldly strife. The softer and more flexible nature of women, at least, could hardly escape contamination."

"Persons in business are, I am aware, often very low-minded, if not sordid, creatures," said Lady Vesey, looking annoyed by the discussion, "and such cheats!"

"Pardon me, Lady Vesey—my homely illustration comprehended many more than tradespeople—all the professions—all those who wish for more money or money's worth than they can honestly and honourably acquire; and that, I am afraid, includes nearly the whole aristocratic world—we landlords especially."

"You are a Whig, Countess, and always were," returned the lady, bowing and smiling. "Now as I am a Tory, and, besides, know nothing whatever about politics beyond an election perhaps, ladies having, I am sure, no business with them, I may as well yield to you."

"If by politics you understand, as indeed every body seems to do, party rivalry, struggles for place, factious opposition, intrigue, and even gross falsehood, neither do I desire to understand politics farther than to renounce and repudiate them. But the knowledge of what I have been taught to consider politics—and I heartily wish we had another name for the science instead of the abused one—is among the noblest of human attainments. Poetry, we are told by one who was

a great prose poet, as well as the greatest of philosophers, "has something divine in it, because it accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind;" but politics—what I understand by politics—is of a nature still more divine, for it accommodates the *realities* of things to the dictates of the judgment and conscience—to truth, love, humanity; to all those glorious ends for which Our Father, who is in Heaven, created this beautiful world, and gave it to his children to enjoy, while undergoing that discipline of love which best prepares them for the fullness of joy, in the future perfected exercise of all the faculties of their nature. Politics, in a word, is the science which teaches men to live together in society, according to God's will. But for what is generally understood by politics and politicians—My soul come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united!"

Lady Vesey heard this flight with preoccupied attention. Her mind was fixed upon one point—the unnatural aversion which the young Countess seemed to entertain to the dearest end of all womankind—marriage.

"You don't wish the girls to marry, Countess?"

"Not quite that," replied the Quakeress, in answer to an observation which escaped the rapt Blanche, who was plunged in a momentary bright reverie of human progression and happiness. "But we think we exalt the one sex, and contribute to the happiness of both, when we strive to place young women above the temptation of marrying merely for a maintenance."

"Can any one doubt about the degrading and miserable consequences of such necessity?" said Blanche, recalled to the conversation. "Can any one who feels the full value, the inexpressible tenderness and sanctity of the union of true hearts, tolerate the counterfeit, with all its attendant teeming evils, incurred that a young woman may, on certain conditions, obtain food and clothes; be *provided for*, as my Irish friends honestly, if bluntly, phrase it? The world is bursting with misery, to which ill-assorted marriages contribute not a little. And there will still be too many unhappy alliances, when the prudence of parents is satisfied that their daughters need no longer marry, to be *provided for*."

"Apropos," said the courtly lady, whom it was impossible to startle from her propriety, "apropos to your subscription for the Bishop's Charity School—I must take leave to remind you."

"I am sure you are very kind, and very considerate, Lady Vesey, to take such pains to make me stand well with the religious-fashionable world; my five guineas, or whatever you think right, shall, from respect to you, not be wanting. There—mulct the heretic," and she laughingly handed over her purse. "Nay, take more—shall I write a check for you? The children in the Bishop's school will, no doubt, be duly taught to read and repeat the Lord's prayer. Would that the world, or any considerable portion of it, could only understand and act upon its spirit, as embodied in one-half dozen words! How can I consistently

aid in teaching the children of the poor to repeat that prayer, while I tacitly consent in a hundred ways to retard the divine will from being 'done on earth as it is in heaven?' What mockery in us, the English nobility, to contribute our pittance to teach the poor to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread!' while we profit by selfish cruel laws of our own making, to tax their bread; to rob their basket and their store, to enrich ourselves. Oh! it is often all darkness and distraction to me: I am lost in a chaos of tumultuous thoughts: but the conviction ever remains, that I participate in the guilt of this centuries-old scheme of spoiling, of oppressing, and brutalizing our fellow-creatures; and that dearly shall we rue it."

The Countess was more excited than her watchful maternal friend approved. She looked anxiously towards her, and Blanche, by a sudden strong control, checked and subdued the outward signs of her emotion. But the vehement current of her thoughts, if staid, was not changed, and she sank into a troubled reverie.

"Give thy thoughts vent, if conscience say that thou oughtest not to suppress them," said her Friend.

"Do you not fancy it a very awful parable, that of the Saviour, about Dives and Lazarus?" replied Blanche, in a low voice, with an abstracted air, and a slight shudder. "Lady Vesey, after the sudden and painful death of my poor grandmother, and the shock which my nerves—nay, my whole sentient and spiritual being sustained, I do imagine that though I was not sensible of it at the time, there might be some colour for the derangement or excitement imputed to me. How gladly would I have sought consolation then, in the superstitions, as we deem them, of the Romish religion, had not reason and conscience revolted! Yes! never once wavering in my own faith—never disturbed by one doubt that might be called religious—I was yet accused of a religious craze—while the overwhelming evil against which my unshaken faith, and the wisdom and sympathy of the warmest friends with which a woman of my condition was ever blessed, were taxed to the utmost to sustain me against what it were far nearer the truth to describe as a moral mania, a social or political madness, into which my agonized mind fell, under the distempered feeling that I was the last of a race of oppressors,—of doomed Diveses, upon whom the vials of the Almighty's wrath were to be poured forth.—The wrongs done upon the face of the earth, and especially the cruelty of the rich and their instruments to the poor, of which I had witnessed so much, even in my own narrow experience; bold, shameless, triumphant villany; the wrongs inflicted by man on woman; and the misery in which, in those dark days, the whole earth seemed steeped; though they could not shake my faith in the power and goodness of the Almighty, presented the fearful temptation that I and mine were of those, most miserable! whose portion is of this world; that we were of the

number of the illustrious reprobates, who 'have here our good things, while Lazarus has his evil.' It was in vain, for a season, that my Friend told me, in accents of love and compassionate sympathy, that I was not more powerless to change the destiny of my progenitors, than unblamable for the station and position in life which I filled;—that I had but one concern—duty—*present* duty;—one unfailing trust—the goodness of Providence. Frederick Leighton came, and reason borrowed the language of love in persuading me; and though I was in time consoled and cheered, yet I can deeply pity any one who may suffer as I suffered then:—I can still pity, and not very much condemn, in myself, the spiritual conflict into which I was thrown. . . . Sometimes a *grueing* of that dark period creeps over my spirit still. I am still tempted to feel that this is—

'A wild and miserable world,
Thorny and full of care,
Where every fiend can make his prey at will;'
and, with tears and cries to demand, as in those days,

'Is there no hope in store?
Will not the universal spirit e'er
Revivify this withered limb of Heaven?'
"I am quoting much at random those deep, agitating words which haunted me then."

The Quakeress, evidently uneasy at the agitating nature of the conversation, endeavoured to relieve or divert it. She accordingly took up the quotation, and, smiling serenely, replied—

"O rest Thee tranquil; chase those fearful doubts,
That ne'er should rack an everlasting soul.

Joy to the spirit came!
Through the wide rent in Time's eternal veil
Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear;

Earth was no longer hell;
Love, freedom, health had given
Their ripeness to the manhood of its prime,
And all its pulses beat

Symphonious to the planetary spheres:
The dulcet music swelled

Concordant with the life-strings of the soul;
It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,
Catching new life from transitory death,
Like the vague sighing of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea,
And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits:—"

"O thank you! thank you, best friend, for remembering so much of my 'bane and antidote,' as once you called that above-earth composition."

"I do, without approving all, remember very much of that wonderful poem. How could any one, at all able to sound its depths, ever shake off its high solemn import? How could I forget such passages as that in which thou foundest the *antidote*:

"Yet, Human Spirit! bravely hold thy course.
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change;
For birth, and life, and death, and that strange state
Before the naked soul has found its home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal.
Life is its state of action—
Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,

That leads to azure isles and beaming skies—
The happy regions of eternal hope.
Therefore, O Spirit ! fearlessly bear on !
Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene
Of linked and gradual being has confirmed ?
Whose stings bade thy heart look further still,
When to the moonlight walk, by friendship led,
Sweetly and sadly thou didst talk of death ?

Bravely bearing on, thy will
Is destined an eternal war to wage
With tyranny and falsehood, and uproot
The germs of misery from the human heart.
Thine is the hand whose piety would sooth
The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,
Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,
Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease.
Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy
Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,
When fenced by power and master of the world.
Thou art *sincere* and *good* ; of resolute mind ;
Free from heart-withering custom's cold control ;
Of passion lofty, pure, and unsubdued.
Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee ;
And therefore art thou worthy of the boon
Which thou hast full received. Virtue shall keep
Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod ;
And many days of beaming hope shall bless
Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.
Go, happy one ! and give that bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Life, light, and rapture from thy smile."

"I seem as if I were vain enough to appropriate something of this beautiful encouragement and exhortation to myself," said Blanche, as she turned her suffused eyes from her friend, and as, with the childish pretty motion which had become with her a natural trick, she rapidly winked her eyes, as if shaking away the gems from her long delicate lashes ; "yes I am thus vain—I own it honestly. You quote to elucidate the beauties of the denounced poet, whose fervid natural religion I have heard you so warmly and candidly extol ; and I apply the text to my own circumstances."

"And so do I. But, to come back to sub-lunary, or anti-millennial matters, shall I order coffee, Lady Vesey ? I volunteered young Shaw's duty, that he might be present at his sister's wedding, and am getting very like other official deputies."

The Quakeress went away.

"How curiously your friend *chants*, rather than recites poetry," said Lady Vesey ; "and such a memory !—Admirable Wordsworth ! But he is equal to everything !"

Blanche either did not hear, or did not think it necessary to correct the mistake.

"Shall we go to the drawing-room ? Anything save dreams of Elysium, or the music which begets them, is intolerable, after this high colloquy."

She led the way, seated herself at the piano-forte, and, without another word, poured forth the vivid feelings of the moment in the extempore, impassioned music with which she preluded and accompanied what Lady Vesey remarked to be a song quite out of the common way certainly, neither Moore's nor Haynes Bayley's ; perhaps from something like Comus, or one of the old Masques.

"He came like a dream in the morn of life,
He fled like a shadow before its noon ;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
And I wander and wane, like the weary moon.
O, sweet Echo, wake !
And, for my sake,

Make answer the while my heart shall break !

"But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
Though tender and true, yet can answer not ;
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
Can return not the kiss by his now forgot :

Sweet lips !—he who hath

On my desolate path

Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death !"

"What an eccentric, flighty creature she is, after all," was Lady Vesey's thought, as she busily suited shades of worsted. "Yet how resolute and even obstinate she can be on some points. I have no doubt but she will sell her jewels—how strange and disreputable !"

"How I wish Frederick were returned, that the misery of suspense to so excitable a being were terminated," was the rumination of the Quakeress, who cast a furtive, anxious look, from her perpetual hemming, at the enthusiastic musician, fervently wishing her some more sedative amusement, and almost resolved to remonstrate against the intemperate indulgence of the bewitching art. Blanche caught her eyes' meaning—rose, locked the instrument, and brought her the key as Lady Vesey left the room.

"There—place it in thy work-bag, and keep it for me till the right time. I am very fidgetty to-day. That packet announced at Falmouth in the morning papers, and still no delivery—perhaps no letters to be delivered."

"I can sympathize with thy impatience, without forgetting that thine is, alas ! an idle if natural anxiety. There is one question I must put to thy conscience, dearest one, in the spirit of tenderness and fidelity which has ever marked our intercourse, since thy heart first developed thy understanding, and led thee to place confidence in one so unequal to thyself in fortune and station." Blanche—her clasped hands rested on her knee, her concentrated spirit sitting in the eyes riveted on the face of her friend—bowed in the pause, as if she wished the discourse to proceed. "Art thou not, dearest lady, seeking false strength in pride, while it is in affectionate tenderness and obedience to the dictates of reason, instead of cowardly submission to the factitious tyranny of opinion, that thou canst alone find strength and happiness in one ?"

"Cowardly submission !—am I then the world's slave—the slave of opinion ?"

"For a limited period ; a bondage of four years covenanted for, to propitiate its favour ; but they are well nigh past, and save for this restless impatience—the sinking of hope deferred—that agony of suspense under which I so often see thee suffer, alternating with the flush of feverish expectation—I should be content to see thy self-imposed sacrifice to pride—thy penance—consummated ; but as it is"

"Pride again !" returned Blanche, almost in the accents of pride, and with a flushing cheek,

"I may have been over-proud of my choice ; over-proud of the heart and intellect which I have gained and possess ; weak and over-fond, in the hope that I should compel the world to do my motives and feelings justice, and to acknowledge that, in the unusual path I pursue, I am a reasonable being, living up to the full character, and for the blessed purposes, for which God has given me existence ; not a silly, vain, fond, and self-willed girl, bent upon the indulgence of her inclinations at all hazards."

"Spare thyself," interrupted her friend, calmly ; "in every daring experiment, even the most prudent and cautious applaud success after it comes. This much I can promise on the world's part in thy meditated unequal alliance"—

"Unequal alliance ! How can I listen to such words from your lips—that union in which I place all my pride—my true pride, as well as every hope, dear to a loving woman's heart ; and you have told me there is fervour and depth in mine." This was said in a tone of tender reproach.

"I used the world's language, dearest lady. Had our Frederick not been the manly counterpart of thine own generous and fervid spirit, he must have been warmed and moulded to it ere now. I speak from ardently desiring your mutual happiness, and thine especially, now sacrificed—pardon the plain phrase—to mistaken pride. And Frederick ? but he does not complain. Like the youthful patriarch—the seven years of bondage may to him seem but as a day."

"I certainly have no right to trifle with his happiness, nor perhaps to throw from us both, so much of the dear blessing of a united life. And this feverish restlessness I do plead guilty to. I suppose every day becomes as long as a month in certain states of feeling. Nay, I am often almost ill, and, if not unfit for duty, yet feeling nothing like the old cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits in its proper business. Yet how can I bid Dr Leighton return immediately, that we be married forthwith, as nothing goes well without him," she continued, with a touch of her natural gay humour, "how tell '*That I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin* ?' Thank God, however—oh, how fervently for that !—that it is no sin, but my best happiness, my pride, my crowning joy to think of him, and to cherish his image—to dream of our perfected bliss. Am not I the happiest of women ?"

"In thy very caprices the most charming of women, might thy lover say," returned her friend, smiling. "But the sober certainty of waking bliss—that pure and serene atmosphere in which the soul finds vigour and enjoys repose, thy native element—is wanting to thee still ; and thou art self-exiled from it by mistaken feeling ; and another innocently suffers with thee. While Frederick had a duty to humanity to perform, I was patient for thee."

"Wert thou a powerful magician, as thou surely art the benevolent little fairy-lady who

presided at my birth, I know what you would do for me to-night," said Blanche, trying to smile.

"Summon Frederick home ? or merely send to the Colonial Office, to learn if there be no packet, ostensibly at least, for his poor old aunt ?"

"Perhaps both."

"Nay, then thou art exacting :—but the first I cannot do. Shall the intriguing old *gouvernante* hasten matters, lest the Countess of Delamere rue her folly ere it be too late ?"

"Who indulges false pride—who is the world's slave—opinion's slave now ?" cried Blanche, with vivacity, "if even you, dear friend, dare not act with simplicity and Godly sincerity, for fear your pure and benevolent motives should be misconstrued ?"

"I confess it, but without purpose of amendment. Were I so unhappy as to perceive any want of mutual faith between you—the shadow of misunderstanding—I might see it a duty to interfere, so far as to place things in a right light ; but, at present, the Quakeress may cherish her pride and delicate scruples, as tenderly as if she were one of the world's ladies."

Blanche was smiling at this candour, when the loud simultaneous noises of the door-bell and knocker pierced the recesses of the distant chamber where they sat. She became very pale.

"O that postman—what power he has in accelerating poor women's pulses ! how my spirits require the soothing cordial of letters to-night !"

The servant brought in letters—Irish letters ; Blanche looked at them, at once with interest and disappointment. He also announced the arrival of Sir Jervis Yates, who requested the honour of immediately seeing the Countess.

"There is surely some wondrous cause for the unusual hour my cousin selects ; but I fancy he has just arrived from the country to enter upon his Parliamentary duties. . . . What an easy trade that of legislation seems to be. It is the only one which gentlemen take up at their own hand. Before I go, dear friend, there is one point of my false pride that you have spared, and on which I am about to be tried—my *Irish failure*." She hesitated, and played with the huge packet, addressed in her Irish agent's handwriting. "Read this before I return, and do not spare me ; tell me the truth and the whole truth. We have had discouraging news, but I anticipate worse."

"I regret your disappointment—the damping of the too sanguine hopes of a young generous spirit—but I see no *failure*, no probability of it."

"Thank you for that ; your sympathy is all needed at present. Here is Sir Jervis come to exult (the very least) over the ill success of my rash experiments as a reforming landowner."

"Were thy kinsman so ungenerous, he hath no cause of triumph. If with thy glowing love, thy large faith in humanity, thou hast not coolly, and all at once, reckoned upon the existing amount of ignorance and prejudice thou hadst to overcome, as well as the actual destitution thou hadst to alleviate, shalt thou for that be dis-

mayed, or falter in thy generous work ? I do not fear false pride here ; and however thou mayst falter on points of false opinion, regarding the delicacy of conduct required of women, it is error on the safe side ; but thou wilt not shrink from the duties and responsibilities undertaken for thy poor Irish tenantry."

"In the strength of Heaven, no ! But learn from these dispatches the worst we have to expect, while I see Sir Jervis."

The attempts which that gentleman made to disguise the vivacity and exultation of his thoughts, under a long and serious face, did not deceive his fair relative.

"You have news for me, Sir Jervis ; Irish intelligence—bad, perhaps—certainly painful ; I have unread letters myself. What has happened since the firing of the new chapel by the Orangemen ? I have taken measures to pay the tithes, and other obnoxious public burdens, myself, to prevent the possibility of bad blood and fatal conflicts ; but yet I fear."

"The more you do, the more you will get to do, madam, that is the nature of Paddy ; especially with us English Protestants whom their priests incite them to hate."

"Not the priests whom I know, at any rate," returned Blanche ; "they have been the most zealous auxiliaries of the magistrates in preserving order and suppressing the spirit of outrage, which, I regret to think, has spread even into my neighbourhood."

Your neighbourhood, madam ! are you aware that the Barony of Delamere Upper is alleged to be the focus of the entire mischief. In those mountain-farms every man is a sworn White-boy—sworn over the dead body of the murdered proctor, laid out in the parish priest's barn. Here is my authority ; a private letter from a most active, respectable, and loyal Protestant magistrate, Squire Corbyn of Corbyn Grove—an extensive proprietor, and very large middleman."

"I know whom you mean," said Blanche ; "and I hope this gentleman's information may be altogether incorrect—part of it must be so. Some of my generous if mistaken friends, feeling themselves beginning to be comfortable in their holdings, only from their own industry, have, I fear, been tempted to try to help their neighbours also 'to right themselves,' as they call it."

"Right themselves by spoliation and murder, Countess ! And their ingratitude ! They have warned your Scotch agent to take his departure before next rent-day, on penalty of cropped ears for the first offence ; and Irish warnings are no jokes."

"You try to alarm me, now ; but I shall never believe this until I ask the people themselves, and hear them own it ?"

"Ask them, my Lady, to confess their guilt ? you cannot be serious."

"Never was more so. If they are capable, from any degree of ignorance, of acting so wickedly, with such entire disregard to their own interests and to consequences, it will go

near to break my heart ; yet how could I expect that my neighbourhood should all at once be a scene of virtue, prosperity, and peace, surrounded as it is ? Excuse me now, Sir Jervis ; will you take any refreshment ? I am eager to peruse my head agent's letters."

"I have posted to town, Countess, to volunteer my poor services in suppressing these disgraceful outrages, and endeavouring to settle your Irish estates upon some scheme that will give you tranquillity on that score. I will procure a party of military at Enniskillen."

"Many thanks, Sir Jervis ; but I had hoped so much from the basis on which I was endeavouring to settle them—what seemed to me the only fair and just one. I must see my way more clearly before I consent to trouble you or any one with these matters ; which will come right, depend on it. The last season was a severe one ; and, notwithstanding all I have been able to effect in the way of alleviating the general distress, it has been very great. This naturally generates those discontents of which there are spirits of evil ever ready to take advantage in poor Ireland. How much more strongly do I feel every day the extreme difficulty of doing any good there !"

"Let well alone, Countess ; that is my maxim. The rents of the Donegal estates were trebled during the long life of the late Countess, turbulent as the tenantry always were. I believe the Steel-boys and Hearts-of-Oak were first heard of on your family estates."

"I am sorry and yet proud to hear it. If I live a few years I shall realize more advantage from that property than my grandmother ever actually did, racked and swollen out as her nominal rent-roll had become. But that at present is my least concern. I shall go over immediately and talk with them ; and when I have once touched their kind and grateful hearts, I shall not despair of enlightening their understandings."

"Not to be thought of, madam—that hopeful mission. Trust yourself among assassins and incendiaries ? Fancy the ungrateful wretches offering to fire your Marine Cottage, and actually turning up the turf of the lawn, and destroying all the young trees and shrubs—those rhododendrons and arbutuses of which you were so proud, from the size which they had attained in the open air in that soft climate."

"I will not believe that any one of my own friends did so !" exclaimed Blanche, looking distressed. "It were sacrilege against human nature to fancy this possible. Those shrubs and flowers, the finest ornaments of my little home, were planted by the hands of their own girls and boys in their presence and mine ;—they were a covenant between us. I have the heart's *frank-pledge* for their safety. It would half break my heart to find it violated, but never lead me to desist, in my attempts to benefit them, and raise them to a better state of feeling. Surely those whose worst crimes are so closely allied to the warmest feelings of the human heart afford a fair field to Christian effort ?"

I will not, Sir Jervis, send troops nor police to my poor friends. If they are so misguided as you represent, I will, nevertheless, throw myself upon their generosity. I will meet them face to face, and hear their complaints, and what cannot be all at once redressed, will, I am confident, be cheerfully borne."

"You will, my Lady!—your sex, your age?"

"Never mind my age; I am old enough to have held these estates in absolute possession for nearly four years; and if women may hold large landed possessions, they must, in common sense, be assumed capable of the duties connected with such important trusts."

"You will at least accept my escort."

"I had much rather go among them with my family, as I wont to do, with no protection save their kind feelings for me. This root of bitterness which has sprung up, I can trace it now."

This was, indeed, as very a trifle as most of the pretexts or proximate causes of Irish outrages always are, however deeply the true reason may lie and rankle. On the Delamere property, there stood, by a mountain lake, a ruined chapel, which the Catholic population of the neighbouring country sometimes visited in summer, on a kind of pleasure-pilgrimage; the aged animated by devotion not of the most ascetic character—the young for recreation and amusement. A promiscuous, and rather merry if not riotous group, had been taking their way to this spot one day in the last summer, when a party of Orangemen overarched a narrow part of the mountain-road or pass with memorials to the glorious and Immortal Memory, in the form of Orange flags, lilies, &c., surrounding a grim effigy of King William, which each pilgrim was compelled to pass under; thus by implication doing homage, or being kept back from the shrine, or place of devotion. Nor would this have caused more than a skirmish, terminating in a few broken heads, save that the Orange guards of the pass boasted that their flowers and banners had been the gift of the Lady of the Manor, the young *Ban Tierna*, through her agents and servants. A desperate conflict had ensued under those insulting trophies, which were trampled under foot, and the pilgrims had forced their way. But not soon did the wound inflicted, as was imagined, by so unlooked-for a hand, cease to rankle. It was whispered at many a fireside that winter, that the Saxons were all alike, fair and false; and what had they or their children to look for at her hands more than from those who went before her. The sentiment was not yet general, but it was spreading in the district; and laying a foundation for all manner of misrepresentation and bad feeling.

"My own presence, and the language of truth, spoken in faith and love, will at once dissipate the shadow which has fallen upon us," said Blanche. "I will set out to-morrow, if need be. Meanwhile, those jewels, cousin—But, pray, be sure that it is not to veil my poverty or disgrace from the world you make the purchase. With your offer I am quite satisfied; and they

will be a handsome bridal gift to—may I whisper—Lady Sarah Devereux, whom I understand I am to have the honour of calling kinswoman?"

"That affair is entirely off, Countess; which, indeed, was never properly on. It is not so easy as you ladies fancy to move us cautious old bachelors," returned Sir Jervis, smartly. "At my age, new habits are ill to acquire, and sometimes sit with ill grace. I am more desirous to see *you*, my fair cousin, properly established, than occupied with any matrimonial projects of my own."

"You are very kind, I am sure, Sir Jervis," replied Blanche, laughing.

"I begin to fancy you were all along right about that Devereux—a half superannuated dandy. You might do better. What is he but a younger son, though I own with fair prospects?"

"Of his brother dying, Sir Jervis?"

"Why, your younger son, madam, your second, ay, your third son, might be a more important personage than the future Earl of Fanfaronade. What is a barren title though a baron's title? You were quite right about Devereux."

"I always fancied I was. I was certainly right in knowing that I never loved, never esteemed, and consequently never ought to have married him."

"Oh, of course; but the late proposal.—Ah, your blushes eloquently speak, Countess! as the poet says. Weil, well—I do not press the delicate topic; only I don't care if all the world know that I choose for my heir the *third* son of a certain Marchioness that is to be. The elder, of course, inherits his grandfather's, the Duke's, title and fortune; and, for the second, the Delamere titles and estates ought to content any reasonable ambition; but the *third*, my boy, Countess—Jervis Yates de Buble, if I may venture to christen him beforehand!"

Blanche was at a loss whether to frown or smile. She instinctively did something between. This absurdity was too pitiable and humiliating to be heartily laughed at. She told her friend that she had lost the expected customer for her trinkets. A *hitch* seemed to have taken place between Sir Jervis and the Fanfaronade family after the matrimonial negotiation had been, by fashionable report, all but concluded.

"I think some member of the family must have let him see rather openly that they despised him; and worthy Sir Jervis does not want pride in any kind save the true kind. But my Irish letters?"

"Gloomy enough. Insurrection, or what borders on it, all around; and these sympathetic people, strongly excited by kindred suffering, seem ever to blaze up together

'Like fire to heather set.'

Your agent's letters are, indeed, quite desponding."

"I am going to Ireland—will you? But I don't ask it. Some of your pupils, my maidens, I will take with me; as many as volunteer; and Eleanor, poor child!—the excursion will benefit us all. They say my pretty cottage is

destroyed, but we could pitch a tent in the very midst of them, as I did while it was building, and find in every man a defender. Would not that be a better way of conquering the insurgents, think you, than going among them with soldiers and constables?"

"I will not counsel this, but I will follow whithersoever thy strong faith leads thee. No one believes that the outrages on your new and modest dwelling, have been committed by persons near the place: in short, all is doubt and mystery, as is ever the case in everything Irish. But read for yourself."

"My reading shall not alter my resolution. I have but to provide for my young friends here till the period of their apprenticeships or *studies* shall be terminated, and for their fair start in life; after which, towards them, my duty closes—my affection never will terminate. Some of these girls are dear to me as younger sisters. Had heaven decreed that I should remain a single woman, by sending no Frederick Leighton into the world, then I can conceive of no life so happy or respectable as to continue in the superintendence of my St Cyr. But I have, with infinite satisfaction to myself, dropped a few good seeds in favourable ground; others may yet continue the successive harvests, and reap abundantly—and now to fresh fields."

The Countess made her arrangements and preparations with her wonted promptitude or vehemence, where her heart was interested. Her jewels were disposed of next day, and the price placed at the disposal of her friend and Dr Hayley, for the use of her pupils; and now she had only to give them a long-promised farewell holiday, to be celebrated by a breakfast at the villa, a boating party on the Thames, and a collation on the grass; to be followed by a concert in the beautiful grounds which they proposed to visit—a concert so far only as the party themselves could supply musicians. It consisted of one friend invited by each of the pupils, with their masters, and some artists, and dealers in works of art, interested in their studies, and desirous of promoting the views of their benevolent patroness. Beneath a summer's sun, in fine weather, any boatful of young English girls will look pretty and picturesque; and the barge, occupied by the Countess and her companions, attracted universal attention and admiration, as, after a happy day spent in rambling in the woods and meadows, its wild-flower laden nymphs sailed homeward; while glad choral strains, and bursts of young mirth rose from its bosom. The Countess alone looked sometimes, if not sad, yet abstracted. Her thoughts were wandering pensively away, even into the future of the young creatures now rejoicing in their own glad feelings and in her smile. Four of them were to accompany her to Ireland for a few months. Two, who were *draughtswomen*, for improvement in their profession; one because change and native air had been recommended for her; and the fourth—she was a little plain-looking girl—Magdalene Leighton,

the half-cousin of Frederick; but there was in the thrilling pathetic tones of her rich deep voice, a spiritual power, which, in those late months, had often created a sudden flutter in the heart of Blanche, or sent a rush of tears to her eyes. While Magdalene, in the gloom of twilight, sung those simple and affecting north-country ballads, which Blanche had first listened to in childhood, from his lips, it seemed as if his spirit communed with her's in music and poetry. This was become another of her unnering indulgences, and it had not eluded the observation of her watchful Friend, who would say, in gentle expostulation—

"Thou art never merry when thou hear'st sweet music. Get thee gone, Magdalene, with thy woful ballads." And this was said once more when Blanche was recalled from reverie by the darkening hour, and the duty of saying farewell.

The farewell was affecting, almost solemn, which she took of her young sisters as she affectionately named the girls she had befriended. "Her sweet and amiable sisters, whose society had been so sustaining, so delightful to her; whose future well-doing would be the cause of such joy and pride!" And as she kissed each weeping girl, she gave and exacted a solemn pledge, that if ever, in any of those calamities or trying turns of fortune which lie in every woman's path, any one should be condemned to suffer what sympathy could soften, or be tempted to submit to what was unworthy of her, she should then frankly confide her trials and difficulties, or her *errors*, to her sisters, and be assured, that there was pity and love for her in all circumstances, and probable help in many.

"Let us never forget the obligations of our Sisterhood," was her parting injunction; "they are only such as will beneficially exercise our virtues and affections—render our orphanage less desolate, and a single life, if such be our choice, or our fate, less solitary, selfish, and dull; if they do not make it, as rightly understood they ought, useful, social, and cheerful."

The Lady Blanche had merited solace and reward by her manifold exertions to promote the happiness of others on this day; and they awaited her to fulness on returning to London, on the eve of her journey to her "insurrectionary provinces."

"Letters from Frederick! and he is coming!" she cried, running breathlessly into her friend's apartment; "in three months—perhaps less—by the packet after next!—Before I can be back from Ireland. But you shall have them—have the journal, I mean—'Cato's is not an ear for a love tale.' He has been in Cuba, and St Domingo, and the United States, since we heard of him last. What journeying! Many letters must be either lost or delayed. He could not return to us, he says, tempted as he was, without again revisiting the plantations, to see how the poor blacks went on as their own masters and managers. They are doing admirably in

their joint-stock concern ; and it does rejoice me ! Dr Leighton told them that he must leave them. I had given them freedom, and would give them work, and lend them money, or send stores, if they chose to continue on the plantations ; otherwise the land must be sold, and the people dispersed. I would not consent to work my estates with slaves. Their continuing to work as free labourers might, he thought, be a mutual obligation and advantage ; but they were free to act for themselves. Many grand *palavers* were held. Would we could have overheard them ! Some were too rash in their grateful generosity, and would insist 'on working for Missy, who make 'em free, for love.' Others were as selfish ; and a few longed to return to realize some fondly cherished vision of a reed-cabin, and plaintain trees and groves, and little brothers and sisters at play, on the fatal evening when the man-tigers had sprung forth to tear them away ; but, finally, they agreed to be, in the meanwhile, my tenants at will, cultivating the plantations with my capital, but under the superintendence of managers and overseers chosen by popular election from their own numbers. Leighton was astonished, when he returned, at what he found had been the good sense and orderliness of their proceedings, and the judiciousness of their selection of leaders. But remember the motive. Good-will and energy, and direct personal interest, have accomplished far more than the brutal lash ever could compel. The lazy have been shamed and compelled to exert themselves by the good rule, that those who will not work —. I fancy there is still a touch of despotism in the power of the overseers, but then they may be displaced at the end of every crop, or oftener, upon an emergency. And in this last year, the culture has been better and more cheaply managed, and the crops larger, than in any former season. They will be able to pay me too much of rent. I can have no fair claim to the large surplus they offer me, but Fred. advises that I should take it, were it but to tempt my neighbours, even through their cupidity, to follow my example, to try something more human than their present practices. I do not despair of having yet wealthy black tenants and of selling land or granting leases to negroes. Their worst present difficulties arise from the jealousy of the planters, and the diabolical tribe of attorneys, overseers, and drivers. This I fear will long continue, and not allow the hopeful experiment anything like fair play. . . . But I am out of breath, and you out of patience."

The Quakeress, who had gone early to bed, in prospect of her Irish journey, sat up, mingling adoration with thanksgiving, while grateful tears filled her eyes.

"I will not congratulate thee, dearest One—thy present rapturous feelings are happiness enough ; but I will pray God to strengthen thee more and more for future good works. They bring their own blessing."

It was in light and refreshed if not gay spirits, that Blanche set out with her household for

Ireland. They travelled leisurely ; for she had tender consideration for its two aged members, and there was to herself ever-springing enjoyment in the pleasure which the young girls derived from the new scenes and objects they saw ; nor is it easy to decide whether witnessing the rapid unfolding of an ingenuous and intelligent young mind, placed in exciting and novel circumstances, be not as delightful as watching the gradual development of the dawning faculties of childhood. No situation can be more favourable for observing temper and natural character ; and, with a little placid indulgence for weakness, and some amusement at affectation, the Lady Blanche reaped both pleasure and improvement from the strict observation of her juvenile companions, on the journey :—from one, in particular, who, after an absence of four years, was returning with the Countess to all she had ever known of home, her foster-mother's cabin in the sheltering bay, where Blanche had reared her marine lodge. She was the orphan of the schoolmaster and his wife—"a genteel and *decent* young couple, though not of these parts—who had been cut off together in the fever." Their child was maintained by a subscription of about two shillings a-week from the farmers, until taken to London to be taught to earn her bread. The Irish character was beautifully revealed in the tears and petulant bursts of passion, and vehemence of protestation with which Marcella Boyle vindicated the very worst of her countrymen from the bare possibility of having touched or harmed, "were it but the poorest rush in the bog *she* (the Countess) ever set her foot upon." The letters met at Dublin did not bear out Marcella quite so far ; but they conveyed no tidings to damp the courage of the Countess, though she was rather pleased when she succeeded in persuading Dr Hayley to remain, about some antiquarian piece of learned research, in Dublin for a few weeks.

The morning of the tenth day brought them within sight of that mountain range for which, though on the other side of the island, and she a geographer, Marcella had watched, ever since they had come in sight of the Hill of Howth. She now begged to ride outside ; and twenty times during the day, she asked the Countess, or rather assured her, "That must surely be *Slieve Fanau* now, madam."

Blanche was more familiar with the landmarks ; and, as the day was drawing to a close, and the journey to an end, she felt uneasy and depressed. At the inns, in the few places they passed through, the accounts of the state of the county were contradictory and doubtful ; and for the few newspapers found at these hostleries, Blanche needed only to look to their titles to know the credence due to their varying reports. She saw they were reaching a critical turn of the road, but she would not deprive Marcella of the rapture of surprise. It was remarked by her companions that Marcella, who had long laboured hard and successfully to exterminate her brogue, now exclaimed—

"The say! the say! the lodge! the bawn! the boys! och, Mi Lady!"

And she sobbed and wept, and hugged little Eleanor, who sat next her. The Lodge stood there, sure enough, its chimneys, "those wind-pipes of good hospitality"—sending their light turf-smoke to heaven. If the sward of the lawn had ever been damaged, it was smooth, and trim, and green as an emerald, now; and the boys—their joyous hurrahs sunk into respectful silence as the carriages approached, and twenty young fellows bounded forward to hold wider the open gate—a silence which enabled the Quakeress to overhear the whispered—

"It's My Lady Countess herself, it is."

"No, faith it; it's little Margy Boyle. I knowed the black rogue eyes of her, big as she grew. And if my Lady has made a first-rate gentlewoman of her, poor coleen!—bringing her home in her own coach, and munchipate the niggers, is she going to be a tyrant, like the ould one, to the poor decent creatures born and bred on her lands? Never a bone of myself will believe it, Terry."

"Hurrah, then," shouted the other; "she is past now, long life and glory to her and a good husband!—and so I may let go my manners—hurrah, boys!" and the cheering became general and loud.

"Faix, if she does not get the ten thousand welcomes, Slieve Vanau, there, is a big liar, for he is repating them too."

All the mountain echoes were indeed repeating the welcome, as Blanche, unable to conceal her glad weeping, was respectfully handed into the house by her Scotch agent, and left alone with him.

"It seems to me to have been all calumny and nonsense about our poor friends, Mr Wardlaw."

"Much of it, no doubt, madam, but not all."

"I have met with a reception which shames my suspicions. How have you so speedily been able to restore a good and right understanding?"

"I had the powerful influence of an old friend, madam, in whom they have confidence."

There was a peculiar smile, or rather the faintest ghost of a smile of suppressed humour fluttering about the left corner of the mouth of the Scotchman, had Blanche been able to perceive it.

"That Squire Corbyn, I suppose?" inquired the lady, in not the most grateful tone.

"Not he, madam—a friend of your Ladyship's, who, on a former occasion, gained the confidence of the tenantry by doing them justice. But I promised to let Dr Leighton know as soon as you arrived. He has ridden up to the priest's on business. Ah, here he is!"

Blanche did not shriek nor faint, but she caught at the back of the sofa by which she stood, as the agent withdrew and gently shut the door, whispering to the Quakeress still in the vestibule.

"The packet in which Dr Leighton came had rough weather in the Channel. He got off in a pilot-boat, and, learning our bad state, came to us at once. He has been here for three days."

"There is to be no bridesmaid save Eleanor, after all," said Marcella Boyle to her London companions; "so we need not be jealous about it now. We will all be at the wedding, though, and all the young girls and boys on the estates or in the county, if they choose. It is to be celebrated in Stoke Delamere Church; and then they return to dear Ireland again—return to *winter* here; yes *winter*—brave the storms of the Atlantic, I heard a grand lady call it; as if our sea-breeze was not as good as London fog any day."

"But wont the mourning for Sir Jervis Yates, who has left the Countess such a fortune, delay the wedding, Marcella?"

"Not a bit of it; sure, does she not rather need a husband the more to comfort her. And she wont touch a penny of the fortune. She considers herself his trustee in behalf of neglected relations and the people of the factory, who made it all—the factory of *Bonny Dale* on her own English estate."

"Of *Beau Ideal* you mean, Marcella."

"I'm sure the other name is as pretty," said Marcella, pettishly.

"As pretty, but not *right*," returned Magdalen, mildly.

"There is no harm in *pretty* things, I suppose, Miss Magdalen."

"Oh, no; and *Beau Ideal* or *Bonny Dale* must be both, before the Countess is satisfied."

And here, for the present, closes, as of right, with a marriage, our history of Blanche, Countess of Delamere. The privilege of relating the success of her benevolent experiments in *Bonny Dale Factory*, and in her mountain colonies in Donegal and Sligo, we however retain until some farther opportunity.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Dr Lang's Letters on New Zealand.

Dr Lang, whose works on the colony of New South Wales have gained him considerable reputation, and who has had excellent opportunities of obtaining accurate information about what is likely to become the most important of our southern colonies, has addressed four letters to the Earl of Durham upon the present condition of New Zealand, and the best means of colonizing

it, with due attention to the interests of Great Britain, and to the rights and interests of the natives. The warning is just in time. The mania, or earth-hunger, recently excited by the Swan River Settlement and South Australia, has broken forth in tenfold violence in the newer South-Land Scheme. Nor is this surprising, when the great natural superiority of this fine region is considered. Though addressing his Letters to Lord Durham, Dr

Lang is decidedly inimical to certain operations of the Great New-Zealand Land-Company, of which his Lordship is the Governor. He recommends that the Government should assume the lead in colonizing New Zealand, by exercising the Queen's right of pre-emption, and he has no more faith in the pious missionaries than in the *land sharks*; and, indeed, little apparent reason for trusting either. Dr Lang recognises the right of the natives to all the lands in the New Zealand islands, and the principle of no settlers going there without their consent, and without having *fairly* purchased whatever lands they obtain, which can only be under the sanction of Government. He allows no purchase to be valid, whether past, present, or future, which is not sanctioned either by the Home Government or by Commissioners acting for it, and, at the same time, as the protectors of the Aborigines. All past or future purchases otherwise made, he would treat as a violation of her Majesty's right of pre-emption; and by consequence would, we suppose, despoil Mr Fairbairn and the other Christian missionaries, together with "Mr Polack, the Jew," among others, of their princely and cheaply acquired territories. Dr Lang is by no means measly-mouthed about those sacred personages. A zealous Presbyterian clergyman himself, he seems to have been most unfortunate in his experiences of South-Sea Church and Methodist missionaries. These devout persons seem to have carried matters with a high hand in despoiling the heathen of New Zealand; though we hope Dr Lang is sure of his ground ere he ventures to allege that,

The missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in New Zealand, utterly incredible as it may appear in England, have actually been the principals in the grand conspiracy of the European inhabitants of the island to rob and plunder the natives of their land!

I was credibly informed on the island that there is scarcely one of them who has not managed in this way to secure for himself or his children in perpetuity a large extent of valuable territory.

Mr Shepherd, for example, a lay missionary from New South Wales, and the son of a respectable emancipist, residing at Kissing Point, on the Parramatta River in that colony, bought a large tract of eligible land from the natives, having a frontage of from four to five miles on one of the navigable rivers in the Bay of Islands—for *two check shirts and an iron pot, or go-ashore*, as it is called by the natives! I was credibly informed, moreover, in New Zealand, that Captain Blenkinsop, the master of a South Sea whaler, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a whale-boat in Encounter Bay, in the province of South Australia, along with Sir John Jeffcott, the first judge of that colony, had, in entire ignorance of Mr Shepherd's previous purchase, purchased the very same tract from some other person, who, it seems, pretended to be its proprietor. During his absence on the south coast of New Holland, Captain Blenkinsop's agent at the Bay of Islands, erected a house on the land, agreeably to the instructions of his principal, who intended to settle in New Zealand on his return; but no sooner was the house finished, than Mr Shepherd gave Captain B.'s agent notice to quit, and produced his own deeds. On the agent's remonstrating with Mr Shepherd for allowing him, in such circumstances, to go on with the building of the house, Mr S. coolly replied, that the erection of the house rendered the land the more valuable to himself. I refrain from making any remarks on this transaction; but Mr Shepherd, your Lordship will observe, is a native of Botany Bay, who has exported, in his own person, a portion of the surplus Christianity, forsooth, of his native land, for the moral advancement of the Aborigines of New Zealand. I have reason to believe also that Mr Shepherd has another estate, procured in a similar way, towards the North Cape, where he is at present stationed as a missionary.

Mr Fairbairn, who was merely a journeyman coach-maker, and by no means of apostolic character either, in the village of Parramatta, in New South Wales, where he was engaged as a lay-missionary for New Zealand by the late Rev. Samuel Marsden, has purchased, forsooth, from the natives, a tract of land, to the northward of the River Thames, *having a frontage of from thirty-five to forty miles* on the east coast of the island towards the Pacific Ocean. I could not learn how far back from the sea Mr Fairbairn goes, or what the valuable consideration had been for this princely estate.

The Rev. Mr Williams, formerly a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, but now the ordained head of the New Zealand Mission, has a large tract of land, in conjunction with Mr Fairbairn, adjoining the society's settlement at Paihihi, in the Bay of Islands, and stretching along the left bank of the Kauakaua River.

Messrs Clark and Davis, who were originally sent out as missionary agriculturists on the civilizing system, have selected their domains on a somewhat similar scale with those of the Shepherd and Fairbairn estates, towards the Hokianga River, on the west coast; while those of Messrs Kemp and King are situated towards the North Cape.

In short, the largest seigniories in New Zealand, are the property of the Church Missionaries and their sons; and the poor ignorant and deluded natives have thus, my Lord, been "scattered and peeled" by the very men who ought to have been their natural protectors, and to have remonstrated and protested to the British Government again and again, against any attempt, on the part of the British subjects, to obtain possession of any part of their land, without the express consent and authority of the British Government.

Now, Dr Lang would have Government interfere to set aside these sweeping transactions, and others of a like character, effected by the great Company of which Lord Durham is the nominal head, and the colony founded upon those principles of international justice and equity, which he lays down. Government has announced an intention of interfering, but when? The titles of the Company Dr Lang considers no better than those of the missionaries. They have purchased from those who, having no rights themselves, could have none to convey to others.

The Company have acquired titles to certain large tracts of land in various parts of the island; the same land having been previously held by private individuals, on deeds of sale from the natives, but since disposed of by these individuals to the Company: and the Company propose to resell this land to intending emigrants or capitalists at the rate of one pound per acre, and to allow the purchasers three-fourths of their purchase-money in the conveyance of industrious emigrants of the humbler classes of society to New Zealand; the remainder of the purchase-money being appropriated for the payment of the cost price of the land, and the maintenance of the general establishment of the Company.

In regard, therefore, to the tenure on which the Company hold their land, they stand precisely in the same situation as any European adventurer—such as Mr Fairbairn, the Christian, or Mr Polack, the Jew—who buy land from the natives for the merest trifle, and perhaps cheat them in the payment. The Company do not even know whether the lands they have bought have been honestly come by—whether the natives have been fairly dealt with in the purchase of them or not. They do not even profess to guarantee the titles they promise to give to the purchasers of their land. These titles will doubtless be as good as the Company's own title; but the less, I apprehend, that is said about the validity of the Company's title the better. Now, I conceive, my Lord, it is impossible that the public can have the requisite degree of confidence in an undertaking which rests on so uncertain a foundation; nay, it is anything but desirable that they should."

But so much confidence has the public in the Company, that there is, it is said, in some London papers—we know not with what truth—quite a mania prevailing in the

metropolis for giving it a pound per acre for those lands of which miles were obtained for a pot or a shirt; and the purchasers will certainly have some reason to complain of Government winking at transactions passing under its very nose, unless it has the intention of winking on, letting every rogue scramble for himself, and the dupes take their chance. The adventurers from Van Diemen's Land, who discovered and *purchased*, for a trifle, large tracts in the neighbourhood of Port Philip, were not, it is true, permitted to retain their territory, Government insisting upon the claim of pre-emption; but the New Zealand Company consists of noblemen, Members of Parliament, and other powerful and well-patronised persons, both Whig and Tory; so the case of the New Zealand estates is not so *identical* with those near Port Philip as Dr Lang may imagine. But allowing that the Company possess, and can therefore give good titles to the lands, Dr Lang deems it folly to purchase from them at the high price they have affixed to land; and, for these reasons,

"Instead of purchasing that land at a pound per acre, the capitalist or intending emigrant can go to New Zealand himself and purchase a tract from the natives, quite as good as the Company's, and perhaps adjoining their boundary line, at probably not more than five farthings per acre, payable in British goods, moreover, on which the capitalist will realize a profit of at least fifty per cent. But if the Company should inform the capitalist, or intending emigrant, that three-fourths of the purchase-money of the land they dispose of are paid back to the purchaser in the conveyance of valuable labour to the Colony, the capitalist can reply, that for one-fourth of that amount he can import the same quantity of labour from the colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land: in short, I conceive there can be no possible inducement at present for any capitalist or intending emigrant to purchase the Company's land.

But whether the Company should succeed in disposing of a large portion of their land or not, the mere existence of such a Company will produce an immediate and powerful effect in New Zealand and the Australian colonies, whenever the fact comes to be generally known, and will exert a reflex and superlatively evil influence on the unfortunate New Zealanders. The fact, which the existence and operations of the Company will sufficiently proclaim, of its being practicable to purchase land in that island, perhaps even at a penny an acre to-day, and to sell it at a pound to-morrow, will immediately excite the cupidity of a whole host of speculators and adventurers in these regions; and the scramble for land in New Zealand, which is at present active and unprincipled enough, will consequently be increased tenfold, and be generally characterised by a total disregard of all moral principle, and of the rights of humanity. So far from discountenancing such procedure, the formation and acts of the Company will only give it character and respectability; as the titles to all the land which the Company have purchased in the island are merely the titles of individuals who, in all probability, have been despoiling the natives in precisely the same manner. The march of injustice and oppression, of demoralization and extinction, on the part of the European towards the unfortunate natives, will thus be prodigiously accelerated, and the consummation which has been already realized in Van Diemen's Land, will perhaps, ere long, be realized also in New Zealand—I mean the complete extermination of the Aboriginal race. We are accustomed to talk, my Lord, with virtuous indignation and abhorrence, of the brutal atrocities of Cortez and Pizarro, and of the gaol-gang of Spanish ruffians that followed these bandit chiefs in Mexico and Peru; but we forget that even in the nineteenth century we have ourselves, as a civilized and colonizing nation, been acting over again the same bloody tragedy on a different field. Why, my Lord, it has only taken the same period of time—about thirty short years—to exterminate the Aborigines of Van Diemen's Land, under the mild sway of Britain,

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that it took to exterminate the Aborigines of Hispaniola, under the iron rod of Ferdinand and Isabella. . . .

Lord Glenelg strongly recommended, some time ago, that an asylum should be given them at Port Phillip on the south coast of New Holland, the expense of their maintenance to be paid by Van Diemen's Land. But even this miserable boon, my Lord, has been refused them—on the ground of their not being sufficiently civilized and Christianized yet—by a cold-blooded committee of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, with a Protestant Bishop for their chairman! Nay, as the law in that colony has recently been taking cognizance of certain murderous outrages lately committed on the defenceless Aborigines of New South Wales, by the convict-stockmen of the country, aided and abetted by their wealthy colonial masters, individuals wearing the garb of gentleman and, utterly disgracing the British name, have recently been giving out in the colony, that they will henceforth take a quieter mode of getting rid of the black natives, whose grievous wrongs, my Lord, do sometimes, I confess, render them troublesome at the distant cattle-stations—viz., *by giving them wheaten bread, of which they are exceedingly fond, steeped in a solution of arsenic!*

Now, my Lord, the very individuals who have been perpetrating these atrocities upon the Aborigines of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land for the last twenty years, are now swarming in New Zealand; and the formation of the New Zealand Land Company, conjoined with the sanction which the British Government is at present indirectly giving to all sorts of aggression upon the unfortunate natives of that island, will only increase their number, and their nefarious operations, tenfold. It is vain to talk either of the Company or of the Missionaries being able, from their influence of any kind, to prevent such proceedings. The private adventurers will point to the Company's and the Missionaries' estates in New Zealand; and when they ask, *Why they should not have as good a right to plunder the natives as others?* I confess, my Lord, I am utterly unable to divine what answer either the Company or the Missionaries can give them.

Finally, Dr Lang exhorts Lord Durham and the Company to surrender their present *native* or other titles, placing them at the discretion of her Majesty's Government, upon a certain understanding—which proceeding would greatly strengthen the hands of the Government, at the outset of the colony, in carrying out the principle of pre-emption. The Company need have no great objection to this nominal surrender, which, strong as they are, would, we think, rather benefit than injure their interests; but it is not so clear how the Messieurs Polack and Fairbairn, and Marsden, who have neither Parliamentary nor family interest, would relish the idea of subjecting their titles to strict revision. No colony that Great Britain has established, if we except America, promises to become so important in the history of mankind as this of New Zealand. How desirable, then, is it, that it should be begun without blunders, and proceed without backcasts; and, above all, be exempt from the attendant cruelty and injustice which have marked the settlement of nearly all our colonies. But for certain apprehensions, though not exactly of being roasted and eaten, this beautiful, fertile, and healthful region is by far the most tempting country to a British emigrant that is now open, or that can be opened to his enterprise. A false step here would be a positive national calamity; and there is little time for delay.

Memoirs of Celebrated Medical Men, &c., &c.

2 volumes. Pp. 760. With Portraits.

The author of this Medical Sketch-Book has gleaned his facts, as he states, in no fewer than *four hundred volumes*. It accordingly contains a vast mass and variety of miscellaneous if somewhat crude and ill-sifted information, and forms, at least, an index to the profession. There is

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a full and amusing chapter upon *Eccentric Medical Men*, closing with Abernethy. This chapter might very well be divided; and one half more appropriately entitled "the affected eccentricity and quack-manners assumed by certain medical men." A rather interesting chapter is entitled *The Early Struggles of Eminent Medical Men*. Dr Baillie, "with all his advantages," (of relationship to the Hunters, we suppose,) was forty years of age before he was completely established. Dr Munro and Dr Parry were among the *strugglers*; and, whatever Dr William Hunter may affirm, great medical success, at the beginning of life, appears, in many instances, to be the result of the merest caprice or accident. This holds good, especially in fashionable practice. There is an amusing chapter on quackery; and, altogether, the work is a useful and creditable piece of book-making. The sketches of *Eminent Living Physicians* give a more favourable view of Sir Henry Hallford's kindness of heart than recent circumstances have inclined the public to take.

The name of Sir James Clark is at present up; and he forms the subject of a few gossiping pages of these memoirs. He is the son of a farmer in Banffshire, and studied in Edinburgh. After graduating, Dr Clark, in 1817, obtained the appointment of travelling physician to a nobleman, and settled at Rome, where he became, among the English, a famous "lung-doctor," or curer of the English complaint, consumption. This memoir states, that it was in consequence of "his unparalleled success in curing consumption," (which we had fancied incurable,) "and other affections of the lungs, that the English nobility and gentry signed a requisition requesting him to leave Rome, and settle in London." This, to Dr Clark, towards gaining a fashionable practice, was a diploma worth all the medical degrees of all the Universities or Medical Faculties in Europe. As a "lung-doctor," Dr Clark at once took root, and flourished in London, and became physician to the Duchess of Kent. When the Princess Victoria ascended the throne, he was ordered by her Majesty, at whose suggestion is not said, to make out a list of the physicians and surgeons of the Court for her inspection, which he did, placing himself first on the list. Sir Henry Hallford, as physician to the late King, President of the College of Physicians, and private physician to Lord Melbourne, fancied himself entitled to take precedence of the Duchess of Kent's physician. But not so thought Dr Clark. Poor Lord Melbourne, who, between the dames and the doctors, has not of late led altogether the "easy life" which he is said to love, was appealed to in this delicate dilemma; but Dr Clark would take no second place. It was *aut Caesar aut nihil*. If not at the very head, then he would figure at the very bottom of the list! He would take no middle or intermediate station. In the toss up, it should be *heads or tails*; and, when he and Lord Melbourne both appealed to the young Queen, Sir James, if he was then Sir James, carried his grand point; and the Hallfords, Chamberses, and Brights, &c., &c., accordingly form his sequence. Such was his ambition, and her Majesty's will. The Queen expressed her resolute determination to have her wishes complied with. She observed—"As I am now Queen, I expect that my views and private feelings should be consulted. Sir James Clark has always been my physician, and shall remain so in spite of every opposition, from whatever quarter it may originate." So Lord Melbourne "bowed submission to the royal mandate," and the triumphant

Sir James was gazetted first physician to Victoria I. The disgraceful and never-to-be-forgotten affair of Lady Flora Hastings is noticed in the book, and Sir James Clark exonerated from all blame—but at what a price! "Had it not been his anxious wish to avoid doing anything to compromise the Queen, he would long since have vindicated himself from the aspersions levelled against his character." Who has aspersed his character? or, if it has been aspersed, is his professional reputation and personal honour of less consideration than his appointment of first Court Physician? Sir James, it was lately reported, "had been permitted by her Majesty to travel on the Continent;" but this writer "is able to assert that there is no truth in the statement." At all events, Sir James has wisely declined to use such gracious permission—if the leave of exile was really ever tendered. His London practice is chiefly in affections of the lungs; and his late unfortunate courtly practice is not likely, we fear, to extend the reputation of the Queen's first physician in female complaints—an important class of ailments to a fashionable practitioner. This gentleman may, after all, be the victim of the bad feelings of others; but a blameless self-respecting individual can never be found consenting to his own victimizing, on points which involve personal honour and professional character. That "no blame can justly be imputed to Sir James Clark for the part he took" in those disgraceful and painful transactions is obviously absurd. The most courtly of court physicians must have higher duties to consult than fulfilling the pleasure of his royal patron; but charity may go so far as to believe that, in a man of feeling, remorse must have been sufficient punishment for rash error; and that he must have paid the full penalty of his desire for the rank of first physician. Rather flattering notices are given of the most noted of the living London practitioners—indeed, our author is a little addicted to gentle buttering; or, at any rate, to taking the most favourable view of men and things.

He is not an infallible authority on any one point. His advice about medical Emigration, in particular, would require to be very maturely considered. When people write books, they should bear in mind that there may be other people simple enough to act upon their counsels.

It is worthy of notice how great a majority of the present medical celebrities of London are graduates of Edinburgh, if not natives of Scotland. There is now considerable "division of labour" introduced into the profession. Sir James Clarke is "a lung doctor"—Dr James Johnson, a stomach and liver doctor—Dr Hope is the "heart doctor"—while Dr Davies combines heart and lungs—and Dr Henry Davies is eminent in another very delicate department. Among the eminent medical men enumerated is Dr Philip, whose original name was Wilson; which we are gravely told he was compelled to change "on his becoming the chief of his clan in Scotland!" This is a sort of necessity for which we were not prepared: Whereabouts the Clan Philip may be located, we cannot pretend to say; but the Chief, upon compulsion, was born at Sheethall, near Glasgow. We have no doubt whatever, that this is an idle and annoying anecdote, which our author has found in some pamphlet, or been crammed with by some knavish joker, and such things throw discredit on his book.

The Surgeons, as in etiquette bound, come up after the Physicians; and we may be pardoned if nationality leads us to prefer "Bob Liston" among the multitude of the

"Random Recollections" of the author of "Physic and the Physicians;" who, by the way, probably knows very little of *physic*, though he insinuates an examination before Sir Astley Cooper.

"Mr Robert Liston, of the North London Hospital, is one of our great surgical lions. No country practitioner visits the metropolis without being able to say, when he returns to his own quiet town, or retired village, 'I have seen Liston operate.' Not to have done so, would be considered as exhibiting as lamentable a want of curiosity as was manifested by the countryman who left London without seeing the Queen. "Bob Liston," as he is termed in familiar phraseology by his friends in Edinburgh, is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman of great respectability. He is a cousin of Mr Liston the celebrated comedian, [never heard it before,] and is also related to Sir Robert Liston, an officer who has much distinguished himself in the service of his country." There is so much that must be quite new to Scotch readers in this and the subsequent particulars about Liston, that we fear it may be as well to let it alone, lest the quick-handed operator be tempted to run our author through with his scalpel. Mr Liston, we are told, can carve a *goose* without the aid of a fork, and is remarkable for a feline attachment, exceeding that of old maids. "Who has not seen Liston's favourite cat, Tom? This animal is considered to be an unique specimen of the feline tribe; and so one would think, to see the passionate fondness which he manifests for it. This cat is always perched on Liston's shoulder at breakfast, dinner, and tea—in his carriage and out of his carriage. It is quite ludicrous to witness the devotion which the great operator exhibits towards his favourite." Such is a specimen of the *smaller* information to be gleaned in these volumes, in which the credulity of the writer has often betrayed his judgment. The unsound nature of the medical profession, as it now exists, is shewn in nothing so strongly as the paltry arts which many respectable practitioners have employed to bring themselves into notice.

Dr Bowring's Minor Morals. Part III.

The First Part of this series we noticed some years since, at considerable length, and in connexion with one of Mrs Howitt's delightful books for young people. That plan was then described which is here more fully developed.

In the years which have elapsed, it may be presumed that Dr Bowring's original readers or pupils have become more matured in understanding, and that they are deemed fit for the higher forms; the present work is accordingly adapted to, we may say, persons of any age. It is Oriental History, description, fiction, and pictures of manners, blended in the form of dialogue, in an instructive and entertaining whole; and is the result of actual observation in the scenes and among the people described. It was optional to Dr Bowring either to publish the results of his travels in those Eastern countries—where the nature of his mission gave him admirable opportunities for close observation—as a formal book of Travels, or as the Sketches of geography, scenery, and manners presented in these Conversations; and happily, for the juvenile world, he has preferred the unambitious walk, and condescended to the honourable if under-rated office of the schoolmaster. Dr Bowring entitles his work *Minor Morals*, but this portion of the series—and indeed the character is common to all the volumes—inculcates the highest of all morals—Charity; the divine charity

which Jesus Christ taught to his disciples, and enjoined on all his followers. Several fine Oriental fictions, quite new to the English reader, lend their attraction to the little volume; and, to crown the whole, George Cruickshank has supplied illustrations, at once truthful and full of his penetrative spirit. This is almost too much. The little people will be spoiled by so many good things being heaped upon them at once. We have been looking out for a specimen of the work, and our choice is made, certainly not upon the best, but the most convenient principle; for all the world, the old as well as the young, are at present talking of Mahomet Ali, and will be interested in hearing what his friend Dr Bowring has to tell of him to the fireside circle.

I should tell you that Mahomet Ali was forty-six years old before he learned either to read or write. This he told me himself. I have heard that he was taught by his favourite wife. But he is fond of reading now; and one day, when I entered his divan unannounced, I found him quite alone, with his spectacles on, reading a Turkish volume, which he was much enjoying, while a considerable pile of books were by his side.

"It is a pleasant relief," said he, "from public business: I was reading some amusing Turkish stories," (probably the Arabian Nights,) "and now let us talk. What have you to tell me?"

There is a great deal of sagacity in Mahomet Ali's conversation, particularly when he knows or discovers, as he usually does, the sort of information which his visitor is most able to give. . . . I do not deny that I feel a great interest in Mahomet Ali, and the more so, because I have had the advantage of seeing him with his children and grandchildren around him; and of talking with him about domestic matters. In the East, it is a very difficult matter to learn much about the private concerns of any Turk, and still less of those of men of high station. Mahomet Ali's great pride is Ibrahim Pacha; a victorious leader is always an object of admiration among Mussulmans, and Ibrahim Pacha's career has been one of brilliant military success. His father is fond of talking of his first-born son and intended successor.

"I did not know him," he said, "I had not an unbounded confidence in him for many, many years; no, not till his beard was almost as long as my own, and even changing its colour; but now I can thoroughly trust him."

On the part of Ibrahim Pacha, though of rank above his father (for the Pacha of the Holy Cities is the first Pacha of the Ottoman Empire,) there is always the utmost deference to Mahomet Ali's will. In the most difficult circumstances of his life, he has always referred to his renowned sire for advice; and whenever he has been pressed by the representatives of the great powers of Europe, he has invariably answered, that he should abide by the instructions he received from his father.

Dr Bowring (in his assumed character of Mr Howard) admires his friend, the potentate of Egypt, much more than we, Mahomet Ali's distant hyperborean acquaintances, are able to do; but the following domestic picture is certainly gentle and sweet:—

"I have been very happy in my children," he said to me one day; "there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect; except," he added, laughing outright, "that little fellow, the last and the least of all, Mahomet Ali." He was then a boy of five or six years old, called by his father's name—the son of his old age—his Benjamin—his best-beloved. "I see how it is," I said; "Your Highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue." Mahomet Ali laughed again; it was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness. Not long after I was in the palace of Shoubra; it was on a Friday, the Mussulman Sabbath, when the Pacha is in the habit of receiving all his family. I found him in the centre of his divan. He was surrounded by all his sons and grand-

sons, who were then residing at Cairo. He had been listening to the accounts of their studies—of their amusements and their employments. Abbas Pacha, the eldest son of Toussoun Pacha, sat next his grandfather, and the rest of the family were seated on chairs according to their rank and ages. After some conversation Mahomet Ali told his descendants they might now withdraw. One after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mahomet Ali came last. He was dressed in military costume, with a small-eared scimitar dangling at his side. He advanced towards his father—looked in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and, when he was about a yard from the Pacha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels, and laughingly scampered away like a young colt.

"I see how it is," said I to Mahomet Ali.

The old man shook his head, looked grave for a moment—another smile passed over his countenance.

"Peki, Peki!" said he, in a low tone.

Well, well! but I certainly did not like his Highness the worse for what I had just witnessed.

There is a very interesting account of the Prince of the Druses, and of that singular tribe, and the valleys of Lebanon which they inhabit. The present chief, the Emir Beshir, holds patriarchal sway over about 7,000 families, who do him homage and pay him tribute or taxes, while he in turn, in consequence of recent conquest, acknowledges the Pacha of Egypt as his feudal superior. Dr Bowring assures us that no man living represents the character and supports the dignity of the feudal princes of the middle ages so truly as the Emir Beshir; so we select this picture, which combines Oriental life with feudal state.

His castle, at about half-an-hour's distance from Deir el Kamar, is situated on the top of one of the Lebanon mountains, overlooking a large extent of country of consummate beauty, watered by abundant streams, and producing the richest harvests. It can only be reached by precipitous paths, which seem like huge natural staircases of stone, up and down, broken into the greatest irregularities by perpetual convulsions. One of the fine streams which feed the groves, and plains, and gardens of the Prince, I tracked by the sides of the mountains for many hours, through an artificial channel—a wonderful work of masonry—which conveys it in safety along the slanting bosom of the hills, over deep valleys, and through calcareous rocks, in the midst of which it is sometimes apparently lost. Proceeding through the town, you descend into a deep and broken dell, whence you mount again towards the palace of the Emir, which you enter by a large gate, in which are crowds of attendants; for the table of the princely occupier provides every day for fourteen hundred servants. The horses of travellers and visitors of all sorts, are seen scattered about the outer courts, in which are many superb Arab steeds, tied by the leg, according to Oriental custom, and having a small circle of their own to which they are confined by the rope. The court was echoing with the response of one magnificent charger to another when we entered. Several servants soon appeared, who conveyed us to apartments ever ready for the traveller; and inquiry was made, whether we preferred living in the Oriental or the European style. Curious to see what notions from the Far West had reached an Eastern prince, we chose to be served *à la Franco*, and tables and chairs were brought in, table-cloth and napkins, knives, forks, spoons, wine, tumblers, glasses; and but for the costumes of the attendants, and the deep and fresh impression of the "pomp and circumstances" around us, we could have fancied ourselves transported to the neighbourhood of our own houses, and receiving the hospitalities of old friends and kindred. Our first visit was to the Emin Emir, the son of the Prince, who received us in the Oriental way, in his own divan. He did not wear a turban, but a flowered silk handkerchief, upon his head, and from his belt there hung a watch-chain, glittering

with diamonds. Pipes, coffee, and sherbet were served, as usual, and the conversation turned upon many things and many men; his travels—for the vicissitudes of fortune had once banished his father and himself to Egypt; their eccentric moon-struck neighbour, Lady S—; but he was particularly desirous to hear something of Sir Sydney Smith, whom then and often (both before and afterwards in Palestine) I heard spoken of in terms of the most grateful and remembering affection. (So be the names of our countrymen ever recorded in the minds of strangers!) He gave us many particulars of the culture and produce of Mount Lebanon; and, after this first conversation, for we had many afterwards, desired an attendant to escort us to the baths, (which are among the most costly and complete in the world, inlaid with variegated marble, and wanting in nothing that taste and luxury could suggest;) these he ordered to be prepared for us, if we wished it—to the different apartments and courts of the palace—to the chapel which had been recently built—to the stores where the products of the country were collected in immense abundance—to the kitchen, where huge copper vessels were filled with steaming food for the noon-tide meal of the multitudinous dependants. The Prince, his father, he told us, was indisposed. Handsome beda, with superb coverings, were laid out for us; so that we did not unpack our own.

Mahomet Ali disarmed the Druses, although the Emir Beshir had submitted to him. This was a painful infliction upon those brave mountaineers; and one who had witnessed it gave Dr Bowring a very touching account of the disarming.

Many thousand stand of arms—some of which were very ancient, richly adorned and costly—the heirlooms of the families, the very dearest of the possessions of a warlike people—were collected, and brought into the courtyard of the Prince's palace. There they were broken one by one; and my informant said that, at every crash, he saw fire in the old man's eyes, and a thrill in his frame. I heard that he let fall a remark—"He," (the Prince,) "was not the master there!" Dr Bowring had an interview with this aged chief, and found him more conversant with European affairs than might have been expected from a Prince buried in the recesses of Lebanon. When the strangers spoke of the noble bearing of the peasantry—of the clans, followers, or vassals, so to speak—and of the fine cultivation of the mountain ridges and the valleys, he replied, "God has given me power, and I have sought to use it for the benefit of those around me." To say the truth, as concerns the story, nothing could exhibit the outward look of happiness more than the scenes about us. The waterfalls from the hills above dashing down their clear currents, which make their way into the courts of the palace, feeding the water-courses and supplying the fountains; all sorts of water birds, flapping their wings in the sunshine, or revelling in the streams of the fountain-showers; strangers and attendants, in a hundred different costumes, were around the court, reposing on their carpets, smoking their chiboukhs, or their narghilehs, admiring the tall and graceful columns which supported the roof of the palace, watching the Arab steeds, welcoming new comers, or following with curious inquiry those who departed; for the moment was one of great interest—a portion of the Druses being in insurrection against the Government of Ibrahim Pacha. . . . If there be any place in the world where is exhibited a generous, princely hospitality, it is in the mountains of Lebanon, in the palace of the Prince of the Druses.

Such is a specimen of one sort of the instruction and entertainment which may be expected in Part III. of the "Minor Morals."

Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland.

From being more competent to speak with the understanding upon this subject than Southern critics, we advise

* Poor Lady Hester Stanhope, whose death is announced since Dr Bowring's little book appeared.

edly pronounce this an excellent "Scottish Guide-Book," and assume the responsibility of recommending it as faithful, accurate, and comprehensive—fulfilling the true office of a guide without any of the platitudes and eloquent impertinences into which some of those worthy functionaries are occasionally tempted, and in which others of them glory. "Black's Guide-Book" is divided into *Fourteen Tours*. It contains descriptions of the principal cities and monuments of antiquity, a travelling map and copious itinerary, with well-executed views of remarkable places and of celebrated scenery. It is, to crown all, very reasonable in price.

British History, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Accession of Queen Victoria. By John Wade, author of the "History of the Middle and Lower Classes," &c., &c.

This huge or voluminous tome is arranged chronologically, each reign occupying a chapter, to which a general historical introduction is prefixed, while a general view of the progress of arts and sciences, commerce, manufactures, literature, and manners, intervenes at important epochs. The earlier portion of both the history and chronology, is necessarily dismissed in a summary manner; though every leading fact, and all such changes and events as influenced the progress of civilization, are carefully told. From the reign of Elizabeth, the chronology becomes full; and, from the Revolution of 1688, classification and brevity enable the author to give the events and occurrences with the fulness of an Annual Register or Weekly Journal; while the important reigns of the Princes of the house of Brunswick are treated both historically, and with the minutiae of a chronicle of events. The general spirit of the work is dispassionate and impartial; and it will long remain a monument of the industry and painstaking nature of the English literary drudge. This epithet we use with respect and in sorrow, when we reflect how unlikely it is that the reward will repay the author's labour. Had he done no more than place so vast a body of classified facts connected with the British people in their hands, the task is worthy of thanks and honour. That, in so extensive a design, no inaccuracies should have crept in, was not to be looked for; but a new edition will give opportunity to correct errors, of which we note abundance, and of which probably no one is so sensible as the compiler himself. Tables, and a copious index, add greatly to the value of a work, which, as a book of naked facts, and ready reference, were it no more, is a desideratum to every English reader. It is susceptible of improvement; but, in the meanwhile, we know of no single work that could supply its place.

Dictionary of Printers and Printing; with the Progress of Literature, Ancient and Modern, &c., &c. By C. H. Timperley. Pp. 996.

The appearance of this and the above work at the same time is a coincidence worthy of remark. It is a general history of literature, and a mine of biography and anecdote. To everything which we have said in praise of the General History this work is entitled. It is pre-eminently the book of books, of authors, printers, and booksellers. It is full of interest and entertainment to "the trade," and all connected with it. The accuracy of the information appears to us remarkable; and the author, though holding the liberal opinions which become the historian of the press—the instrument of freedom and civilization—is candid and indulgent. We are prevented

from giving any specimen of the work by the mere embarrassment of riches. The author, though glorying in "That glory of a free country," the periodical press, is far from being content with "the present [deplorable state of the newspaper press of the British empire." He thinks it has "ceased to be independent, and descended from its high estate to become the vehicle of party strife and petty feuds in the hands of designing men, who make no shame of being bought and sold like common ware." This is unhappily too true. In point of moral feeling, many newspaper editors, and especially those of the metropolis, are exactly on a par with those lawyers who contend that their duty and business is not to search out and elucidate truth, but simply and at all hazards to serve the interests of their clients. The advocate is as much "bought and sold like common ware" as the editor. The one prostitutes his talents to serve his employer and party, the other does the same. The immorality of the principle is the same in both, with this great difference in effect, that the public is less on its guard in the case of the public writer, than is the opposing counsel in a lawsuit; and that the editor endeavours to mislead a much larger audience, in far more important matters than simple questions between litigants. While the bar claims impunity for sophistry and false statement, or, at least, false glosses intended to blind and deceive, how shall the same privilege be denied the press? "This glory of a free country" may have been as coarse and personal at former periods, but it has never been more corrupt and degraded than under the Whig Ministry. The Government press has three special functions to discharge for its patrons: it has to pave the way for bad measures, to palliate and apologize for them in one set of circumstances, and to swear that black is white at all times where the mere existence of the Government seems to require it. The imperturbable assurance with which it now performs its base office was never before surpassed. Its perversion and degradation merit rebuke even more severe than that which the honest historian of the press has bestowed. Still we bless heaven for the press, even in its worst state, and prize it the more after perusing this faithful and entertaining history. One sentence of literary statistics is all we shall take. The number of periodicals issued monthly from Paternoster Row is 236. There are also thirty-four quarterly publications. The amount of literary pensions—that is, pensions to men of science and literature—was, at the accession of Victoria, £4,340, and of royal and noble pensions, £129,348. We are not regretting the comparative smallness of the literary pensions; far from it, considering literary pauperism the most deplorable and reprehensible of all modes of pauperism, and far more mischievous and derogatory than aristocratic pauperism. Even the fact is not more remarkable than, for example, among a hundred others, a Parliament grant of £70,000, given without a word, to erect additional stables for her Majesty, and £30,000, obtained with difficulty, to educate the ignorant millions of her Majesty's subjects.

Macgillivray's History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. Vol. II. Songsters.

The account which we gave of the first volume of this work was so ample, and so much in detail, that it is at present only necessary to state that it is continued in the same spirit and style. Those who have formerly fancied Mr Macgillivray's manner too poetical or embellished for a work of science, forgetting Buffon, Audubon, and a hundred others, will find no reason to change their

opinion; nor will those who prize works on natural history the more for sallies of imagination, find any cause to abate in their admiration. Flights of fancy and the poetry of prose are, at all events, indispensable in a volume devoted to song-birds.

Historical and Descriptive Account of British America.

This work forms the latest addition to that meritorious series, "The Edinburgh Cabinet Library." It is written by Mr Hugh Murray, whose name is a guarantee for full, accurate, and well-concocted information, whatever be the subject he undertakes to elucidate. Mr Murray has been assisted in his labours by different gentlemen, well qualified for the task, from their connexion with Canada. Nearly a half of the third volume is devoted to the zoology, botany, and geology of British America. This portion of the work is contributed by James Wilson, Esq., Professors Greville, Traill, and others. These three compendious volumes contain the essence of all that is known about those important settlements, down to so recent a period as Lord Durham's visit to British America, and also ample advice and information of the kind most useful to emigrants.

John and Alexander Bethune's Practical Economy.

We have been disappointed in this book, but from no fault in the authors. They are brothers, and working men or day-labourers, and we had supposed that their work was really practical, entering into the minutiae of working men's domestic economy, and telling us how they may obtain the greatest command over the necessities and comforts of life from a labourer's small means. Their lectures embrace a higher and wider, but, on the whole, not a more important class of objects. They are partly illustrative of political economy, about which, however, we hear nothing new, but mainly moral essays recommending frugality, the improvement of time, saving money, prudence in marrying, and so forth; and, as such, they are highly creditable to the intelligence and ingenuity of the writers. This we say without meaning to approve of many of the opinions of the Messrs Bethune, which are sometimes based on narrow or erroneous data.

Stories for the Fireside; or Moral Improvement Illustrated. By Miss Ragnale.

It is a great pity that these juvenile stories are given to the public in so ungainly a form, in the lesser matter of paper and print; for they are of a character very supe-

rior to the common run of school-room or nursery literature. This objection got over—and it would have been none when Miss Edgeworth's Tales or Mrs Lancaster's School were first published, and, moreover, gives the reader the advantage of a most liberal bargain in quantity—there is much to commend. The little stories are of the most unpretending kind, and each inculcates, in plain language, and with evident knowledge and experience of the characters of children, an obvious moral. *Truth, sincerity, economy, order, diligence*, and so on, are the respective texts of each story.

Dr Sigmond on the Moral and Medicinal Effects of Tea.

This small volume forms the substance of the usual introductory address delivered at the opening of the Royal Medico-Botanical Society, in which Dr Sigmond is the Professor of Materia Medica. The recent and very important discovery of the tea-plant growing spontaneously in British India, turned the Professor's attention more particularly to a subject which he has treated with care and ability, both in the historical and medical department. Before the Assam tea attracted attention, the Dutch were attempting to naturalize the tea-plant in Java, and with some appearance of success. Judges have pronounced the Java tea excellent, and very nearly equal to that of China. The success obtained in Java will be another stimulus to exertion in British India; and Assam offers very superior advantages for cultivation over that island. Dr Sigmond's opinions of the uses and abuses of tea are temperate and judicious. He is, on the whole, very friendly to "the cups that cheer but not inebriate," which he rather prefers to coffee as a daily beverage. He recommends tea as a drink or a *sip*—Chinese fashion—during the day, especially in warm weather, instead of ices and the other beverages in common use; and both tea and coffee, when taken after dinner as a diluent, he recommends to be made weak. Where the light wines only are drunk, as in France, coffee, in a strong infusion, may be used as an assistant to digestion; but where port, sherry, or Madeira have been taken, strong coffee is considered injurious. The damp and uncertain states of the atmosphere of this country, in Dr Sigmond's opinion, and in that of every man of common sense and observation, point out the necessity of obtaining artificial bodily heat; hence the use of fermented liquors and warm beverages; so the Doctor, though a great admirer of tea and a decided enemy to intemperance, is not quite a tea-totaler.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT.

PENNY POSTAGE.—As we anticipated at the time the Melbourne Ministry was restored to office, the only generally useful measure of the Session which has been obtained, is the Penny Postage Act, now fortunately the law of the land. The difficulty with which it was carried, proves, that without the most strenuous efforts of the People, it would, like many other good measures, have been strangled. The history of this Bill shews, in a clear manner, in what sort of a manner the People of this country are governed. There was no one out of Parliament, at least, who read Mr Rowland Hill's pamphlet attentively, but was convinced of the practicability of the measure; and the slightest perusal of the evidence collected by the Committee of the House of Commons, evinced the necessity of its being adopted; for the evasion of the Post-Office revenue, exceeded anything ever

conjectured in any department, while the Post-Office officials themselves declared, that any attempt to stop the smuggling, or even check it, was hopeless, and that prosecutions for the illicit conveyance of letters had ceased. It has long been a settled point, and it is acted upon in our present tariff, that a duty of more than thirty per cent. cannot be collected, because that is simply sufficient to cover the risk of smuggling the commodity; and in truth it has been demonstrated by Dr Bowring, as well as by other inquirers on such subjects, that if the article be of small bulk, compared to its value, such as watches, jewellery, silks, laces, ten per cent. *ad valorem* is the maximum duty which can be collected, for the obvious reason, that smugglers will deliver the article in this country, not receiving the money till delivered, if ten per cent. in addition to the price on the Continent be paid them. But the postage of a letter from London

to Edinburgh is 13d., whereas the expense of carriage is only the thirty-sixth part of a penny; and the conveyance of letters from the other parts of the kingdom is in proportion; so that, whatever might have been done before these facts were known, it was plainly impossible afterwards to attempt to keep up the existing system. Yet, instead of Parliament at once removing so serious a grievance—from which they themselves were, by the privilege of franking, exempted—they shewed every inclination to throw it out if they durst, the Tory leaders fairly admitting that it was with the greatest reluctance they allowed it to pass.

CAUSES OF POLITICAL EXCITEMENT.—We have above a complete explanation of the cause of the political excitement which has constantly, for many years, pervaded the country. Parliament is constitutionally intrusted with the management of the People's affairs; but the People have learned, from bitter experience, that it is unworthy of the trust, and that, when it ceases to be watched, it is sure to betray it. Parliament never waits for petitions from the People to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, to pass Coercion Bills, to lay on taxes, to grant immense revenues to Queens and Queen-Dowagers, to build royal palaces and stables, to throw away money on Judges or other officials; but if any measure useful to the People is wanted, Parliament is totally deaf till roused by petitions in thousands, and by meetings of the People in hundreds of thousands. The slightest whisper of the oppressors of the People is heard by every Member of both Houses as soon as it issues from their lips; but the friends of the People cannot be heard except in the voice of thunder, accompanied by physical demonstrations which can neither be overlooked nor despised. In this way was the Catholic Relief Bill carried; in this the Reform Bill; in this the House-duty repeal, and every other measure which has of late years promised benefit to the masses. To nothing else are we indebted for the Penny Postage Bill. We do not owe it to the wisdom of Parliament, to their sense of the injustice of taxing every other class, while they themselves were free, but to the hundreds of thousands of petitioners, and to their seeing the impossibility of preserving this branch of the revenue, after its iniquities, and the ease and safety with which it could be evaded, were spread throughout the land. In the present political excitement in the country, the Legislature is to blame—not the Whigs only, but Whigs and Tories in Parliament assembled. They have taught the People that no concession is to be made to reason—to a sense of justice—in short, to moral force; but everything to numbers, to intimidation, and to physical force.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.—In such circumstances, we are glad that the murder—for it would have been nothing else, however cloaked under the forms of a court of law—of the three Chartists has not been committed. We do not conceive that, under any circumstances whatever, even in revenge for the most deliberate murder, man is entitled to imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow-man. Under no theory of government or of civil society, that we ever heard of, is such an act permissible. A man has no right to put himself to death: suicides are punishable as murderers by the existing laws; and, if a man has no right to dispose of his own life, how can he, under any theory of civil society, transfer, as it is pretended he does, that right to another? We are well aware that Judges, when they have to assume the hideous duty of condemning their fellow-creature to death, appeal to the authority of the Mosaic law, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man let his blood be shed;" but this is merely one branch of the *lex talionis*, or law of retaliation of which we have other specimens in the Old Testament. This law was plainly abrogated by the New Testament; and the law of retaliation has long been scouted from the practice of every civilized nation. It is disgraceful to Britain, when we have abandoned (if indeed we ever practised) that law, as well as many other commands of the Mosaic law, that we should still adhere to the rescinded precept—"Blood for blood."

LEGISLATION FOR SCOTLAND during the Session may

be described to consist of one act for the benefit of the lieges, and three for coercing them in purse and person. The first is the Bankrupt Bill, which has been no less than eighteen years concocting; and we suspect it will turn out no great specimen of human wisdom after all. To the Judges' Salary Bill, we have, from the first attempt to carry it through, some years ago, to the last moment, given our most strenuous opposition. We have never for a moment doubted of its character; and, now that it has become law, we declare it to be one of the most bare-faced and scandalous jobs ever perpetrated by any ministry, Whig or Tory; more than this we cannot say. The Prison Bill may probably turn out useful, but all our readers will know more about it by and by, in the shape of an assessment. Any merit of its own was quite superfluous to carry it through Parliament, seeing it contained a power of assessing the People, and created patronage. The Rogue Money Bill is also safe, for it contains, not only a power of assessing the counties, but for the country squires to assess the towns without their consent—a power which they will have much pleasure in exercising—although we thought it was pretty well understood that "Taxation without Representation is Tyranny;" so, at least, the Whigs told us sixty years ago. The Rogue Money Bill has also the farther merit of containing in it the germ of a rural police, to be raised and governed by the squirearchy. This police will form a valuable auxiliary to our old friends the Yeomanry, whom Lord John Russell—under the advice and direction of Sir Robert Peel—will, no doubt, see cause, in good time, to re-embody in all those counties in which they were disbanded, some years ago. The Rogue Money Bill will, like its twin sister, also be pretty soon known by its fruits—an assessment. All the other Scottish bills will recommence their career next session. As far as we have observed, Irish Legislation remains *in statu quo*. Ireland may be thankful. Of late years, Legislation has been a matter, in as far as the governed are concerned, rather to be avoided than desired.

ENGLAND.

THE CHARTISTS.—Monday, the 12th of August, was fixed for the commencement of the Sacred Month; but, as might have been anticipated, the Chartists were not prepared for the attempt. There was, on that day, rather a serious riot at Bolton, which was not quelled till the military were called out and fired a few shots. The trials are proceeding rapidly, and convictions are obtained, in every instance; as might have been expected, where the accused are not tried by a jury of their peers—i. e., of working men—but of the middle class. The zeal of the juries has indeed, in some instances, far outrun their discretion. At Chester, a bill was presented to the Grand Jury, charging certain parties with sedition; but the jury, not content with so slight a charge, asked the judge whether they could not find a charge of treason; and, being told that they had better leave the legal gentlemen to conduct the trial in their own way, the foreman then inquired if the jury had the "power" to find a true bill for high treason! The facts out of which the charge arose, were, that a gun-maker had dispatched muskets for sale to other two parties, in whose possession they were found, and all three were brought to trial. How any one could suppose that this amounted to high treason, we cannot conceive; for it appears to us to be no offence at all. Mr Stephens was tried at Chester. He conducted his own defence, and spoke for five hours. The jury found him guilty in five minutes, and he was sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment. Dr John Taylor has been acquitted, the Crown declining to adduce evidence against him. It is evident, from the proceedings of the magistrates and juries, which appear to us to go to the utmost verge of the law, that the middle class in England are seriously alarmed at the Chartist movement. The rigorous measures that are taken may suppress it for the present; but it will again break out, unless steps be adopted to remove the well-founded causes of the discontent of the working classes. Among these causes, the Starvation or Rent-Laws, are the most prominent; and we are glad to observe that Mr Oastler, in a letter to Lord

John Russell, has intimated that the Chartist agitation may be turned on them. The hold which Chartist doctrines have got, may be estimated from the circulation of *The Northern Star*, Mr Feargus O'Connor's paper. It appears, from a stamp-office return, that the average circulation was 42,077 weekly, in the three months, April, May, June, though the paper had only been established for a year and a-half. The only paper which exceeds it in circulation, is the *London Weekly Dispatch*, the circulation of which is 50,000 weekly. It openly advocates pure Republican opinions: the extent of its circulation must therefore be rather alarming to the admirers of the existing order of things.

CANADA.

The Canadian newspapers, almost without an exception, concur in reprobating the procrastinating policy of the Home Government, in postponing a settlement of the affairs of the provinces till 1842. The expediency of a union of Upper and Lower Canada is very generally admitted; and the delay is characterised as "truly lamentable, and exceedingly unfortunate," as "a plan for the perpetration of confusion, and the encouragement of rebellion." The *Toronto Examiner* talks of the Ministry in the most indignant strain, as "the vacillating, imbecile Melbourne Cabinet;" "that imbecile and heartless renegade who disgraces the name of Russell," &c., &c. The writer proceeds—"We firmly believe that the late proceedings in Parliament have caused thousands, who never dreamt of separation, to contemplate such an event without repugnance. Our belief is, that the motto of the Reform candidates, at the next election, will be "Lord Durham's Report, or Amicable Separation." The sooner, in our opinion, a separation takes place the better; for it is inevitable in a very few years. Meanwhile, the present state of matters is injurious equally to the mother country and the colony. Upwards of 20,000 of the Colonists have been, for a year or two, withdrawn from the cultivation of their farms, to act as militiamen; and many of them will never resume habits of industry. Such a proportion of the population being taken from their ordinary employment, must be most injurious to the colony. We have at present 14,000 troops of the line in the two provinces; and, as it requires about ten millions to keep on foot 100,000 men, this force costs the people of the United Kingdom £1,400,000 per annum; and we may add, at least, £600,000 for the expense of the Navy and Civil Government. The whole annual imports from Canada do not exceed a million in value; so that, if we were to get them all for nothing they would only repay, by one-half, our annual expenditure on the colony. Yet the encouraging of that paltry trade has now, for thirty years, almost annihilated our commerce with many of the states on the Baltic; for, while the inferior Canadian timber is allowed to be imported free, that of the Baltic is loaded with a duty—almost amounting to a prohibition—of sixty-five shillings per load. We repeat, the sooner we have an amicable separation with Canada, the better for all parties.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The disturbed state of the manufacturing districts, and the scarcity of money, have tended greatly to depress manufactures; and little has been doing of late either in goods or yarn. Two or three failures have taken place at Manchester, and more are likely to follow, owing to the stoppage of a London house connected with Manchester. By the last accounts from America, the price of cotton was falling; the crop was not expected to be so large as in 1837, but still it was estimated to be little inferior, and to amount to 1,600,000 bales. The French Government has proposed to our Government to renew the negotiations relative to a mutual reduction of the high duties on the import of goods from each country. The duties charged here are quite preposterous. The duty on wine is said by the French to run from 430 to 500 per cent., that on brandy from 700 to 1000 per cent.;

and they allege, that though the duty on silks and cottons is stated in our tariff at thirty per cent., it really amounts to forty-five, from the manner in which it is charged. The Belgians feel much alarmed at any reduction of the duty on British linens imported into France; but the French express their opinion, that twenty per cent. on linens and linen yarns is quite high enough. It appears, however, from an answer by Soult to a memorial from the owners of vineyards in France, that the French Government is as much bigoted with regard to the reciprocity system as our own. It is remarkable, that it cannot be seen, that the people of Britain would be benefited by having cheap wines, instead of a mixture of grain whisky and turpentine as a beverage, even although the French choose to continue to consume bad and dear iron of their own manufacture, instead of good and cheap British iron. But the reciprocity doctrine is one which is sedulously kept up by our landed interest, who are determined that there shall be no free trade in food or drink, lest rent be reduced in consequence.

AGRICULTURE.

The advices from Italy and the south of Europe, generally, state the crops do not turn out so well as expected and a considerable speculative demand for grain has sprung up. In the south of France the yield of wheat is deficient, but the quality good. At Dantzic, prices of wheat rose, in the beginning of August, from 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. a-quarter, and fine high-mixed wheat brought 54s. and 55s.; freights had also risen 6d. per quarter. The accounts from almost all districts of Britain lead to the expectation of an average crop, and nothing more. The rains which, during August, prevailed over all the three kingdoms, must have deteriorated the quality, if it has not lessened the quantity of all sorts of grain. In Scotland, the crops are from three weeks to a fortnight later than in ordinary seasons. The averages have of late been rising, and we see no great chance of a fall, considering the lateness of the harvest, and that the stock of last crop on hand is unusually small. We hope, therefore, if the working classes co-operate with the middle classes, now that there is no immediate prospect of obtaining Universal Suffrage, that the Corn Laws will receive a severe shake during the next session of Parliament. But without a long pull and a strong pull, nothing will be effected; the landed interest, united as it is, is more than a match for either the operatives or middle class separately.

At the first Falkirk Tryst, held on 13th August, a greater number of cattle were shewn than at any former period, there being at least 10,000 head in the field. Lean cattle sold for at least 7½ per cent. above last year's prices. Angus bullocks, three years' old, brought £10 to £11; two years' old, £7:10s. to £9; West Highland stots, three years' old, £6 and £6:6s. The best lot of fat cattle brought £15:10s., or 10s. per stone. Tron weight, and inferior lots, 9s. to 9s. 6d. per stone. At Melrose Lamb Fair, held the same day, there was a great demand both for Cheviot and half-bred lambs. The best lot of top Cheviot wedder lambs brought 13s. each. Several large lots of the same description sold for 10s. and 10s. 6d. each. The price of half-breds was from 11s. to 20s. each. The rise on Cheviots is from 1s. to 2s. a-head on last year's prices. At Lockerbie Lamb Fair, also held on the 13th August, 40,000 head were shewn. The demand was uncommonly brisk, and prices good. Last year the best lot of half-breds brought 20s. 3d., while the highest lot this year was sold for 22s. 6d. Many lots brought 20s. to 20s. 6d. The inferior lots ran from 12s. to 14s. 6d. each. On all descriptions of half-breds the rise on last year's prices was 1s. to 1s. 6d. a-head. Cheviots sold from 8s. to 11s. 6d. Best black-faced lambs brought from 7s. to 8s. 6d.; inferior, 6s. to 6s. 6d. The price of wool was as follows:—Blackfaced, laid, 9s. to 9s. 6d. per stone of 24 lbs.; White, untarred and unwashed, 11s. 6d. to 13s.; Laid Cheviot, washed, 17s. to 18s.; White Cheviot, washed, 28s. to 30s.

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TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1839.

THE LAST CABINET MOVE; OR, SHUFFLING FOR LUCK.

LORD LYNDHURST has, this year, taken our customary office out of our hands, and Reviewed the Session; thus sparing us a task which, year after year, becomes more and more melancholy. We are not particular admirers of his Lordship as a statesman, under any aspect, but we are bound to say that he has done the business in a fair, lucid, succinct, and business-like manner—beginning with the Queen's opening speech, proceeding regularly through each abandoned or abortive measure, and ending, exactly where he set out, with another Royal speech. Between these two dots, the long Session of 1839 now lies like an almost invisible line. During the first five months of the Session, not a single Bill of any importance passed the two Houses of Parliament. "Legislation was a perfect blank;" but, when the Members had deserted their posts, at the call of the gor-cock, leaving some ninety or a hundred to form a Melbourne Parliamentary Board, business came on and went off pell-mell. It is true, however, that the money votes had been speeded in excellent time by her Majesty's "zealous and faithful Commons," whatever may have become of those measures of *Justice* to Ireland and that settlement of Canada, which, in the Royal speech, were assumed to be *essential*. Other measures were touched upon as matters of great urgency, but which, like Ireland and Canada, we must contrive to do without; as no more is heard about Ecclesiastical or Admiralty Court reforms than about any other reforms. Probably the appointments of Mr Sheil and Mr Wyse, the title and sinecure of Mr Spring Rice, and the Shannon Navigation Bill, may be regarded, by Mr O'Connell, as handsome instalments of justice to the nation whose retainer he holds; while the appointment of Mr Poulett Thomson may be considered an ample equivalent for the non-settlement of Canada, which is thus stimulated, and also permitted time, to settle itself.

But if the scheme of policy, unfolded at the opening of the Session, has been either surrendered at discretion, postponed, or abandoned, bit by bit,

as its principles came under discussion, some measures have been thrust upon the Whig Government, which have once more tried its metal, and found it to ring hollow as ever. The question of Ballot gave Ministers an opportunity to shuffle and disgrace themselves; and that of the Abolition of the Corn-Laws enabled them to gratify the Tories and landed interest, and to set their faces boldly against the People. They were half tricked out of the Postage Bill, playing for a little popularity, and trusting, as many a time and oft they had done successfully, that the Lords would take the odium upon themselves, of throwing out this, with every popular national measure which the Cabinet secretly disliked but durst not openly resist. But we must not wholly blame them. Though the Admiralty Court Bill has been postponed, the increase of useful, active Dr Lushington's salary—yea, the salary of the Judge of the Court of Admiralty—is carried; and if the scandalous enormity of fictitious votes (begun by the Whigs) could not be checked in Scotland, it was not found difficult to raise the salaries of the Scotch Judges; the Parliament being on all such points quite worthy of the Administration. Lord John Russell, among those oracles of wisdom which drop from him at unexpected times, said, in a late Session, that it was not the business of a Ministry to make laws but to execute them. He may have been acting upon this principle in the last Session; and would he only uniformly act upon it, there might be little cause of complaint; but while it seems to be the proper function of the Administration to propose arbitrary Police Bills, it appears equally its duty to postpone or oppose every measure tending to enlarge or secure the liberties of the People. In the past Session it has been demonstrated, that, to any practical purpose, the right of petition no longer exists.

But, in the past Session, the after-piece, the farce of *Shuffling the Cards for Luck*, turns out, as it ought to do, more diverting than the serious drama. Though only a slight two-act piece, it is

imagined to have some deep intricate plot—so intricate and so deep that no one can find it out; which, accordingly, for any purpose of satisfying the spectators, is worse than having no plot at all. Last year at the same season of shuffling and cutting for partners and honours, there was a manifest desire, in certain quarters, to get rid of Spring Rice, Lord Glenelg, and Lord John Russell. The former has, in capitulating, made excellent terms for himself; and, if there be any gall in Lord Glenelg's composition, he has found quick and signal revenge, in the breaking down of his successor before he was well set up, and in the exposure of the incapacity and dishonesty of those who thrust Lord Normanby into a place for which, if they did not know him to be unfit, they were unfit for their own. But what shall we say of Lord John? No getting rid of him, whose remaining in office is so great a favour; a blessing of such magnitude to his grateful country as no Minister ever conferred before. The Marquis of Normanby could not get rid of him, although he had really wished it; because Lord Melbourne could not do without him, even although his wishes had been reciprocal with those of Dublin Castle and Darrynane. And now all manner of conjectures are afloat, and people puzzle themselves in guessing at what Lord John is after, and how he is to get rid of Lord Normanby. We have respect enough for his understanding, apart from other motives, to believe that such may be Lord John's wish.—Many sensible persons imagine that this game of "Change seats, the Queen's coming," is merely got up like a pantomime or mock tournament, to divert the People, and cause a little talk; that it is like some holiday pastime or "Twelfth Night" frolic, where Liston struts, *for that night only*, as Coriolanus; and Macready grins, in Tony Lumpkin, by particular desire. We did expect, as we intimated two months since, that the Government would try their engineering skill in propping and buttressing the unstable fabric, at their first leisure, so as to gain, by means however clumsy, some real additional strength—by fortifying the erection in the rear, though it was impossible to obtain a sound foundation; and by beautifying the front with a fair coat of new plaster. But, no—the Cabinet has positively lost in strength, and gained nothing in beauty. The house of Grey has withdrawn its strength; and statesmen of the order of Mr Macauley and Mr Ward are cautious about lending their helping hand, where there is imminent risk of speedily bringing an old house about their ears. Not the most unblushing and well-paid Government scribe can shew what the Government has gained, in internal energy or in popular confidence, by the slight change from Grey to emerald green, in its complexion. What is Mr Sheil, under Labouchere's knee, at the Board of Trade? As a mere thorough par-

tisan, they had him before; and, besides, there were surely Members enough of the Cabinet to defend the Corn-Laws and the landed monopolies, without the Member for Tipperary. We remember Mr Sheil a violent Repealer in his day. Whether does he consider that certain recent appointments include a handsome instalment of "Justice to Ireland; or are we now free to dub him, on his own suggestion, "*Sheil of the silk gown?*" the recreant to Repeal! But if Mr Sheil was a violent, O'Connell was a tremendous, Repealer; something, however, (the profane allege,) must be done to make the pot boil; and Mr O'Connell comes out, this recess, in the double character of propagandist and Whig helper; flattering the Catholic clergy on the one side, and doing something quietly for the good of the tottering house in Downing Street upon the other; while "Justice to Ireland," which a gentleman at his ripe years would need to set about in right-down earnest, if he hoped to live to see it gained, is left pretty much to shift for itself. We have somewhere on record a prophecy, that the last Herculean labour of the Whigs, will be the undermining of O'Connell's power to serve Ireland. They have, for the moment, ruined the Radical party. He is neither so testy, nor yet is he so generous and unsuspecting, as the English Radicals, but he has his assailable points; and if he has found out the yielding nature of the Whigs, they have also discovered whereabouts he is vulnerable. Could we know positively the degree in which the Catholic part of the Irish nation still implicitly believe in the divinity or saintship of "The Liberator," it were a perfect test of the actual state of political intelligence among them.—We were considering about the new face of the Cabinet. Having anticipated a propping and buttressing system, we are really disappointed at a mere change of chairs and masks, or shuffling the pack to try for luck, the last resource of the losing and desperate gambler, who, having cut and shuffled to change the luck, if very superstitious, insists also upon changing seats, just like the Marquis of Normanby and Lord John Russell. Every one is speculating upon the meaning of these freaks; but "true no-meaning puzzles more than wit," and no one can discover a trace of any consistent scheme of policy in these movements beyond the mere fact, that certain individuals are happily disposed of, and others, of like calibre, replace them. While all is guess work, let us start a new hypothesis; but, as we are not dogmatic, we bid no one receive it unless he choose.

It is long since we gave up JOHN RUSSELL as a Reformer. To Reform he has been detrimental, directly and indirectly, beyond any other Member of the Government:—it is long since we gave him up. He is our own *Finality* John, whom we christened; for which purpose we were forced to adopt an ugly new word which is not English, nor to be found in any language, and which

is Moore and Lady Morgan for two; and as to Miss Edgeworth, we presume to say, there is no comparison to be made between their qualifications for that office.

* This appointment, we hold to be rank injustice to other Irishmen and Irish ladies, possessing exactly the same sort of qualifications for presiding at the Board of Trade as Mr Sheil, and in a far higher degree. There

Englishmen will reject from their language, as they will the principle which it signifies from their political creed. Yet, relatively, we were far from being insensible to Lord John's usefulness in the Government, even before he became, politically, the entire Government himself. When discussing the intrigue hatching this time twelvemonth, which issued in Lord Normanby being cursed with his granted prayer, we appreciated Lord John at his full value, in saying that he possessed, and could display, some powers of resistance in a right direction. These powers, the Constitutional Whig did not think fit to display in May last, when the ladies of the bed-chamber—the Ministers, not being able to kick aside the land-marks of the constitution—fairly galloped over them, with the Ministers in their train; and, among others, Lord John;—so disgusted, so sickened with office, all the while, that he can never muster strength enough to resign; or, if he quit the Home Office, it is to repose in the bed of roses spread in the Colonial Office. Lord John cannot be without some motive for the course he has taken. The good of the country must, of course, be the principal motive with every statesman; but the secondary, or subsidiary consideration is that we have to investigate. Now our Finality Minister may not be wholly devoid of ambition. He has crept and crept on, and ascended many rounds of the ladder, since he acted as a rather insignificant Member of Earl Grey's Government. The latent jealousy of the lowly yet aspiring scion of the house of Russell, towards the house of Grey, is quite as comprehensible in its origin as it is now manifest. Our hypothesis—the reader may call it fanciful if he will—assumes that Lord John believes himself qualified to be the sole Executive; the possessor of all the substantial power of the Government which he would hold, save for the counteracting force of two or three persons, Lord Melbourne not being one of the obnoxious. With that good easy Lord for the Court, and himself for the Cabinet, the proper complement of clever well-disciplined clerks, graced with the name of secretary, and so forth, a *Finality* Government, we admit, might be much more easily carried on, than in concert with self-willed or headstrong equals, intriguing for power and influence. By our hypothesis, the thing has worked well hitherto. The Earl of Durham's vanity fell into the snare, and he is effectually damaged. Lord Howick, and the whole Grey kind, are either ousted or snubbed; and, to carry this great point, Lord John condescends to take the Colonies himself. Poor Mr Poulett Thomson has been shipped off, to be sacrificed, we cannot well guess for what object; but, at least, it spites the Grey connexion; and now, only Lord Normanby remains to be dealt with, who has kindly played into the hands of his enemies. He had injured himself deeply, with reflecting people, by his vagaries in Ireland,—the temporary lull he obtained being bought at a very dear rate; but, in the Colonial Office, his rise and

fall were about simultaneous. "Now," quoth our hypothetical Lord John, "rather than old Grey's son get planted in office—in the very important office to which the family ambition points—I'll take it myself; and, by changing with Normanby, give the husband of the Queen's friend full opportunity of demonstrating what a ninny he is, "fool him to the top of his bent," until Court and country are agreed as to his merits. The People of England are not absolute fools. They know Melbourne, they begin to understand Normanby, and they think they know me. All the moderate Tories, with the whole of the Conservative Whigs, will support me, against the Normanbys and Durhams. Melbourne, with the name of Premier, manages that irksome department, St James's, for me. Let who will come into favour, I cannot now be dispensed with, while a shred of the Whig Government hangs together. Every change has strengthened my position in the Government, which, if it stand at all, can only stand through me."

But can it stand at all? Before coming to that, let us dispose of our plausible hypothesis. Lord John, it may be said, is dying, always just about to give up the ghost when any push comes—worn out, tired, sickened of office, which he only holds from the vehement patriotic desire, entertained by his Finalityship, to keep out the Radicals and the Tories. Our readers will remember a certain cunning and ambitious Cardinal, who coveted the Papal Throne, and, accordingly, affected to be very aged, very feeble and sickly—coughing, and stooping on his staff, humble and apostolic. On the death of the reigning Pope, he was unanimously elected by the Conclave; each Cardinal secretly flattering himself that the feeble old man could not long survive, and that his own chance of the Keys of St Peter was improved by such a choice. But behold! out came the humble aged priest—a hale and rampant Pope! His sly Holiness may not be the exact parallel of our now brave Finality John, but there is matter in it; and, if the Government can go on at all, he will demonstrate as much, at least to the conviction of all his colleagues. But can it go on? The shuffle has not strengthened it, whatever it may have done for Lord John Russell individually. What is Earl Grey thinking of John Russell's Government; what the large and respectable body of middle-class Whigs, to whom Earl Grey represents all that now remains of the Fox party? Earl Clarendon seems as sulky as the Earl of Durham. The Greys are off in wrath and bitterness; the Macauleys, Wards, and such like Waiters on Providence, fight shy, or are in a dormant state. They don't dislike office; they are far too patriotic for that, and most willing, to a man, to serve their beloved country, simply for that beloved country's sake; but they fear, as we remarked above, to bring an old house about their own ears.

Toryism in the meanwhile, or, at least, apathetic indifference to public affairs, is rapidly spreading in the country. The signs of reviving Toryism

are becoming more and more distinct among the People—thanks to the insane violence of the Chartists, and double thanks to her Majesty's Finality Ministers! The case of Cambridge was marked enough, but that of Manchester there is no mistaking; nor are we sure whether, after the Whig victory is obtained, Colonel Thompson would not have been as acceptable to the Government as Mr Greg. Upon what principle can the supporters of the present Administration account for the sweeping change of popular feeling in Manchester; save that (call it Toryism or what we will) public opinion is now about as hostile to them as it was at first favourable to Earl Grey's Administration. The shuffling of the pack for luck, is a thing only to be laughed at, if it shall be boasted that it has given, or can give, additional strength. There may be a little more freedom of action gained; and we shall wait, without much hope, to see how that freedom may be used.

But besides fostering the spirit of Toryism, the Government has also worked hard to exalt the Peers with the nation. Lord Brougham, by his talents and energies, may elevate and illustrate his order, and fix attention on the House in which he appears; but it is the Finality Ministers who have raised Lord John's "whisper of a faction" into a voice, potent with the country; and made those now exclaim, who, four years since, scouted that cry, "Thank God for the Peers!" And do not Reformers owe the Whigs deep thanks for all these blessings? Do they not deserve to be kept in office until they have completed the good work, so happily begun, of quenching the spirit of improvement, and exalting the House of Peers at the expense of the House of Representatives; humbled, exposed, and dragged through the dirt after them?

In the meanwhile, are the broken and scattered bands of Radical Reformers, to sit down supinely and give up the ship, because incapable pilots, in whom they placed unmerited trust, have run it among the breakers, and it has all but foundered? We trust in heaven not. The Chartist demonstration, doubly foolish from being so ill-timed

as to run counter to the Corn-Law agitation, is happily at an end. The eyes of the hood-winked People, ever trusting and ever deceived, are now fully opened to the true character of some of their leaders. But the elements of agitation are yet rife. The intelligent Chartists hold to the principles of their creed, though they have cast off some of its wicked and foolish priests; and if they do not now cordially coalesce with the middle classes, in a renewed struggle upon a broader field, and comprehending more extended interests, those common to both; namely, cheap bread, Ballot, and an extended franchise—we venture to think the fault will not lie with them. There is little hope of bread becoming so plentiful in the ensuing season as to deaden the feelings of the People on a question so essential to their comfort; although it did not comprehend the ultimate ruin or prosperity of the land of their fathers and their children. But if the commercial classes, and the great manufacturers, have this one object and Ballot; the working classes have these, and another. They justly desire more political power—to be admitted to the Franchise, in order to secure the full advantages to which their industry entitles them. The new agitation, to be greatly successful, must therefore be on a broader basis. Tories and mere Whigs would see fifty National Conventions, and laugh at, despise, and put down each in turn, rather than a hearty union among the middle and the labouring classes, for obtaining Household Suffrage, the Ballot, and the abolition of the Food-Taxes. And on these three points, there is fortunately room for mutual friendly yielding. The working men don't mind the Ballot, for they do not require its protection; and the ten-pounders disregard extended or Household Suffrage, because they have the Franchise already. So each has here something to give up, while on the Corn-Law monopoly they are on common ground. Here, then, is a broad and solid basis for the fresh and hopeful Agitation we hope to see commenced. A broader might be better, BUT A NARROWER WILL NOT DO.

REMINISCENCES OF A RELIGIOUS MANIAC.

Those who have been always sane, can form no idea of the most dreadful calamity to which humanity is liable, save from the analogy of dreaming. "Every man is mad in his dreams;" and the varying characters and modifications of insanity in different individuals, or in the same individual at different stages of mental derangement, are as various as are dreams.

The mania of the unfortunate gentleman whose singular case we are about to analyze, from his Confessions and Recollections, was analogous to that continued and frightful nightmare to which Coleridge alludes, as "*the howling wilderness of sleep*," through which he was whirled when under the influence of opium, or ill from its effects; a condition only short, in exquisite misery, of that which made Cowper exclaim, when comparing

madness with the worst forms of disease, "But oh, the fever of the mind!" This mental fever, to which all physical suffering is comparative ease and happiness—this "*howling wilderness*" through which the patient is scourged awake, and with all his distempered perceptions and feelings preternaturally acute, has seldom been so vividly and minutely traced as by the individual whose afflicting narrative is before us. In many cases of insanity, the memory of what passed while the disease was running its course, is entirely obliterated. In others, memory becomes though not more accurate, yet more intense than in health; as what lunatics feel strongly they remember vividly, if memory acts at all; and whether by fits or consecutively, as in the rational state.

What is termed religious melancholy, or madness, is often, we should imagine, erroneously so designated. Though something like bewildered notions on religion may mingle with the other manifestations of the symptoms of the disease, the same thing holds of many other objects of speculation; and the wandering mind may not be more deranged about religion than about any other passion or object by which it is excited. But if ever there was a case of purely Religious Madness, it is the singular one of our patient, as revealed in his Confessions. And his is no fictitious nor remote tale: its date is so recent as 1830, the period of the Row miracles, the Pentecost of Port-Glasgow and the Gare Loch, where probably much genuine and fervid piety mingled with what was either sheer insanity, the wildest delusion, or blasphemous presumption.

The gentleman to whose case we refer, from a conviction of its special importance at this crisis, as much as its interest with medical and metaphysical inquirers, is a younger, and, we believe, the third son of the late Mr Percival, the Prime Minister, who was assassinated by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was then a little boy, just old enough to be much impressed and affected by the distress of his mother and his elder brothers and sisters. He has since sometimes fancied that the death of his father was at the root of all his misfortunes. The Percival family, previously connected with the Aristocracy and wealth of the country, were, it will be remembered, amply provided for by Parliament; and the subject of our article was, as he tells, "educated in the bosom of peace and plenty, in principles of delicacy and decorum, in modest and temperate habits, and in the observance of, and real veneration for, the religion of his country." Mr Percival's widow, we think, married either her own chaplain or the clergyman of her parish, at no very distant period after the calamity which excited so much sympathy for her and her large young family; but of his stepfather we find Mr Percival making no mention, either for good or evil. At the age of seventeen he left the public school at which he was educated, and studied for some time with a private tutor. A boyish inclination led him to prefer a military life, for which he was probably very ill adapted; and he obtained, from the Duke of York, first, a commission in a cavalry regiment, and then was allowed to exchange into the Guards. His private life and studies were the most opposite in the world to those of a young guardsman, whose pursuits and place in fashionable society are (the colour of the coat apart) much the same as that of the Abbé of the Parisian boudoir, under the old *régime*. The whole Percival family were tinctured with what was, in those profane days, termed fanaticism, of which the elder brother has since made some rather singular displays in Parliament; and our young officer was early remarkable, in gay society, for occasional absence of mind, and a gravity and silence which rebuked the levity and indecorum of his companions,

when they made light of religion or offended against morality. His narrative states—

I was firm also in resisting all attempts to drive me by ridicule into intemperance. In private I had severe conflict of mind upon the truth and nature of the Christian religion, accompanied with acute agony at my own inconsistency of conduct and sentiment with the principles of duty and feeling taught by Jesus and his apostles; and mingled with astonishment at the whirlpool of dissipation and contradiction in society around me.

After a long period of conflict, he found, for a time, as he then imagined, "joy and peace in believing" in the doctrines termed evangelical. The system on which he rested at this period was high unmitigated Calvinism. In 1829 his conduct became so singular as to be marked; and, in the following year, he resolved to leave the army, and was "permitted to sell his commission."

The ostensible object of Mr Percival in penning these reminiscences, which he entitles, "A Narrative of the Treatment of a Gentleman during a state of Mental Derangement," is mainly to expose the injudicious and cruel or harsh treatment to which many of the helpless insane are subjected: and all the insane are most helpless. In a medical point of view, and to physicians, this narrative is invaluable. Physicians theorize, and mad-doctors, as they are called, experiment, too much in the dark; but here there is no guess-work: it is the individual who has suffered every agony which sympathetically thrills the compassionate reader, who here tells his own tale. He gives the facts—they may draw the inferences; and, though differing widely from him, may yet profit largely.

By the latest statistical returns from our public Lunatic Asylums, it would appear that, while medical science is slowly advancing in other departments of disease, little or no progress is made in the treatment of the worst of all maladies. The average of cures in the London hospitals is not greater than it was a century ago; but the frequency of insanity, in our luxurious and uneasy society, is becoming greater every year. Sir Henry Hallford remarks of the profession:—"Our knowledge of insanity has not kept pace with our knowledge of other distempers, from the habit we find established of transferring patients under this malady, as soon as it has declared itself, to the care of persons who too frequently limit their attention to the mere personal security of their patients. . . . We want facts in the history of this disease."—And here they are supplied. Mr Percival has not only thrown open the cells of the madhouse, but minutely unfolded the disordered action of his own mind and senses, while in a state of insanity which, not long since, would have been regarded as a case of demoniac possession. By some it may be still looked upon in this light; and although his mind has risen from that total obscurity in which he believed in his own spiritual being and agency, in present miracles, and his own power to work miracles—he at times appears to

feel, as indeed Cowper, and as Robert Hall have felt—that there is something in all this not yet to be fully understood.

There is occasionally apparent incoherence, but there is also sober-mindedness and great acuteness in his recapitulation of his opinions and motives of conduct, when he was acting in the most extravagant manner—a violent lunatic. No one is now more fully sensible of the truth of his lunacy; though its clouds were passing away, and had nearly vanished before he became so, save in those fits and starts—those fitful but hopeful glimmerings between light and darkness, so torturing to the patient, and which require so much discretion, delicacy, and sagacity from those who have the care of him, and which do not, we fear, always find them.

Mr Percival was with his regiment in Dublin when he embraced, with deep sincerity and fervent enthusiasm, the doctrines of extreme Calvinism:—

I imagined the light of everlasting truth, given me freely through the election of God the Father, for the sake of the obedience and sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and to the end that His own glory might be made manifest, in changing a vile and weak creature into the likeness of Divine holiness, excited in me gratitude and fear; gratitude for the gift given me, and for that election; and fear of the wrath of God, if I disobeyed the end for which it was given. That which had been done for me, I thought it my duty to preach to others, and to explain the doctrines whereby I had been saved. Moved by these arguments, I spoke and acted in open confession of my faith—a line of conduct not very agreeable to the army, even if called for and judicious. Being then in Dublin, I attached myself to a society for reading the Scriptures to the Irish poor; I attended the regimental schools; I read the service to a detachment I commanded, as the men had not seats provided for them in church; I tried to establish a reading-room for the soldiers of my battalion; I procured religious and other books for the sick in hospital.

Both the colonel and chaplains shewed some symptoms of chagrin—they charged me with having sent the men to a dissenting minister.

In 1827, he had been in actual service in Portugal. The campaign was bloodless; but the alternate idleness and fatigue, and the irregularity of life, was disagreeable to one who confesses, that, even then, he was better able to confute a Papist or an Infidel, without committing himself, than to manœuvre a battalion or even to direct a company; and he judged, too, that a better cause than that of Kings and Constitutions, “the instruments and the embodyings of the spirit of Satan,” was required to justify the sacrifice of his comfort and happiness.

Mr Percival seeks too many reasons to justify his leaving the army. The Tory party had entirely lost his esteem; he was not surprised at the Duke of Wellington's change of policy in yielding the Catholic claims; but he began to fear that there might be an idea of putting down the will of the People for Reform by the bayonet; and Mr Percival, who really had no vocation to a military life, wished to be free to choose his side. He is now sensible of his many delusions; but, at that period, he, with the Irvingites, imagined, among other things—

That the time of the end was at hand, and that God

was about to visit the nations with his plagues, his promises having been rejected; and finding in Scripture an exhortation to his people to come out in those days from the profane, and to flee to the mountains, &c., &c., I reflected whether the words had not a practical, as well as a figurative application, and I deemed it right to place myself at liberty to act as I might be enlightened.

So, seeking liberty, I fell into confinement; seeking to serve the Almighty, I disgraced his worship and my own name. . . . My own mind also had undergone a complete change in its views of the Christian faith, principle; and duty, and God knows my courage was submitted to severe trial.

While the fever of religious enthusiasm, begun in Dublin, lasted, he was in the third heavens.—When this fever is spent, as spent it must be, as surely as the first passion of love or of grief, then comes the trying crisis. Some, in waxing cold, substitute cant and affectation, if not gross hypocrisy, for their departed rapturous faith. Others, purer and nobler minded, go mad. There is, no doubt, another frequent and happier result; but this is not to our present purpose. Mr Percival became deranged; and his own words best describe the stages of his progress to confirmed insanity.

Now, my readers, come with me to Oxford. I have stated that I imagined I had found peace and triumph in the doctrines of the evangelical preachers; I add, and it follows of course, joy unutterable and full of glory. At first this was the case. . . . But when I returned to England, I stood alone, amongst society, and amongst officers, gentlemanly and moderate, but indifferent to spiritual truths, and inclined to turn religion or too much religion into ridicule, I felt first puzzled, then undecided, then mistrustful of myself, then mistrustful of my call to be a disciple of Christ Jesus—I became lukewarm—I became inconsistent—I fell into sin—I expected to have been kept from sin by the Holy Spirit—that was my idea of salvation—that I understood was the gift promised to me in the Gospel. Now, at times, I feared that I was a castaway—at times, I threw away all fear, in bold but contrite reliance on the pledged word of the Almighty, for on that alone I fancied I had relied; therefore when I left the army, I desired in my own mind to retire to study at Dublin, which I called MY CRADLE IN THE SPIRIT, because there I might unite society with study, and be corroborated in practice by the example of the zealous churchmen in that city. Religion is not amongst them a matter of form and ceremony: it is the motive and end of their life. My duty to my mother, however, and my attachment to England, determined me to choose an English university; and a hope of acquiring habits of regularity, made me fix on Oxford. I was pleased with my choice. The order, the quiet, the cleanliness, the beautiful simplicity of character I met with there—the majesty, the elegance, the antiquity of the buildings, the variety of their architecture, their solidity, their preservation, with all the means of study, repose, and reflection, enchanted me. I only regretted that I had not retired from a military life earlier. I only wanted, as I thought, a wife to add to my tranquillity. The evangelical doctrines I put faith in having at that time very few preachers in the church, I often frequented the Baptist and Independent meeting-houses, to hear the preachers. Soon after entering Oxford, I attended a dissenting chapel; but being warned of the offence I might give to the authorities, by continuing such a course, I gave it up after my matriculation; and then went to a church where a gentleman of the name of Bultee preached, in a vehement manner, doctrines then almost peculiar to himself, and in the highest degree Calvinistic. . . .

About the middle of June, news came to Oxford of the extraordinary occurrences at Row and at Port-Glasgow. One evening I had crossed the river from the Christ Church meadows, and walking down the bank, through the fields on the opposite side, with two or three com-

pansions, our conversation turned on that subject: one said, if it were not for my books and other property in Oxford, I should go to Scotland to make inquiry. I replied, if I thought it true, I would sell my books and clothes, if they were all that I had, to pay for my journey. The tidings were, however, so contradictory, that I did not credit the report.

It may be as well to remark here, that I had for many years often fasted, and had lately added to this discipline, watching, accompanied with prayer. It was my delight to wake in the night to pray, according to the example of David—"At midnight also will I praise Thee." On two occasions previous to my arrival at Oxford, during earnest prayer, I had seen visions, each of which shortly after I saw them I found were pictures of what *came to pass in reality*, though with certain variations; which I account for by my disobedience to the spirit of the vision. You do not understand this, my reader, *nor do I*.

When Mr Percival speaks as above, and in the *present tense*, he perplexes the reader; for there is no doubt that now he believes his notions, concerning the immediate fulfilling of the Divine prophecies of the end of the world, wild delusions. In passing through London, he saw Mr Henry Drummond—now, if not even then, an angel or evangelist, or in some high order of inspired teachers in the late Mr Irving's church—and received through this dangerous medium a farther account of the revivals and manifestations at Row and Port-Glasgow. In Glasgow he picked up the current pamphlets on the nature of the new miracles, and proceeded to Row; and was, by Mr Campbell, the chief preacher of the "Row Heresy," introduced to the Macdonalds, Mr Erskine, Mr Lusk, Mary Campbell, and the other naturally and supernaturally gifted persons who figured there.

He resided with Mr Campbell, to whose amiable and pious character he bears that testimony, in his sound and sober mind, in which we believe those who differ far from Mr Campbell in religious opinions will heartily concur. Yet the manse of Row was, at this period, a perilous residence for a young man in the condition of Mr Percival. He soon became "almost a convert," and very soon overtopped his part. We have seen his state of preparation before he left Oxford; his fastings and midnight watchings, and exciting "communion" with persons in his own enthusiastic state. At Row, he says—

The effect then may be readily imagined which was produced on a highly excited and enthusiastic mind by the awful thought that I was abiding in the presence and company of persons, in all probability moved and speaking by the Holy Ghost. One afternoon at Row, in the house of a gentleman, where I was at luncheon, I was first called out to see one of the inspired ladies, who had left the table and desired to speak to me, under the impression that she was commanded to address me. She was a plain slender young woman, pitted with the small pox. I attended her in the drawing-room; and, when I was alone with her, with her arm raised, and moving to a kind of serious measure, she addressed me in clear and angelic notes, with sounds like these—"Holla mi hastos, Holla mi hastos, disca, capita, crustos, bustos," &c. &c. &c. She then cried out, "And he led them out to Bethany and said, Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye are indued with power from on high." . . . I was silent, pondering in my own heart what might be the meaning of the words I had heard, if true, and how I was to obtain a decided explanation of them—whether the command to "tarry in Jerusalem," referred to my remaining amongst the inspired persons in that neighbourhood, or to a state of

peace and confidence of mind. Whilst thus reflecting, a new and wonderful sensation came upon me: from my head downwards through my whole frame, I felt a spirit or a humour shedding its benign influence, the effect of which was that of the most *cheerful, mild, and grateful peace and quiet*. The words it suggested to me were, "Like to the dew of Hermon," &c. &c. I do not remember ever having felt such, and with inward joy and pleasure I thought I recognised the marvellous work of the Almighty. I now suspect that it might have been the effect of excitement on a nervous system already undermined. Yet I look back with pleasure and satisfaction on my recollection of those hours. A mind so harassed, so tortured as mine had been for many years, may well be pardoned for being deceived, by so *sensible* a delusion; by a Pandora bringing in her box a medicine so suited apparently to my complaint, and so delightful. If a doubt suggested itself, I might naturally reply in the spirit of Camoens, "*Ainda eu imagino, em ser contento?*" Am I yet only imagining when I am happy?

The mind of the young gentleman had now fairly given way; yet his shattered reason sometimes strove against the delusions by which he was beset; as, in one instance, when he was tempted to laugh at Mr Erskine's prophetic announcement to a party of the fair disciples, waiting, in the rain, for a steam-boat, to pass over to Port-Glasgow, that "he had an impression that a boat would come;" so they need not seek the shelter which Mr Percival, who then left them, had recommended. There might, perhaps, have been a little occasional jealousy among these miraculously-endowed persons as to the superiority of their respective gifts, though Mr Percival was not yet regularly exercising supernatural powers. He even says—

I could not withstand the ridicule excited in my mind by an elderly gentleman thus misleading his flock; for I was convinced that he was mistaken in this instance at least, though I had little question of the doctrines he supported being true. I need not add that they were disappointed.

After this day, I attended the meeting of the followers of the church at Port-Glasgow. Here I heard again a manifestation of tongues, and the Scriptures read with an utterance preternatural, and requiring great assurance to practise, because so extraordinary. I never attended these meetings without great conflict of mind, and afterwards depression. I had an anxiety working in me, and a bond pressing down heavy on me. I knew not what I was to do; my mind was in the dark, yet I wanted to be taking an *active* part. The sounds I heard were at times beautiful in the extreme, resembling the Greek language; at times they were awfully sublime and grand, and gave me a full perception of that idea, "the Word was with God, and the Word was God:" at times the tone of them was querulous and almost ridiculous.

Mr Percival was now fairly under the influence of the prevailing mania; and the very timidity and modesty of his nature, which struggled against public "manifestations," probably aggravated his mental distemper. The spirit—the spirit of madness, delusion, presumption—was for ever urging him to deliver "messages," and to emit utterances; and he suffered under the feeling that he was grieving and resisting the spirit by his timidity before man.

One night he found courage to address a Laird, imbibing whisky in the travellers' room of an inn at Greenock, and half converted him by singing and extemporizing. He says:—

I could mention several instances of the same kind, when the power of the Spirit came upon me, and, open-

ing my mouth, sang in beautiful tones words of purity, kindness, and consolation. I was subdued and humbled; it was not my doing—the words, the ideas even, were wholly unthought of by me, or at least I was unconscious of thinking of them—

Et quoniam Deus ora movet, acquar ora moventem
Rite Deum—

Ovid's description of the inspiration of Pythagoras tallied with my experience. The voice was given me, but I was not the master of it; I was but the instrument. I could not use it at my command, but solely at the command of the Spirit that guided me.

The madness worked, and must have been apparent to Mr Campbell and his sister; but alas! those who can conjure up such storms in the soul, have often little power to allay the tempest they witness and deplore when too late. He was now a full believer, and he relates:—

At morning service in Mr Campbell's church, one Sunday, I was led to open my mouth, and sing a part of a psalm, at a time when the rest of the congregation were at peace, and whilst Mr Campbell was preparing to preach, *I mistrusted the guidance; I knew not what then to do*; but after inward conflict, whilst Mr Campbell was actually preaching, I gained confidence to chant two verses of *another psalm*. I was immediately below, and behind the pulpit. Mr Campbell descended from it to dissuade me, and begged me not to continue. I told him quietly, "I had done." The power had left me. I knew not whether I had done right or wrong; I only knew the power was not mine; and from its nature, as evidenced to my own feelings, I concluded it divine: afterwards, in a conversation with Mary Campbell, I understood that which is written by St Paul, that we are not to speak altogether, but to command the spirits; for that God is not a God of confusion, but of order.

At future stages of his distemper he sometimes recalled the expostulation of Mary Campbell; and in Dublin it had some fleeting power over his conscience and judgment in momentarily causing him to doubt or be ashamed of the part he was acting. He had, so to speak, stray lucid thoughts, though no lucid intervals.

So far as we know, we have said, the progress of a purely religious lunacy was never before more accurately traced. Cowper's first derangement, of which he has given a narrative, was prior to his conversion.

Mr Percival left the manse of Row, his mind completely deranged by what must be called, in part, spiritual pride. He describes his exultation, his doubts, and the superstitious practices by which he was further bewildered. But those really heathen practices—the turning over the leaves of the Bible to ascertain, will of Heaven, as Pagans consulted the Fates, by, among other modes, opening a book—*aræ*, we believe, defended by some professing Christians, in their sober senses. There is, in truth, a latent tinge of superstition in every human bosom, and Mr Percival was of the character that was peculiarly liable to its influences. There must probably have been something very faulty in his education. He continues his narrative:—

I left the manse at Row, *in my own imagination*, a living instance of the Holy Ghost operating in man—full of courage, confidence, peace, and rapture, like a glowing flame, but still and submissive. Such, I say, was the state of my feeling in the life of that Spirit; but in the flesh I was anxious lest I should be betrayed into error by a false zeal, or by false directions, so as to turn that power to ridicule, by attempting miracles,

uncommanded, or by conduct out of order; at the same time, I was alarmed, lest, mistaking a fear of man for a love of order, I might quench the Holy Spirit working within me. . . . Mr Campbell, at my departure, seemed to fear for me, that I might be misled, and expressed his anxiety; I was conscious of danger and difficulty, but I hoped what had been begun without me, would be perfected in me, despite even of myself.

Before I quitted Row, however, I had suspected that a new power had been conferred on me, of discerning the *spirits* that spoke in men around me, by their tone, and the effect of the utterance upon my nervous organs. This was a new field of observation to me when I left Scotland, and I considered it might be, if not a delusion, a beneficial guard against any spiritual enemy; but when I came to Ireland, in addition to the power of discerning evil in others, I fancied that I had the power to discern evil in myself, and to know by the sensation on my palate, throat, and hearing, whether I was speaking in accordance with the will of God, or against his will, and consequently against the laws of nature. I now attribute this sensation in a great measure to extreme nervous excitement: but at that time it led to the destruction of my new-formed peace, and ultimately to my ruin.

It was unfortunate that he returned to Dublin at this time, instead of joining his family; though his elder brother also believed in the Row miracles, as he had written to the deluded young man.

In Ireland he mingled chiefly with persons as enthusiastic and excited as himself; and one of them, a clergyman, urged him to assist at a public meeting. The way in which he threw loose the reins of imagination at that meeting, is thus described, and gives us a key to this and similar states of hallucination:—

I decided when there, what line of argument to adopt, in conformity with the will of my *singular inspiration*; and being at a loss to know how to support my argument with texts, and doubting the will, or mistrusting the power of the Spirit to speak through me uninterruptedly, I applied inwardly for guidance; and the Spirit, moving my arms and fingers, opened for me my Bible in distinct places, one after the other, supplying me in each place with a passage in regular connexion with my line of argument. According to these I spoke.

I mention these facts to shew the reasonableness, if I may so call it, of my lunacy, *if it was entirely lunacy*; to speak more clearly, to shew the reality of the *existence of that power*, by the abuse or use of which I became insane. If by the abuse of it, because the Lord confounded me for my disobedience; if by the use of it, because, though real, it was a spirit of delusion.

When Mr Percival argues in this manner he perplexes us, and leaves us in doubt if he is yet altogether himself. His sufferings were deep and real, and his conflict between imaginary inspiration and internal misgiving was accompanied with such extreme nervous irritation and pain, that, exhausted, weary, and broken-hearted, he often wished to forget religion altogether, and be at peace. In the words of Cowper, "day and night he was upon the rack; lying down in horror, and rising up in despair." With this state alternated brief seasons of triumph; though ruin was at hand, and the full mischief of the pernicious errors he had imbibed was about to be completely developed. If not already insane, his mind, it will be admitted, was fearfully shattered.

We could not find better, briefer, nor more delicate language than his own, in which to re-

late his final lapse. It is enough to indicate it. He fell into bad company, and was confined by illness, aggravated by shame and remorse.

He expresses great pain and difficulty in getting thus far in his sad story. During his confinement, a friendly officer, of moderate and religious principles, with whose family he was intimately acquainted, shewed the greatest regard and attention to him, from being aware of the disturbed state of his mind. To this friend he had related his strange sensations, and guidances, and inspirations. After his convalescence, this gentleman, to divert his imagination from the illusions that preyed upon it, invited him to pass the Sunday evening with his family, hoping that a cheerful hour, spent in the society of old friends, would be soothing to his spirits. It had a quite opposite effect. Humbled and remorseful as he had been at this period, his spiritual presumption was not conquered; in other words, he was insane. He imagined that, as he was about to depart for England, it was his imperative duty to speak in an unknown tongue, and perform miracles before the family, in confirmation of the Row doctrine. He that day fancied that his own rapid recovery had been produced by a miracle!—that day when he must have been in a violent nervous fever. He imagined that he, a spiritual being, had no need of physicians or medicines, and that it was his duty to reject them, to shew on what grounds his cure rested! The state of his perverted mind, and the weakness of human nature and the perversions of delusive faith, are curiously revealed in the following sentence:—

“It is contemptible and ridiculous, but when night came and I had to decide, I split the difference by taking *half the dose that my physician had ordered me*. The truth is, that I doubted my delusions, and I doubted my physician.

In his friend's house he was in a state of great excitement, increased by the opposition to his attempts at utterances and singing. Among other things, he attempted, or rather wished to put his hand into the fire, to prove that by faith he could draw it out unhurt. But this he did not or was not permitted to do. Indeed, a curious under-current of reason flowed at all times under his wildest illusions, where personal safety or great bodily pain were apprehended. If an impetuous incoherent lunatic he was never so wholly and recklessly frantic as to risk his life. On this night his perceptions seem first to have been disturbed. How touchingly he relates those first aberrations of the senses! How often, in perusing his narrative, has that most piteous cry that ever issued from the human bosom, been recalled to us:—

“Let me not be mad—not mad, sweet Heaven!

Keep me in temper! I would not be mad!”

In the night he awoke under the most fearful impressions. Delirium was fairly begun, and his derangement took the shape that might have been anticipated. As a psychological curiosity, we shall transcribe some of the more remarkable of those first delusions which he entertained, or of which he was made the sport. It is, we feel, difficult to speak of the operations

of the deranged mind in intelligible language. Let it be remembered that it is the wild illusions, the dreams of a man awake, that Mr Percival describes, often with the vehement energy of that highest eloquence which true feeling alone inspires, and sometimes rather incoherently. It should, however, be remembered, that, though an educated man, he had not been accustomed to write for the press. He slept in a room of Kilmainham Hospital—probably near his friend's barrack-rooms—and had promised not to cry out in prayer or hymn, lest he should disturb the old pensioners. He seems to have restrained himself for a time; but he awoke, we should say for the time, stark mad. He affirms that his mind was at first sound, “except so far as it (in a certain respect) was deceived by preternatural injunctions.”

In a certain respect, it remained sound throughout my illness, so that it faithfully recorded the objects and the events that took place around me; but I looked to the inspirations I received for the interpretation of them. If at any time my ear could have been closed to my delusions, I was then fit to be at liberty; but the credit I gave to my delusions, rather than to my judgment, was my disease.

We forbear to comment on this reasoning; for no one can peruse this afflicting narrative without feeling the deepest sympathy and tenderness for its author. He relates—

In the night I awoke under the most dreadful impressions; I heard a voice addressing me, and I was made to imagine that my disobedience to the faith, in taking the medicine overnight, had not only offended the Lord, but had rendered the work of my salvation extremely difficult, by its effects upon my spirits and humours. I heard that I could only be saved now by being changed into a spiritual body; and that a great fight would take place in my mortal body between Satan and Jesus; the result of which would either be my perfection in a spiritual body, or my awaking in hell. I am not sure whether before or after this, I was not commanded to cry out aloud, for consenting to which I was immediately rebuked, as unmindful of the promise I had made to my friend. A spirit came upon me and prepared to guide me in my actions. I was lying on my back, and the spirit seemed to light on my pillow, by my right ear, and to command my body. I was placed in a fatiguing attitude, resting on my feet, my knees drawn up and on my head, and made to swing my body from side to side without ceasing. In the meantime, I heard voices without and within me, and sounds as of the clanking of iron, and the breathing of great forge bellows, and the force of flames. I understood that I was only saved by the mercy of Jesus, from seeing, as well as hearing, hell around me; and that if I were not obedient to His spirit, I should inevitably awake in hell before the morning. After some time I had a little rest, and then, actuated by the same spirit, I took a like position on the floor, where I remained, until I understood that the work of the Lord was perfected, and that now my salvation was secured; at the same time the guidance of the spirit left me, and I became in doubt what next I was to do. I understood that this provoked the Lord, as if I was affecting ignorance when I knew what I was to do, and, after some hesitation, I heard the command, to “*take your position on the floor again then,*” but I had no guidance or no perfect guidance to do so, and could not resume. I was told, however, that my salvation depended upon my maintaining that position as well as I could until the morning; and, oh! great was my joy when I perceived the first brightness of the dawn, which I could scarcely believe had arrived so early. I then retired to bed. I had imagined during the night that the fire of hell was consuming my mortal body—that the Spirit of Jesus came down to me to endure the pain thereof

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for me, that he might perfect in me a spiritual body to His honour and glory. I imagined that the end of this work was, that I was already in the state of one raised from the dead; and that any sin or disobedience in this body was doubly horrible and loathsome, inasmuch as it was in a body actually regenerated and clothed upon with the Holy Ghost. I imagined also that the Holy Ghost had in a special manner descended, and worked with Jesus to save me. I considered it a proof of the truth of my imaginations, when on rising, being perplexed by two different guidings that came upon me, I looked down upon my limbs which were white and of a natural colour; and again I looked down on my limbs, when one half of my frame appeared in a state of scarlet inflammation. When I went to dress, this had again subsided.

Before I rose from my bed, I understood that I was now to proceed through the world as an *angel*, under the immediate guidance of the Lord, to proclaim the tidings of his second coming. With that came an uncertain impression that I was to do this in an extraordinary way, and by singing—and this idea haunted me throughout my changes of insanity. I had also an *uncertain* impression of a like nature, that I was to go and shew myself before the Lord Lieutenant or the General of the Forces, that I was to breakfast there, and to meet, either at the Lord Lieutenant's a prince of the blood royal, or at the General's, a duke, to whom I was to proclaim the near coming of the Lord.

The delirium, of which we have so vivid a picture, worked. He proceeds:—

My whole conduct became confused, my language ambiguous and doubtful. After breakfast, I prayed to be left alone, which was accorded with some difficulty. When alone in the breakfast room, I expected to be guided to prayer; but a spirit guided me and placed me on a chair, in a constrained position, with my head turned to *look at the clock*, the hand of which I saw proceeding to the first quarter. I understood I was to leave the position when it came to the quarter: when, however, it came to the quarter, I was anxious to be on the safe side, and I waited till it was at least half a minute past. Having done this, I was not a whit the wiser; but on the contrary, I felt that I had again offended by my want of exact punctuality, proving my want of confidence. I was then directed to lie on the floor, with my face to the ground, in an attitude of supplication and humiliation. I heard a spirit *pray in me*, and *reason in me*, and *with me*, and ultimately, another spirit, desiring certain gifts of the Holy Spirit to be given me, amongst which prophecy, tongues, miracles, and discernment of spirits; soon after I was overwhelmed with a sudden and mighty conviction of my utter worthlessness; and being asked how I could expect the Lord to take me, and on what conditions I craved his favour; another spirit cried out in me, and for me, "*Lord! take me as I am.*"

His friend carried him to his lodgings in Dublin in a hackney coach, and sent for his physician. Now he wished to set off for England; and he became exceedingly irritated when a stout man, stationed at the chamber door, prevented him from going out. He prayed to be allowed to pass, and failing, tried his miraculous powers. How pernicious must be those extravagant opinions which at least strongly tended to upset the reason of this poor gentleman, and led to a scene like this:—

He [the keeper] was not a whit shaken by my address, so, after again and again adjuring him, by the desire of the spirit whose word I heard, I seized one of his arms, desiring it to wither: my words were idle, no effect followed, and I was ashamed and astonished.

Then, thought I, I have been made a fool of! But I did not on that account mistrust the doctrines by which I had been exposed to this error. The doctrines, thought I, are true; but I am mocked at by the Almighty for my disobedience to them, and at the same time, I have the guilt and the grief of bringing discredit upon the truth,

by my obedience to a spirit of mockery, or by my disobedience to the Holy Spirit; for there were not wanting voices to suggest to me, that the reason why the miracle had failed, was, that I had not waited for the Spirit to guide my action when the word was spoken, and that I had seized the man's arm with the wrong hand. I was silent and astonished. Bed-time came. I requested the man to leave me for half an hour for prayer; he did so. Before that, I think Captain H. had been to me, and had explained the reason of his being there. I went to bed, but not to sleep.

In after years, when reflecting upon the injudicious treatment which, as he imagines, exacerbated his distemper, and which, from a state of temporary hallucination, threw him into confirmed lunacy, Mr Percival blames the coercive steps taken by his well-meaning friend, as rash and indelicate. But there is much in all such cases to justify even excess of caution, and prompt coercive interference, for the safety of the patient. The dreadful catastrophe of Mr Whitbread and of Sir Samuel Romilly have, perhaps, contributed, in this country, to over-haste in the adoption of those measures, which, however needful, must always irritate the patient. But an awful responsibility is laid upon friends and relatives in all such cases; and, upon the whole, it may be believed that their affection and natural feelings will prevent them from frequently erring in the too hasty adoption of restraint. Yet how touching and painful is this poor sufferer's complaint, in looking back upon the dark vista through which he had passed:—

I trace my ruin to the particular trials, to the surprise, the confusion, the puzzle, which the sudden intrusion of a keeper brought upon me. But at that time, unfortunately, I did not consider my dignity so much as my relationship to the Almighty, as his redeemed servant, bound in gratitude, and from self-abasement, to exercise forbearance and humility. If it be replied, My ruin might have been brought about another way; I answer, I do not know what might have been, but I know what did take place.

The first symptoms of my derangement were, that I gazed silently on the medical men who came to me, and resolutely persisted in acts apparently dangerous. No doubt, there were also symptoms of bodily fever; but from that moment to the end of my confinement, men acted as though my body, soul, and spirit were fairly given up to their control, to work their mischief and folly upon. My silence, I suppose, gave consent. I mean, that I was never told, such and such things we are going to do; we think it advisable to administer such and such medicine, in this or that manner; I was never asked, Do you want anything? (Do you wish for, or prefer anything? Have you any objection to this or to that? I was fastened down in bed; a meagre diet was ordered for me; this and medicine were forced down my throat, or in the contrary direction: my will, my wishes, my repugnances, my habits, my delicacy, my inclinations, my necessities, were not once consulted, I may say thought of. I did not find the respect paid usually even to a child.

It was now that, he contends, his mind was in many respects *sound*; and it is, at least, certain that his perceptions were not yet wholly disturbed. His complaints of the superintendents of the celebrated Lunatic Asylum near Bath, where he was afterwards placed, are far more bitter than of the Dublin physicians; and, without pretending to decide the point, we must acknowledge that, at least, some of them appear reasonable, and all most deserv-

ing the attention of those who undertake the most delicate and difficult of human offices—the combined medical and moral treatment of the insane. It is, we think, Pinel, the celebrated French writer on mental disease, who remarks—“*None ought to meddle with the mad who have not discretion, and genius into the bargain;*” ay, and with knowledge and experience, the devotedness of brotherly love.

Mr Percival neither directly gives his own name nor that of Dr Fox; but however proper in him this gauzy concealment, to the public that delicacy is superfluous which really hides nothing. The scene of his sufferings, and of his partial recovery, cannot be mistaken.—We return to his delusions, before animadverting on his treatment in the asylum in England, to which he was transferred. On the night that he was first placed under the care of the keeper in Dublin, he slept none, and tossed all night in the wildest delirium, repeating the fantastic or harlequin evolutions of the former night, to *redeem* himself, as he imagined, and to get rid of the spirits of blasphemy and mockery. He was prompted to take means to break his neck; but here, as in other instances, he was cautious of seriously endangering his life. The presence of the keeper disturbed him exceedingly; and if it be possible that but for that he could, as he says, have slept, it is greatly to be lamented. The man seized him, and prevented his evolutions. He adds:—

I tore myself from him, telling him it was necessary for my salvation; he left me and went down stairs. I then tried to perform what I had begun; but now I found, either that I could not so jerk myself round on my head, or that my fear of breaking my neck was really too strong for my faith. In that case I then certainly mocked, for my efforts were not sincere.

When I undertook this action, I imagined that if I performed it in the power of the Holy Spirit, no harm would result to me, but that if I threw myself round to the right in my own strength, I might break my neck and die, but that I should be raised again immediately to fulfil my mission. I had therefore no design to destroy myself.

Such were, at least in part, the practical fruits of the miraculous manifestations at Row. The mind of this unfortunate gentleman seems occasionally still to waver when he recalls these horrors, and his own abandonment; and surely the less he now dwells upon them the better. He must have been consuming with fever and thirst; and the workings of his frenzy took the same form which certain bodily sensations are said to produce in dreams. His mouth was probably parched, and he was then tempted to expectorate violently, to get rid of the evil spirits; and to drink water in order to satisfy the Almighty. He got no water. The keeper had gone out for a strait-waistcoat and an assistant, and he was at once bound in it; but still attempting the feat of standing on his head, he was also tied to the bed-posts by the legs. It might, perhaps, have been better to have suffered him to continue his harlequin tricks, until he tired, than to have used all at once violent coercive measures; yet who can say?

Mr Percival attempts to account for how he became the victim of these absurd delusions; for even to Row he came prepared by a long train of causes; though the mad scenes there certainly awakened the slumbering mischief. He wonders how, with so much sense and reflection remaining, he could have been so deluded; but persons sane, or seemingly sane, on every other point—some of whom went about their ordinary avocations—were similarly deluded. Mr Percival is not the first to have acknowledged that it was all delusion! But, excepting poor Irving, who fell the sacrifice to his own vain-glory, and the extraordinary conflict of truth, and doubt, and positive insincerity, in a mind powerful and weak by turns, there has been no such victim. In Mr Percival, there was no alloy of insincerity. Our sympathy with him is untroubled even by a doubt. When he went to Row, prepared to receive the contagion into every vein, he tells—

The spirits which at first spoke in my hearing, or addressed me at Row and Port-Glasgow, and afterwards spoke in me and moved me; which subsequently in Ireland I heard talking to me, and communing with me invisible; had an utterance so pure, so touching, so beautiful, that I could not but believe them divine. They spake also in accordance with the word of life; they directed me in paths of peace, obedience, and humility; they flattered me even in my desire to adhere to the church establishment, and not to break the visible unity of the church; they came upon me to teach me method and order; they guided my hand to write in letters unusual to me; in so many ways they were attested, as spirits of good and of wisdom, that, now even, I dare not deny the possibility of disobedience to them, not my obedience, having caused me to be confounded, which was forewarned me in Scotland. But when I had thrown myself away, and I was thrown away; I was decoyed and separated from Jesus, the rock of a Christian's salvation, by my reliance on these sounds.

The doctrine of the Assurance of Faith is, or was, one of the heresies alleged against the Rowites by the Church of Scotland; and one (among others) for entertaining which Mr Campbell was thrust beyond its pale. This tenet was another stumbling-block in the way of Mr Percival. He feared to doubt; and, on this head, he now speaks very rationally:—

I perished from an habitual error of mind, common to many believers, and particularly to our brethren the Roman Catholics—that of *fearing to doubt, and of taking the guilt of doubt upon my conscience*. The consequence of this is, want of candour and of real sincerity; because we force ourselves to say we believe what we do not believe, because we think doubt sinful. Whereas we cannot control our doubts, which can only be corrected by information. To reject persuasion wilfully is one crime; but to declare wilfully that we believe what we doubt, or presumptuously that our doubts are wilful, is another.

The strait-waistcoat at midnight was followed by the visit of the mad-doctor in the morning, and the patient's fate, perhaps necessarily, was sealed. He complains grievously of the treatment he underwent in the strait-waistcoat,—tied hand and foot in bed, and shut up in a small close room. He minutely describes his mental and bodily sensations and condition. Some of his delusions, while thus bound hand and foot, and tossing, in the fever of his mind, are abso-

lutely appalling. He was panting for water, to obtain which he struggled to leave his bed, though he did not or could not ask for it; and once he got some; but his most powerful motive for getting up was to reach to the window—

To see if it were true, as my tormentors told me, that all my family were there waiting to receive me, and to hail me as an obedient servant of the Lord Jesus, and a willing martyr to his glory. For when I began to lose all command of my imagination, I was made to believe, that in consequence of my disobedience and blasphemies against Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit, the Roman Catholics in Ireland, to whom I had been ordained as an angel, being miraculously informed like the shepherds, by an angel shining in the glory of the Lord, had risen up and come to Dublin, demanding my crucifixion or my burning; that in the meantime the Almighty, provoked by my great perfidy and ingratitude, had cut short the days and revoked his counsels; had determined to visit my nation with severe plagues, and me with all the torments he had reserved for Satan, whom, even, he had pardoned, glad to find one, and *one only*, who deserved all his everlasting plagues, and to be able thereby to pardon his immense creation.

I was the one only being to be eternally damned, alone, in multiplied bodies, and in infinite solitude and darkness and torments. I was told also that the Almighty in His three persons had descended upon earth, had entered London, and had revealed all these things to the King, who was also preparing on earth the most cruel torments for me; that my father and a sister who is now no more, had been raised from the dead, and had interceded for me, and that my relations and friends had assembled round me in Dublin, and had defended me from the violence of the mob at the sacrifice of their own lives. My friend Captain H.'s coat which occasionally lay upon my sofa, for he was constantly attending upon me, was, to my delirious imagination, a proof of his murder in my defence. I was agonized, and often attempted to rush to the window and to present myself to the mob, and to save the lives of my friends, by my own sacrifice; at other times, to satisfy my curiosity, to see if my family and relations were really there. *For I had a species of doubts; but no one who has not been deranged, can understand how dreadfully true a lunatic's insane imagination appears to him, how slight his sane doubts.*

When I lay upon my pillow, a demand was made of me to suffocate myself on my pillow; that if I would do that in obedience to the Lord's Spirit, it would be an act of obedience, as grateful to him as any other I had been commanded. This delusion haunted me for many months. I imagined that I should be really suffocated, but saved from death, or raised from death, by miraculous interposition. I pressed my mouth and nostrils against the pillow; and I was to attend to the voices that came to me, directing my thoughts, and each tempting me to rise before I had executed the Lord's intention.

Night after night, and day after day, I was summoned to try it again and again till I should succeed, under the most awful penalties. I was told, that it was necessary for the perfection of the glorified man. That all the world had done it but me; that even my sisters had done it, that they had all done it repeatedly *for my sake, to put off my damnation*, because it was necessary that the commands of the Lord should be fulfilled when once spoken, and they hoped in time that I should do it by their aid. When I felt the chill of the outward air upon my neck under the bedclothes, I was told these were spirits of my sisters, breathing on me to cool me, and encouraging me to go through with my task.

We submit to medical men whether the sensations described below were real or illusory, for by this time Mr P.'s perceptions were, we think, often erroneous. Cowper describes an extraordinary sensation in his brain, analogous to that described here. The spirits were, by his fancy, upbraiding the unhappy patient, that, through

cowardice and want of fortitude he would not fulfil the command of the Almighty, while whole Creations were suffering, waiting the concluding act of his obedience! He relates:—

At last, one hour, under an excess of chilling horror at my imagined loss of honour, I was unable to prevent the surrender of my judgment. The act of mind I describe, was accompanied with the sound of a slight crack, and the sensation of a fibre breaking over the right temple; it reminded me of the mainstay of a mast giving way; it was succeeded by a loss of control over certain of the muscles of my body, and was immediately followed by two other cracks of the same kind, one after the other, each more towards the right ear, followed by an additional relaxation of the muscles, and accompanied by an apparently additional surrender of the judgment. In fact, until now, I had retained a kind of restraining power over my thoughts and belief; I now had none; I could not resist the spiritual guilt and contamination of any thought, of any suggestion. My will to choose, to think orderly, was entirely gone. I became like one awake yet dreaming, present to the world in body, in spirit at the bar of heaven's judgment seat; or in hell, enduring terrors unutterable, by the preternatural menaces of everlasting and shocking torments; inexpressible anguish and remorse, from exaggerated accusations of my ingratitude, and a degrading and self-loathing sense of moral turpitude from accusations of crimes I had never committed.

False perceptions, or a state wavering between the true and false, and preternatural visions, followed these paroxysms, or alternated with them. At one time he saw the pale hand and arm of Death stretching over the bed. Sometimes he was told (by the spirits) to try to think coherently, and, when he made the attempt, he was told he did nothing but "ruminate, ruminate."

A moving light was given me, as a guide to know when I was ruminating or reflecting. It was a white light, and used to move in a circle from left to right upon the top of my bed. When I began to ruminate, it turned backwards to the left. Then my Saviour, or his angel's spirit, used to pray me to reflect, in order by any means to regain power over the muscles of my countenance. I say my Saviour or his angel, because, when I imagined that I was in hell, that voice came to me, as the chief servant of Jesus in hell, directing and appointing the times and order of punishment and trial. I used also to hear a beautiful voice, that sung in the most tender, pure, and affecting notes these words, "Keep looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of thy salvation! Oh, keep looking—keep looking to Jesus!" Continually over the head of the bed, at the left-hand side, as if in the ceiling, *there was a sound as the voice of many waters*, and I was made to imagine that the jets of gas, that came from the fireplace on the left-hand side, were the utterance of my Father's spirit, which was continually within me, attempting to save me; and continually obliged to return to be purified in hell fire, in consequence of the contamination it received from my foul thoughts. I make use of the language I heard. From the ceiling in front of my bed, I used to hear the decrees of what are called the assembly of counsellors, often ushered in these terms:—

The will of Jehovah, the Lord, is supreme—
He will be obeyed, and thou must worship him!

The word of the Lord came from the left-hand side of the ceiling of the room, and many spirits assailed me from all quarters.

When I make use of these words, *ceiling of the room*, it will appear surprising, that the visions or sounds had such effect upon me, when sensible objects were present, and recognised by me. But I understood these things in a contrary sense. Besides, in part seeing the white and flowing beards, and venerable countenances, I imagined I was really present to them; and that my not acknow-

ledging it was a delusion, an obstinate resistance of the divine will on my part. That, of the two, the appearance of the bed, walls, and furniture, was false, *not* my preternatural impressions.

His previous irregular course of study might have contributed to the general disorder of his faculties; for his mind was one wild chaos, made up of the fragments of systems—of portions of all faiths and all philosophies. Thomas-a-Kempis, Berkley, Pythagoras, and the Heathen mythology, blended with the most mystical and visionary of those doctrines that have been hung upon the Christian faith, were jumbled together in his delusions. He had been, according to the belief imbibed at Row, changed into a spiritual body; hence he possessed *ubiquity*. In soberer seasons he had pondered the doctrine of the *Communion of Saints*, to which he attributed a very different meaning from that generally understood. He had been led to question—

Whether, if we were in the spirit of God, we might not actually know and feel, each what the other was thinking about, or enduring, in various parts of the known world. That which had been a speculation, was now an act of faith; and I imagined I could be in hell, on earth, and in heaven, at the same moment: nay, that I was, and that I witnessed all three states of existence; but that I did not see clearly the two extremes, because I would not acknowledge it to myself.

Even the new-fangled doctrines of Phrenology mingled in the chaos, and aided his lunacy; and he knocked his head against the wall, when chained up in the asylum, on the part where the bump of Secretiveness is assumed to be, under an idea that, if his efforts could knock in the organ, he would thus obliterate the secrets of his guilt, and spare his tortured conscience its agony. And this, for aught we know, was reasoning soundly, upon *phrenological* principles. Mr Percival, at least, succeeded in seriously hurting his ear which required surgical treatment; though he attributes part of the injury done his ear, to the blows of the keepers. The fanciful and ingenious madman or dreamer imagined that the blood which flowed from his wounded ear was caused by the lachrymatory duct being full of tears of blood, which he could not weep, and which escaped by the ear.

Nothing is more singular than the way in which sounds and other objects of sense, acting upon him, affected his mind and created illusion. One day the tones of a hurdy-gurdy, which he seems to have heard, and which, it is probable, he actually did hear, appeared, he tells, to flit round him, playing a tune which affected him with extreme anguish.

It seemed to remind me of all that I had experienced and forgotten of my heavenly Father's care and love towards me. My mind, amidst other scenes, was transported back to Portugal—to a day when I had passed through Alhandra on horseback, on my way to visit the lines of Torres Vedras, in company with three brother officers. It appeared to me, as if that day a little Portuguese beggar boy had been playing on a hurdy-gurdy in the street; but, to my imagination, now, it was connected also with a time of life when I had in person lived at Alhandra, a beggar, orphan boy.

His early history, as this beggar boy, was made out to him in horrible characters. Among his other crimes, while the Portuguese boy, was plunging

a pig alive in boiling water, after tying up its mouth to prevent its cries from being heard. He gives this singular view of the sequence of a madman's ideas, or of the train of horrid phantasms which take the place of rational thought in a lunatic's fancy. It reads like a hideous dream.

This strange tale was revealed to me, accompanied with an impression of recollection of identity with my own experience, as strongly as that by which any of the delusions of Pythagoras may have convinced him. I remember I was first desired to recollect that portion of my life; and when I could not, the sounds of the hurdy-gurdy were sent to me, as the voice said, to quicken my memory. I still had difficulty to collect any ideas, except my passing through Alhandra, my seeing the church on the right hand, and perhaps a young boy with a hurdy-gurdy in the street or market-place. But an indescribable sense of compunction, and of active interest in the place, wrung my feelings; and I was desired to recollect it as the place of my nativity.

I then heard a voice singing to the air of music—

“I do not remember the hour and the day,
But I do remember the day and the hour,
When I was a little boy.”

My difficulty of recollecting was charged on my wilfulness; and so I understood the two first lines, that I *would* not, not that I *could* not, remember; and this partly from compunction at the crimes I had committed on my patrons; partly from a sense of shame and guilt at the revelation of the acts of the monks of Aldobaça, which I imagined were being exposed in the presence of my fellow-countrymen, especially in that of the Duke of Wellington, and the officers of my battalion; which also I was considered responsible for, although at the same time living in England in another body, in the discharge of my military duties.

When I inwardly expostulated, and stated that, when I was alive in England, I had not been aware of the union existing between me at the age of twenty-one, and a boy in Portugal of the age of seventeen, I was made to understand that an act of ingratitude in childhood had effaced from my mind the consciousness of this mystery, but that every individual besides me had experienced and delighted in this ubiquity of existence; and even that my brothers and sisters had been living in Portugal at the same time, and had then been acquainted with me, and, living in England, had been conscious of that acquaintance, but could not talk to me concerning it, by reason of my moral darkness through sin.

There was a horrid idea connected with this frenzy, that, in like manner as I had boiled the pig alive, I should be plunged into a huge copper of boiling water, and should be whirled round in it on my back, with my mouth covered over with sackcloth, bubbling, and boiling, and drowning, and suffocating for ever, and ever, and ever! My eyes were also to be taken out of my head, and I yet spiritually, see them *hanging over me*, looking down upon me, and pursuing me round the cauldron. To add to my horrors, my dearest friends would plunge me in, and stand by ridiculing and tormenting. I actually believed that a sound I heard in the room next to mine, like to boiling water, was a preparation for this awful punishment, and that my brother and one of my cousins were every moment on the eve of plunging me in, and condemning me for ever. When they came into my room, I saw them at times like natural men; but at times their countenances appeared horribly swollen, and their faces darkened so that they looked black. Then I was told that I was not doing my duty to the Lord Jehovah supremely omnipotent, and that they appeared as the angels of hell, already prepared to execute the purposes of his wrath; but that I was always respited, in hope of my future obedience. My feelings were dreadful.

On one of these occasions I recollect saying to my brother, “—, I am desired to tell you, you are a hypocrite.” A voice had commanded me, ‘This was one of

the few sentences I addressed to any living being about me.

By the common illusion of lunatics, he accused himself of the most incredible crimes; and, among others, of having assisted in drowning an old woman in the Thames, below Blackfriar's Bridge. Some of his hallucinations were of a happier character. Sometimes he was invited by the spirits to come up "to heavenly places," as he terms them; and whatever was agreeable to his senses seems to have been "heavenly places;" sometimes, also, he saw on the bed-curtains three faces—that of his Saviour, his natural father, and his Almighty Father, which we mention to introduce this singular passage—

But the vision which made the most vivid impression upon me, amounting to reality; so strong an impression indeed, that I might almost say, the possibility of being present in two places at the same time may be capable of realization; thine it was, O Lord, to interpret it to me. When I saw the venerable countenance of my father bending over me weeping, and the crystal tears falling, which I felt trickling down my shoulders, the impression of this was so vivid, that I can hardly help now suspecting, either that water was dropped on my back through the ceiling and tester of the bed, or that I was not where I appeared to be. Still it was not altogether the countenance of my father, as on earth; and I saw a long flowing white beard. I thought, could my father's beard have been so white and so long? but I both thought it unholy to question, and besides I could not control my thoughts to unravel my ideas. So my doubts took slight hold on my reason.

Glimmerings of the reason, not wholly extinguished, sometimes shone through the obscurity of his mind. Three of the housekeepers he imagined to be each his mother; but then, though he received three mothers, he would question how his mother came to be there, poor and a menial. Even in dreams the same thing is done. At one time he saw a vision, intended, as he understood, to convey an idea, or make an exhibition, of the mechanism of the human mind.

To return to his real history:—Ill-treated in Dublin, as he argues that he was, he was hurried away from it so soon as he was imagined fit to endure the journey, and was again thrown into a state of violent excitement. Properly treated, he imagines that he might have been speedily restored. We have seen the means adopted; let us now hear the opinion of the patient, seven years later, when he had long been convalescent: for he began to recover towards the end of the same year, or even earlier, though, from an unfortunate misunderstanding with his family, and other causes, he was long kept under some sort of restraint. The opinions of this unfortunate gentleman on his own case are, at all events, well entitled to be heard, not more for his sake than for that of every one liable to the same dismal malady.

It may be asked me, what course I would have had pursued towards me, seeing there was such evident danger in leaving me at liberty? I answer, that my conduct ought to have been tried in every situation compatible with my state; that I ought to have been dressed, if I would not dress myself; that I should have been invited to walk up and down my room, if not quietly, in the same confinement as in bed; that, whilst those implements that might do me hurt were removed, pens, pencils, books, &c., should have been supplied to me; that

I should have been placed in a hackney coach, and driven for air and exercise, towards the sea-shore, and round the outskirts of Dublin. Few can imagine the sense of thirst and eager desire for freshness of air, which the recollection of that time yet excites in me. I do not recollect water having been presented to me; if it was, I systematically refused it, like everything else; and it was not forced on me like the medicine and broth. If I recollect correctly, I got some water after my brother's arrival, and he also brought me once some grapes, a few of which I ate in spite of my false conscience; and God knows how refreshing they were.

He was taken to the Bristol packet, and tells, whilst standing on the quay, I recognised a poor Irish lad, who used to hold my horse, and to do commissions for me; he had watched for me, and followed me, to see me embark. I could not express my feelings; but as he stood chill and shivering a little way off, there was an expression of distrust in his features; and I felt as if he were a truer friend than those occupied about my person.

We should mention that, with the tenderest feelings for his mother, Mr Percival still shews resentment to his brothers; or, if not resentment, disapprobation of their conduct to him. He became violently affected; imagined that the ship and the whole crew were to be sunk on account of his sins; and, not allowed to go on the deck, he called aloud to his brother to warn him. His brother tried to joke with him on his illusions. It may sometimes exasperate the insane to reason with them, though at other times it is found useful; while patient explanation, and delicacy in ordinary intercourse, as if they were still human and rational beings, however eclipsed their faculties may be for the time, are generally found useful: but it is ticklish work to joke with the mad, and to treat them with anything bordering on levity, or even as children; much less with contempt, or disregard of their previous habits and feelings. The storm, which was about to engulf them all, as he imagined, had a fearful reality to the patient, who might also have been under the influence of personal fear. He called loudly for the captain; and attempted to rush on deck to give him warning. He was, of necessity we must allow, overpowered by the keeper, and handcuffed. The "Spirit" whispered, it was his duty to kill this man who held him; and he struck at him with his manacled hands. The Spirit still accused him of indifference to the fate of the crew—indifference become more dreadful, from the idea that his brothers, and many of his family, who had come to Dublin to be sacrificed for him, were all on deck, ready to perish through his slothful neglect and stubborn refusal to exercise his miraculous power for their preservation. The servant at last got leathern cases on his arms; and though judgment assents, one's heart aches and bleeds to read—"*And I was compelled to be the passive object of the tortures of my imagination.*"

When they landed at Bristol he was, by medical advice, put to bed; delivered up the prey to new and torturing delusions. Let any one realize, as far as is possible, the condition of this gentleman in the packet, and again in the following scene, and imagine what madness is; and the guilt of those who directly or

indirectly contribute to throw a fellow-creature into this state, or to protract his sufferings under it. When they had landed in safety, his mind recovered momentarily from its horrid delusions; but then the notion came that all around was a vision; that the ship had really foundered; and that the crew had prayed to suffer death to avert his punishment. The doctor we have told sent him to bed, and he says—

I would have given my hand to remain up; my bed was a scene of horrors to me. However, I made no reply, and to bed I went. I was scarcely in bed when I became a prey to new delusions. It was snowing at the time. I was told that a dreadful winter was to fall upon the country, on account of my sin. I was told that Bristol was on fire, and made to see flames; that the house was to fall and destroy every one in it; and this, all for my sin. My brother was sitting in the room with me. I expected every moment to see the walls crush him. I warned him to go away, for that the house was going to fall. I told him I saw the town in flames. He naturally made light of what I said. He recollected my words afterwards when the riots were in the town. I was told that the reason he did not believe me was, that I did not address him in the tongue given to me; I was rebuked and upbraided for it. I essayed again, but I met with the same rebukes. I lost all patience. Again I was ordered to suffocate myself, and to kick about in various postures in the bed; unless I did so, that Satan would enter me, and that then my Saviour must endure in me fresh torments, to rescue my soul from hell. For though Satan was redeemed, yet he could only be my most skilful tormentor and destroyer, if I were not redeemed too, and delight also in his office, if I were at last reprobate. It seemed to me that Satan's spirit came to the left side of my bed and entered my body, and that I allowed it, for that I was so teased that I delighted in the prospects of my Saviour's sufferings; immediately afterwards I was seized with compunction and dread.

The spirits also told me that a dinner would be brought to me; that some Irish stew had been ordered for me by my brother, which it was intended I should eat; but that a fowl would be sent me from heavenly places to tempt me, which I was to refuse. It was not the first time I had heard the like from the Spirits, nor was it the last.

I did not understand what this meant, but I became very hungry. After some time the door opened, and a servant came in with the dish, containing a boiled fowl, which appeared very large and plump. I looked for the Irish stew, but it did not appear; the fowl on being brought near appeared small and meagre, and again plump, and twice its former size. The spirits then—to my inward observation that there was but one dish—replied, that it was resolved to tempt me by a dish of the same kind, to make my trial more easy; that a fowl had been ordered for me on earth, as well as the fowl in heavenly places; because it was supposed I would at least consent to relinquish the second for the salvation of my soul, and the happiness of so many thousands interested in me; when I might eat the other. However the humour came upon me that I would dine in heavenly places as I called it, and I could not resist it; and yet it was with my will. For, after what I have related as having occurred in Dublin, I had no power to restrain my will, my capidity, my avidity, from moral contamination; nay, the more I attempted to resist contamination, the more my power over my will seemed to evade me: besides this, there was a difficulty in obeying the commands given to me, because, even whilst eating the fowl, I was puzzled by the change in its appearance, and told, “now you must refuse it because you are in heavenly places, now you may eat it because you are on earth, according as it appeared” beautiful or common.

Next day he was committed to the care of Dr Fox. He describes every circumstance of his introduction most minutely, and, we dare say,

accurately, for his memory seems quite as faithful to his delusions as to his true perceptions. The man who took his portmanteau and afterwards waited upon him, and laid the cloth for his solitary dinner, he, on the bidding of the Spirits, called Zachary Gibbs. The man's real name was Samuel Hobbs; and the patient afterwards named him, as a spiritual body, HERMINE HERBERT; and fancied him at once his Saviour, Zachary Gibbs, and Hermine Herbert. On seeing the linen of Hobbs marked S. H., he received a further confirmation that he was the Saviour, these initial letters standing for *Salvator Hominum*.* His mind at this time seems to have been like moonshine on water. All was vague and mysterious: only human yearnings remained true. He tells—

I understood that, on certain conditions, I was to go home, which was all I desired, whilst on certain other conditions I was to be left here. The spirits told me this.

After dinner, a raspberry tartlet or two were brought to table; they appeared to be very large, clean, and beautiful, and I was told they were sent to me from heavenly places; that I was to refuse them; that they were sent to try me; that if I refused them, I should be doing my duty, and my brother would take me to E—.† The same humour came on me to eat them all the quicker, under the idea that they had given me nothing but slops and physic for a fortnight or more, and now, if they are such fools as to bring me up into heavenly places, I'll make the best of it. My brother again went out, and I did not see him enter any more—*this pained me exceedingly*; I thought at least he would have bid me adieu; but the spirits told me that he was so disgusted at seeing me eating the tarts, when he knew that if I could only have refused one I should have been allowed by the Almighty to return to my mother and family, and that I knew it, that he had resolved to leave me without bidding adieu, and had given me up into the hands of the Almighty. I imagine now his abrupt departure was preconcerted, for fear of any opposition on my part.

Well, my brother went, and I was left amongst strangers.

If I had had any introduction to Dr F., at least I was unconscious of it. I was left to account for my position in that asylum—for I was in Dr F.'s asylum—to the working of my own, and be it recollected, a lunatic imagination.

My spirits told me that I was in the house of an old

* He had a variety of HERMINE HERBERTS. One of them, a keeper, named Marshall, he called his SIMPLICITY; another of the numerous Hermine he named Kill-all. Another he fancied an old servant of his father's, raised from the dead to attend him. Among the patients was a Captain P., whom he named his Spirit of family pride; a Captain N. was the Spirit of joviality; a quaker patient was his Spirit of simplicity; and one of the ladies of the family, his Spirit of repentance. Some he fancied his brothers and uncles, sisters, cousins, and old schoolfellows; and the countenances of those about him were ever changing. He was always trying to prostrate himself at the feet of those he imagined the Almighty or the Saviour, to whom his intense prayer was to be taken home; because all about him was “so strange, new, and perplexing.” We mention these absurdities to elucidate the first symptoms of returning reason, the state between sleep and waking, when he began to doubt the Spirits; and when they began singing, “You are in a lunatic asylum, if you will”—“If not, you are in such and such places.”—“That is Samuel Hobbs, if you will; if not, it is Hermine Herbert, the Saviour,” &c. Other delusions of a milder character succeeded before they finally fled altogether.

† His mother's house.

friend of my father's, where certain duties were expected of me; that I knew what those duties were, but I pretended ignorance, because I was afraid of the malice and persecution of the world in performing them. . . . I was put to bed with my arms fastened. Either that night or the next, the heavy leathern cases were taken off my arms, to my great delight, and replaced by a strait waistcoat. The night brought to me my usual torments, but I slept, during part of it, sounder and better than before. In the morning I recollect observing a book of manuscript prayers, and a prayer-book or Bible bound in blue morocco; the impression on my feelings was very dreary, and as if I had been imprisoned for a crime or for debt; but I was occupied, as usual, with the agony of mind occasioned by the incomprehensible commands, injunctions, insinuations, threats, taunts, insults, sarcasms, and pathetic appeals of the voices round me. . . . I was not now aware that I was lunatic, nor did I admit this idea until the end of the year. . . . I imagined, at the same time, that I was placed here "*to be taught of the spirits*," that is, (for they all spoke in different keys, tones, and measures, imitating usually the voices of relations or friends,) to learn what was the nature of each spirit that spoke to me, whether a spirit of fun, of humour, of sincerity, of honesty, of honour, of hypocrisy, of perfect obedience, or what not, and to acquire knowledge to answer to the suggestions or arguments of each, as they in turn addressed me, or to choose which I would obey.

For instance, whilst eating my breakfast, different spirits assailed me, trying me. One said, eat a piece of bread for my sake, &c., &c.; another, at the same time, would say, refuse it for my sake, or, refuse *that piece* for my sake, and take *that*; others, in like manner, would direct me to take or refuse my tea. I could seldom refuse one without disobeying the other; and, to add to my disturbance of mind at these unusual phenomena, and at the grief of mind, and at times alarm, I appeared to feel at disobeying any, Zachary Gibbs stood by my bed-side in a new character.

What are all the poetic or idly-feigned confessions, of fictitious personages, to these wild realities?

One could fancy that, in Mr Percival's hallucinations and imaginative flights, one might often trace his previous serious or lighter course of reading. A mixture of allegory and euphuism is predominant in the fantastic names that he gave to the other patients in the asylum, and to the servants and medical men. With his continual visions and phantasms, we shall not meddle farther. His condition soon became much worse. He was impetuous and must have appeared malignant; and it was thought necessary to use violent coercive measures; of which, and of many alleged indignities, neglects, and insults he complains. It must, however, be observed, that he recovered under this treatment; though he left the asylum, or was taken away, (at his own earnest desire,) while still apparently in a condition which made one of the doctors, at parting, remark, he says maliciously, "Good bye, Mr Percival; I wish I could give you hopes of your recovery." This was, to say the least, a cruel and an unnecessary speech, to a man in his condition. He did recover; he will say, in spite of the doctors; we give no opinion.

When first brought to the asylum, he was taken to a small parlour in which quiet patients sat. He describes its shape and furniture with the minuteness of a novelist. His first day's experiences, he narrates with what we consider singular power.

When I came into the room, there was a mild, old, rheumatic man there, who had on a white apron. He was of low stature, and in countenance resembling my father very strongly. My spirits informed me it was my father, who had been raised from the dead, in order, if possible, to assist in saving my soul. He was also in a spiritual body. Everything, in short, had been done to save me by quickening my affections, in order to overcome my torpor, and ingratitude, and fear of man. The chairs in the room, resembling those I had seen when a child in my father's dining-room; the very trees in the distance, resembling others in the prospect round my mother's house; almost all that I saw had been brought by the Almighty power, or infinite goodness of the Lord, and placed around me to quicken my feelings! *If a man can imagine realising these ideas, in any degree, awake, he may imagine what were my sufferings.*

I asked now what I was to do. There was a newspaper lying on the table, but I could not read it, because, before I had been taken unwell in Dublin, when looking for guidance from the Holy Spirit, I had been diverted from reading the papers, except here and there, as if it were unwholesome to the mind. I thought it ungrateful now to have recourse to them for amusement; and for that reason, or "by that reply," in the language of my invisible companions, I decided my resolution, without quite satisfying them.

What was I to do? I was told it was necessary to do something "to keep my heart to my head, and my head to my heart," to prevent "my going into a wrong state of mind," phrases used to me [by the spirits.] I was told, at length, to "waltz round the table, and see what I should see." I did that—nothing came of it. My attendant requested me to be quiet: at last my dinner was brought. I had, if I recollect accurately, two dinners in this room—one was of a kind of forced meat; the other had bacon with it: both meals were very light, and, although I did not refuse them, I recollect feeling that I could have eaten something more substantial, and also being nauseated at the forced meat and bacon, which, I considered, could not be exactly wholesome for me.

My dinner in this room was served on a tray, with a napkin, silver forks, decanters, &c. &c., and in these respects, such as was fitting for a gentleman.

Unfortunately, the second day, I think, after my entrance into this asylum, having no books, no occupation—nothing to do but to look out of window, or read the newspaper—I was again excited by my spirits to waltz round the room; in doing this, or at a future period, I caught the reflection of my countenance in the mirror. I was shocked and stood still; my countenance looked round and unmeaning: I cried to myself, "Ichabod! my glory has departed from me," then I said to myself, what a hypocrite I look like! So far I was in a right state of mind; but the next thought was, "how shall I set about to destroy my hypocrisy?" then I became again lunatic. Then I resumed my waltzing, and being directed to do so, I took hold of my old attendant to waltz with him; but at last deeming that absurd, and finding him refuse, the spirits said, "then wrestle with him if you will." I asked him to wrestle; he refused. I understood this was to try me if I was sincere; I seized him to force him to wrestle; he became alarmed; an old patient in the asylum passing by the door, hearing a struggle, entered, and assisted in putting me into a strait waistcoat: I was forced down on the sofa. He apologized to me for it many months after, saying it was in the afternoon, when all the other assistants were out walking with their respective patients.

Thus commenced my second ruin.

But we must stop for the present. Mr Percival's history, first and last, is pregnant with instruction; and we mean, if possible, to resume it. It is not his melancholy tale alone, but the dreadful consequences of spiritual delusion, the causes and treatment of insanity, and "the secrets of the prison-house," that stimulate our purpose.

THE QUEEN'S COMFIT-MAKER.

A LEGEND OF TOTENHAM CROSS.

BY MRS GORE.

"A right noble bequest!—a most Christian devise!" exclaimed Master Ebenezer Trackit, the notary of Totenham Cross—folding his hands over his sober doublet, and fixing his eyes contemplatively upon the huge pewter standish, well garnished with goose-quills, which had been placed before him for the purpose of drawing out the heads of testamentary dispositions of Balthazar Sanchez, a wealthy retired citizen, whom his enemies called "the Spanish Jew;" and the haughty esquires, whose lands bordered upon his own, stigmatized with equal contempt as "Sanchez, the comfit-maker."—"All and several those excellent lands and messuages, situate betwixt the northern bank of the Mosel and the farms of Leecroft and Bishopstone," resumed the notary; "the same being estimated at the annual fee and rent of four hundred marks or upwards, lawful moneys of the realm, to be had in perpetual trust by such person or persons as the testator may see fit to appoint, for the erection, entertainment, and maintenance, of a tenement or tenements, for the comfort and refuge of eight individuals of the aged poor of the good parish of Totenham. Such, as I conceive, Master Balthazar, was the purport of your dictation?"

"Even so. For the endowment of alms-houses to contain eight poor people of this parish," replied his employer, from the comfortable easy-chair in which he sat ensconced; and, as he spoke, the old man turned towards the saturnine notary a swarthy but hearty countenance, clearly indicating that the indisposition which had determined him to settle the disposal of his worldly gear was of accidental occurrence. Balthazar's seventy-fifth year found him healthy, wealthy, and wise; easy in mind and body; and, though certain of his neighbours, being envious of the old gentleman's worldly prosperity, presumed to infer that the healthfulness of his body arose, in a great measure, from there being little or no mind to operate upon its condition, it would appear to be better fortune than is usually decreed to the lot of fools for the favourite servitor of an intolerant Papist king to have laid up, like Balthazar Sanchez, stores of riches and honours, during the ascendancy of her most Protestant Majesty, Queen Elizabeth. Among these was his present associate and councillor, Ebenezer Trackit. Nevertheless, although the notary had heretofore inferred and argued respectfully of his client's mental capacities, the charge now entrusted to him to execute somewhat staggered his confidence.

"An estate of four hundred marks per annum!" was Master Trackit's mental commentary on the text. "A third portion or more of his possessions to be flung away in bootless alms upon the ungrateful poor of a foreign na-

tion, without so much as the common return of praise and thanksgiving; since 'tis his will that the benefaction remain a nameless dole, and since, even were the comfit-maker's name blazoned in Roman capitals on the frontal of his alms-houses, my mind misgives me that scarcely a knee within would bend in supplication for the soul of one whom the ragamuffins of Totenham parish designate in their cups no otherwise than as 'the Spanish Jew.'"

"Are the words set down?" quoth Master Balthazar—his patience at length outwared by the length of the notary's cogitations, from which he rightly augured opposition to the purport of his bequest.

"Methought it were safer to allow space for your worship's reflection upon the terms of so munificent an act!" replied the notary, twirling his thumbs.

"Tut, tut!" cried the old Spaniard, impatiently. "Am I then so sorry an ass, friend Trackit, as to entitle you in the supposition that I am disposing, on *impulse* solely, (the impulse of a hale man suffering from his first twinge of bodily pain,) of a third part of my estate? I tell ye, no, and again, and again, No, Master Notary. For many a year of my past life, such hath been my settled resolve; and I say unto you once more, take, write, that my last will be accomplished."

"Even as you desire, worshipful sir," replied the notary, slowly advancing his hand towards the pewter standish; "yet am I in duty bound to warn and admonish you."

"The deuce you are!" interrupted the Spaniard. "I should have surmised that the warnings and admonishments wherewith I was favoured yesternorn by his pious reverence, Longwind, the rector, might suffice for a season."

"The warnings of his reverence were, in all probability, of a spiritual kind, and regarded your soul's salvation. Mine, Master Balthazar, concern your temporal interests, and are, consequently, more germane to our present purpose," snuffed the lawyer.

"The time is, I take it, come, or coming, with me, when spiritual and temporal must be so blended in my account, that no time ought to be lost in disposing of either," cried the old Spaniard. "Nay, good friend, a truce with superfluous civilities. I ask no compliments either on my look or condition. I know that I am not an ailing man; that I carry my threescore years and fifteen nimbly enough; but I also know that I have lived my appointed time; that the loan of life, apportioned me by my beneficent Creator, hath reached its term; that the great liability is due; and the grim bailiff, Death, justified in forcing an entrance into my dwelling. Let the

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aged subject of our aged sovereign, therefore, hasten to set his house in order; and for the third and last time, he bids you, Master Notary, take, write, and record, his last will."

"Your farm on the northward bank of the Mosel, betwixt Leecroft and Bishopstone?" demanded Master Trackit, dwelling emphatically on every syllable of the inquiry, and leisurely resuming his pen. And, this time, as if to avoid further parley or preliminary, the venerable testator contented himself with an affirmative nod of the head.

"It is written!" snuffed Ebenezer, after a minute or two, perceiving that his patron, well, or sick, or sorry, was in no humour to be further crossed. "It is written, and shall be fairly engrossed with the rest, for your future signature. Meanwhile, assure yourself, that so prodigal a donation to people nowise akin to you in blood, nature, language, nor nation, will be resented, and probably disputed by process of law, by those whose affinity entitled them, in right, to your inheritance."

"Nowise akin to me in blood?" cried the comfit-maker, turning fiercely upon his confidential adviser. "Is not every son of Adam akin to *all* the sons of Adam? Is it not written by the great Founder of your faith—(who, were every other instance of divine nature laid aside, had by that alone deserved to be called the Son of God)—is it not written, I say, in the word of Christ, that all men are brethren? and what right have my far-off nephews or nieces to dispute with me touching the claims of our common kindred? Nowise akin to me in blood, nation, or language, quotha? Under what governance, I pray you, have I lived for the last half century? What language hath breathed in mine ears the words of kindness? What sovereign hath been my liege. What laws have been my protection? Why, even those of this fair island of Britain, whose air I have respired in peace, and whose earth will shortly shelter the dust that hath so long burthened her soil! My home hath been among you—my happiness among you; the gold and the silver I have amassed were earned out of the havings of Englishmen. Who, therefore, shall dispute the justice which would award to these, my benefactors, a fraction of the all I owe them?"

"Nevertheless," replied the notary, unmoved by the old man's generous enthusiasm, "the law looks with a jealous eye upon the testamentary caprices of old age. The pretext of heirship is apt to be favoured by the grave personages to whom is entrusted the distribution of property."

"Away with you! To no person or personage, howsoever grave, howsoever influential, is entrusted the distribution of property, over which the lawful possessor hath exercised the right of either gift or bequest!" exclaimed Balthazar. "My estate came not by inheritance—my estate is no lifehold possession, to be derived by my posterity from my ancestry through my transitory enjoyment. This good house over my head—yonder field basking in the sunshine—are

mine by no kingly or queenly grant, to some far-off progenitors, in requital of his partisanship, or in guerdon for his servility. I worked for them—I drudged for them—I spared for them; I bought them, little by little, field by field, with the earnings for which I sacrificed my morning rest, my midnight slumber. And are not these mine to dispose of? Think you I would have submitted to labour while others were sleeping, or to fast when others were feasting, save in the certitude that the fruit of my toils was to lie at my own absolute disposal?"

"Perhaps not—probably not; but the grave, Master Balthazar, is a gulf that swalloweth up a man's thoughts and resolves. The coffin-lid closeth over him, and his place knoweth him no longer. The jurisprudence of the country provideth a mind for those who are no longer capable of reflection; and so soon as you are debarred by the great decree of Nature from advocating your own cause, my word upon it, the Queen's learned bench will determine."

"What will it determine? That a man may not do what he likes with his own?" screamed Balthazar, harassed beyond his patience.

"That a man may not do what he likes with his own when he hath outlived the faculties that ought to govern his likings and mislikings," replied the notary, calmly taking the pen from his ear, and replacing it in the standish.

"God's death! Would you assert me to be in my dotage?—would you declare me *non compos mentis*?" vociferated the old Spaniard, while his brow contracted, and his lips grew livid with rage.

"Would I assert? would I declare? Heaven's mercy and justice forbid!" replied Master Ebenezer, in a tone of deprecation. "But what are my poor assertions to the purpose—more especially while your worshipful self is here in the flesh, to prove your own lucidity of intellect? No, Master Balthazar! It is when the bell hath tolled, and the stone been rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre, that those who come after you will, perforce of bribery or persuasion, induce such evidence of singularity of manners and customs as would assuredly determine any court of justice in the kingdom to set aside the will which you are now troubling yourself to dictate to my humble transcription."

"Set aside, on plea of aberration of intellect, a will expressly setting forth, in the preamble, that I, Balthazar Sanchez, native of the kingdom of Castile, some time comfit-maker to his most Catholic Majesty, Don Philip II., and now resident in the parish of Tottenham Cross, by London, being in a sound state of body and mind, do give and bequeath—I say, Master Notary, being in a sound state of body and mind—in a sound state of body and mind; is it not so set down?"

"It is," replied Ebenezer, somewhat overawed by his vehemence. "Nevertheless, it were no difficult matter to prove, good sir," he continued, taking advantage of the old Spaniard's loss of breath, "that, on the 6th day of June, in the year of grace, 1601, wherein you are

pleased thus to record the soundness of your body and mind, the said body had been, for the first time in your mortal life, visited by indications of no less fatal a distemper than paralysis of the lower limbs!"

"'Tis false!" cried Balthazar, starting up; and, in spite of the long brocaded wrapping-gown in which he was enveloped, standing for a moment erect, with no other support than the pressure of his shrivelled hand upon the table—" 'Tis utterly false!"

"Then, old Dosem of the Market Place lies in his teeth," muttered the notary, between his own. "At least," he resumed aloud, "you will admit that you have recently received leechcraft at his hands."

"I sent for the meddling numscull to administer a cataplasm to the shoulder of Zora yonder," cried Sanchez, pointing to a fine Spanish pointer that lay on a rug beside his escritoir—"the poor beast having been hurt by the awkwardness of my nephew-in-law, Sir Carnaby, who stumbled over her with the cup of scalding diet-drink he was officiously hastening to offer me. But I see how 'tis! The whole batch of you are in league against me! The ass, my nephew-in-law, will suborn the paltry compounder of boluses to swear that, at the period of inditing my will, I was infirm of body; and my some time agent and scrivener, Master Ebenezer Trackit, to prove that I was infirm of mind! My household servants will testify that these two sapient witnesses were admitted to my privacy; and the law of the kingdom will forthwith issue a posthumous statute of lunacy against a man whose head is as clear as its own, and whose conscience clearer; and thus my will is to be defeated; the poor mulcted of their rights; and the jackanapes, Sir Carnaby Savile (who married with a comfit-maker's grand-niece in hopes of appropriating his houses and lands as heir-at-law) will be enabled to sport twentynew doublets per month instead of ten; while my lady, his wife, flaunts it at Court, as brave as the best gentlewoman born! I'faith 'tis enough to drive a man mad or into his grave, to think on't!"

"Compose yourself, good Master Sanchez—compose yourself," ejaculated the cunning notary. "All that you apprehend may be obviated, provided you take due care in the wording of your bequest; and, above all, in the selection of the gentlemen of trust to whom you propose to bequeath the execution of your will. Let them be such as Sir Carnaby Savile may not overmatch in cunning or authority. For the latter, if I may presume to suggest, let the Chancellor for the time being, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, whoever may fill that honourable and sacred function, be two of the four trustees of the purposed charity. For the remaining two, I would fain suggest, under submission to your better judgment, the Rector of Tottenham, as being especially interested in bettering the condition of its parish poor; and my humble self, of all men living, best able to prove before her Majesty's courts of justice the sanity of

the worshipful testator, and the motives of the bequest."

"Good faith! then slight evidence may suffice!" cried old Sanchez, with a sneer. "For what know ye of my motives? and how, pray, are you to prove to the Consistory Court that I am not a crack-brained humorist, intent upon defrauding my rightful heirs for the sake of a whimsey?"

Master Ebenezer Trackit shrugged his shoulders. His client was hard to please. He would neither submit to be suspected of imbecility, nor to be asserted of sound intellect.

"Nevertheless," resumed the fractious gentleman, ashamed, perhaps, of his own petulance—"I must, perforce, content myself with such instruments as Providence affords me. It may further the accomplishment of my purpose, that a pettifogging lawyer is interested in the scheme. For the sake of public influence, therefore, Master Trackit, inscribe, as trustees of the charity, the names of the two officials highest in authority in Church and State; and, for the sake of professional zeal, the vicar and the attorney. Put your finger in the pie, since I perceive that the pie will else be marred in the baking."

Master Trackit hastened to vindicate himself. His honoured patron wholly misjudged him. He had no wish to be included in the trusteeship—no desire to assist in making or marring the act so ignobly stigmatized by its benevolent deviser.

"Be it as I have said," cried Balthazar, weary of the altercation; "and now, be off with you to your desk. By this hour to-morrow, let the parchment be fairly engrossed; and, when we have read it over together, ere my signature and signet be affixed, in presence of such fitting witnesses as I shall summon for the purpose, you, in your turn, Master Notary, must listen to the recital of the early history of my life."

Ebenezer started in delighted astonishment.

"Seeing that, as you may have to testify of me, and my secret springs of action, it is at least fitting you should know the man of whom you may have to speak; and of whom, whether Jew or Gentile, sinner or saint, at present you know no more than that he was a native of Old Castile, and sometime comfit-maker to his most Catholic Majesty, Don Philip, King of Spain, of blessed memory, as in my will set down."

"And a dutiful and faithful subject of Elizabeth, Queen of England, whom God preserve!" added the notary, with professional precision.

"That as it may be!" muttered Balthazar Sanchez; while Ebenezer gathered up his papers, rose deliberately from his high-backed chair, and looked round in search of his trencher-cap. "Meanwhile, be diligent. To-morrow, sir, at three of the afternoon;—to-day, God speed you."

As the notary emerged from the gateway of Master Balthazar's mansion, (whereon, from privilege of place, as honorary comfit-maker to the Court, the arms of England were emblazoned within a garter, having a lion and griffin for

supporters, and the initials "E. R." annexed, in honour of her gracious Majesty the Queen, as may be seen even at this present writing.)* nothing could exceed his exultation at the prospect of penetrating into the mysterious fortunes of an individual, concerning whom so much had been said and surmised in the neighbourhood as Master Balthazar Sanchez. The prospect of becoming trustee of his munificent donation, including right of attorneyship, and chance of litigation of the same, was nothing in comparison with such an insight into his private history as would enable him, from that day forth and for evermore, to taunt and tantalize, on this subject, the inquisitive soul of his gabbling helpmate, Mistress Dorothy Trackit. On this score, however, the notary reckoned without his host; for, on resuming his seat in the dingy parlour of his client the following day, the first word uttered by Balthazar, was a condition of secrecy, so solemn as to appal even the soul of a notary. So manifest, indeed, was the awe of poor Ebenezer, that Master Sanchez instantly invited him to reinforce his courage by a deep draught of Malaga wine, of which two kinds, the sweet and the dry, stood in antique flagons on the board; and, beside them, certain parcel-gilt saucers of rare confectionary, compounded probably, under the personal inspection of the venerable host, by whom, as history informs us, the noble art of comfit-making was first introduced into the realms of Britain.

"Taste, I pray you, of yonder candied pistachio nuts," said the old Spaniard, with a smile more benevolent than he had hitherto vouchsafed to the man of the law. "Their flavour (which hath been commended of more kings, princes, and royal personages, than there are kernals in the dish) may serve to take off the ill-taste of the words I have compelled you to utter. On this especial confection, moreover, Master Ebenezer, is founded the fabric of my fortunes! By this rare invention did your humble servant attract the notice and secure the favour of that memorable prince, on whose dominions the sun did never set, but on whose mind abided impenetrable darkness. God pity him!—he is gone to his dread account; and, sinful soul as I am, rather, in the day of judgment, would I be poor Balthazar, the stewart of pruins, than Don Philip of Old Spain and New, the roaster of his fellow-men!"

The notary cast an anxious glance round the chamber. In those times, sovereigns were not to be thus lightly judged. Though Elizabeth of England was far gone in moral and physical decay, the laws slept not, the scaffold was still active; nor did the hangman, like the old comfit-maker, hold an honorary function at Court.

"Fear not!" quoth Balthazar, replying to his look of mute consternation. "These walls are of notable thickness, as the bills of cost of my masons and bricklayers can attest; seeing that, in my orders for their construction, I purposed

* The house occupied by Balthazar Sanchez, at Tottenham, is now the George and Kitten Inn.

them to outlive the existence of many a more lordly roof-tree, in order to testify of the poor comfit-maker to ages yet unborn. Be of good cheer, friend Ebenezer—no eavesdroppers are at hand. With a view to the free discussion of the matters between us, I have dispatched, hither and thither, the varlets, my serving-men; and there are none left besides ourselves within the lintel of my door, saving deaf Margery the cook-maid, who is absorbed in her afternoon diversion, mumbling the penitential psalms in her chimney corner, while she basteth the roast for supper. We are as safe, man, as mice in a malt-tub."

Thus re-assured, Master Ebenezer filled his mouth once more with the pistachio comfits pushed towards him, in their saucer of golden filigree, by his kindly host; and, reclining against a high-backed ebony chair, which, to a modern lounge, would be an instrument of torture, assumed an attentive attitude, while Master Balthazar Sanchez cleared his throat, and delivered himself as follows:—

"Allow me to preface the history of my birth by that of my earliest consciousness. The first thing I remember is tender entreatment in a small farm-house, pleasantly situated some four leagues from Madrid, between a straggling wood and a shallow river, which afforded endless varieties of sport and pastime. The old farmer and his wife who fed and clothed me, spoke of me, among our scanty neighbours, as the orphan of a deceased kinsman; but so indulgent were they in their care, that, even in those years when the heart of childhood hungers and thirsts after parental tenderness, I never seemed to miss the fondness of father or mother; not that I was indiscreetly pampered—the habits of the place were humble and frugal—but I was a healthy happy child, left to the free use of my limbs, to the free enjoyment of earth, air, and water. The river, with its bulrushes for spears, its spotted trout for sport—the wood with its wild fruits, wild flowers, wild squirrels, wilder song-birds—were mine to have if not to hold. I was allowed to wander at will; to see the sun go down and rise again unchanged on the morrow; the moon vanish and re-appear with an altered face; the stars revolve and re-revolve, the same, yet ever varying. There was no one to molest me with restrictions, nor plague me with learning; no doating mother to shriek when I approached the margin of the stream, or fall into a swoon if I climbed the lofty cork-trees in search of a finch's nest: there was not a soul, in short, to interpose betwixt me and our universal Mother, Almighty Nature. Failing the ordinary ties of tenderness, I looked accordingly into her eyes for smiles—I hung upon her lips for love—I clung to her bosom for nourishment and joy. I was alone with her—alone in a desert—alone at that holy age when there is bliss unmingled with awe in utter solitude.

"It did not then occur to me to inquire why I was never called upon to assist the labours of Pepito and Dolores—why all around me were toiling, and I at rest. I perceived only that these

indulgent people had authority over me, which, when it suited them, they could exercise; for once, when gazing at a far-off line of mountains bordering the horizon, I expressed a wish to explore their summits, and announced my intention of being off some summer-day on an excursion into the Sierra, the old people denied me so resolutely, that I found my purpose was only to be accomplished by truancy.

“Is not the air good, and are not the woods hereabouts green enow for thy liking, child?” demanded old Pepito, taking the pipe from his mouth. ‘Beware, Balthazar, beware! A league’s space from our humble gates, and there is no safety for thee on earth! Abide with us in peace and safety; or depart, and die the death of a dog.’

“There was something so emphatic in the old man’s words and looks, that, though his threat was mere unsupported assertion, it sunk deep into my heart. I prepared myself for obedience, with all the simplicity of a child; but the following day Dolores, as if compassionating my restlessness, bade me array myself in my best and accompany her to church, whither she had never yet suffered me to bear her company. The farm was a solitary place, remote from village or hamlet; and the chapel, to which the good woman was accustomed to repair for the performance of her devotions, was attached to the convent of Sancta Benedicta, situated about half a league higher up the Manzanares. In the course of my solitary excursion I had often looked with awe upon its moated parapet. There was something in the lofty walls, rising almost to the level of the domed turret tops, and, above all, in the huge black iron cross, surmounting the entrance, which spoke wonders to my imagination. Wandering near it at eventide, I had listened with deep emotion to the tolling of the Angelus; and at times even caught the solemn diapason of the choir, chanting their evening hymn to the Virgin. The nuns (named with deep reverence by the neighbouring peasantry as healers of their ills and comforters of their tribulations) represented to my mind a species of lesser divinities, the invisible origin of mighty and manifold good. Often had I longed to look on the unimaginable faces of those whose lips emitted sounds of such ethereal sweetness, and whose lives were gentle as their voices; and when, following the steps of Dolores, I entered the narrow wicket, crossed the silent court, and slipped into the vast chapel, where only a few country people were kneeling on the marble pavement, (the nuns being concealed from sight behind the sweeping green curtains of the choir,) so overpowering to my senses was the influence of the rolling music of the organ, the fragrant clouds of frankincense, the gorgeous ceiling of the gilded domes, and the deserted solitude of the aisles, that, by an impulsive movement, I dropped on my knees upon the marble floor beside my conductress; raising my hands, and calling in spirit on the name of God, as I had often done amid the green solitudes of the forest, or under the overarching canopy of heaven.

“It was no small disappointment, nevertheless, that a glimpse of my terrestrial angels was denied me; and when, at length, a mumbling, greasy-faced, old gentleman ascended the pulpit, and with a superabundance of groans and gestures, began to preach the religion of persecution—the flames, faggots, and eternal damnation—the spell of my piety was dissolved, and right glad was I when the cessation of his discourse entitled my companion to make her exit from the chapel. To my surprise, instead of recrossing the courtyard towards the wicket, Dolores made towards a side door, and entered a damp vestibule. She had business, it appeared, with the Superior. An aged nun offered to conduct her to the Mother Abbess’ sanctuary, bidding me abide quietly behind; and so little did this first interview with one of my cloistered angels tend to stimulate my curiosity, that it afforded me small pleasure when, after ten minute’s absence, the conductress of Dolores returned, and bade me follow her to the presence of the Superior.

“‘Put off thy cap and shoes, child,’ was the admonition of the old lay sister, as we reached the door; and, thus abjectly prepared, I entered a suite of chambers which, to eyes familiar with the bare walls and rude rafters of Pepito’s farm, appeared secondary only to the temple from which I had recently emerged. A succession of lofty doors of polished wood, incased in white or black marble, heavily but richly carved, gave us access through several chambers hung with tapestry, whereon, to my inexperienced eyes, the figures seemed endowed with life and motion, till we reached a small oratory, the stained windows of which diffused a supernatural hue over a tall cross of ebony, supporting the tortured body of the Redeemer, sculptured in the purest ivory. I forgot to tender my obeisance to the presiding mistress of the place, so thoroughly was my attention absorbed by the saintly sweetness of that dying countenance, and the exquisite beauty of the work.

“‘On thy knees, boy, to the reverend Superior, ejaculated Dolores. But the boy heard her not. His eyes were riveted upon the crucifix.

“‘Your Reverence sees,’ exclaimed Dolores, ‘if such be the first impression, what may not be anticipated from a continuous residence in the community! Snatch, madam, O snatch this brand from the fire! This boy’s sole chance of safety on earth, of salvation hereafter, lies in finding shelter under the roof of the daughters of heaven! Another week, and the restlessness of his humour will bring him within reach of his enemies.’

“Instead of replying, the Abbess kept deliberately surveying me; while I, in return, gazed with wondering admiration upon the lofty figure and commanding countenance, set off by the rich robing of her high vocation.

“‘Be it so,’ said she, at length: ‘I adopt thee, little outcast, into our house. Let him be taken to the confectionary, where sisters Clara and Ofilia will forthwith instruct him in the mysteries which have rendered our convent famous among the banquetries of St Ildefonso.’

" 'Kneel, child—kneel, and crave the blessing of thy benefactress!' cried Dolores, apparently overcome with joy at the prospects unfolding for her protégé; and, though sorely puzzled to conceive what peculiar advantage I was to derive from the protection conceded, or what might be the nature of the mysteries into which I was to be inaugurated—so awe-inspiring was the aspect of the towering Lady Abbess, arrayed in her stole and cross of office—that down I went at her feet, while with her shrivelled hand imposed upon my head, she pronounced her benediction.

"On striking lightly on a bell of golden fret-work, appended to the desk of the oratory, the lay sister again appeared to conduct us forth; and, after threading an infinity of gloomy passages, we suddenly found ourselves in an airy vaulted chamber, the floor of which was of the tessellated marble of the country, with scattered tables of the same costly material, whereat sat divers sisters of the order, enrobed with scrupulous neatness—one shredding rose-leaves into a wicker basket, another carefully separating the petals of a heap of orange blossoms, a third pouring clarified honey through a sieve of snow-white lawn; while several others stood beside little stoves or furnaces, slowly stirring certain delicate confections, the aroma of which imparted a most appetizing flavour to the atmosphere. Such was the confectionary of the convent of Sancta Benedicta; and, young and ignorant as I was, the processes in progress around me, and the death-like silence in which they were performed, were almost as startling as the crucibles and alembics of an alchemist.

"The object of my presence there was soon explained; and, though the glances cast upon me by sisters Ofilia and Clara, to whose hands I had been commended by the Abbess, were far from conciliating, I was too much overpowered by the novelty of the scene to offer much opposition, when my fostermother took leave of me on her departure, promising to furnish me on the morrow with my scanty wardrobe, and exhorting me to be docile and submissive.

" 'But I shall return to the farm—I shall soon return to the farm?' I demanded, clinging to her hand.

"Dolores shook her head.

" 'Nay, but I must and will return,' cried I. 'My garden—my faithful dog—my poor thrush—my'—

" 'They shall be cared for, Balthazar,' replied my fostermother, with a sadder countenance than I had ever seen her wear; 'but I know thee too well, boy, and love thee too well, to renew for thee an enjoyment of a lawless liberty, such as would surely lead to thy destruction.'

"In vain were my remonstrances. The more I entreated, the more Dolores hastened her departure, lest my reluctance should dispose the good nuns harshly towards me; and no sooner was she gone, than the lay sisters gave me over in charge to the old gardener of the convent, whose hovel was to be my sleeping-apartment. Tonsured, bathed, and clad in the linen ephod of a novice,

I was re-admitted on the morrow to the presence of my instructresses, and entrusted with the grating of some ripe citron peels, the delicate fragrance of which almost reconciled me to the task.

"Fear not; I am not about to inaugurate you, good Master Ebenezer, into the arts and mysteries of my calling. Suffice it that, as in all other apprenticeships, that which at first diverted me as a sport, as a task grew tedious. I soon loathed the close confinement imposed upon me—the heated and sickly atmosphere of the confectionary—the penances imposed on me for trifling blunders—the cuffs bestowed when some vessel or implement of silver was presented tarnished to the discriminating eye of sister Ofilia. My young limbs burned to refresh themselves in the limpid brook—my young heart to expand, according to its wont, amid the summer leaves and joyous birds. My sole recreation consisted in an occasional hour's labour with old Pedro in the convent garden; the high walls of which caused even the poor plants and flowers to spindle up towards the blessed light of the sky, even as my own soul was aspiring towards a happier sphere.

"Idle were my repinings! Easy as had been my ingress to the convent, egress was impossible. A rash attempt at escape was punished, not only with the discipline, but with a month's confinement in a solitary cell; and so happy were the results of my seclusion, that, on the cessation of my punishment, I began to find even the air of the confectionary balmy, and 'the gossip of the old nuns, cheering. From that period, all intercourse with poor Dolores (who had been accustomed to visit the convent on Sabbaths and feast days) was denied me; wisely, perhaps; for the less I recurred to the farm, and its rural freedom, the better I was likely to content myself with the narrow limits and formal platbands of Sancta Benedicta, with silent hosts of white-robed sisters gliding like ghosts along the dim alleys.

"Meanwhile, my education progressed. I was instructed, not only in the secrets of the confectionary, but the grand mysteries of the Christian faith. I became a devout Catholic, as well as an expert comfit-maker. On my entrance into the convent, I was scarcely ten years old; and, ere I attained my fifteenth year, even the envy of sisters Clara and Ofilia admitted me to be a master of my art. Already, I had defied them by more than one *chef-d'œuvre* of inventive genius, especially by certain comfits of candied pistachio nuts, scented with amber, and enrolled in leaf of gold, concocted as an express token of duty to the Lady Abbess, when she dispatched her annual offering of confectionary to the most reverend Archbishop of Toledo. Yet, strange to tell, the older I grew, and the more I excelled, the more I was thwarted and macerated; and though I had now tamed down my spirit so as to submit unresistingly to the heavy penances imposed upon me, I sometimes cursed my life for very bitterness.

"One day when, after having suffered some syrup to lose its colour on the stove, of which sister Clara was in need for the candying of some double violets, whereof it was her custom to forward a gift every spring to an eminent canon of the Church of Oviêdo, a distant kinsman of her own, (or, as the old gardener, Pedro, had hinted to me, her unavowed son,) I was suddenly summoned to the presence of the Superior, whom I had not seen for many months. Satisfied that I was about to undergo a severe reprimand, and, probably, some new mode of penance, I could scarcely conceal my sullenness, as, with downcast eyes, I entered her august presence, and kneeled down to receive the signification of her pleasure."

"Balthazar, my poor lad," said she, addressing me in a tone of more amenity than was her wont, "I have grievous tidings to communicate to thee."

"Instantly recurring to the farm, and those its inmates, who had supplied the place of kinsmanship to my childhood, I hazarded in an inquiring tone the names of Pepito and Dolores."

"They are well, or I, at least, have no news of their mischance," said the Abbess, with dignified contempt. "The intelligence I would unfold, boy, is of far more cruel import than the decease of a Castilian peasant. An unhappy change has occurred in thy destinies, Balthazar; thou art about to quit the convent."

"My heart leapt within me at the word."

"For ever!" persisted the Abbess, in a sepulchral tone—discerning, perhaps, the levity with which I was hearkening to her announcement.

"My countenance again brightened; but I judiciously concealed my joy, by inclining my head towards the earth; and, conceiving that her denunciation had now taken proper effect, the Abbess attempted to neutralize the terrors of her intelligence."

"I own to thee, my son," she resumed, "that even wert thou not summoned hence by impregnable authority, it had been impossible to prolong much longer thy sojourn within these sacred gates, whence those of thy sex are, by the vow of our holy order, rigorously excluded. Thou art no longer a child Balthazar," (God knows, the venerable lady and her coadjutresses had treated me as nothing else!) "and, in regard to thine advancing years, I had purposed to dispose of thee at Whitsuntide in the household of my grandnephew, the Bishop of Leon. But heaven is above all! Thy destinies are removed out of my hands; and I am forced, my poor youth, to leave half accomplished the good deed of thy conversion, and surrender thee to the perils and dangers of the world."

"Dear perils! blessed dangers! how the mere menace caused my young blood to thrill! The only perils I could figure to myself were those by wood or wave, avalanches, mountain torrents, and sea storms, such as I had read of in the lives of the saints."

"In a word, Balthazar," said the old lady,

who had favoured me with so many, 'thou art away to court!'

"Involuntarily I raised my joyous face to gaze open-mouthed on the Superior."

"The Prince of Asturias, whom the mother of God and her blessed saints preserve," quoth she, "hath sent for thee to St Ildefonso."

"For me, madam!—the Infant hath sent for me?" was all I could articulate.

"A grace for which thou art indebted to my consideration," resumed the Abbess. "Some days ago, (the very evening when I was horror-struck by the assertion of sister Ofilia, that notwithstanding her express prohibition, thou hadst twice been seen lurking near the garden whereto the sisters of the house are admitted for their hour of recreation,) an express arrived here from my noble kinsman, the Archbishop, requiring the recipe for compounding certain comfits of pistachio nuts, scented with amber, whereof Don Philip had partaken, when, being seized one day, after a prolonged sitting of the council, with a cough, from irritation and exhaustion, the Archbishop dutifully produced his comfit-box till better refreshment was forthcoming. His Highness' palate, Balthazar, was tickled with the flavour of that idle invention of thy leisure!"

"O happy comfits!—O thrice fortunate pistachios!" cried I, in a transport of loyalty.

"But instead of contenting myself with forwarding to my lord the Archbishop," resumed the Abbess, "the instructions of which he stood in need, I acquainted him that the author of the auspicious confection was wholly at his service. His Lordship, it appears, hastened to make the same dutiful tender to the Prince; and, lo! I have before me the sign manual of Don Philip, attaching thee, from this day forth, at a salary of one hundred reals monthly, to the service of St Ildefonso."

"Let no man presume to opine from what quarter will blow the tradewind of his fortunes!" exclaimed the notary, fancying that some comment was required of him. "Promoted at Court per favour of a dish of comfits! The Lord be good to us! Parchment and pounce are little likely to speed a poor English sinner so far as even the porter's lodge of Windsor Castle. Marry, it must have been a right happy day, Master Balthazar, that set you free from the bondage of the old women of Sancta Benedicta?"

"Sweet and sour commingle in every human triumph," replied the confectioner. "At the moment of my departure for Madrid, laden with the gifts and good wishes of my benefactresses, I could almost have wept over my emancipation; and, lo! just as the breath of the free air without the walls, and the long-lost sight of the dancing waters and quivering trees began to restore my consciousness of joy, a withered hand was laid upon my bridle rein, and, drawing me aside out of hearing of the royal courier I was about to accompany to St Ildefonso, poor Dolores whispered a word of warning in my ear."

"I received thy message," muttered she, "that the peremptory commands laid on thee admitted

of no leisure for a visit to the farm ; and forthwith hurried hither to arrest thy departure. Balthazar Sanchez ! Go not, O go not to Madrid ! Avoid St Ildefonso ! Tremble at the aspect of Don Philip of Spain. There is not an hour's safety for thee, my son, after quitting the gates of this convent !'

" ' Explain, explain,' cried I, finding that the courier was growing impatient.

" ' I cannot—I dare not ! Life and death are balanced over thy head by a single hair ; yet can I do no more than bid thee beware !' faltered Dolores.

" ' In a few incoherent words I explained the peremptory necessity of obedience to the royal command, referring her to the Lady Abbess for confirmation of my assertion.

" ' Since needs must then,' murmured the affectionate woman with a sigh, ' I can but implore thee, my poor Balthazar, on my bended knees, to keep close to thy vocation ; divide thy days betwixt thy duty and thy devotion ; grow not an idle wassailer like the rest, nor clap hands with chance-companions ;—above all, range not beyond the precincts of the palace. There are those on the watch to do thee evil, who, for dear life's sake, would not adventure within the purlieus of St Ildefonso.'

" The authority of the King's messenger put a close to her extraordinary apostrophe ; and, great as was my amazement at the good woman's mysterious vehemence, my attention was soon diverted by the novelty of the varied scenes that presented themselves, after hurrying from her presence. My early experience was comprised within a walk of the farm—my experience of the last five years within the still narrower compass of a high-walled garden ; and the rapture of my soul, in gazing once more upon the expanded face of Nature, is scarcely to be described in words. The royal messenger—a man accustomed to sit in saddle three hundred days of the year, laughed outright at my ecstasy on viewing the most familiar objects—a willow overhanging a brook, a tree engarlanded with ivy, a bank overgrown with wildflowers.

" ' How will it be with thee, youngster,' cried he, ' when thou beholdest the majestic walls of St Ildefonso ?'

" But the majestic walls of St Ildefonso said nothing to my soul. The scene was but an enlarged portraiture of what I had left behind at Sancta Benedicta ; and there, as at the convent, I was doomed to yearn after green fields and verdant forests, and all the cheerfulness of sylvan freedom.

" Such satisfaction, however, as courtly advancement could bestow, was lavished on me, even to prodigality. Without any announcement of my arrival, the Prince was pleased to detect the cunning of my hand in the very first collation served up to the royal table after my instalment, and to signify his approval, by requiring that my services should be dedicated to his sole delectation. Overawed, in spite of myself, by the mysterious denunciations of my poor foster-

mother, I had already determined to confine myself exclusively to the discharge of my duties ; and, my efforts thus highly appreciated, I applied all the force of my ingenuity to the invention of new dainties for the royal palate. Every day, so long as the summer fruits hung ripe on the bough, I strove to enhance their flavour by my confections ; and, on winter days, when they hung there no longer, I recalled them to the memory of Don Philip by some saccharine infusion. Heaven knows, the unhappy Prince had need of syrups and confects to sweeten his imagination, beset as he was with grand inquisitors, churgeons, generals, admirals, and all the unholy army of martyr-makers which surrounds the throne of a bigot Prince. From my poor chamber, adjoining the roof of St Ildefonso, and commanding at least a view of the open country, I truly pitied him—he, whose prospects were so bounded—he, who seemed to build his hopes of heaven on rendering earth a hell to his fellow-men.

" Albeit I strictly adhered to the counsels of Dolores, and, devoted to my daily duties, never attempted to sally forth from the palace-gates ; at odd moments, when my work was done, and the Court engaged in attendance on the royal table or mass, I managed to glide out, and, on pretence of seeking fresh annis or coriander for my comfits, obtain a view, through the gilded lattices of the pleasure-gardens, of the Court ladies, parading in their robes of satin and brocade, to feed the peacocks that clustered round the marble fountains, or the gay Indian carp that glittered in the limpid waters below. One or other of the younger dames was usually loitering, gittern or lute in hand, beneath the dark shadows of the cedars or broad-leaved catalpa trees, shedding a melancholy charm about the place ; and at such times, monotonous as was my daily routine of life, I felt that there was joy in being an inmate of St Ildefonso. It was only when a procession of inquisitors reached the palace with tidings of some grievous arrest or horrible *auto-da-fé*, destroying the peace of families, and causing my blood to freeze at the recital, that I sometimes repined at being like to live and die the household servant of Philip of Spain.

" Among the happier privileges of my vocation, was that of taking my turn in the daily distribution of the provisions remaining after the meals of the royal household. Every morning, after the ringing of the Angelus, the poor were regaled in one of the minor courts of the palace ; and the constant accession of pretendants to a share in the dole, afforded sufficient proof how highly it was valued by the humble population of the environs. Pilgrims and mendicants thronged to the gate ; infirm and aged persons, who could not dig, and to beg were ashamed ; while others of better degree seemed to find especial pleasure in feeding on the crumbs that fell from a king's table.

" Among the latter, about a twelvemonth after my admission into the royal establishment, I be-

gan to notice a female of lofty stature, attired in a mourning habit, who appeared to have seen better days, and to whom I was careful to assign a liberal portion of the spoil. Her face I was unable to discern, so closely was it concealed in the loose cape of her sable dress. Her deportment was that of a person infirm from sickness, rather than advanced in years; and, one morning, when she advanced to receive a basket of bread and fruit which I had set aside for her, I ventured to add an inquiry, whether or not she was in such bodily need as to accept of—I was about to add, such alms as a menial may offer, when, suddenly raising her head so as to look me direct in the face, she deprived me of all power to complete my inquiry. I felt slinking into nothing under the scrutiny of her dark and piercing eyes.

“Is there aught, signora, in which I can do you service or pleasure?” was my amended inquiry; and, unconsciously, I uttered the words with the reverence due to a queen.

“For a moment, the stranger remained silent—her fearful glance still riveted upon my face.

“Meet me this evening, at dusk, at the western extremity of the avenue of catalpas,” said she, in a low concentrated voice.

“The gardens of St Ildefonso are closed at that hour, saving for those connected with the Court,” I faltered in reply—not daring to say, in plain terms, the gates of the royal garden unclose not for mendicants.

“No matter; I shall be there,” replied the stranger; and, folding around her, more closely, the loose cape of serge which replaced the basquiua of a more prosperous class, she turned an angle of the court, and disappeared.

“And now nothing could exceed my perturbation. A year within the precincts of a court had initiated me tolerably well into the tender mysteries of love passages and assignations; but the age and deportment of my new acquaintance repressed all inclination to hope that her business with me was of a tender nature. She might come, however, as the emissary of others; and, though still secretly in awe of one who seemed born for the old Castilian fashion of wearing a dagger in her garter, I was true to my appointment.

“A dark figure awaited me under the third catalpa tree.

“‘Balthazar!’ exclaimed the voice of the stranger, in a scarcely-articulate gasp of delighted surprise, ‘art thou come indeed?’

“‘Thou hadst my word, signora,’ replied I. Then, fearing that, although the gardens were nearly deserted, our interview might attract attention, I took her by the hand, and, leading her, through the dusk, into the deep recesses of a cypress grove, placed her on one of its most secluded seats.

“‘Your pleasure, signora?’ said I, in a low voice. But no answer was vouchsafed save only broken sobs. ‘Your pleasure, signora,’ I again repeated, fearing that I was to be made the dupe of a scene of pretended emotion, when, lo!

instead of replying, the stranger flung her arms passionately round me, and strained me passionately to her bosom. My first impulse was to extricate myself from these unsought embraces.

“‘Balthazar!’ faltered the weeping woman, ‘canst thou not discriminate between the caresses of a wanton and of a mother? Boy, boy, the bosom to which thou art pressed is that which cherished thine infancy! My son—my own—my only! O that thus, by stealth, and in shadows of death, we should be fated to meet again!’

“Great as was my amazement at this outburst of tenderness, the forewarnings of my good Dolores forbade me to give way to the impulses of tenderness waking in my heart.

“‘And how am I to determine the truth of all this,’ said I, labouring to repress my emotion.

“‘Doth not the intensity of an agonized mother’s voice bring conviction with it?’ she replied, relaxing her embrace. ‘Doth nature whisper nothing to thy soul? Submit thee, then, at least, to the testimony of vulgar evidence. I adjure thee, Balthazar Sanchez, by the home and guardians of thine infancy, by yonder farm on the Manzanares’ side, by Pepito and Dolores, thy foster-parents, by the convent of Sancta Benedicta, by’——

“‘All these things may have been reported to thee by others,’ said I, still mistrustful.

“‘By the stain, then, wherewith, in the hour of birth, thy right arm above the wrist was disfigured, I challenge thee, as my offspring, and claim of thee the honour and homage of a son!’ said the stranger, in stern displeasure; and, this time, my answer consisted in dropping on my knees at her feet! But though thus tacitly recognising her claim, no yearning of the affections impelled me to lavish upon her the caresses of a child. I was awe-struck—overpowered—but not softened by the discovery that I was no longer an orphan. Nature seemed to forewarn me that there were humiliating secrets in store for me; that I was already encompassed by the snares announced by Dolores.

“I was not long left in suspense. My mother, (or let me at once assign to her the name by which she at length announced herself,) the Signora Rachaela Sanchez, aware that the moments of our interview were numbered, suffered me not to waste my time in interrogation.

“‘Thou wouldst doubtless know, Balthazar,’ said she, enfolding her arms around me as I sat beside her on the marble bench, ‘to what end I have thus strangely prolonged my separation from the child of my flesh? The moon hath not yet revolved, my son, upon my sojourn in Spain! I come to thee, after an exile in foreign lands; after fifteen years of toil and privation, under the scorching suns of Africa; and if the coldness with which thou hast welcomed me arise from the fears inspired by my mendicant’s habit, arise and be of good cheer. I am rich, Balthazar. Though driven into banishment, a worse than beggar, the God of my fathers hath prospered me; and I return to my native country, (albeit

in secret, and under peril of the laws,) opulent enough to bribe, if not the clemency of the King, at least the mercy of the executioner !

“ ‘ The executioner ? ’ faltered I ; the secret misgivings suggested by the Israelitish name of Rachaëla, gradually increasing.

“ ‘ Hath the woman Dolores so far fallen from her pledge, as to keep thee ignorant of the misfortunes of thy parents, that thou art thus astounded ? ’ cried my mysterious mother in a low hoarse voice. ‘ Not content with defiling thy young life by contact with a Christian congregation ’—

“ ‘ A cry of horror, bursting from the very depth of my soul, interrupted her disclosures. ‘ Speak, speak ! ’ I exclaimed, trembling with apprehension. ‘ Who am I—and what art thou, that thus overcomest my mind with terrors ? ’

“ ‘ Thou art the circumcised child of persecuted parents, pertaining to the people elect of God,’ replied Rachaëla, with haughty defiance. And no sooner had the fearful secret escaped her lips, than in lieu of renewing my intreaties for farther information, I placed my hands upon her lips, imploring her to forbear.

“ ‘ Ay ! ’ cried she, with bitterness, having at length wrested away my hand—‘ like the rest, poor miserable poltroon, thou shrinkest from her on whose head a price is set by the minions of the law ! Thou wouldst even deny, I doubt not, thy persecuted creed ! ’

“ ‘ My creed ? It is none of mine ! ’ I exclaimed, with indignation. ‘ The very name of Jew is loathsome in my ears ; to the God of Christians was I taught to bend my knees ; among Christians have I abided—among Christians will I still abide. Unless thou art some messenger of Satan, sent to work the perdition of my soul, away with thee at once lest I be tempted.’—

“ ‘ To what ? ’ interrupted Rachaëla ; ‘ to surrender me into the hands of the blood-sucking Inquisition, or of the stony-hearted Prince, their master and thine *Do it*. Summon the guard ! Resign to their tender mercies the mother who bore thee, that they may butcher her, even as they did thy father, the husband of her youth, as a sport for the populace of Madrid ! ’

“ ‘ Unconsciously I approached, and took her hand.

“ ‘ Was it not a pleasant recreation for them ! ’ continued Rachaëla, in an appalling whisper. ‘ An *auto-da-fé* ! The Inquisition, with its banners, and torches, and fiend-like familiars ! The well-piled faggots, the resin, the tar-barrel ! to torture, both in the flesh and the spirit, the last moments of poor Caspar Sanchez, the mildest, truest, kindest, of all the sons of his tribe ! Caspar, who never wronged a fellow-creature of a doit, nor injured a hair of mortal head ! But he was a Jew—a proscribed Jew ! Driven by royal edict from the fertile fields of Spain, he had presumed to return (even as I have now returned) by stealth and in disguise, in order that his first-born child might see the light beneath the same roof where he had first beheld it. And,

lo ! the Christian murderers, whose creed professes pardon, and meekness, and peace, detected us in the worship of the God of Israel, and plunged him into the dungeons of the Herman-dad ! Then it was that, escaping in the darkness of the night, my infant in my arms, I preserved *thy* life, Balthazar, by entrusting thee to the honest couple whom the humanity of thy poor father had in his better days preserved from ruin. Even fallen as we were, Pepito and Dolores swore to become parents to the orphan child of Caspar Sanchez.’

“ ‘ And nobly fulfilled their undertaking,’ said I, firmly.

“ ‘ ‘Tis false ! ’ cried my mother. ‘ In accepting, for thy behoof, the small sum I had been able to bear away, they solemnly undertook to use no efforts to detach thee from thy father’s faith.’

“ ‘ Nor did they. No word of religious instruction did I ever receive from their lips. It was only when, with coming years, they saw the turbulent spirit of the circumcised boy abandoned to their charge, expose him to danger of detection, that they placed me in the convent of Sancta Benedicta, and thus wrought the good work of my salvation.’

“ ‘ And of my revenge ! ’ added my mother, in a low concentrated voice. ‘ Little dreamed those poor, bigoted, Castilian boors to how great a deed they were devoting their nursing Balthazar ! I have told thee that, to save thy life, I fled before the enemies of thy father. To avenge his death have I borne thenceforward the burden of existence. To thy hand, boy, the deed of retribution is decreed. In the Word of the God of Israel is it written—‘ an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life ! ’ and, lo ! a royal one is assigned to repay the death of my murdered Caspar !—Philip of Spain, the blood-thirstiest of her blood-thirsty princes, the favouring and favoured son of the Holy Herman-dad, must die by thy hand ! ’ ”

The gradually increasing emotion with which the venerable Spaniard had been pursuing his narrative, now thoroughly overcame him. Reclining breathless in his chair, he wrung his hands in utter agony, till the notary, after much soothing expostulation, entreated him to pass briefly over such passages of his history as were too afflicting to his soul.

“ ‘ Be it so,’ murmured the old gentleman, when at length he regained the power of utterance. ‘ Let it suffice thee, in a few fearful words, that, at that first interview and many succeeding ones, the implacable widow of Caspar Sanchez left no argument unattempted to prove that I owed it as a sacred duty to the memory of my father to offer up in atonement the life of Don Philip ! The facilities afforded by my confidential post rendered the horrible deed only too easy of accomplishment. Furnished by my mother with the slow but subtle poisons of the East, I had only to decree the death of the Prince of Asturias, escape with Rachaëla to the coast ere the effects of the poison were manifest,

and, hastily embarking, betake myself to the land of my forefathers; and glowing, indeed, were the terms in which Rachaëla described, to my bewildered senses, the joys of an Oriental clime.

"Fearful!—oh, fearful was my temptation!—not that for a moment I inclined towards the commission of so great a crime; but, on discovering my abhorrence, my mother astuciously addressed her endeavours to obtain an influence over my affections—pretending to listen to the arguments with which I endeavoured to convert her to the religion of peace—while, ever and anon, artfully reverting to the virtues, the suffering, the frightful end of my father—then, when satisfied of having roused in my bosom the dormant filial instincts, so potent in all human hearts, she failed not to threaten, in case of my persisting in my resistance, to give herself up to the Holy Tribunal, and suffer death as a Jewess, before the face of God and of her son!

"Perplexed!—bewildered!—at one moment on the point of myself accusing her as a regicide—the next, almost disposed to become an assassin, rather than endanger the life of the author of my days, how I longed for a renewal of those peaceful times of old on the banks of the Manzanares—how I regretted the uneventful moments of the convent of Sancta Benedicta!

"The perils in which I stood—the intemperate revilings of Rachaëla—the revulsion of feeling produced by loving as a mother one whom I abhorred as a Jewess—at length so irritated my blood as to throw me into a raging fever. In the ravings of delirium my secret transpired; and, though at first treated as the delusion of insanity, the perpetually recurring terms of my adjurations at length determined the royal confessor (who had been brought by my fellow-servants to witness my excitement) to institute an investigation.

"Spare me the rest. When, at the close of many months, I was restored to perfect consciousness, I found that the fires of the Inquisition had again been kindled, and that another victim was gone to rejoin the manes of Gaspar Sanchez!

"My first impulse was to depart from a country watered with the blood of my kindred. But the contempt with which, on my recovery, I found myself treated by my comrades, who affected to regard me as a recanted Jew, determined me to tarry for a while, lest it should be supposed I fled from fear of their misusage. But, while thus irresolute, I was summoned into the presence of the comptroller of the royal household; who (after bidding me bless, upon my knees, the clemency of Don Philip,) acquainted me that the Prince, being about to embark for England to solemnize his union with Queen Mary, had decided that I should form one of the royal suite.

"Don Philip condescends to consider," he continued, "that no stronger evidence of fidelity could be afforded than by your steady resistance to the evil suggestion of a mother. No reward, therefore, the stanchness of your faith

as a Catholic, and loyalty as a subject, he doubles your salary as chief confectioner, and bids you prepare for immediate embarkation."

"Rebellion against such a mandate had been impossible; but I was, in fact, overjoyed to be released from Spain. A residence at St Ildefonso, darkened by such dreadful reminiscences, was unsupportable. Madrid was worse; the church of the Dominicans, where sentence had been pronounced upon my parents, and the Plaza where their horrible destiny was accomplished, were alike hateful to my soul. The invisible hand of the Holy Hermandad, seemed armed against my life—mysterious voices ever murmured in the air, prophesying evil; and whenever it was my chance to meet a procession of the order of St Dominic, the blood seemed frozen in my veins.

"Under such circumstances, Master Notary, judge how great was my relief to disembark upon the strand of Britain. The land, as we sailed betwixt the wooded banks of the Southampton river, looked green and tranquil as a dove's nest; and, though the minds of the people were disposed against this Spanish alliance, desiring to behold their Queen wedded with a countryman of their own, yet was our reception and progress bright with overflowing hospitality.

"It needs not to enlarge upon the events that followed. The favour I enjoyed in the eyes of the Prince, sufficed to recommend me to the grace of her Majesty—who, in her fulsome fondness for a bridegroom eleven years her junior, used to requite, with the most lavish prodigality, the trifling gifts offered as tokens of his respect. Among these, according to the custom of Spain, sweetmeats were a common offering; and, on occasion of his Highness' presenting to her Majesty on her birth-day, a comfit-box, richly encrusted with jewels, and filled with his favourite confection of candied pistachio nuts, Don Philip took occasion to relate the story of his faithful Balthazar, whose abilities he was pleased to estimate far beyond their desserts.

"The youth must henceforward be especially attached to my household," replied the Queen, at the close of her royal husband's narrative; and no small relief was it to my mind that, when Don Philip, weary of the thralldom of wedlock, affected to be recalled to Spain by business of State, that I was allowed to remain behind, in the quiet verdant seclusion of Richmond. There, oh, there, did Nature seem to take me once more to her bosom! In this sylvan retreat, the peace of other days came back to me. Amid the blending beauties of its woods and waters, I tried to lose the impression of my past afflictions.

"The sole embitterment of my life arose from the religious persecutions which soon filled the kingdom with tears and anguish. Though the temper and constitution of the country forbade the introduction of the Inquisition, as at one period meditated by the Queen, the intolerant spirit of Philip's congenial wife, caused the flames of persecution to be kindled; and, in lieu of Pagans and Jews, Christian now consigned his fellow Christian to the stake.

"Against such a breach of divine law, my soul revolted; and, in many a secret prayer did I commend myself to the Almighty, imploring him to soften the heart of the Queen, and so modify the belief of the people that the religion of Christ might become all in all, and faith, hope, and charity govern the institutions of the land.

"'Beware!' would oftentimes exclaim that prudent and tender soul, Mistress Alice Harkwell, who afterwards became my wife and household comforter; 'beware lest these unorthodox sentiments be suspected. Thine opinions, Master Balthazar, savour of the fagot and tar-barrel. By my sooth! thou art already half a Protestant.'

"And so, true to her insinuation, on the death of the Queen, and the accession of the glorious Elizabeth, I became *wholly* a Protestant, and her spouse. It was not, as many inferred, the desire to retain my place at Court which opened my ears to the arguments wherewith the chaplains of her Majesty laboured to enlighten the darkness of her faithful servitors; but that, from the Popish cause there emanated an odour of human blood, too grievously reminding me of the fate of my parents! Persecution and intolerance were the handmaidens of the Roman Catholic Church; and, somehow or other, the Jewish blood within me seemed to curdle in my veins at the very sight of the uplifted Host.

"At the Queen's coronation, Master Notary, trust me, there was not a more devoted Protestant kneeling in the aisles than he by whose skill was compounded the masterpiece of confectionary, that glittered at the banquet as chief decoration of the royal table. Your countrymen came forthwith flocking to the palace, desiring to be instructed in my arts! Scholars had I, almost beyond my power of reckoning; and it hath been pretty generally affirmed that to poor Balthazar Sanchez England is indebted for the introduction of the art of comfit-making. Though now and then a jealous rival presumed to whisper of me as 'the Spanish Jew,' none dared to gain-say the award when, in my old age, the Queen's

gracious Majesty permitted me to retire from Court for the enjoyment of my means, retaining to the end of my days the title of honour of her royal confectioner."

"Nor needs there a better proof, Master Sanchez, of the good renown wherewith you have borne it," interrupted old Trackit, "than that the grandniece of your late spouse (who, failing issue of your body, you adopted as heir) should have been sought in marriage by no less worthy a gentleman than Sir Carnaby Savile."

"A fig for Sir Carnaby Savile!" cried Sanchez, filling his glass from the flagon of dry Malaga standing on the table beside him. "Sir Carnaby would have mated with my mother, Rachaela, or any maiden or matron of her tribe, upon sufficient incitement of gold. No more! Enough of my heir-at-law and of his virtues. They are not of such weight with me as to obstruct my long-meditated purpose of giving to the poor a third portion of my substance, and so pleading to the Lord's mercy for the errors of my fathers, and my own levity, if levity there be, in changing the form of my devotions. Albeit the worldly blessings, wherewith the Almighty hath blessed me, may be esteemed tokens of divine forgiveness, there are times when my soul hath been exceeding sorrowful with perplexity betwixt the Jewish creed to which I was born, the Catholic faith in which I was nurtured, and the Protestant Church to which I now adhere. If I have sinned, however, in this thing, it hath been with good intent; and soon may the blessings of the poor confirm the promises of grace to the dying moments of THE QUEEN'S COMFIT-MAKER."*

* Balthazar Zanca or Sanchez, who came to this country in the train of Philip II., was the first royal confectioner attached to the English Court. After being converted to Protestantism, he died, in 1602, at his mansion at Totenham Cross, having contributed to the cost of the brick cross erected by Dean Wood in 1600, in place of the wooden one then standing; and erected, at his sole expense, an almshouse for eight poor persons. The residence of Balthazar Sanchez, now an inn, and the almshouse in question, remain in good preservation.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

(From the French of Beranger.)

Farewell! thou charming land of France!

Lov'd shalt thou be for evermore;

Here beam'd my youth's first happy glance—

Adieu!—'tis death to quit thy shore!

Adopted home of childhood's years,

From whence I now must banished be,

My farewell take—receive my tears,

And keep, O France! my memory.

The wind is high—we quit the land—

Yet all unmov'd by tearful eyes;

To cast me back upon thy strand

Heaven biddeth not the waves arise.

When, 'mid my favourite people's gaze,

I cross'd the Tournay's brilliant ring,

Less warm the shouts my rank could raise

Than those which hail'd my beauty's spring.

Vain is the crown—the sceptre vain—

To me in gloomy Scotland shewn;

Unless it were o'er France to reign,

I never wish to fill a throne.

There Glory, Love, and Genius smiled—

And deep my youth has drank of all;

But now, in Caledonia wild,

What change must o'er my fortunes fall!

Dark too an omen lately gleamed,

(Well may my heart affrighted be,)

For in a vision dread there seem'd

A scaffold raised—and raised for me.

O France! 'mid future wrongs and fears,

The daughter of the Stuart's line,

As in this day that sees her tears,

Shall turn to thoughts that once were thine.

But see! the ship's too rapid sail

Already speeds 'neath darkening skies;

And night, beneath her humid veil,

Conceals thee from mine eyes.

Farewell then, charming Land of France!

Lov'd shalt thou be for evermore;

Here beam'd my youth's first happy glance—

Adieu!—'tis death to quit thy shore. L. F.

THE LOCKHART AND BALLANTYNE CONTROVERSY.

- I. *Refutation of the Mistatements and calumnies contained in Mr Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," respecting the Messrs Ballantyne.* By the Trustees and Son of the late Mr James Ballantyne.
- II. *The Ballantynes Humbug Handled.* By Mr Lockhart.
- III. *Reply to Mr Lockhart's Pamphlet.* By the Authors of the "Refutation," &c.

GRUB STREET LOWER ought to set up a statue in bronze to Mr Lockhart, in commemoration of his notable achievements, in throwing open the dark recesses of GRUB STREET UPPER. By the singular disclosures which he has either made himself, or wrung by stings and the rack from the Ballantyne Trustees, he has revenged the beggarly denizens of the ancient locality, throughout all their starving generations, upon the aristocracy of literature. He has successfully proved how much more shabby, tricky, and morally despicable, when the inner movements are revealed, may be the great game where the stakes played for are titles and estates—or tens and hundreds of thousands—than the pitiable struggles of the very poorest man of genius who, in all circumstances, retains the whiteness of his soul, and whose worst difficulties may have only been, to obtain bread for his children;—like Goldsmith, for many a day, the rent of his garret; or, like Johnson, the price of his mother's coffin.

After all that we have read or heard of the Calamities of authors, we are compelled to own, that the bitterest portion of an author's miseries has been Sir Walter Scott's. It is the strange *duplex movement* of Scott's Mind and Life, as revealed in these humiliating and afflicting pamphlets, which to us constitute their great interest. As to Mr Lockhart's good taste and feeling in composing a considerable part of Sir Walter Scott's Life, our judgment was made up, and rather frankly expressed, long before any one of them appeared. To the Ballantynes—to Mr James Ballantyne in particular—we felt that he had done gross and, everything considered, pitiful injustice: but, in our opinion, the case stood still worse as to Dr John Leyden, Thomas Pringle, the Ettrick Shepherd, Alister Campbell, and other men of genius, who have no sons nor friendly Trustees to do justice to their true characters, and defend their memories from clumsy ridicule, and wanton and unprovoked misrepresentation.

The three curious productions named at the head of this article, furnish the text of a much more grave and far-reaching discourse than any that could be warranted by the controversy which Mr Lockhart has imprudently provoked. But this properly belongs to the Memoirs of Scott, when they shall be impartially written. As regards the merely personal question, James Ballantyne's Trustees and his son, have, we think, triumphantly made out their case against their supercilious opponent. That this could not be done without deep and permanent injury being

inflicted on the memory of Scott, is wholly attributable to the arrogance of manner, and the unfairness of statement, which Mr Lockhart has throughout displayed. It is quite true, that he has partially succeeded in shewing up a few harmless foibles in James Ballantyne; but at what a price has this been accomplished! Henceforth let no one call Mr Lockhart a proud man. Rash, if not reckless, insulting, uncandid, unfair, and, we fear, spiteful, he may be called: but he is anything rather than a proud man. The inordinate respect which a high-minded man cherishes for himself will ever prove a more powerful restraint on his license of statement and language than any that an adversary can impose. Now, in his management of this controversy, the editor of *The Quarterly* has been as condescending in the free use of abusive and insolent language, and in calling names and giving nicknames, as the veriest Grub Street author could desire; and, all the while, this vulgarity is directed against persons whom he assumes to treat as immeasurably his inferiors. The Trustees, whether tradesmen or professional men, though sufficiently acute and cutting at times, have a manifest advantage over Mr Lockhart, in never abandoning that decent propriety of language which they owed to themselves, if not to their supercilious and unceremonious adversary; while they have carefully and ably elaborated every point in Mr Lockhart's statements, and knocked them down one by one.

When the Trustees and the son of Mr James Ballantyne published their "*Refutation of the Mistatements and calumnies contained in the Life of Sir Walter Scott*," we reserved our judgment, merely noticing that Mr Lockhart could not sit down under the very serious charges brought against him by the highly respectable parties who had come forward in defence of the character of Ballantyne. Long was the demolition, the utter destruction of Ballantyne's defenders threatened; and the "*Humbug Handled*" came forth at last. Its tendency was to prove that scurrility of language, insolence of tone, and the pitifulness in the general style of invective, could produce little effect, or none that was favourable to Mr Lockhart, upon persons of any reflection; but then the array of figures, the bold allegations of the systematic deception and fraud practised by the Ballantynes, upon good, easy, generous, credulous, simple-minded Sir Walter—his head ever wrapt in the clouds of the regions of romance, his

mind wandering, like "True Thomas," in Fairy Land, while "Johnny Rigdum" bamboozled him with hocus-pocus accounts, and James played a yet darker game—who could help being staggered for a time by these statements, especially when, after a dexterous confusion of figures, Sir Adam Ferguson (who enjoys the honour of having the "*Humbug*" addressed to him) was told that James Ballantyne's complaint, after the bankruptcy, "that his family had been reduced from affluence to beggary by no particular error of his own," was the grossest humbug of all! "Reduced from affluence!" quoth Mr Lockhart. "They" (the Ballantyne family) "had only been removed from a well of other people's money, into which Mr James had nimbly dipt his bucket during twenty years, whenever it suited his purpose to do so. And, undoubtedly, all his kith and kin had partaken largely in this species of affluence." And Mr Lockhart goes on to shew, how kind James Ballantyne most liberally and lavishly provided for his parents and relatives, his wife's included, (all the while with Scott's money,) and ends with the old motto, "*Hoc demum liberalitas appellatur, aliena bona largiri*;" which we may freely translate—"It is easy cutting whangs aff other folk's cheese."

After such grave statements, from the editor of *The Quarterly*, although proof against the mere scurrility, and perceiving the palpable fallacy of many of Mr Lockhart's tables of figures and reasonings, and though committed to the controversy by our previously expressed opinion of the injustice done Ballantyne among others in the *Life*, we were again compelled to suspend our final judgment, and wait to hear what the Testamentary Trustees and Mr James Ballantyne's son might have farther to say in explanation. We knew not what to make of the extraordinary revolution which had taken place in Mr Lockhart's opinions, since, in the *Life*, vol. vi., page 110, he had made a rather frank sort of *amende honorable* to Ballantyne's relatives for the impertinences and unfounded assertions of the earlier volumes. The apologetic explanation, tardily given, was to us quite irreconcilable with the "nimble bucket-dipping into the well of other people's money;" and the dishonest, or, at all events, the disreputable extravagance of Ballantyne's alleged habits. We turned up the passage in the volume, and there read—"I have been entirely mistaken, if those to whom I allude, (Ballantyne's relatives,) or any other of my readers, have interpreted any expressions of mine, as designed to cast the slightest imputation upon the moral rectitude of the elder Ballantyne. I believe James (the bucket-dipper) to have been, from first to last, a perfectly upright man; that his principles were of a lofty stamp—his feelings pure even to simplicity." With this in full recollection, and after the small impertinences, meant for wit and jocularly, on the subject of James Ballantyne, had been thus in some sort atoned for, how were we to consider him under the entirely new aspect in which it pleased Mr Lockhart to present him to the world in the "*Humbug Handled*?" The acrimony and

arrogance, the mere abusiveness, and the aims at wit of that pamphlet, might have passed for Mr Lockhart's way; but what was to be thought of the total transformation of "the perfectly upright man of lofty principles," and "feelings pure even to simplicity," into an ungrateful knave, who, through life, had cheated and preyed upon his generous and unsuspecting benefactor? We waited for the reply; and that being now before us, we shall proceed to notice the salient points of the painful, and, we trust, now-concluded controversy, which has been thrust upon Ballantyne's Trustees by the intemperance and imprudence of Mr Lockhart.

From Mr Lockhart's Memoir, the world has learned that Scott, when a sickly boy living under the care of his maiden aunt at Kelso, became the playmate and schoolfellow of James Ballantyne, the son of a shopkeeper, or, as the Scotch courteously phrase it, of a merchant, there, and descended, like the son of the Goodman of Sandy Knowes, from the respectable yeomanry of the country. In those happy days, there could be little or no visible distinction of rank between the son of the Kelso general-dealer, or store-keeper, in respectable trade, and located in the capital of the then richest agricultural district in Scotland, and the son of the Edinburgh W.S., and grandson of the said Goodman of the Sandy Knowes. In point of expense, or style in living, the "merchant"—who, like those of his calling, making his money easily, spent it as freely,—must, in those simple days, have outshone his rural neighbours. Besides giving his sons the best education which the country afforded, the elder Ballantyne, as we are informed, drank wine, and even kept a horse; and actually, which is more to the point, bought a rocking-horse for his son James, even as the extravagant and reckless James did, in turn, for his son John, as Mr Lockhart has informed the world, with many notes of admiration at this piece of prodigality and presumption in the ambitious printer. It is, moreover, current—among the endless gossiping stories which Mr Lockhart's attacks on the Ballantynes, and especially his condescending to such small and minute items of biography as the rocking-horse—that the veritable rocking-horse, erewhile bestrode by James in the paltry village of Kelso, was, in progress of time, transferred from the Canongate to 39, Castle Street, and mounted by the present Sir Walter, the Major of Hussars. The anecdote is quite true, we believe, and so every-way worthy of the dignified statement which has elicited it, that it would be a pity to suppress it. In the meanwhile, Walter Scott and James Ballantyne, untroubled about their respective ranks, grew up and carried the friendship of their boyhood into life. Ballantyne began business in Kelso as a solicitor; and, at the request of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, became editor and printer of *The Kelso Mail*; and, having exhibited some beautiful specimens of typography, was, probably from friendly feelings, but also with certain ulterior views, invited by Scott, then "a briefless barrister," though dawa-

ing into notice as an author, to try his fortunes as a printer in the metropolis. According to Lockhart, Scott perhaps "even thus early contemplated the possibility, at least, of being himself connected with the result of those air-drawn schemes;" for thus is Mr Lockhart pleased to describe laying the foundation of a flourishing and lucrative printing business, the success of which Scott fully foresaw, and which his wild speculations, as a publisher, and buyer of land, could not wholly ruin. Ballantyne, as he was far from needing to change, was not rash in abandoning the newspaper, which he had been successful in establishing in Kelso, and the printing business, which he must have made profitable even in the provincial locality. In the pamphlet, we find,

From the following passage in a letter from Ballantyne to Scott, in March 1802,* it appears that the printer was hesitating as to some renewed suggestions from his friend regarding his removal to Edinburgh; and that he was in the meantime exerting himself to follow up the advantage he had gained. "Your query respecting Edinburgh I am yet at a loss to answer. To say truth, the expenses I have incurred in my resolution to acquire a character for elegant printing, whatever might be the result, cramp considerably my present exertions. A short time, I trust, will make me easier, and I shall then contemplate the road before me with a steady eye."

But, in the end of 1803, he did unfortunately follow Scott's suggestion; and, on his removal to Edinburgh, received a loan from his future partner of L.500, and was patronised as far as was then in Scott's power. Scott, having felt his way for some years, and tested both the qualities of the printer and the profitable nature of the trade, proposed the secret partnership.

Mr Lockhart himself admits his "suspicion" that Scott had long harboured this design—so early, indeed, as the date of Ballantyne's projected removal from Kelso to Edinburgh; and Mr Lockhart adds, as a further motive, that there was "little doubt that the hope of succeeding at the bar had waxed very faint, before the third volume of 'The Minstrelsy' was brought out in 1803." At the same time, Scott, to use his own words, was determined that literature should be his staff, but not his crutch, and that the profits of his literary labour should not, if he could help it, become necessary to his ordinary expenses. Thus, despairing of success in his profession, and determined not to depend upon literature, the remaining resource was trade; and hence it was that he became first a printer, and afterwards also a publisher. The following passage of Mr Lockhart's work,† written, it would appear, before he had thought it necessary to sacrifice James Ballantyne's character, gives a just account of Scott's views and motives upon this occasion:—

"The forming of this commercial connexion was one of the most important steps in Scott's life. He continued bound by it during twenty years, and its influence on his literary exertions and his worldly fortunes was productive of much good and not a little evil. Its effects were, in truth, so mixed and balanced during the vicissitudes of a long and vigorous career, that I at this moment doubt whether it ought, on the whole, to be considered with more of satisfaction or regret."

The world has no doubt whatever on this head, and still less, we should imagine, the friends of the Ballantynes. Had Sir Walter Scott, like the proprietors of *Blackwood's Magazine*, of *The Edinburgh Review*, and the many other good customers among the regular publishers, who were drawn to Ballantyne's office solely by its re-

putation for beautiful and accurate printing, been content to give his old schoolfellow, and most zealous and friendly corrector and critic, his business and influence, very different results might have been anticipated from those which left James Ballantyne, in 1816, penniless and deeply in debt, and, in 1826, after twenty years of exertion and industry, rendered unusually effective by the talents and knowledge to which Mr Lockhart himself bears frequent testimony, a bankrupt, and with the world to begin again. When the first copartnership was formed, in 1805, Ballantyne had already acquired a respectable capital for a young printer. It was in stock, or materials, L.2,090,—besides book debts to the amount of L.1,668:9:11, which were carried to the account of the company. The relative sums of the partners at starting stood thus:—Ballantyne, L.3,758:9:11; Scott's in-put as his share of stock, L.2,008. Scott was to have one-third of the profits; and Ballantyne, whose time was entirely devoted to the business, was to draw two-thirds. When a subsequent copartnership was formed, Scott, having the power, laid down the law, and obtained a full half of the profits of a much larger trade; his influence in obtaining business being, he alleged, a full equivalent for Ballantyne's skill, time, and capital in the business. The original company then started, with Ballantyne having, though not all free, in outstanding debts and stock, L.1,750:9:11 more than Scott; and because in the first years, while the old accounts came in and the old printing-office debts became due, he drew out money to pay them—*his own money*, be it remarked—Mr Lockhart chooses to represent him as overdrawing to an immense extent, and has very dexterously mystified the whole matter; if indeed his extraordinary allegations are not made in sheer ignorance of the plainest principles of accounts; which, were Mr Lockhart ingenuous about other things that he cannot fail to understand, charity would compel us to believe. On going over the books of the company for the first two and a-half years of its subsistence, Mr Lockhart sums up thus, and with his favourite figure of four notes of admiration:—

On the whole, between Whitsunday 1805 and Martinmas 1807, it appears that Scott's drafts on the business came to L.306:4:3, James Ballantyne's to L.3,966:4:11!!!

When we read this, among other startling statements, in Mr Lockhart's "Humbug-Handled" pamphlet, we, without farther examination, shut the book, like, we doubt not, many others, fairly giving up James Ballantyne as a reckless and extravagant, if not dishonest, man. Since the "Reply" to Lockhart by the Ballantyne Trustees has appeared, we have however carefully gone over the ground, with the advantage of those lights which it suited the author of the "Humbug" to shroud or extinguish; and the following abstract is the result, bringing the balances of the partners a year further down than the period marked by the quadruple notes of admiration:—

* "Life," vol. i., p. 348.

† Vol. ii., p. 41.

At the commencement of the copartnery, there was a difference in favour of Ballantyne, in stock and debts, of L.1750 : 9 : 11. During the first half-year of the copartnery, Ballantyne drew from his surplus stock, &c., L.1193; but at the half-yearly balance, in November, he has still of capital - L.2,932 4 4
 Scott's capital at this balance was 2,141 7 5

Difference in favour of Ballantyne, L.790 16 11

At the next balance, in May, 1806, after all his drafts during the year now expired, the capital of Ballantyne amounted to - L.2,952 17 2
 Scott's augmented capital, L.1000 more being put in, was - 3,301 5 1

Difference in favour of Scott, L.348 7 11

At the balance of Martinmas, 1806, the capital of Scott amounted to - L.3,469 6 1
 Ballantyne's capital, - 3,110 0 0

Difference in favour of Scott, - L.359 6 1

At the balance of Whitsunday, 1807, the capital of Scott amounted to - L.3,631 10 11
 Capital of Ballantyne, - 3,618 11 11

Difference in favour of Scott, L.12 19 0

At the Martinmas balance, 1807—
 Scott's capital, - L.3,702 17 6
 Ballantyne's capital, - 3,552 3 11

Difference in favour of Scott, L.150 13 7

At the Whitsunday balance, 1808—
 Ballantyne's capital, - L.3,768 17 7
 Scott's capital, - 3,750 16 1

Difference in favour of Ballantyne, L.18 1 6

This abstract of ours, after viewing the entire premises—both sides of the books—shews a somewhat different result from that with which Mr Lockhart, last year, confounded us. But readers who are curious should peruse both the pamphlets, and judge for themselves; and whatever mercy they may have for Lockhart, they need, as to figures, feel none for the Ballantyne Trustees, who are acute men of business, conversant with accounts, and not at all liable to be mistaken or misled.

They thus carry the statement beyond our brief abstract into later years:—

From May to November, 1808, he, James, is credited with L.600, borrowed by him from his brother Alexander, and advanced to the company, and with his share of profits, L.502 : 17 : 4; and he is debited with his drafts, L.546 : 11 : 7, and with his share (two-thirds) of his brother John's salary, L.133 : 6 : 8.

Lastly, in the year from November 1808 to November 1809, he is credited with his share of profits, L.1100 : 3 : 4; and he is debited with his drafts, L.1150 : 16 : 7, and also with L.300, drawn by him to repay a debt due by himself to his brother John.

On the 25th of November, 1809, the amount of capital belonging to him, and standing at his credit was L.3,831 : 3 : 5. Of this capital, L.1900 consisted of cash advanced by him subsequent to the commencement of the company, by means of loans which he had obtained as an individual, and for which he was personally responsible.

The gross unfairness of Mr Lockhart's representation is thus apparent. Suppressing all mention of the outstanding debts due to Mr Ballantyne at the commencement of the copartnership, and carried into the company's books, in order to be collected and accounted for to him,*

* Mr Lockhart does allow that there were book debts, but he cannot tell what proportion of them was paid; and his style of inference does not lead him to conclude that any, much less all, were paid.

Mr Lockhart assumes that he was entitled to credit for nothing but his share of profits, and that these profits were all that he was entitled to draw for. Mr Lockhart, accordingly, after stating the profits at L.3,936 : 9 : 10, and the drafts at L.5,963 : 12 : 3, exclaims triumphantly, that "the careful and prudent tradesman, James, had overdrawn his share by no less than L.2,027 : 2 : 5."

In order to remove every vestige of obscurity or misunderstanding on this point, we give the following abstract of what Mr Ballantyne was entitled to draw, and actually did draw, during the period in question. It exhibits a very different result from that of the partial and garbled statement of Mr Lockhart.

Mr James Ballantyne's Profits.

From Whits. 1805 to Whits. 1806,	L.786 10 3
" " 1806 " 1807,	960 11 7
" " 1807 " 1808,	1155 1 10
" " 1808 to Mart. 1808 (half-year)	502 17 4
" Mart. 1808 " 1809,	1100 3 4
Outstanding debts due him at commencement of copartnery, L.1604 16 11	
Cash received for corrections, &c., due him then,	63 13 0
Value of paper, books, &c., belonging to him, and afterwards placed to his credit,	307 14 9
	<hr/> 1976 4 8

At his credit, L.6,481 9 0

Drafts by him.

From Wh. 1805 to Wh. 1806, L.2,378 4 9	
" " 1806 " 1807, 816 9 10	
" " 1807 " 1808, 1171 9 6	
" " 1808 to Mart.	
1808, (half year,) . 546 11 7	
From Mart. 1808 to Mart. 1809, (including L.300 to pay debt to John Ballantyne,) 1450 16 7	
His share of John Ballantyne's Salary for two years, 266 13 4	
	<hr/> 6,630 5 7

Excess of Drafts, L.148 16 7

Instead of L.2,027 : 2 : 5, as stated by Mr Lockhart!

This may suffice as a specimen of the manner in which Mr Lockhart deals with the books of the company; and, without going deeper into the matter, we shall merely give the commentary on this period.

Mr Lockhart gives the particulars for the first two years only, being the periods most favourable for his own view; but it will be observed, that Mr Scott's drafts after that period increased yearly, and in 1809 were upwards of L.200 above his share of profits.

We are now arrived at Martinmas, 1809, when the balance-sheet shewed that the capital of both partners was equal, Scott's being L.3,842, 9s. 8d., Ballantyne's, L.3,841 : 3 : 5. This fact is ascertained by a minute signed by both parties, in which it is declared that

The accounts should be closed, and their amounts, forming together the sum of L.7,684, considered as the permanent capital stock of the company, invested in buildings and materials, whereof each partner possesses one-half. It was further determined that the divisible profit on the trade should be, and remain until altered in another written minute in this book signed by both parties, L.1350 annually; whereof L.900, being two-thirds, should be paid to James Ballantyne, and L.450, being one-third, to Walter Scott, Esquire; and that the further balance of profit arising on the trade should remain for the discharge of additions to stock made within the current year in the first place, and thereafter to accumulate towards the permanent capital stock.

But there was a wheel within a wheel here. The company was by this time in debt L.3,000 to "the moneyed partner," Mr Scott, who had chosen to become the company's banker himself. Scott was not in those days a rich man—very far from it—but Ballantyne beginning without much capital, had still considerable personal debts upon him; and, by 1807, the stock and buildings of the company had been greatly enlarged with its increasing business. Accordingly, two years previously, on the 31st November, 1807, Scott wrote John Ballantyne a rather extraordinary letter, of which this is an extract:—

When we see how the difference between his [James'] stock and mine stands, a considerable part, if not the whole of the balance, should bear 15 per cent. in my favour.

In general, when a partner is applied to for his individual security, it should, I think, be optional to him to be the banker himself, if it suits his convenience better than to give a security. Bankers' interest seldom comes lower, with one charge or another, including renewals, than L.6 or L.7; and though, to a partner, the company pays L.15, yet a proportion of the balance is out of his own pocket, in as far as it diminishes his interest in the free profit. On the other hand, while bills belonging to the company are discountable without such security, or if the company, on its own credit, can procure a stationary loan at L.5 per cent., it would be unjust that a partner should force a loss upon them. I mention this because I shall have a large sum of money to dispose of at *Whitsunday*, and the state of my family requires that I make the most of it I can. What Ballantyne and Co. have no occasion for, I will probably employ in some literary speculation.

To cut a long story short, Mr Scott, acting upon this alleged right of a "moneyed partner," which Ballantyne, whatever his private opinion might be, had no means to resist, did advance L.3,000, for which he drew, in what he calls "commuted profit," or "trade interest," L.450 per annum during the period that the ridden company continued his debtor. But this is not, to simple Christians, the most Jewish feature of the transaction, managed by the poor, simple, easy, credulous Mr Scott, whose mind, according to Mr Lockhart, was ever wrapt in fiction and romance, ever in the clouds, while James Ballantyne cheated and pillaged him on all hands. Of this L.3,000 Mr Scott had obtained L.1200, in loan, from his brother, Major Scott, for which the said Major held a security over the company's premises in the Canongate. But by what right, legal or equitable, could Mr Scott exact 15 per cent. for this money? How many notes of admiration would Mr Lockhart require to express his sense of Scott putting ten per cent. in his pocket for no reason save that he had the power; giving his brother the legal rate of five per cent. which, with excellent security, was all he was entitled to, and pocketing the surplus. This L.3,000 was, the Trustees say, long afterwards, charged wholly against Ballantyne—not the company—as a debt due to Scott, when the second copartnery commenced. But a farther beauty attends this transaction, and completely illustrates the whole nature and scope of Sir Walter Scott's long connexion with the Ballantynes, and, in particular, his copartnery with James. He who had the lion's strength and power, all along drew the lion's share of the

spoils. Both brothers—and both in spite of whatever weaknesses it suits Mr Lockhart to correctly to impute, or unfairly to exaggerate—were well-educated, able, and accomplished men, else they had never been chosen as the confidants and instruments of Scott's various schemes and speculations:—both brothers enjoyed much of his regard—James necessarily the largest share of his esteem, while for his "little Picaroon,"* his pliant facile instrument, he appears to have felt a really cordial and genial affection. Yet his impression—the feeling upon which he acted from first to last—appears to have been, "If these clever, pleasant Ballantynes—without whose assistance it is impossible for me to carry out my secret plans of gain, as a printer and publisher—make a respectable living, it is all very well. I brought James to Edinburgh with certain views; and I will use both of them handsomely and liberally while they serve my purposes: but, I am their patron, their feudal superior; for me they must labour; through me and by me they must live." And never had chief more faithful and devoted vassals. If James Ballantyne perceived, as he must have done, the strange mixture—as Byron strongly, if unjustly, said of Burns—"of dirt and deity," in his great patron, he long kept the discovery to himself; long, but not always. John worshipped, or idolized and incensed him throughout, with probably such a shrewd guess about some parts of the character of the writer of the mysterious correspondence,† labelled, "Open not—read not," as so quick an observer, with all his love and veneration, could not fail to make. Mr Lockhart tells, that Sir Walter, after John's death, had to pay a personal debt for him. We shall hereafter see that the proba-

* An illustration of Mr Lockhart's extreme want of fairness may be aptly found in the frequent and insulting use of the epithet *Picaroon*, as applied by Scott to John Ballantyne. So far as the world knows, it was never used by Scott—though it may have been his *som de caresse* for his tool—but once, in a piece of doggerel, probably copied out of John's famous MS. volume, "Open not—read not;" i. e. Sir Walter's private and confidential correspondence with himself, which Sir Walter carried away after John's funeral. The amusing doggerel verses run thus, in reply to John counselling an honest avowal.

"No, John, I will not own the book.
I want, you *Picaroon*!
When next I try St Grubby's brook,
The A. of W. shall bait the hook:
And flat-fish bite as soon
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler

Walter Scott."

Now, what would Mr Lockhart, what, at least, would any candid man, say, if a biographer of Scott were from this to take him at his own modest estimate, as Lockhart regularly does James Ballantyne, and describe him as a Grub-Street baiter for gudgeons—a worn-out wriggler, and so forth—yet the cases are exactly parallel?

† Why does not Mr Lockhart publish Scott's letters thus labelled by John Ballantyne? They were, it appears, carried away by Sir Walter on the day of John's funeral. Mr Lockhart says they are Sir Walter's property. Common sense would say they were the property of John Ballantyne's heirs and trustees; as they must be the only vouchers, now remaining, for his probity, so grossly attacked; and, in any way a very great literary curiosity.

is, that Scott owed John money.—To return to our illustration of the nature of “commuted profits”—Scott borrowed £1200 from his brother at 5 per cent., (for which the company granted heritable security,) and drew 15 per cent. for it as “trade interest.” James, to keep up his share of the stock, &c., required, about this period, also to borrow, and, among other sums, £1000 from his brother, Alexander; for which loan he received the company’s personal security. Scott seems to have been dissatisfied with this, and we find him writing, in September, 1814: “I own I think it questionable how far money borrowed for the advantage of a partner ought to be guaranteed by the company.” How many thousands were afterwards guaranteed by the company for the sole use of the Laird of Abbotsford? But there was here all the difference between “My bull goring your Honour’s cow; and your Honour’s bull goring my cow.” Ballantyne seems to have been at this time not a little nettled at Scott; and his letter to his brother upon the occasion, is very characteristic of the individual. It is besides illustrative of his relative position with Scott. After quoting his partner’s opinion, for the information of his brother, he proceeds—

“I shall answer —” [Scott’s] letter triumphantly. He talks of it as ‘an improper transaction.’ Why, sir, he has, at this moment, an obligation from us in his possession, binding us to give his brother security over the printing-office, for money advanced as part of his stock, and for which he regularly received 15 per cent. That plain tale should put him down, methinks. For here he receives this enormous interest as a partner *running all risks*; and he takes an obligation for a security which would prevent the possibility of his *running any risk*. How that should be a wrong transaction applied to my brother, which he thought a right one when applied to his brother, my blunt intellects cannot see. So, no more of this. I rest here, that you cannot lose in the long run. You have, as above said, the bills of the company; and the company can pay.

“Most assuredly, you can draw interest at only 5 per cent.”

James’s “triumphant answer” produced a reply from Scott, not yielding his ground, but admitting that Alexander, if he chose to insist for his money from his brother James, might bring down the house; but that this would do him little honour:—and of Alexander doing this, Mr Scott could have had no serious apprehensions. James, whose courage at this time seems to have been screwed above the ordinary pitch, ventured a manly rejoinder to Scott’s letter, in which, among other reasons for wishing to give his brother ample security, he states—

“The application of the money was nothing to him [Alexander.] He gave it to the firm upon the security of the firm. But this may seem only to exculpate him, leaving me still chargeable with the blame of giving the company’s security for a sum advanced for my private advantage. Now, as to this, it could not possibly occur to me that I was doing wrong; because the fact was before my eyes, that you had yourself demanded and obtained, and actually held, an obligation to vest the property of the printing office in your brother, Major Scott, as security for a sum advanced by him to you, and by you to the business in the way of loan, for which the trade-interest of 15 per cent. was regularly paid to your order, and for the arrears of which you have, of course,

an accumulating claim at this moment. Here then was the company’s heritable security impledged (for the obligation to impledge was, I presume, equivalent to an actual impledging) for a debt borrowed, certainly ‘for the benefit of a partner,’ and actually, for a period, productive of very considerable advantage to that partner. I am ready to own, that I may be entirely mistaken in my inference; but I must really say, that I am at present wholly unable to perceive the nicest shade of distinction between the two cases. Yours led the way in point of priority of time; and, when you demanded the security, I well remember the unhesitating cheerfulness with which I gave it.”

We give Mr James Ballantyne, all circumstances considered, some credit for this bold-speaking; but Scott, as usual, prevailed. James had wished to give his brother security over his own dwelling-house in St John’s Street, his little Abbotsford; but of this, Mr Scott, would not hear. It was, he affirmed, giving Alexander an improper preference over the other creditors. This principle, however, he totally forgot when he afterward alienated Abbotsford, though the company-debts were then more than doubled. Alexander Ballantyne was ultimately compelled to accept merely the personal security of James. A very beautiful and touching letter from James to his younger brother, announces Mr Scott’s determination and James’ sorrowful submission. Alexander, for his brother’s sake, at once acquiesced. There are other points of the Trustees’ refutation of Mr Lockhart’s allegations in pecuniary matters, which we regard as perfectly satisfactory, but to which we cannot now advert, and we come to the establishment of the publishing business, of which Scott was as much the sole projector and author as he was the author of Waverley. It is in vain for Mr Lockhart, while the “Life of Scott” which he has written is before the world, to labour that point. The printing business was, at this time, yielding above £2,000 a-year. And though James Ballantyne might grudge, for a loan of £3,000 to pay £450 a-year, “commuted profit,” or “trade interest,” (words which may henceforward enrich the Jew’s vocabulary,) he had still a very handsome income, and every reason to be contented as he was. John Ballantyne, who had come to Edinburgh, and who merely received a competent salary as a clerk in the printing office, might have had some ambition to turn ostensible publisher, but with James every rational inducement lay the other way. But both John and James were wax in the hands of Scott, though the former might be most willing, probably, to receive the bibliopolic impression. The publishing concern, as Lockhart has fully shewn—either of purpose, or by inadvertence—took its rise in a quarrel between Scott, and Constable and his partner, Hunter; and in Scott’s dislike of the *Edinburgh Review*, for which its editors had certainly given him some cause. And, not improbably, he believed that a publishing house might turn out quite as productive as the good black milch cow in the Canongate, now yielding him, for no very large advances, above £700 a-year of fair profit, besides his £450 of “commuted profit,” or “trade interest.”

Lockhart says, in the *Life*—

"He had, long before this, cast a shrewd and penetrating eye over the field of literary enterprise, and developed in his own mind the outlines of many extensive plans, which wanted nothing but the command of a sufficient body of able subalterns to be carried into execution with splendid success." That the establishment of a publishing house was one of those extensive plans which owed its existence to Scott's survey of the field of literary enterprise, is substantially admitted by Mr Lockhart himself; while he endeavours to lay upon the shoulders of the *subalterns* the failure of the undertaking, though it appears, even from his own narrative, that Scott, from the first to the last, directed its operations, projected all its unfortunate speculations, and exercised an absolute control over its management.

We are now quoting the pamphlet, from which we borrow further:—

Mr Lockhart ascribes the commencement of the quarrel to "a soreness originating in the recent conduct of Mr Jeffrey's journal," the great primary source of the wealth and authority of the house of Constable. Mr Murray of London had had the sagacity to prognosticate the coming squalls, and to take advantage of them by cultivating a connexion with the Edinburgh printing house. He learned that "a new publishing house in Edinburgh, in opposition to Constable, was all but matured;" and that "Scott had chalked out the design of an *Edinburgh Annual Register*, to be conducted in opposition to the politics and criticism of *Constable's Review*."

The Ballantyne Trustees refer to a letter of Scott's to his friend Mr Morrit, published by Lockhart, proving, what requires no proof, that the publishing house "was entirely the emanation of his brain," and giving "his own distinct account of its origin." "Mr Lockhart himself admits," say they, "*Life*, vol. ii., page 223, 'that the new bookselling house in Edinburgh was begun in the shortsighted heat of pique.'"

But this is not enough. Mr Lockhart himself has said sufficient to shew, that this bookselling house was one of those extensive plans of enterprise which had long lain in embryo in the mind of Scott, and that it was warmed into birth by the spirit of animosity and revenge towards Constable and Company.

The Trustees, in our opinion, labour this point a great deal more than is necessary. Mr Lockhart may *dumfounder* persons who "are not admirers of figures," with James Ballantyne's apparently enormous overdrawings; but Mr Lockhart himself is authority enough for Scott having both commenced and ruined the publishing-house; dragging James Ballantyne and the printing-office into the vortex, in spite of any feeble resistance that James durst make. Mr Lockhart has, in the *Life*, abundantly displayed the folly of Scott's publishing speculations. He has also, incidentally, discovered the alarm and distress of James Ballantyne at different periods; and, indeed, from the commencement of this disastrous concern. How can Mr Lockhart then, after publishing such things as the following, justify to himself the uncandid, ungenerous, and unrighteous exposure which he has made of James Ballantyne, in the abject posture of a humble suitor to the man who had been the sole cause—we advisedly repeat it!—the sole cause of his pecuniary embarrassments, for leave to marry?

There is, to many minds, something *pitiful* as well as most *pitiable* in the letter which Lock-

hart has published, as addressed by Ballantyne to Scott, throwing himself upon the mercy of his "generous creditor," and humbly begging to be relieved, penniless and in debt, from certain consequences of the heavy involvements into which the folly of that "generous creditor" had plunged him; but knowing, as Lockhart must well do, by whom James Ballantyne (with more than his alleged pomposities, whether of pocket or manner) had been placed in this painful and humiliating plight in relation to Scott, it really required a callousness and audacity to give that letter to the world on which we forbear to comment. Well must Mr Lockhart have known why the man who, from the *real* business which he had established, and conducted in a skilful and masterly manner—however he may have managed the uncongenial duty of paper-kite flyer in which he was unhappily involved—the man, we repeat, who, in 1809, before the publishing trade began, was realising above L.1400 a-year from a sound and healthy increasing trade, was, in 1816, compelled to write that supplicatory letter which he has thought fit to make public. Fortunately for Mr Lockhart's personal feelings, and for the memory of the dead, his opponents have shewn a very remarkable degree of forbearance. It is enough for the present that we express our belief that Scott himself could in no circumstances have sanctioned such an act as this; though we are far from thinking that he acted a very generous part in the matter.

How completely the fortunes of James Ballantyne were ruined at this time, by the wild and headstrong speculations of Scott, Mr Lockhart has clearly demonstrated. After mentioning several useless unsaleable works which Scott had made be printed and published, he says in the *Life*—

"The publishing firm was as yet little more than a twelve-month old, and already James began to apprehend that some of their mightiest undertakings would wholly disappoint Scott's prognostications. He speaks with particular alarm of the edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, of which Weber had now dismissed several volumes from his incompetent and presumptuous hand. How Scott could ever have countenanced the project of an edition of an English book of this class by a mere drudging German, appears to me quite inexplicable. . . . James Ballantyne augurs, and well might he do so, not less darkly as to 'the Aston speculation'—that is, the bulky collection entitled 'Tixall Poetry.' 'Over this,' he says, 'the (Edinburgh) review of the Sadler has thrown a heavy cloud—the fact is, it seems to me to have ruined it. Here is the same editor and the same printer, and your name withdrawn. I hope you agree with John and me that this Aston business ought to be got rid of at almost any sacrifice. We could not now even ask a London bookseller to take a share; and a net outlay of near L.2,500 upon a worse than doubtful speculation, is surely 'most tolerable and not to be endured.'"

Lockhart, in the *Life*, enumerates other mad and ruinous speculations in publishing, in which James Ballantyne was compelled to take his share. On the *Annual Register* alone, the loss was estimated by Constable, when Scott would fain have made it over to him, at "never less than L.1000 a-year." "These," say the Ballantyne Trustees, "are pretty good specimens of the

judgment and success with which Scott directed the publishing speculations of John Ballantyne and Co."

The above failures, enumerated by Mr Lockhart himself, were heavy enough of themselves to weigh down the concern; but many other books were published under the same guidance, and with equally bad success. Among these was a collection called "*Tales of the East*," in three ponderous volumes; a similar volume of "*Popular Tales*," an edition of Defoe in *twelve* volumes; "*Ferguson's Astronomy*;" "*A General View of the County of Dumfries*;" and others, which were found to be unsaleable, and remained a dead stock in the hands of the publishers.

Could a concern, so conducted, possibly prosper? The drain of capital, caused by this load of unsaleable publications, was enormous. All was outlay; and, as nothing came in, heavy engagements were entered into, which could only be met by *kite-flying*, the sole resource in such circumstances. When the affairs of the bookselling-house were so disastrous, it is obvious that the printing concern, so closely connected with it, and composed of the same partners, must have equally suffered from the connexion. The presses of the printing-office were kept constantly at work on the heavy jobs of the publishing concern; but it is easy to see that, when the publishers were labouring to meet their engagements to strangers, those to their printers would be the last to be provided for. Hence, during the whole subsistence of the bookselling house, the printing concern was saddled with an unprofitable customer, and was not only not paid for its work, but dragged into its customer's embarrassments.

And hence was James Ballantyne, as he states, "by no fault of his own," ruined; and hence his letter, begging Sir Walter to let him off from the farther consequences of the publishing concern, on the terms of surrendering everything, and being Scott's debtor for the £3,000 so often referred to, and which seems, at this period, to have been saddled wholly on him. And Mr Lockhart having exhibited Ballantyne on his knees, to the rash and unpardonable, if involuntary author of his ruin, can vaunt of Scott's generosity in allowing James to escape the further consequences of the publishing business! But Scott, thanks to himself, incurred by this step no fresh losses, and indeed, as we shall see, ensured considerable gain. Probably even by this time he saw his way, and the sure means of getting rid of his load of waste paper.

It was really too bad to give the colour of excessive generosity to the manumission of Ballantyne, especially as Mr Lockhart himself reveals that Scott, now become, as a novelist, more powerful than ever with Constable and the other great publishers, was dexterously taking advantage of his position to foist off all the old trash accumulated while he was a publisher, upon those who were eagerly competing for a new *Waverley* novel. Very respectable and estimable persons, who understand business better than we pretend to do, assure us that this "foisting off" was all quite fair; and the Ballantyne Trustees certainly seem to see no harm in it. They have only to shew that Scott, after all, managed to sustain no loss by these wild speculations which ruined James Ballantyne. John Ballantyne asserts, that Scott, by taking the whole on himself, was "ultimately paid in full, with a balance of £1000;" and the Ballantyne Trustees state—

The manner in which Scott achieved this Herculean

labour, appears from many circumstances stated by Mr Lockhart himself; and, certainly, if Scott is chargeable with having so deeply involved himself and his partners, he himself had the merit of extricating them. The means by which he did so were simple but effectual. In disposing of his subsequent works, he made it a part of his bargains with the publishers, that they should take a quantity of John Ballantyne and Co.'s stock at a stipulated price; and this he continued to do till the whole of that stock was taken off his hands on advantageous terms.

Thus, his first transaction with Constable, in 1813, was the purchase by Constable of the following articles of John Ballantyne and Co.'s stock:—Considerable portions of Weber's unhappy "*Beaumont and Fletcher*"—of an edition of De Foe's novels, in twelve volumes—of a collection, entitled "*Tales of the East*," in three large volumes 8vo, double-columned—and of another in one volume, called "*Popular Tales*"—about 800 copies of the "*Vision of Don Roderick*"—and a fourth of the remaining copyright of "*Rokeby*," price £700." "The immediate accommodation thus received," adds Mr Lockhart, "amounted to £2,000."

The publication of "*Guy Ranning*" was undertaken by Messrs Longman and Co., "on the terms dictated by Scott—namely, granting bills for £1,500, and relieving John Ballantyne and Co. to the extent of £500."

The first "*Tales of my Landlord*" were published by Murray and Blackwood, who "also relieved John Ballantyne and Co. of stock to the value of £500." "Scott's letter to John Ballantyne on this occasion, quoted by Lockhart, shews," says the biographer, "*how sharply* the unseen parent watched this first negotiation of his Jedediah Claphotham."

Thus Mr Scott went on, till he came to bargain with Constable for the second "*Tales of my Landlord*," when he stipulated that, along with the work, the publisher should take the whole of the remaining stock of John Ballantyne and Co. To this Constable agreed; and, "and," says Mr Lockhart, "at one sweep cleared the Augean stable in Hanover Street of unsaleable rubbish to the amount of £5,270!"—"I am assured by his [Constable's] surviving partner," adds Mr Lockhart, "that when he had finally re-disposed of the stock, he found himself a loser by fully two-thirds of this sum."—Very likely:—but if Scott imposed hard terms on his publishers, by making them take this "unsaleable rubbish" off his hands, let it be remembered that it was "rubbish" of his own making.

It is not altogether to elucidate the Lockhart and Ballantyne controversy that we have cited this passage. It involves, some will say, a question of gentlemanly honour; others, a grave question of morals. Some respectable persons with whom we have conversed upon the subject, justify the transaction as quite fair in trade. Constable and Longman "were wide awake," so at worst it was only "diamond cut diamond." We are tempted at such times to shrug up our shoulders, and thank our stars that we do not understand trade. We confess that the principle of the transaction appears to the ignorant and uninitiated, exactly similar in character to the common trick of a poulterer coupling up a lean stale rabbit with a fresh plump one; and if the purchaser detect the trick, saying, "If you don't take the bad you sha'n't have the good. To-day I command the market." There is this difference: The one is a matter of a couple of shillings, managed by a peddling dealer: the other involves pecuniary gain or loss to the amount of thousands of pounds; but it involves, besides, genius, literature, nice gentlemanly honour, elevated feeling,—it was managed by

by Sir Walter Scott. On the whole, the Ballantyne family may congratulate themselves, that though James, as a publisher, was ruined, Scott ultimately lost nothing by the publishing firm ; and yet, we think, they need not envy him the negotiations which led to this result. This, however, is a point on which we shall probably be at issue with two-thirds of the world ; so we pass to another branch of the controversy, simply remarking, that Scott ultimately suffered no loss by the publishing business. But he must also have gained considerably, since, for six years, it made him the sole printer, the entire Ballantyne and Co., drawing all the large profits of that business, while poor Ballantyne expiated the folly or necessity of becoming Scott's partner in publishing, on the conditions which Mr Lockhart so handsomely describes ; and as " Scott's salaried servant " at L.400, where he had lately made L.1400. When James became his late partner's " salaried servant " of all work, John became a thriving auctioneer and dealer in articles of *vertu* ; still, however, frequently acting as negotiator and kite-flyer for Sir Walter, and giving him occasional accommodation. How the balances ultimately stood between them at John's death, it is not easy to unravel. " The eminent men of business," Gibson-Craigs, Wardlaw, &c., who wound up John's affairs, made Sir Walter his debtor ; and Sir Walter, accordingly, paid a balance to John's Trustees, which it is quite fair to infer, if John had owed him, he would have withheld.

Mr Lockhart, who is ever most unhappy in the style of his jokes, seems to think he has for ever demolished John, when, from some new discovery, he has stigmatized him as a tailor ; and, in early life, a bankrupt,—all of which statements are very unnecessarily, we think, proved by the Trustees to be untrue. It was really not worth while, since, whatever he might have been, he was the bosom confidant, the really beloved, if not greatly esteemed friend of Scott, who could certainly, at any time, have better spared many a better man. There is nothing more pathetic in the entire Life than Lockhart's description of Sir Walter standing in the Canon-gate churchyard, on the fitful or gloomy day on which John Ballantyne was buried, and whispering in the ear of the individual who has heaped insult upon the memory of his friends the Ballantynes—" *I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth !*" Alas, this was too true foreboding !

John Ballantyne, there is abundant evidence, when no longer connected with Scott in business, still, as we have stated, gave him his services, and obliged him with what is called *accommodation* ; and, by his will, he left L.2,000 to build a library at Abbotsford ! This was the last of John's acts of munificence and gratitude towards Abbotsford ; but unluckily the money was not forthcoming on this occasion, as Mr Lockhart fails not to shew. The Italians have a proverb, " When the poor give to the rich, the devil laughs." We leave Mr Lockhart to make the

application,* when he reflects on John Ballantyne's gifts and offerings.

Let us return to James Ballantyne's case. For six years he continued the " salaried servant " of the Great Unknown printer, Sir Walter Scott, accepting bills in the name of the moonshine Ballantyne and Co. to the amount of L.36,000 !

Sir Walter seems to have been exceedingly strict as a man of business, where the poor man's bull gored his Honour's cow. We do not pretend to much knowledge of business usages ; but if the " salaried servant," or first clerk of the house of Murray, or Longmans, or Colburn, sinking the real names, the true firm, did, in his own name, or as John Doe and Company, or anything else, accept and indorse bills to an immense amount, we can guess at what would be said of it by men of business. Ballantyne and Company, printers, were, for six years, while Scott was sole proprietor of the printing-office, a thing of straw ; but the " salaried servant," who reaped not a farthing of the profits, was, all this while, we apprehend, bound to the last farthing he was worth, for the prodigious amounts to which he affixed the fictitious signature of Ballantyne and Co. We submit that there was something loose and unbusiness-like in this manner of going on, and something unfair to the " salaried servant," on whom such risks were imposed ; and yet Sir Walter could be most strict and rigid.

In the course of that period, James, on one occasion, used the " firm signature " to a bill given as part-payment of the debt due to his brother Alexander, mentioned in page 662. Upon this Mr Lockhart rears up very formidable charges ; and Sir Walter Scott had probably been as deeply displeased as the occasion justified, though not exactly on the grounds specified by Lockhart. By oversight or accident, this bill, purporting to be of Ballantyne and Co., when due, was what is called *dishonoured*, and the fact came to the knowledge of Scott, who, as a wholesale dealer in accommodation bills, stood on very delicate grounds with the bankers. It is this accidental *noting*, and not the accepting of the bill with the signature of the firm, (which he

* Among the many diverting stories for which the " Nether Whig and Radical circles," of " prying curious Edinburgh," are indebted to the good taste and prudence of Mr Lockhart, is the retort of John Ballantyne's widow, in her vindication of her husband in the newspapers. Among the many acts of extravagance which Scott's biographer has scored up against " Mr Rigdum," " the Auctioneer," " the Tailor," the " Snip of Kelso," " the Picaroon," &c. &c., he is reminded by Mrs John Ballantyne, that he has totally omitted one, which is, we admit, of a rather flagrant character. Where an ordinary gossip would have been contented to present an infant with a silver pap-spoon, nothing less than *gold* would satisfy the munificent and tasteful dealer in articles of *vertu* in the case of Lockhart's child ! Now Mrs John Ballantyne was at least as justifiable in reminding Mr Lockhart of the presentation of the gold spoon or spoons, as he could be in enumerating some other of " Johnny Rigdum's " acts of extravagance, and in blazoning James Ballantyne's boy's rocking-horse and gold counters.

was so much in the habit of signing, that he must, we think, have in any case used it instinctively,) that James Ballantyne, in a deprecatory letter to the alarmed and angry Sir Walter, terms *discreditable*; which epithet, Mr Lockhart, who publishes the letter, ingeniously distorts to mean James's guilty use of the firm's signature. This, again, we consider one of those minor points in which vindication of the memory of Ballantyne, acting in entire good faith, as even Lockhart admits, was hardly needed. But commercial people make much of such transactions.

In 1822, John Ballantyne being dead, on James devolved the sole task of bill-monger for the Laird of Abbotsford, the printer in the Canongate; and in that year "the salaried servant" of the Great Unknown printer, became—and in the face of L.36,000 of floating bills!—once more his partner. The conditions and stipulations were dictated by Scott himself, in a document as remarkable for foresight, keenness, pursuit of every advantage, and general stringency on the part of the "moneyed partner," as any ever issued from the sharpest attorney's office. It alone proves that there were certain occasions in which Sir Walter was not "*too much occupied with his own romantic creations, to have time for minute scrutiny of his commercial affairs.*" And these times were pretty constant with him, however it might have been with the indolent Ballantyne, who "disliked figures," and who was slow, or, more properly, reluctant, in all business, save his proper business—that of a printer and editor—which he ably discharged.

James Ballantyne's trustees having shewn that he had appropriated no money from the company's funds to his own purposes during the first copartnery, which was not his own, prove completely, that, during the second copartnery, (as well as the long interval in which Scott was sole printer,) the printing-office was taxed to an unwarrantable extent to supply the increasing demands of Abbotsford. The good milch-cow in the Canongate, as we shall see, was now continually drained by the devouring wants of that lordly establishment. Before the second disastrous copartnery was entered into by Ballantyne, the floating bills of Ballantyne and Co. amounted to L.36,000, of which a comparatively small part belonged properly to the printing-office; and demands of all kinds and descriptions continued to be paid on account of Sir Walter by his partner, as formerly by his "salaried servant." Builders, founders, painters, plumbers, came for payment to the Canongate, for the cottage of Abbotsford was now rising into a castle. Wine-merchants, grocers, butchers, milliners, the joint-stock companies—in many of which, madnesses of the time Sir Walter speculated—all came to the printer, to Ballantyne and Co., for cash or bills, and were paid to an extent of prodigality which leaves the world to wonder that Sir Walter held out so long. In three years and a-half, the expense of discounts and stamps on his accommodation-bills—those kites flown in the name of Ballantyne and Co.,

but proved here to have been solely for Scott's private accommodation, else had he not been individually liable for the discounts—amounted to L.8,085! In these same years, (1823-4-5) we find that the printing-office had paid in *advance*, on account of Sir Walter Scott personally, L.15,208, 4s. 3d.; the amount paid out on his account being L.48,289: 18: 2, and that paid in to his credit, L.33,083: 13: 9. Ballantyne ought to have had a good salary: as the town-agent of Abbotsford, although he had run no risks. The accounts of that establishment, as partially brought to light by Mr Lockhart's labours, will long remain a statistical curiosity. Ballantyne was the universal paymaster, from (to borrow, or rather humbly to imitate, Mr Lockhart's dignified style) L.5 for Terence Magrath's lessons in warbling, to L.5,000 for Lieutenant Scott's commission! To say that this came out of James Ballantyne's pocket, although much of it was at the risk of the printing company, would be about as absurd and barefaced as Mr Lockhart's repeated averments that the printing company never advanced one penny for Scott, while, for his personal extravagance, Ballantyne at all times lavishly drew upon its funds.

In the "Humbug Handled," Mr Lockhart has invidiously and disingenuously selected a few items of expenditure from Ballantyne's private cash-jottings, intended to exhibit the extravagant habits of the man, and moreover his reckless, if not dishonest, appropriation of the company's money;—somewhat lavishly spent we admit his money was—though it was his own—and also absurdly or ostentatiously jotted down. Mr Lockhart, besides several sums for costly furniture, mentions much wine, and several horses purchased by Ballantyne; but forgets to tell that some of the wine was for friends, and, as the same jot-book shewed, was paid for by them; and that if several gig horses were bought they were also re-sold. Part of the wine, we make no doubt, nay, a good deal, flowed freely enough at those novel-launching dinners, given for the glory of Sir Walter and the good of the concern, which Mr Lockhart has facetiously commemorated, and at which he must have assisted. Mr Lockhart has studiously picked out, it would appear, from James Ballantyne's private books, whatever sums look most absurd, or tell against him, and as studiously suppressed the *per contra*. Mr Lockhart—bred in the good school of his father's (a Scottish Presbyterian minister's,) family, families generally highly respectable, and seldom or never very rich—cannot admire frugality more than we do. It is the tap-root, in our expensive and struggling society, of everything like personal independence—the mother and guardian of many virtues. No man's observation can have placed the value of economy in a stronger light than Mr Lockhart's may have done; and we are far indeed from blaming him for condemning expensive or extravagant habits in James Ballantyne, or in any man, if they be really such in the particular circumstances of the individual, and if the exposure is fairly, not invidi-

ously made. But the rocking-horse and the pony for the boy, and the gig-horses, and the wine, and the glass, and the seven sovereigns for a sick child to play with, certainly not to chuck over his nursery window—and these are the greatest of Ballantyne's enormities—fade into insignificance when compared with the sums passing through his fingers, from the funds of the company, on account of his partner. In the three years that Ballantyne was spending at this furious rate—at rocking-horse speed—he also paid out for Scott, (generally by bills of Ballantyne and Co. for from L.300 to L.400 each,) to the amount of L.7,246 for work done at Abbotsford; to Terry, for purchases for Abbotsford, of what Lockhart terms *nick-nackatories*, L.606; and for Lieutenant Scott's commission, L.5,349—a temptation to, and no bad offset, for the extravagance of his own son's rocking-horse and pony, which together cost L.14! But these sums are far indeed from being so really extravagant in principle, to a man embarrassed as was Scott by floating bills, now increased to the amount of perhaps L.40,000, as some of the seemingly more trifling items. They were once for all. The others were of the nature of continual drains. Poor Sir Walter's candle was, at this period, flaring at both ends, and running to waste in the middle. What income, we submit to nice calculators, would an elderly gentleman require—who was thus involved in debt, and whose income must terminate with his life—to support the style of living which Scott did then? Within about four months, we find Ballantyne paying for a family, where the ladies were a mother and an unmarried daughter, about L.350 to dress-makers alone. In 1823, we find Ballantyne paying to Mitchell and Heriot, straw-hat-makers, L.50: 8s. Why, the large Civil List of Queen Victoria could not stand this rate of expenditure, if carried into everything. Yet this is but a thing of straw; only one L.50. In less than two years, we find Ballantyne paying, on account of wine for Abbotsford, nett L.986: 17s. And all this while, independently of every other source of expense, of every other domestic drain, upon a corresponding scale, (of which these things are samples,) there was nearly L.3,000 a-year of discounts to be paid on the bills, for which Sir Walter every month suggested the means of raising the wind to his unfortunate agent, Ballantyne. From their monthly correspondence, as given in the pamphlet, he appears to have known far better about these flying bills than James, who was the prominent person, and whom he often reminds of omissions, and sets to rights. On one occasion, we find him cautioning Ballantyne about the colour of the ink used in filling up his cut-and-dry bills; as bankers were very suspicious in such cases. From this monthly correspondence, many things transpire, which whet curiosity about the precious MS. volume—*“Open not—read not.”*

In the *Life*, Mr Lockhart gravely stated, that Sir Walter was unacquainted with the enormous amount of the bills, and of his liabilities for thousands and tens of thousands as a printer in

the Canongate. Driven from this by irrefragable proof that Sir Walter was better acquainted with the amount of his liabilities than his agent, Ballantyne, Mr Lockhart next asserts that it was the application of the proceeds of which he was kept ignorant; of Mr James Ballantyne “squandering the proceeds.” We must here quote, from the “Reply,” a passage which it will not be easy for Mr Lockhart either to parry or answer:—

Does this absurdity require a serious answer? Will any one in his senses believe that Scott, with this enormous and daily increasing mass of bills, for which he was responsible, constantly before his eyes, never once dreamt of their application—never once considered for what purpose they were granted? Will anybody imagine for a moment that Scott, after planning so carefully the means of meeting engagements, amounting, as we have seen, to *ten thousand pounds* or upwards, in a single month, should dismiss the matter from his mind, and return to “his romantic creations,” without once troubling himself to inquire whether the resources, which it cost him so much trouble and anxiety to provide, were applied to necessary purposes, or whether they merely furnished funds to be squandered by James Ballantyne?

Mr Lockhart's next resource is to endeavour to make it appear that Scott had no occasion to use the firm of James Ballantyne and Co., in order to raise money for his purposes, “because there were personal resources at his command, out of which the price of his land, and the expense of his household could be paid.”

These resources, according to Mr Lockhart, were Sir Walter's *private fortune*, his *official income*, and his *profits as an author*.

The first and second of these heads may be dismissed in three words. Scott had very little *private fortune*; and his *official income*, by Mr Lockhart's own statement, did not exceed L.1600 a-year—a mere nothing when talked of as supplying his enormous expenditure.

As to his *literary profits*, though they make an immense figure on paper, they were, during the latter part of his career, in a great measure illusory. They consisted of bills granted by Constable and Co., a great many of which were *never paid*. When they became due, they were renewed over and over again; and, at last, when Constable and Co.'s crash came, an immense mass of these bills for literary profits realized a dividend of *one shilling and threepence per pound*. The money that could be got upon these bills from the bankers, was used in keeping afloat the general mass of engagements—which mass of engagements, accordingly, they contributed to swell.

A single passage of Mr Lockhart's own speaks volumes on this subject. “Before the ‘Fortunes of Nigel,’ issued from the press, (which was in 1821,) Scott had exchanged instruments, and received his booksellers' bills, for no less than FOUR ‘works of fiction’—not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement—to be produced in unbroken succession, each of them to fill at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy-money, in case any of them run to four.” Was such a monstrous anticipation of literary profits ever before heard of? And what could have led to a course of proceeding so unprecedented, so recklessly imprudent, and so full of peril to the author and publisher? What could have induced Scott to resort to it, but the desire to procure the supplies necessary to meet his own exigencies—to enable him to pay the price of great tracts of unproductive land—to furnish the means for the princely hospitalities of Abbotsford, and to defray the ruinous expense of his modes of raising money? It will not be pretended that it was not Scott *himself* who transacted with his publishers for four unwritten novels at a time; and if it was Scott himself who dictated to his publishers such extraordinary transactions, by which he stipulated to receive bills for between twenty and thirty thousand pounds for works, not only before a line of them was written, but before their very names had been imagined, is it likely,

we again ask, that he should never have bestowed a thought upon what became of these bills when received, but have quietly allowed them to be swallowed up in the gulf of James Ballantyne's extravagance?

Scott's outlay in land, and more land—unproductive land—on which he carried forward expensive improvements in planting, draining, &c., is next noticed; and the pamphlet proceeds, the time referred to being that when Ballantyne again became Scott's partner:—

At the period now in question, (the year 1822,) the greatest part of the house of Abbotsford, (on which as much money was lavished as would have sufficed for the erection of a nobleman's baronial mansion,) with its offices, gardens, and other appurtenances, was in a fair way of being finished. We must add too, the splendid style of hospitality in which he had indulged for some years previous to the time of which we speak, and of which an idea may be formed from the pages of Mr Lockhart's own work. During six months of the year he resided at Abbotsford. The most wealthy of the English nobility are accustomed to entertain large parties of guests at their country mansions at certain periods of the year, such as the Christmas holidays or the commencement of the shooting season, for a few days, or a week or two, perhaps, at a time; but the halls of Abbotsford, for months and months in succession, were filled with parties of noble and distinguished guests, and crowds of pampered servants, while the stables might at any time have mounted a troop of horse. Mr Lockhart, somewhere in his book, speaks of the time when "the new castle was complete and overflowing with all its splendour;"—"but by that time," he adds, "the end also was approaching." No wonder!

Such was the situation of things when, after the formation of the copartnery in 1822, the full statement of the affairs of the company and of its partners, in relation to each other, was drawn up and laid before them by Mr Hogarth. From that time the business went on, till, as our readers are aware, it was terminated by the bankruptcy of all the parties concerned, viz. of James Ballantyne and Co., Constable and Co., and their London correspondents, Hurst, Robinson, and Co.; a catastrophe which took place in January, 1826. Down to that period, the system of bill transactions necessary to keep afloat the load of subsisting liabilities, and to supply the demands of Sir Walter Scott's still increasing expenditure, went on as before.

We cannot take the detailed accounts; and the result is sufficient:—

For this *fifteen thousand pounds* of personal expenses, incurred during these three years beyond the amount of funds actually received on account of Sir Walter Scott, as well as for the *seven thousand pounds* of discounts, stamps, interest, exchange, and other expenses incurred in keeping up the pre-existing amount of liabilities, Sir Walter continued, as before, to use the firm of James Ballantyne and Co. in procuring accommodations; and hence arose the amount of their liabilities at the time of the bankruptcy. On all occasions, he made use of James Ballantyne and Co. as the means of supplying his wants. If he wanted money, and they happened to have it, he drew it out; if not, he made use of their firm to raise it. Such was his uniform practice, from the first formation of the company to the last day of its existence. Of Scott's control, activity, and vigilance in managing these transactions, we have already, we think, furnished sufficient specimens.

The reader will find in the Appendix some specimens of the orders and directions for the payment of money on his account, which Sir Walter Scott was in the habit of sending to James Ballantyne.

The nature of some of these payments we have noticed; and to sum up, the Trustees, without proving or attempting to prove that Ballantyne, from 1823 onward, till the crash

came, was as economical as he might have been, at least establish that he squandered only his own money. He held the belief that the estate of Abbotsford was between him and ruin from the engagements to which the company were liable on account of Sir Walter Scott. As it is, he seems to have spent L.1500 or L.2,000 of his own money, which, had he been a better economist, might have remained to be swallowed up shortly afterwards by the company's creditors. Ballantyne, we have said, believed, until after the bankruptcy, that Abbotsford, which had absorbed so much, stood between his children and ruin. Then he first learned that it had previously been settled on Sir Walter's eldest son, on this young man's marriage with Miss Jobson. Lockhart contends that James Ballantyne could not have been ignorant of this settlement: but the world has Ballantyne's positive affirmation; and it will take his plain word against Mr Lockhart's ingenious hypothesis of how he should or must have known the fact so important to him, since he was at the wedding supper; and Professor Wilson and some other gentlemen had heard of the settlement, (of which, however, their recollection, we should imagine, cannot be very distinct or fresh;) and, besides, it had been talked of in Constable's shop! All this may be very true, and yet Ballantyne may have remained in perfect ignorance until the truth burst upon him to his utter consternation. Is it not far more extraordinary that neither Mr Lockhart, nor any member of Scott's family, were aware that, for twenty years, he had been Ballantyne's partner? Yet such is the fact.

It is next to impossible that Scott could beforehand have told his partner—the man involved with him to the extent of L.46,000—how he had made away with his available means, till discovery was inevitable. But apart from Ballantyne altogether, and waiving the question of a man with two children unprovided for, settling his fortune upon an elder son, whose commission had already cost him above L.5,000: waiving this affair of the privileges of primogeniture,—for who but a Radical could stoop to such argument? we will more broadly state the question. Had Scott any right, with direct company engagements to the extent, at this time, of L.46,000, and, in consequence of these, collateral liabilities, which, by the failure of the houses of Constable and Co. and of Hurst and Co., became L.88,000,—to alienate his property? Or, in other words, to settle his estate, mansion, &c. &c., upon his eldest son, with the burden of only L.10,000? From his own Diary we learn that his creditors at one time thought not,—and the matter looked serious; but from this his heroic and unparalleled exertions, and a series of lucky hits in the subsequent years, extricated him honourably—though at what cost!

From the pamphlet of the Trustees, it appears, that, in the matter of a mutual discharge between the Trustees of Scott and those of James Ballantyne, which took place after both were in their

graves, the agent of the Trustees for Sir Walter's creditors, *moved first*; whereas Mr Lockhart chooses to represent this as an act of generosity and clemency; the gratuitous quitting of Ballantyne's estate, of vast though vague sums due by James, as formerly by John, to Sir Walter Scott; and which quittance was, as Mr Lockhart states, humbly prayed for by the testamentary trustees of James. The authors of the "Reply" to Mr Lockhart's pamphlet (the "Humbug,") settle this matter at once, and to the satisfaction of every reasonable being, by quoting the opinion of Mr Gibson, the agent of the Trustees of the creditors of Ballantyne and Scott. This opinion was, it appeared, elicited by a letter addressed to Mr Gibson by the present Sir Walter's agent, Mr Isaac Bayley. Mr Bayley states to Mr Gibson:—"Mr Douglas' proposition* for a mutual discharge seems to me quite proper; but before writing Sir Walter's Trustees on the subject, I shall feel obliged by your stating whether you are satisfied that Sir Walter's estate has no claims upon that of Mr Ballantyne." In answer, Mr Gibson immediately wrote:—"They both, (that is Scott and Ballantyne,) raised as much money as they required for their own purposes by accommodation bills or otherwise. All passed through Mr Ballantyne's hands; and his statement to me was that the greater part of it was remitted to [or paid out for] Sir Walter Scott. At an early part of the trust, I suggested to Sir Walter Scott and Mr Ballantyne, that it would be right to have an account between them made up; but neither seemed to think that was either practicable or necessary. I have a strong conviction that Sir Walter Scott NEVER CONSIDERED THAT HE HAD ANY CLAIMS AGAINST MR BALLANTYNE."

Those who give themselves the trouble to investigate, will, we are persuaded, arrive at the same conviction as Mr Gibson. In the year referred to, as in 1816, James Ballantyne was once more willing to surrender all,—and to be quits, feeling, no doubt, that his "patron" had still the power of being most useful to him; and Scott, both in conscience and pride, must have desired oblivion of all these past unhappy matters—all those details of fictitious bills and prodigal expenditure which Lockhart has forced into light.

Mr Lockhart would have the same conviction as Mr Gibson, did he choose to believe Sir Walter Scott's statements, made to himself, which he has published in the *Life*; and that Sir Walter was a fond enthusiast, either in bountifulness or friendship, the world might once have believed, though Mr Lockhart has rendered that fond visionary belief longer impossible. From the *Life*, we learn that Lockhart had written a letter of anxious inquiry about the extent of pecuniary injury which his father-in-law might have sustained

* Mr Douglas, W.S., one of the testamentary trustees of James Ballantyne, and one of the authors of the pamphlets; an early friend of both the great parties, a shrewd man of business, and staunch Tory. His proposition was made in consequence of Mr Gibson's previous overtures for a final settlement.

through Ballantyne's failure—Ballantyne, who drew his copy-money! So little did Mrs and Mr Lockhart know of Sir Walter's personal connexion with the printing-office, that, when an alarm about Constable's solvency was given to him in warning by Lockhart, and he set off on a secret midnight journey to ascertain the truth, and returned announcing that "Constable was firm as a rock," Mrs Lockhart was happy enough to imagine that the cause of her father's sudden midnight journey from Abbotsford to Constable's residence must have been from generous anxiety about his early friend, Ballantyne! One could almost envy this state of innocence. Mr Lockhart, we venture to think, did not participate in this happy belief; but he surely might have believed Scott's grave assurance—"I have been far from suffering by James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say, that his difficulties, as well as his advantages, are owing to me." It may be asked, where were the advantages? Sir Walter might—must have meant good. He would not willingly have prevented it; but his own bold speculations for gain had, first and last, completely frustrated the advantages. Had he forborne the printing copartnery, or even kept his publishing and bill-mongering concerns wholly to himself, and merely given his influence as an author to his most useful and zealous friend, there must have been great advantage. But—beggared in 1816, and left deeply in debt, and bankrupt again in 1826—it is mockery, though Sir Walter himself has done it, to speak of the *advantages*. It is a fact worthy of remark, that both brothers—the clever "Picaroon" auctioneer as well as the printer; *Rigdom Funnidos* as well as the more solemn and pompous personage—throve from the hour that their small and insignificant affairs were extricated from the vortex of Abbotsford. James left his young family the means of a respectable up-bringing, acquired during his last few years of independent and unharassed exertion; and of John, the younger brother, if he did squander his gains as an auctioneer, it can only be said that he was an apt scholar in the great school, which, established at Abbotsford, had many more ramifications than in John's Kelso and Trinity villas, and James' house in Heriot Row. It was then the era of profusion and rapacity; of wild speculation and joint-stock companies. The half of the leading and fashionable families of Edinburgh were, at this period seized with the epidemic madness of ostentatious and extravagant living. The genius, and the more marvellous energy and industry of Scott, finally bore his house above the flood, where many others fell and were swept away, to appear no more. Few, indeed, of the illustrious of those days escaped, save himself, and those who had a permanent resource in well-paid public appointments. We wish that Mr Lockhart—who so well understands the folly and danger of tradesmen, and of W.S.'s, and, indeed, any class of men living above their means, and keeping whether gigs or carriages, with all sorts of

hobby and rocking horses—would write the Domestic Chronicles of Edinburgh during these wild years succeeding the King's visit, when Scott and Constable, and, in a smaller way, the Ballantynes, gave tone and impulse to the modes of its society. It were to mankind, if fairly done, worth any ten volumes of *Quarterly Review* essays.

Mr Lockhart does, it appears, directly claim great merit to Sir Walter Scott for stipulating, that John Ballantyne, and after his death, James, should have a third share along with Constable or Blackwood (or whoever was publisher) of the Waverley Novels. This was some sort of requital of their services, whether of John's negotiations, or of James as critic and corrector; and, moreover, one which, instead of costing Sir Walter anything, actually put money in his purse. He could not himself take a share in those bookselling speculations; so he stipulated for the third to his original publishers, the Ballantynes, on their paying their share of copy-money, expense of paper and print, &c.; while, by a secret stipulation, he, running no risk, received back one-half of whatever clear profit they made! We find Scott at one time telling James that he must have this sixth—while the whole was believed to go to James—as a fund to enable him to educate and equip a nephew for India. This secret bargaining gave Scott, besides, a hold over the publishers; as, by knowing their exact profits, he must have been the better enabled to bargain well for a new novel. It might have been, too, of pecuniary advantage to him in another way. If the Ballantynes, who knew the ground, were willing to venture their L.1000 or L.1500 for the third share of a novel, Constable or Longman would be not the less ready to come down with double that sum. But, if Sir Walter Scott, from giving on equal terms the sixths of his works sold to the publishers, was the generous benefactor of his friends the Ballantynes, then it follows, that he was the quadruple benefactor of Constable, Blackwood, Murray, or whoever it might be, to whom he sold the other two thirds.

We have carried this article farther than some of our distant readers may be able to go along with us, and have yet failed in our main object. Instead of dwelling on and exhibiting the *duplex movement* of the mind and life of Scott, we have buckled to Mr Lockhart's scurrilous and disingenuous statements:—but a time may come for the mightier interest. We shall therefore conclude with a few brief quotations. Ballantyne, who must often have been uneasy at the tremendous liabilities in which—starting at once with L.36,000—he was engaged with, or for, his patron-partner—(we advise every prudent man to eschew patron-partners)—we find expressing himself in these terms:—

When I reflect how many bills I have paid for Sir Walter Scott on verbal orders, or mere notes, which I thought no more about, I absolutely quake for the aspect under which I might be considered, were he to die. Thousands upon thousands might be brought against me; and all I could say would be, "Well, gentlemen, where are they? My manner of life is well-known—I have not

spent them; my cash accounts are open—they are not there." Of late I have been more careful; but even yet I am sure there are some of his transactions which I am called upon ultimately to pay, which have never appeared in my books, and which, if rigidly scrutinized, would make an ignorant accountant like me stand upon character alone. Many is the hour's vexation and alarm this gives me.

Our next quotation is from the pamphlet of the Ballantyne Trustees:—

Now, we pray our readers to observe that, at the end of this period, and when the new copartnery was entered into in 1822, it was ascertained, that James Ballantyne and Co. were liable, for bills accepted or indorsed BY THAT FIRM, AND THEN CURRENT, TO THE AMOUNT OF THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND POUNDS. Who was liable for this enormous sum?

Why, Sir Walter Scott. Mr Lockhart can hardly dispute this; Ballantyne being only liable for his debts to Scott, his share of the stock, and his overdrawings beyond the amount of his share of profits—if that had been anything. For a prudent tradesman, even at the head of a most profitable business, it was much that he drew in those wild years; but it was still his own money.

So far was Scott from retracting the opinion, expressed to Lockhart, that "Ballantyne had owed his difficulties to him," that, when James Ballantyne, years afterwards, wishing a personal discharge from the creditors of the company, asked Scott's consent, which was necessary from their being jointly bound, Scott answered by letter—"So far as I am concerned, I give my consent with great pleasure to your discharge; being satisfied that, in all your transactions with me, you have acted with the utmost candour and integrity." Is not this enough of itself to shut Mr Lockhart's mouth, unless indeed, after perusing his Life of Scott, and these pamphlets, the reader is content to hold Sir Walter Scott for the ninny and simpleton, with his head in the clouds, and a set of *Picaroons* for twenty years picking his pockets, which, by a strange belief in his own powers of mystification, Mr Lockhart has chosen to represent his father-in-law, in that brilliant after-thought, "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled?" That pamphlet is intended as an apology for many things unwittingly let out; and were the representatives of other men whose memories have been assailed equally pertinacious and able, many more such would be required. Mr Lockhart's own mouth is ever the most fatal to him.

Mr Cadell, the publisher of the Life, cuts but a sorry figure in the last pamphlet. His statements to Mr Hughes, one of Mr Ballantyne's Trustees, are completely at issue with those of Mr Lockhart. Which of them may be in the right, where explanation can only shew one grossly unfair and the other shabby, is, so far as the Trustees are concerned, of no moment. The most amusing part of the business is the total oblivion of Mr Lockhart as to who this presumptuous Mr Hughes may be. It is quite true

"That new-made honour doth forget men's names;

And if they call him Jack I'll call him Peter."

But Mr Lockhart is completely oblivious of one Mr John Hughes; which is the more singular, as, while he was connected with *Blackwood's*

Magazine, printed in Ballantyne's office, Mr Hughes must have been rather prominent in the house of which he is now partner. Here too were Lockhart's own novels printed; but, more than all, after his marriage with Miss Scott, here, as he records, he was in the habit of repairing daily with Sir Walter; and yet he never saw—never heard of—knows nothing of this Testamentary Trustee of James Ballantyne. It is, however, of more importance that he should be able to refute Mr Hughes' statements than to remember his person. When reading Lockhart's "Life of Scott" in sheets in the printing-office, Mr Hughes, who had been for many years there—though he had eaten the fern-seed, and, (though no mote,) walked invisible to Mr Lockhart—was naturally struck with the gross mistatements respecting Mr James Ballantyne, his deceased friend and former employer, who had appointed him one of his Testamentary Trustees. While the Life was going through the press, he accordingly felt called upon, in justice and duty, to remonstrate; and enclosing a letter to Mr Cadell, to be forwarded to Mr Lockhart, to set him to rights, he observes:—"It is really too bad that James Ballantyne should be made a scape-goat for the transactions by which he was ruined."

Mr Cadell's account of this affair does not, according to the pamphlet, tally with Lockhart's; and there is little matter, as we have said, which is in the right, in the lesser matter, where both are wrong in the principal point—the injustice done Ballantyne. Mr Lockhart states, that Cadell told him he considered the conduct of Hughes "presumptuous, in venturing to interfere with a work going through the press;" no matter, we suppose, whatever false statements or calumnies it contained against a deceased friend, to whose children he stood in the relation of trustee. We shall ever rejoice to meet with such instances of presumption; and this is not the last of it. According to the gossip circulating in the "Nether Whig circles" of Edinburgh, when the new edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" was to be put to press, as the conduct of Mr Hughes and the other Trustees, had put Ballantyne's Office out of the question, another printer was applied to, or was to be favoured with the good and desirable job, who had the claim of being Mr Cadell's brother-in-law, but who, strange to say, refused it! And why? Though the publisher of the Life, Mr Cadell ventured upon no "presumptuous interference" with the Biographer or the Biography, even where it held up his *father-in-law*, Constable, to ridicule, and something worse; the printer, it is understood, took a less prudent, or a less tradesman-like view, and refused to be concerned in giving to the world a work which he and his family felt to be calumnious and insulting to the memory of their *father*—Mr Constable. The public, or we are greatly mistaken, will warmly sympathize in this piece of presumption, though of the kind which Mr Cadell, according to Lockhart's state-

ment, must think wrong "upon principle," and every way foolish and impertinent.

Ballantyne's Trustees, in their reply to Mr Lockhart's pamphlet—the title of which prepared the reader for its coarseness—state that it does not contain a tithe of the scurrility which it possessed when it dropped from the pen of the editor of *The Quarterly Review*. It was purged and purified "by the good-humoured Counsel who revised the proof-sheets." As it still stands, this seems barely possible.

That we have not wasted the time of our readers about the vindication of a wholly obscure and insignificant, if not worthless person, we shall bring one more proof under Mr Lockhart's hand, contained in a letter addressed by him to Mr James Ballantyne, after a close acquaintance of more than a dozen years. Ballantyne had, it appears, been writing to Lockhart, complaining of Sir Walter's coldness and estrangement, before Sir Walter's death. Lockhart did not reply all at once: but when it suited him, for an ulterior purpose, he did; and, considering the way in which he subsequently held up James Ballantyne in the Memoir, and the "Humbly Handled," in a somewhat singular manner.

"London, Nov. 1, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If any feeling had really existed of the nature which your letter begins with mentioning, *that most touching, most manly letter would have been a thousand times more than enough to do away with it for ever*. I can, however, speak for myself, that though I did observe a certain difference in your relations with your dear friend Sir Walter, *I never even for one moment dreamed that anything had occurred to disturb the old genial feelings* which had through your lives been equally marked in both of you as friends. For two years before his death, Sir Walter Scott was no longer, in all respects, the man of his earlier days; and I can perfectly understand, that his *political impressions* should have been conveyed with in that period in a style which would not before have been possible for him. Let us draw a veil over the infirmities of those few sad and weary months, and now endeavour to think of him only as he was when you and I so often shared together the delights of his friendship and conversation.

"Your Memoranda of him will be expected by me as among the *most precious materials for his biography*. You knew the man from a boy; and his literary life may be said to have been all in *your presence*, even from the working of its smallest springs. I earnestly hope your health may soon be entirely re-established; and I am joined in this wish by all the members of my wife's family, (they are all at this moment here,) as well as in the expression of sincere regret that you should have had the pain of writing such a letter at such a time.

"Believe me *truly and cordially* yours,

(Signed) "J. G. LOCKHART.

"James Ballantyne, Esq. Printer, Edinburgh."

Mr Lockhart having received the Memoranda alluded to, again writes to Mr Ballantyne in the same "cordial" and affectionate manner:—

"London, December 6, 1832.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have received your packet, and read with much

nite interest its *precious contents*. Your outline of your intercourse with Sir W. Scott is quite sufficient to keep me right as to some, most indeed, of the literary epochs of his life. The anecdotes interwoven and appended are even more valuable. Perhaps what you say as to his early-felt superiority over all that came into contact with his judgment, temper, and intellectual resources generally, will be to posterity a most satisfactory piece of evidence, how true that in him the boy was father to the man. I feel as if I had known him in the days of Kelso and the Tavern-club, and the Stage-coach Journey.

"I pray you to continue to draw on your memory for more and more of these invaluable details; and may your health, for this and a thousand other good works to follow, be strengthened and restored.

"Ever yours, most sincerely,

(Signed)

"J. G. LOCKHART.

"To James Ballantyne, Esq. Printer, Edinburgh."

"Truly and cordially yours!" Are we to take as evidence of his "cordiality" the manner in which Mr Lockhart has, throughout the whole of his work, treated the memory of the man whom he thus addresses—endeavouring to stigmatize his habits, ridicule his person, and blacken his character, by holding him up to the world as a mere *fanfaron*, overblown with vanity, pomposity, and gluttony—negligent, conceited, and full of vain imaginations?"

So much for Sir Walter Scott's biographer, who has, however, in the Life which he has given to the world, behaved equally ill to other departed men, the literary friends of Scott, and the honour of Scotland. As against Lockhart, the Trustees' defence of James Ballantyne is complete and triumphant.—May every honest man whose memory is so assailed and blackened, find such another staunch band, led on by a doughty Douglas, to defend his grave from the literary Vampires!

* Trustees' Retutation of Lockhart, p. 68.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MINA, THE SPANISH PATRIOT.

BY MRS BROUGHTON.

It was in 1816 that my brother first introduced Mina to us. He was not, however, received as a stranger. That dear brother had made us so well acquainted with all his friend's good qualities, his frank-heartedness, and his partial attachment to himself, that we were all led to feel as much regard for the man, as to share the world's admiration of the devoted patriot. Nor did he sink in our esteem when he became personally known;—for he, too, would speak, in terms of no ordinary praise, of him who was his father's pride—and well might we all be proud of him. Mina was so, in calling him his *Caro Amigo*, and in telling us, with as much delight as we listened, of my brother's gallant deeds, his hairbreadth escapes, his perseverance in making his way even into the enemy's camp, when a more distant survey was unsatisfactory; "And then," added Mina, "not a Spaniard could excel Don Enrique in a fandango or bolero:—the peasants would have died for him."

Many were the proofs they gave that such were indeed their feelings towards my brother. He was once, for eleven days, hid by some of them between the tiles and rafters of a house, which was suddenly invested and occupied by a party of French, who had the most positive orders to discover that "*Diable d'Officier Anglais*," as General Foy told General Alava (who, the next day, repeated it to my father) he called that young officer attached to the Guerillas:—"For when I had ordered every research to be made, and no means left untried, to make him prisoner, I would hear of him in quite another quarter; and even once I found a pound of tea upon the table of my own tent, addressed to me, with Captain B.'s compliments, as he heard I was partial to tea and had none. This really was the case," continued General Foy, "but how he got it there I never could discover; and I did all I could, for that

young man did more to counteract us in that part of Spain than any other individual of the British army. *C'est un brave garçon*, and I would be delighted to shake him by the hand and tell him so, and thank him now for his tea, though he enraged me enough at the time." My brother was at Cambray at this time, and therefore could not avail himself of the desire he participated with the gallant general, of making up their ancient feuds. But, to return to my recollections of Mina; they are such as cannot, in any sense, be reconciled to his reputation for cruelty. That that good-natured, simple-hearted man—whose ready laugh ever answered and rivalled in its joyfully infectious sound that of the wild girl of fifteen—could be cruel, is incomprehensible. I thought Mina was the best-natured man I ever knew—How then could he be cruel? Once indeed, he did shock me; he was to accompany us to a ball; and when he arrived he found my father, who was waiting the conclusion of my mother's toilette, in the drawing-room, while I was seated, like Cinderella in the chimney-corner, wrapped up in caps and shawls, watching the cup of tisane to which I was condemned, as a remedy for a violent attack of cold and cough: he, with his usual good nature, sympathized with me on my disappointment at missing the evening's anticipated pleasures; and, as usual with all but the stiffsons of Britain, inquired, what were, in addition to the never-failing tisane, the remedies I was submitting to. On my replying that the doctor threatened me with a blister—

"Do not put on any such thing," said he—"but, instead of it, get a plaster of *dead-man's fat*, and it will cure you directly."

My dear father found the words I could not, to express our united impolite horror at such a prescription.

"Why," said Mina, "it is the commonest

thing in the world in Spain; when I had the wound in my thigh, I had such a salve applied for weeks to it, and it cured me."

"Thanks to the French, General, who made it so abundant," added my father.

I was very glad that my mother's entrance changed the revolting subject; and that shaking hands was not a Spanish custom.

In the summer of 1817 and 1818, we had a charming country-house beyond the *Bois de Boulogne*, and immediately opposite stood the palace and park of St Cloud, from which our grounds were only separated by the Seine. From my mother's room, on the first floor, we had, as we sat in it, a full view of the waterworks, and, (during the three weeks that the fête lasts,) of the animated scene presented by the numerous votaries of amusement—the old, the young, demure and gay—whether imperial, legitimate, or constitutional in their sentiments—never failing to perform their annual pilgrimage to this famed residence of many masters; for the fête under every dynasty has at least retained its *renommée*, and has attractions for every grade of society; from those who will babble of *le pittoresque et le romantique*, by the side of its mathematically-formed fountains, its equally square *tapis de verdure*, or beneath the shade of the no less precisely clipped rows of elms; to the more actively happy adept at the *jeu de bagues*, twirled round upon his wooden charger. Vain, however, would be the attempt to retrace *mes souvenirs* of all the means by which on *s'est bien amusé à la fête de St Cloud*. During our daily visit to the gay scene, what was ever my chief delight, I was never disappointed in meeting there the sight of many happy faces. My own, I think, could not have been the saddest amongst them; for my views of that life which I was just entering, were even yet more brightly tinted than all the varied scene around me. But, much as we then used to look forward to this interruption of our usual routine of life, we were reconciled when we were left to the calmer enjoyment of the many lovely walks in the more naturally laid out parts of the park; for we had scarcely any grounds attached to our own house, besides the very beautiful and extensive garden, which was kept in the finest order by the proprietor, a wealthy man, who did not spare any expense upon it. I remember Lord Northesk telling me afterwards, in London, that he had not seen so pretty a place in France. Prince Metternich had formerly lived in it; and it was subsequently hired, by the order of Napoleon, for the celebrated Polish princess, who presented a splendid pair of silver candelabra to the village church; where they still remain to remind the villagers of her of whose active benevolence we heard many instances. So often do I live over the days passed in that house, when—with one, who, however far exalted above me—I could, in my more humble lot, with equal truth express myself as

Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,

I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung;

And, proud of health—of freedom vain—

Dream't not of sorrow, care, nor pain—

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Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me,

—that I have not been able to forbear to *radoter* of those hours, *couleur de rose*, when my first intention was merely to say, that, while we lived there, Mina was, with many other less celebrated remembered ones, a frequent visitor at our house. As my dear mother prided herself very much on the successful result of her instructions to a French cook in the composition of an *Ouâ Podrida*, it never failed making its appearance, and eliciting the unqualified praise of Mina, whenever he dined with us. He was, at that time, always accompanied by two of his former followers, besides his faithful secretary, who remained with him all the time he was in exile. General Mina's address certainly derived no small advantage and polish from his long, however unwillingly protracted, residence in the *capital of civilized Europe*. However, he always exhibited real politeness; for he ever wished to please those in whose society he was. But, poor man, at this time, he could only, by the display of his splendid set of teeth, evince his own sense of the pains to be agreeable taken by others, unless they were able to understand him in his native language, as he could not utter a word in any other. It was, therefore, an additional inducement to him frequently to avail himself of my father's constant welcome, that, from our early residence in Spain, he could, in our house, dispense with a dragoman; which office, at that time, even his secretary was not very well able to fulfil: he afterwards, however, spoke and wrote French perfectly. The General, although slower in his progress, astonished us with his proficiency on our return to Paris, after an absence of twelve months in the low countries; for, on our departure, he scarcely attempted taking any part in a French conversation, besides repeating "*Peutaiquai, Peutaiquai*;" by which, we all concluded, he meant "*Peut-etre*." He probably considered that, by using so undecided a reply, he could not compromise himself; but this habit was often the cause of our meriting a bitter reproof from my mother, for our inexplicable mirth. On our return from Spa, we sincerely congratulated him on the great additions to his vocabulary, and ourselves in not being so often tempted. We also rejoiced at the apparent improvement in his outward circumstances; for, when we were first acquainted with him, my dear father often feared that he must have been *géné* in pecuniary matters, from the humble lodgings in which he resided; and also, when he lived at Versailles, for some months, by his invariably walking the whole way to and from Paris; this, he said, he did from choice, and requiring a good deal of exercise; but my father often feared it might be otherwise. He was now much more suitably lodged in the *Rue d'Artois*. I forget whether it was before or after our absence, that he one day called, and, with some degree of agitation, asked my father if he had heard that he had been arrested; and proceeded to tell him that, a day or two before, the

Spanish ambassador had taken upon himself to cause him to be arrested, with the intention of sending him a prisoner to Spain. The police, however, interfered and released him; and so properly and seriously were Louis XVIII. and his Ministers displeased at so unheard-of a proceeding on the part of the Spanish ambassador, that they insisted upon, and obtained his immediate recall, by the Court of Madrid, who were obliged to disown the orders they had given him. Mina, from that time, was left, to all appearance, unpersecuted in his unjust exile from the country, and by the ungrateful sovereign who owed so much to one who had sold all his patrimony, and devoted his existence to achieve the liberation of the first from its invaders, and of the latter from that ignominious thralldom to which they had reduced him. My mother, one day, expressed to him the hope that, should Ferdinand be dead, (as was at that time reported,) she should see him return to the land of his fathers. His answer was, that he should be very sorry if the report were true; for, unjustly as the King had acted towards him, he was a better man than many thought him: in short, said he, he is an angel to his brothers; of whom he then spoke in a manner that fully satisfied me that it will not be the fault of Espos y Mina, should Don Carlos usurp the throne of Isabella II. And in this comparatively favourable estimation of Ferdinand, Mina was not singular, as I heard the same sentiments from almost every Spanish patriot I ever knew; and I was acquainted with many of them, both at the commencement of the persecution of the Constitutionalists, and afterwards in 1830, at the period of their unfortunate attempt to enter Spain. Sad, indeed, was the state of destitution in which they left their wives and children in Paris, on their setting out to join their brothers in arms on the frontier; they themselves, indeed, bearing, in their almost tattered garb, the uniform of misery—often the patriot's only distinction. Now, I trust that many of those who were the objects of my sincere commiseration and esteem, are restored to their paternal hearths. That they may remain in their tranquil enjoyment, is my heart felt wish, and that the day-star of truth, divine and moral, may brightly shine on that lovely land of the orange and the vine.

But to return:—The newly-appointed Spanish ambassador being obliged to leave Mina publicly unmolested, adopted another course; by which he hoped to fulfil his secret instructions, and ensnare the object of his master's fears, more successfully than his predecessor had done. This he hoped to accomplish by prevailing on a beautiful Spanish lady, whom he believed to be entirely devoted to his interests, to take an apartment in the same house with Mina, and to exert the influence of her charms to obtain his entire confidence, and then to betray all that she could learn of his plans, associates, &c., &c. However determined the fair siren may have been in her devoted loyalty and obedience to the service of Ferdinand, she soon

became too sensible of Mina's good qualities to withstand the arguments he adduced to prove the justice of his cause; and not many months elapsed ere the reports of the fair Castilian were as false to the ambassador as she was true to the suffering patriot's cause:—consequently, their movements were unimpeded, as the Spanish Government was convinced that the cause was indeed desperate, since he who was the very soul of it had so completely abandoned all hope of its possible success, and had sunk down into the lap of indolence.

About this time, all our acquaintances were conspiring how they could most effectually surprise and astonish each other by the elegance or eccentricity of the toilette they should adopt at a *bal costumé*, for which our most agreeable friend, Mrs N—, (the Viscountess of the undaunted Viscount C— St V—,) had issued cards of invitation, and to which we were all looking forward with a more than ordinary interest, from the conviction that such an entertainment, under the direction of the amiable and animated inviter, would realize all the pleasure we promised ourselves:—Therefore, in our own particular coterie, "what we should wear" became a constant theme of conversation, and the occasion of asking the counsel of our friends. Mina, who was present at one of these discussions, advised my mother to wear a Spanish costume; and, as she said that she no longer had a complete dress, he offered to procure her a very handsome one, belonging to a lady who resided in the same house with himself. My mother politely declined his offer; and this was the only occasion in which he mentioned his fair neighbour, although my father often met her when visiting him. Not long after, my father received a message from General Mina, requesting to see him, as he was very dangerously ill from the consequences of a severe fall he had met with: his foot having slipped, he had been precipitated down a whole flight of stairs, and his back had received so much injury, that he was confined to his bed. My father went to him immediately, and, on his return, told us that he was certainly looking very ill—that he was suffering so much pain as not to allow him even to shave himself, and that he had quite a ghastly appearance. While my father sat with him, a Spanish ecclesiastic was announced; and, at the same instant, ere he entered the room, Mina whispered to my father, "a spy;" the next moment the padre appeared, and my father took his leave. Two mornings after this, we were all actually startled by General Mina making his appearance in our drawing-room, leaning on a thick cane, and stooping in his gait.

"How is this, my friend," exclaimed my father; "is this you or your ghost?"

"My real self," said he, laughing. "I was tired to death; I could no longer bear to be prisoner in bed; and I already feel better for the air."

He then immediately turned the conversation; but, when he rose to take leave, we were all much astonished at the change in his manners;

he appeared quite agitated, his voice faltered, and as, according to Spanish usage, he always embraced my father, he did so repeatedly, and we all thought we saw his eyes fill with tears; and he then requested us to allow him to shake hands with us, which he had never done before.

"How extraordinary that General Mina's spirits should suffer so much by his indisposition," was ejaculated by each of the family, as he left the room; "who could have believed it?" But the next day our wonder was increased, by seeing him pass the carriage in which my sister and I were seated—waiting for my mother, who was paying a visit—with as firm a step and as erect a carriage as we had ever beheld. He saw us; and, instead of crossing to the side of the street we were on, merely smiled and kissed his hand. Our surmises were, however, soon decided; for the following day it was publicly reported that Mina had escaped the surveillance of both Spanish espionage and French police; and was by that time, thanks to the effectual aid and well-calculated arrangements of his excellent friend, Major H——, far on his way to join his anxiously expecting partisans. From Major H. we afterwards learned the particulars of his evasion. Accompanied by his faithfully-attached secretary, he walked to a considerable distance from Paris, when they were met by Major H——, who then drove them himself in his *calèche*, until they could with safety venture to take post-horses, availing themselves of Major H——'s passport to procure them. My dear father continued to receive the most friendly letters from Mina for several months after his quitting France—the last was one of heartfelt condolence on the premature death of his beloved friend, my ever-lamented brother; cut off in the prime of manhood, in the midst of his honourable career, by liver complaint, only a few months after his arrival in India. He had proceeded thither in a dragoon regiment, into which his ardent desire to continue that active life, which he had unceasingly pursued from his early entrance into the service of his sovereign, induced him to enter, and to prevail upon our father to enable him to exchange, by the advance of the requisite sum of money. He could not endure the thought of slothful ease, and a brevet majority. After having, when but a boy, commenced his military career, as a volunteer with the troops that went from Malta to Calabria, on his return from that expedition, being appointed to a regiment ever distinguished in our glorious annals,* he joined it just before the attack upon Copenhagen; after which he was at the taking of Martinique; and, with his own hand, first planted the British standard upon its conquered walls. When his regiment was ordered from America to Spain, he hesitated not to relinquish his excellent appointment on the staff of an old friend of his father's, nor even to part from a young bride, that he might not be behind hand in reaping the laurels and dangers of his regi-

mental comrades. In the new field of action, where his perfect knowledge of Spain, its language and usages, and his consequent popularity with all classes of its inhabitants, caused him to be charged with the dangerous employment of reconnoitring, and subsequently to be attached, by his illustrious commander, to the staff of the Guerillas, he had more than common risks to encounter:—but the approbation he then and ever after constantly merited from all his superiors, and the love, I believe I may add the enthusiastic admiration, his delightful manners and excellent qualities obtained from his brother officers, have been no small sources of proud recollection and consolation to those who knew and fondly loved him. That that dear son—whom he left an orphan ere he could appreciate the irreparable loss he sustained, and who so lately, following his and his forefathers' example, has become a soldier too—may emulate his honoured course, and find, in those who were his father's comrades, guides, mentors, and friends, is the earnest wish of a fondly-anxious relative.

My father fully appreciated the motives of his esteemed friend, in ceasing to write to him; for even to be suspected of a correspondence with "*ce brigand* Mina" would not only have compromised my father with the French authorities, but, I have no doubt, we should have been put beyond the pale of all *la bonne société*, as the *Faubourg St Germain* and its adherents exclusively consider themselves. We, therefore, reconciled ourselves to the necessity of only hearing of my brother's friend through the medium of the English newspapers. All the French accounts of the Spanish revolution, or its favourers, we never allowed ourselves to credit, or we should often have prematurely mourned the fate of those for whom we felt sincerely interested. Unless any one has really lived in France, it would scarcely be credited, especially by the in-all-circumstances inanimately quiet well-bred people of Albion, how passionately the very highest bred and born sons and daughters of "*ce plaisant pays de France*" are affected when their feelings or opinions, especially political, are interested. They are never lukewarm in their aversions, nor indifferent when they profess friendship. How falsely are they judged by the ever-calculating weighers of propriety, who flatter themselves that, in avoiding, in the common intercourse of social life, to make professions of regard, they may, indulging their icy selfishness, accuse the French of insincerity:—How falsely, I am sure, will be testified by those who, like myself, have lived intimately amongst them, and who have the happiness to possess many constantly kind, and, the time has been, tried and sympathizing friends! I feel convinced that I am not partial in my estimation of the French character, for I am perfectly free from national prejudices. I have, from infancy, been so truly cosmopolite, that I see the lights and shadows of the two rival nations with an equal judgment; and although, in France, I have been as often accused as I am in this country of

* Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

partiality, I have an equal interest in observing and comparing the respective merits and foibles of my two *patries*. Among those of the French, nothing has offered me more amusement than their blind violence in all that regards their political passions, for sentiments would be too calm a term to apply; and I am even more insidiously affected by all party spirit than as to what nation I might claim as mine, congratulating myself *malgré cela* that the imprecations of the great Seer of the North read not—

“Breathes there a *maid* with soul so dead,” &c.

Not that if they did, I should always have been equally condemnable:—For once upon a time I gave proof of possessing a very different spirit. It was a long time ago—(I need not say how long, for I was but five years old)—that I gave vent to a burst of patriotism, which, even to remember for some years afterwards, overwhelmed me with confusion—for I prided myself in those days in being a very polite, well-bred, young lady. I was often indulged in spending the day with a very partial friend, a niece of General Washington's, whose husband was American Consul-General at —, where, until my dear father broke through it, there was established the illiberal custom, that the representatives of the different powers who happened to be at war with each other, should absurdly abstain from any private intercourse. So that, however intimate they or their families had previously been, (and the little Oasis of European society in that land of barbarians, necessarily waived all heartless ceremony,) suddenly, on any political rupture between their distant courts, they became as strangers to each other. This was the state of etiquette on our arrival at —; and, consequently, my parents were not visited by the French Consul-General, M. de T., and his lady—the latter a near relation of the Buonaparte family. I had, therefore, never seen M. de T., until one day that I was amusing myself in my indulgent friend, Mrs L.'s, saloon—giving way to my uncontrolled and exuberant flow of spirits, singing and dancing up and down the room, unchecked even by the entrance of a stranger, who, as my *canzonnetta* was in Italian, addressed me in that language; his compliments, however, were scarcely acknowledged by a smile of affability, so intent was I in viewing my *improvvisati* attitudes as I passed and repassed the splendid mirror which filled a space between two Ottomans. On Mrs L.'s appearing, he inquired who that very lively young lady was; and, on hearing her reply, he said:—

“Oh, that is impossible; for all the English are so very melancholy and serious—I am sure she is an Italian.”

I still danced on, merely shaking my head at his guessing wrong.

“Not an Italian? well, then, I'll guess again: she is a Spaniard.”

Another shake of denial.

“Well, then, she is a German.”

And he went on guessing, nation after nation; at last he said:—

“I am sure I must at least be right now; she is a French girl.”

This was more than I had patience to endure; and, clasping my hands in each other, I exclaimed:—

“*Grazie a Iddio che non sono Francese!*” and the next moment I was caught up in M. de T.'s arms, who, delighted beyond measure, cried—

“Charming, charming, there's Nature—my little honest patriot!”

From that hour he never named me but “his little *Grazie a Iddio*,” to my often renewed regret and shame; for he afterwards became my father's much valued and regarded friend, to whom he afforded much amusement, when he, claiming me as his first acquaintance, related the circumstances of our first meeting. As is usual with all enthusiasts, I have passed from one extreme to the other, and, consequently, was often assailed, especially since *la dernière* Revolution, upon my incomprehensible apathy. I have even, by those who loved me well, been told that I might as well be a liberal at once as not to have any opinion *prononcé*. I have, however, continued to cherish my indifference, and have calmly enjoyed the many amusing scenes of enthusiasm—often seeing all around me excited to the most exaggerated degree on some greedily received and equally improbable intelligence being announced. Never was this more evinced, than at the time of the Duc d'Angoulême's conducting the French army of *Observation* to take a closer view of Spain than his Royal Highness's near sight would permit him on this side of the Pyrenees,—and as there was not a family, with which we were acquainted, who had not a father, son, or brother under his command, every other subject of conversation was banished, and we heard our poor Spanish friends stigmatized with many an opprobrious title. Trying as this was to us, we really pitied some ladies of our acquaintance, who were more deeply interested in the fate of Spain. Mrs W. and her daughter, although of Irish extraction, were natives of Cadiz—a city ever devoted to constitutional principles; and in these opinions they, in common with all their kindred, warmly participated. Mrs W. had been induced to visit France for the purpose of placing her daughter in the convent of *Dames Anglaises*, where she was seduced, and had not long left it, after adding to her Spanish sprightliness *toutes les grâces* of a finished Parisian education. She was, therefore, much admired, and their acquaintance readily sought by *la meilleure société*; and, until this projected invasion of Spain, they had continued on terms of the greatest intimacy and cordiality with several of the first families in the town of —, where we also were at the time residing. Mrs W. was, of course, often painfully distressed at all the abuse she heard of those friends for whose success and welfare she was feeling the utmost anxiety; but she avoided, as much as possible, expressing her obnoxious opinions until, one day, that two young and inti-

mate companions of her daughter—the daughters of Admiral de P.—called upon them and exultingly announced that the Duc d'Angouleme had decidedly crossed the frontier, and had entered Spain. All Mrs W.'s prudent admonitions to her daughter, to evade political discussions, failed to deter the warm-hearted, patriotic girl from exclaiming—

“ Well, then, I can only say, that I hope the first cannon that the Spaniards fire, will kill the Duc d'Angouleme.”

Horrified, indeed, were the Demoiselles de P. to hear this almost sacrilegious ejaculation, and they instantly and abruptly left the house, declaring they never could enter it again. Nor did their indignation rest here. Before the following evening there was not a single French acquaintance of Mrs W.'s who had not closed their doors upon her; nor would they even consent to meet her poor thoughtless daughter at the house of any mutual English acquaintance;—of this we were ourselves very painfully convinced. My mother having shortly after issued cards of invitation for an evening party, was waited upon by several persons, who assured her, that however much they should be disappointed by not accepting her invitation, they must decline that honour, if Mrs and Miss W. were to be of the number of her guests, as they could not possibly associate with persons *qui pensaient si mal*. My mother was therefore left to the painful alternative of apparently slighting these ladies, or of having empty rooms; she therefore determined on dividing her party into two soirées—an English and a French one. Mrs W., however, was not, I believe, satisfied with this arrangement; for from that

time she was evidently less cordial in her manner to us than she had been, although my mother was almost the only person who could and did venture so far to brave the influential opinion of the arbiters of who were admissible *dans la bonne société*. Mrs W., however, proudly reconciled herself to the loss of the friendship of these ultra professors of principles of the *extreme right*; while her open-hearted daughter occupied the hours she had hitherto passed in the society of her quondam friends and admirers, in embroidering a splendid white lace surplice for her favourite brother, an ecclesiastic, distinguished at the Papal Court for his superior piety and learning.

Some months afterwards, Admiral de P. and his family accidentally placed themselves at church immediately behind Mrs W. and her daughter; the latter, as soon as mass was concluded, turned towards Mesdemoiselles de P. and said, she availed herself of the opportunity to assure them that she unfeignedly forgave all the injury they had done her, and, curtseying, passed on. As many persons witnessed the unaffected manner with which she evinced her obedience to that principle, which, above all others, distinguishes those (of whatever outward denomination they may be) who truly desire to walk according to the example and precepts of Him whose holy name they profess to bear, she was unanimously applauded, even by those who, however, still continued to consider it necessary to prove their devoted loyalty and ultraism, by persecuting a thoughtless girl of eighteen for an unguarded expression.*

* This article was written previous to General Mina's death.

MY INTERMENT.

(From the French of Béranger.)

“ Ce matin je ne sais comment,” &c.

THIS morning, how I cannot say,
A troop of Loves was in my room;
And, as in bed I stirless lay,
“ He's dead,” they cried, in accents gay;
“ Come, let us bear him to the tomb.”
Inly I cursed the merry crew
Who had so oft my homage won,
My friends, if what they say be true,*
Give me your tears—I'm dead and gone!

They drank my wine; not that alone;
They pulled about my chamber-maid;
One wished to guide my bier—and one,
With a grave air and nasal tone,
A prayer for the departed prayed.
They ranged a score of imps with lutes,
To be my escort, round about;—
But, lo! the hearse, and mimic mutes!—
Give me your tears—I'm carried out!

Two lines of Loves, with joyous haste,
Through laughing round; while on the pall
With silver spangles duly graced,
A cup, a lute, and flowers were placed—
Signs of my joyous orders all,

The passengers, uncovered, say—
“ The grave and gay must meet their doom;”
The bearers hurry on their way—
Give me your tears—I'm at the tomb!

My funeral friends, instead of prayer,
Chanted around my brightest numbers;
Thanks to the sculptor's friendly care,
A laurel crown is rounded fair
To warm, with pride, my mortal alumbers.
All speaks my glory round this spot,
Where none shall soon be seen nor heard;
Am I a demigod or not?—
Give me your tears—I am interred!

But then, by chance, while thus I lay,
Lisette, the faithless, wandered nigh;
She snatched me from the tomb away;
And then, but why I cannot say,
I felt revived while she was by.
Oh, ye whom age incites to call
The sweets of life but cold and vain;
Eternal censurers of all—
Give me your tears—I live again!

THE ABBÉ GODARD.

AN EPISODE IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

TOWARDS the close of the memorable month of August, 1792—fatal to the dynasty of the ancient kings of France—the Abbé Godard, grand-vicar of Bourges, under the old régime, was at Paris. He shared the opinions and misfortunes of the priests who had refused to take the oath to the civil constitution of the clergy, in consequence of which they were denounced and proscribed, by the band of ruffians who had seized on the government, as refractory, and rebels to the law. Their only offence consisted in claiming for themselves that exercise of the right of private judgment, which the new constitution professed to confer on every Frenchman; and they made use of this privilege to refuse the oath required.

Immediately after the terrible 10th of August, the provisional committee, at first composed only of the twenty-two sections of Paris, and convened at meetings in which no forms nor rules of justice or consistency were observed, usurped the whole authority of the capital; and, having deprived the ancient municipality of all their former prerogatives, commenced their plans for perpetrating the atrocious deeds which they shortly afterwards carried into execution. Such was their ferocity and hardihood, that Carrier, Marat, Robespierre, and their leading coadjutors, openly avowed their sanguinary intentions in the committee, at the Jacobin Club, and even in the hall of the National Convention.

One of the first and most effective modes of accomplishing their designs was the establishment of domiciliary and nocturnal visits, under the pretext of searching after military weapons for the use of the troops who were about to march to the frontier, and also to take them out of the hands of the malecontents; but the true object was, to rob and persecute all who had defended the king on the 10th of August; the ministers dismissed at that period, the priests who had refused the oath, and, generally, all whom the tyrants called false patriots and enemies of the revolution, to the success of which they declared that many more victims must be sacrificed. By an order of the provisional committee, the barriers of Paris were watched with a vigilance till then unknown; the villages and municipalities, at the greatest distance from the capital, were ordered to seize all who might attempt to escape; and this mandate was executed with the sternest rigour. Those who knew themselves to be marked objects of this persecution were obliged to confine themselves within their houses, or seek shelter with their friends; but, after a few nights, very few escaped the searching scrutiny of the police. When arrested, the prisoners were crowded into the Abbaye, the Conciergerie, La Force, Bicêtre, La Salpêtrière, and St Pelagie; and, when these gaols did not suffice for the incarceration of the victims, they shut up three hundred priests in the church of the Carmélites, the seminary of

St Firmin, the Mairie, and other places selected for temporary detention.

The Abbé Godard arrived at Paris in the last week of August, 1792, and succeeded in entering within its walls, although he had been pursued with more than usual rigour, on account of his well-known intimacy with many of the nobility, bishops, and other ecclesiastics, who had remained in Paris. But he soon fell into the clutches of the Jacobins—being seized in the middle of the night in an unfurnished room, in a house that belonged to him, which he had let to an absent friend. He was taken before the commissioners of the section, and from thence to the Mairie, the former residence of the first President. When he appeared before one of the minor revolutionary tribunals, whose business it was to classify the prisoners in different gaols, he demanded to know how, under a government professedly established on the principles of liberty, a citizen could be arrested in his own private dwelling, without any previous notice, without trial, and without even being informed of the nature of his offence? The answer he received was this: "Are you not a priest?" He replied in the affirmative. "Well," said the interrogator, "we shall not forget your answer." Without any further ceremony he was conducted to a hay loft in the Mairie, which had been converted into a prison, and he found himself the sixtieth victim in his new abode. His companions in misfortune were several priests, some lawyers, Parisian tradesmen, and men of letters.

Here enters on the scene, a young man of noble and grateful character, who displayed a devotion, a zeal, and disinterestedness, which shew that, in the worst of times, virtue, probity, and honour will still animate the hearts and govern the conduct of the choice few. The Abbé Godard had rendered some services to a young man, named Dreux, whom he had assisted in his education, and for whom he had successfully solicited the place of clerk in the office of the municipality. After the arrival of the Abbé Godard at Paris, Dreux had exerted himself to conceal his hiding-place. He lodged with him during several days, and paid him the most assiduous and respectful attentions. As soon as the Abbé was arrested, his first endeavour was to make his situation known to Dreux, who, on his part, busied himself in forming plans to release his benefactor.

The intention of the Jacobins to massacre all their prisoners had been publicly made known for some weeks. They inflamed the passions of the multitude by complaining of the *delays of justice*, and ascribed the evil to a conspiracy of the aristocrats. At first they only mentioned the names of some notorious official plunderers, who really deserved some legal punishment, and of some well-known and intemperate friends of the old system; but they clearly forebore that,

when the wild and infuriated populace were thrown upon the jails, they would not exercise the least discrimination, and that nobles, dismissed ministers, priests, aristocrats, as well as moderate and constitutional democrats, (which last class had recently become objects of the bitterest hatred to the Jacobins,) would all be included in one common slaughter. Under these awful circumstances, Dreux, who was small in stature and delicate in constitution, determined to hazard his life in an attempt to rescue the Abbé Godard from the fate that awaited him. This enterprise was peculiarly difficult, as the young man had but little leisure time, and his services would have been but of slight avail could he not have moved about the city as emergencies arose. He accordingly demanded a short leave of absence from his office, telling the chief functionary that he wished to attend on a friend who was in great misfortune; but he was told that the first duty of a clerk was to discharge the duties of his post, and all indulgence was peremptorily refused. "But suppose that I were seriously ill," said Dreux, "you surely would not take away my place, but find means to do without my attendance for a few days; I beg you to act now as if I were an invalid." The head of the department remained inflexible; on which Dreux said to him:—"Sir, you may give my situation to some other person, for I will not retain it at the sacrifice of gratitude and friendship." His master took him at his word, and the young man was thus thrown destitute on the wide world—a trait of moral heroism which all must admire, but which few would imitate.

After his dismissal, the first object of Dreux was to acquaint the personal friends of the Abbé Godard with his perilous situation. He particularly apprised Madame Asseline, sister to the Bishop of Boulogne; and all bestirred themselves actively to obtain his liberty from the men then in power, such as Petion, Fauchet, Manuel, and others, the chiefs of the Provisional Committee, who exercised an authority more despotic than ever had been pretended to by the old police of Paris, or rather a tyranny more imperious than that of a Tiberius or a Nero.

During this time the Abbé Godard and his companions suffered all the inconveniences of confinement; the greater number of them sleeping on straw, and living on the coarsest diet, as they had no means of obtaining better food. Some, who had been robbed when arrested, went without nourishment for three days, and the whole of them were barely kept up above the level of starvation. Among the prisoners was an individual named Charnois, a literary character, who had edited several periodical works, and among others the *Moderateur*, a paper regarded as revolutionary, because it kept within the bounds of decency, but for that very reason, criminal in the eyes of the Jacobins, who pretended to establish all sorts of liberty, though they would not acknowledge the freedom of the press, when it opposed their own sanguinary measures. Charnois was melancholy and broken

in spirit. On the third day he entered into conversation with the Abbé Godard, and expressed his astonishment at the marked contrast between the placidity and resignation of the priests, and the fretfulness and despair of the other prisoners. The Abbé pointed out to him the consolations of religion, and the utter insufficiency of the wild dreams of the French philosophy to afford hope or comfort in adversity. This discourse produced a salutary effect, and, up to the last fatal moment, Charnois lived in comparative happiness.

Up to the night of the 1st of September, the prisoners were kept in ignorance of their ulterior destination. On that night, their gaolers commenced removing them to the Abbaye of Saint Germain. All those who were confined in the same chamber with the Abbé Godard were transferred, and, on the following day, thirty more victims who remained followed them. The circumstance of the removal of the prisoners from the Mairie to the Abbaye, on the evening of the day when the general massacre commenced, is remarkable, because it proves a fact scarcely credible even in those horrible days, that the same men who had issued out the arrests after the 10th of August had formed and matured a project to have all their prisoners slaughtered by an infuriated populace. It was agreed that these murders should commence on the following Sunday. It became, therefore, necessary to send their victims to the place of execution on the evening of Saturday. The last division left the Abbaye at two o'clock on Sunday, when the massacre had already commenced. The Marseillais who escorted them, knew this perfectly well; for, during the march, they pointed them out to the people as already devoted to death, and even told them of the fate that was impending; thus did they lead them knowingly to slaughter. As soon as they arrived at the Abbaye, these unfortunate beings were murdered as they stepped out of the coaches, and not one escaped, except the benevolent Abbé Sicard, the amiable instructor of the deaf and dumb. This friend and benefactor of the human race had crouched down on the bottom of the vehicle, out of which four of his companions had been dragged; he was not immediately seen by the murderers, and by the courage of a watchmaker, named Monot, who knew him, he was rescued.

The friends of the Abbé Godard did not slumber during this critical period; and though a report was generally circulated, after the middle of August, that the prisons would be forced, scarcely any one believed that measures would be carried to this dreadful extremity. Moreover, during the agitation that convulsed the capital, there was the greatest difficulty in approaching public men, and still more of obtaining justice; so much so, that Dreux and Madame Asseline were unable to effect anything, even up to the fatal Sunday morning. At this moment the situations of the prisoners became most awful.

Dreux, who had seen the Abbé Godard at the Mairie on Saturday, on returning on the Sunday morning, was alarmed at his removal. He ran

immediately to the Abbaye, where he ascertained the exact apartment in which his friend was confined. From thence he flew to the residence of Madame Asseline, and depicted the danger of his benefactor in such forcible terms, that she instantly proceeded to Fauchet, whom she had already solicited to interpose, though without effect; but who, nevertheless, had manifested a disposition to assist the Abbé Godard, whom he had known in former times, when he was Grand Vicar of Bourges. As this lady was crossing the Pont-Neuf to renew her entreaties with this gentleman, the cannon sounded an alarm. The people were collecting in masses; she was terrified, and retraced her steps homewards, and this circumstance was fortunate for her friend, as she afterwards ascertained that she would not then have found the Abbé Fauchet; and, in all probability, this first disappointment would have thrown her into a state of despair, and prevented any further exertions on her part. After some pause and hesitation, she recovered her resolution, and set out again to obtain an interview with the Abbé Fauchet, at his house, in the Rue de Chabanais. She fortunately met him, and renewed her supplications, urging every persuasive argument that could work on his feelings. But Fauchet could not do anything of himself; at this critical moment, nothing but an order signed by Manuel, procureur-syndic of the committee, could extricate the Abbé Godard from prison; but where was Manuel to be found in this scene of tumult and disorder? There was not a moment to be lost. Extraordinary as it may appear, Fauchet, lifting up the blind of his window, saw Manuel, in the opposite house, seated at table with several women of loose character. Madame Asseline now vehemently pressed Fauchet to send for his friend; he did so; Manuel came, and, after much entreaty, he wrote the following note:—"Gaoler of the Abbaye, release the prisoner, Godard, who has not taken the oath; but who, not being a public functionary, is not bound to swear. The present order will be executed by one of the commissaries of the Section of Cordeliers. (Signed) P. MANUEL."

Madame Asseline thought, from the sneer on his countenance, when Manuel delivered the paper, that it would prove useless; either through some intentional informality in the wording of it, or from the delay that might occur in its delivery. Doubtful, however, as she was of success, she hastened to Dreux, who was waiting for her in an adjoining house, and who hurried off with the order to the section of Cordeliers, to obtain a commissary to execute it. The committee of the section were assembled; they raised every possible difficulty; various constructions, all unfavourable to the prisoner, were put upon the order; and they finally declared, that the Abbé Godard was suspected of *incivisme*, or disaffection to the country. But Dreux still insisted, and called upon them, most peremptorily, to affix their signature to the order of Manuel; which they at length did, but added a marginal note, that the Abbé had not given any

bail for his citizenship, intending that this remark should prevent his liberation. After the young man had conquered all these difficulties, he was still unable to find a single commissary to proceed with him to the Abbaye, so fearful were these Jacobins of being themselves torn to pieces by the wild beasts they had unchained.

Dreux, nothing discouraged, resolved to attempt the execution of the order by himself. It was now between four and five o'clock afternoon, and the massacres were proceeding with active cruelty at the Abbaye. As he approached the prison, he saw Manuel, who was attempting to calm the fury of the populace, though perhaps not with much sincerity, and certainly with very slight hopes of success. He joined him; and, after relating the refusal of the commissaries of the section of Cordeliers, he entreated him to see the order personally executed. Manuel repulsed him, saying that he came there to discharge his public duty, and not to listen to private petitions, and then commenced haranguing the people. His voice was naturally feeble, and he was frequently inaudible during the tumult. Dreux, to conciliate his favour, repeated his words, phrase by phrase, in a loud tone, and terminated by exclaiming—(what Manuel himself did not probably utter)—"None but villains would be guilty of such dreadful excesses, and trample all laws under foot." At the word "villains," unpalatable to the ears of such an audience, loud murmurs arose, and menaces were hurled against Manuel and his interpreter. Dreux took the magistrate by the sleeve, warned him of his danger, removed his scarf of office, and dragged him out of the crowd; and, having called a hackney coach, they returned together to the Hôtel de Ville. Dreux cherished the hope of there finding a commissary to supply the place of those from whom he had received refusals. On their arrival, Manuel explained the risk he had run, and declared that his life had been saved by the young citizen present. Great applause followed this statement; and one of the committee voted thanks to the preserver of Manuel, and moved that his name should be inscribed on the public register. The young man expressed his acknowledgments; but observed that he had done no more than his duty, and objected to give his name. All that he asked, as the reward of his services, was the attendance of a commissary to execute the order of which he was the bearer; but he again met the same refusal as at the Cordeliers, and saw himself reduced to his own personal exertions.

To reach the Abbaye, and execute his bold and generous purpose, he had need of assistance, and required to be armed. By chance, he stumbled on a young acquaintance, whom he persuaded to accompany him. They proceeded forthwith to the house in which the Abbé Godard had lodged before his arrest—there he obtained a musket and bayonet, and his friend a sabre. Arrived at the Abbaye, they forced their way through the crowd, and gained the gate of the lower hall, in which Dreux had ascertained from the gaoler

that his friend was confined. The avenues were not, at that hour, blocked up by the populace, who were ignorant of the number of the prisoners, on account of some precautions of the gaoler, which we shall presently notice. Dreux now shewed his order from Manuel to the gaoler; but he said that he was only one of the subalterns, and that he could not take the responsibility on himself; and he, moreover, remarked, that the order required the presence of a commissary of one of the sections. Dreux laboured hard to conquer this resistance, and at once offered the gaoler an *assignat* for fifty francs, and promised him two hundred and fifty francs more when the prisoner was at liberty. The gaoler was now somewhat softened, but still gave no positive promise; and Dreux saw the necessity of not abandoning his post. He assumed the character of a sentinel at the gate; and, under this pretext, he prevented any crowd being collected, observing that, if he allowed a group of four, it would soon swell to ten, twenty, or a hundred. To effect this, he kept calling out, in a rude and brutal tone of voice—"No one passes this way;" and when any attempted to resist him, he exclaimed—"What! do you wish to force the guard?"

In the apartment watched by Dreux, about sixty individuals were confined, who had been conducted thither on the night of Saturday, and on Sunday morning. No one but an eye-witness can adequately paint this torturing scene. The unhappy victims hourly expected death from the hints they received during their removal, and their alarms were increased by hearing the report of cannon, and the wild imprecations of the mob; and, when the fearful massacre actually commenced, even hope itself, the last mortal comfort in adversity, vanished. Several times the gaoler entered the apartment, and told them that the People threatened to break in, but that they might be assured of protection, as the National Guard would defend them. This, however, was false; for not a soldier of the National Guard was present. About seven o'clock, he told them that the prisoners in all the other cells had been slaughtered; but, if they would cease talking, and extinguish their lights, they might have the good luck to be passed unnoticed. This advice they followed, but they only heard more distinctly the execrations of the people, and the groans of the dying.

The Abbé Godard had observed a window in the apartment, somewhat lofty, but still accessible. He was raised up to it, and perceived, underneath, a small courtyard, into which it was easy to descend. He apprized his companions of this discovery, who resolved to avail themselves of the chance of escape. The night was advancing, and every moment their situation became more perilous. The Marseillais, and the other tigers in human form, prowled round the spot where they had scented their prey, and collected at the gate in increasing numbers; several had offered to relieve Dreux, but he peremptorily refused, saying that he was not tired; and when some more importunate insisted on

taking his place, he made use of their own style of language, saying—"How do I know but that you want me to quit my post to betray the nation? Here I shall remain as a good patriot."

At length, towards midnight, the ferocious ruffians thronging all the avenues to the apartment in which the prisoners were confined, and demanding, with loud shouts, that they should be delivered up; the gaoler, fearing to lose his own life, approached the door against which Dreux was stationed. He merely moved enough to allow the arm of the gaoler to pass between the wall and his body. As he was putting the key into the key-hole, Dreux, who had rested the butt-end of his musket on the ground, pressed the end of his bayonet gently against his side, and looked at him with a pointedness of gesture, signifying that he now expected him to produce the order of Manuel. The gaoler took the hint, and, at the time that he withdrew the key, he took the order out of his pocket, and thus addressed the gang of assassins:—"Gentlemen, I must inform you, before opening the door, that I am the bearer of an order from M. Manuel, Procureur of the Committee, commanding me to release one of the prisoners now in this apartment."

"An order from M. Manuel!" instantly exclaimed Dreux. "M. Manuel is a Magistrate of the People and a good citizen; but I must see the order myself." He then took it from the hands of the gaoler, pretending to examine it and verify the signature; after which he read the contents with a loud voice, omitting the clause of the Abbé Godard not having given the bail for his citizenship, but dwelling strongly on the counter-signatures of Montmore, and other Agitators of the People, which were appended to the order; then putting the paper on the ground, that it might be seen by those nearest to him by torch light, (not one of whom, in all probability, could read,) he called on all of them to obey the commands of the magistrate. The gaoler opened the door, and called out—"M. Godard, come out; M. Manuel releases you." No reply. Dreux and his comrade repeated the summons at the top of their lungs. Still there was a profound silence. The Abbé was no longer in the apartment;—he had passed, with eight or ten others, through the window, and descended into the little court-yard.

The despair of Dreux, at this moment, must have been intense and heart-breaking. He could not persuade himself that his friend was out of the apartment. Seizing a torch, he traversed it, calling him by name, inspecting every corner, throwing the light on every countenance, and betraying by his emotions the personal anxiety he felt for a prisoner, whom, up to that moment, he pretended not to know. But he searched in vain, and saw all his efforts fruitless, and all his fondest expectations disappointed. Where could he find his benefactor? Was he yet alive, or had he been removed to one of the other apartments which the assassins had already dyed with blood? How resolve this appalling

incertitude ? At length his eye caught the window, and he then felt sure the Abbé had escaped through it. His next care was to ascertain what was below the window, and how he could reach the spot.

The lively interest that Dreux had displayed to find the Abbé Godard, and the evident chagrin he manifested at his want of success, at last rendered him suspected. Some of the brigands, by whom he was surrounded, communicated their suspicions to their confederates ; Dreux made no attempt to justify himself *verbally*, for he was sagacious enough to know that any such plea would only have increased his danger ; with a presence of mind truly astonishing, he rudely seized one of the unfortunate priests by the arm, and dragged him towards the door with menacing words and brutal gesticulation. This unhappy ecclesiastic, who had frequently seen Dreux at the Mairie, when visiting the Abbé Godard, imagined, naturally enough, that, as the young man could not save his friend, he would endeavour to save him instead. He warmly clasped the hand of his supposed deliverer. Dreux discovering the error by the gestures of the poor creature, experienced a mental pang not to be expressed by words ; but, firmly resolved to rescue his benefactor, he unloosened the hand of the priest, though he knew—powerless however to prevent it—that he would fall among the first victims. At this very moment, the general massacre commenced, and all in the apartment fell under the knives of the butchers.

Escaped himself from so imminent a danger, and followed at a distance by his companion and a third person—the tenant of the Abbé Godard, who, on his return from the country, had hastened to the Abbaye to ascertain his fate—Dreux now endeavoured to find the gate which led to the small court-yard. In his search he came to a narrow lane bounded by a low wall, which he supposed was the boundary of the court-yard ; a heap of stones thrown loosely against this wall, enabled him to look over it, and his conjecture was verified. By the moonlight he clearly saw eight or ten persons, among whom he recognised the Abbé Godard by his lofty stature. While he was making these observations, another man mounted on the same heap of stones, but with totally opposite intentions. He was armed with a musket, and about to fire into the group. Dreux still preserved his presence of mind, and, turning himself rapidly round, he struck the musket from the hands of the assassin, as through accident, and apologized to him for his awkwardness ; they then both descended together to find it, when Dreux gave him the slip. He immediately joined his two friends, and being now satisfied of the real situation of the Abbé, he posted himself at the gate which led into the court-yard. He would have remained there in a state of inaction, could he have done so ; but the People were collecting in that quarter, and the murderers had arrived. As he had no gaoler with him to restrain the mob, the assassins insisted on breaking open the door. Dreux, having

demanded and obtained silence, repeated the order of Manuel to those around him ; and as several of these had already heard it read, they promised to save the prisoner.

The door was now forced ; the name of Stephen Godard was called ; he seeing bayonets fixed and naked sabres, believed that he was about to rush on certain death, and that he was only distinguished from his companions to meet a more cruel fate ; for he had not yet recognised the voice of Dreux. We may imagine his surprise when he saw his friend, who, aided by his two companions, penetrated through the crowd, and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him through a small passage which led into the chapel. It was now one o'clock in the morning ; a meeting of the Section was about to be held ; the porter had closed all the gates, excepting that through which Dreux and his companions had entered. They were certain that the assassins would immediately pursue, into the chapel, those who might there seek shelter ; and indeed this happened within a few minutes afterwards. After many entreaties and menaces, they prevailed on the porter to open the great gate, and they then rushed forward, pretending that they were in pursuit of some run-a-ways, shouting "*Venez par ici ; ils sont par-là ! Vive la nation !*" They fortunately escaped another crowd, assembled, on the opposite side of the Abbaye, for similar purposes, and, finally, reached in safety the Rue Sainte Marguerite.

In thus saving his benefactor from so many dangers, Dreux was the instrument, under Providence, of performing another good action. A poor priest, who had fled, like them, into the chapel, and not knowing how to get out, was concealed behind the door ; on seeing them approach, took them for some of the assassins. This unhappy man had no hat, and wore the ecclesiastical costume, which circumstances greatly increased his personal danger, as well as the difficulty of those who might attempt to save him. He was a poor curate, arrested at fifteen leagues from Paris, by the Federals, in a *château* where he was on a temporary visit ; and for this public crime against the majesty of the People, he was incarcerated in the Abbaye. One of the young men gave him a hat, and he passed out, in the midst of the crowd, unobserved, in the darkness and tumult. As he had been thrown into prison immediately on his arrival at Paris, he was not provided with any lodging, and it was unsafe to take him to any public house ; at length, he remembered an acquaintance who lived at the Cloister of Saint Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, whither the tenant of the Abbé Godard conducted him safe and sound.

The authenticity of this narrative in all its details may be implicitly depended on, the writer having obtained the facts many years since from the Abbé Morellet, the intimate friend of the Abbé Godard, who related to him all the particulars of his wonderful escape.

JONATHAN DUNCAN.

Guernsey, Sept. 6, 1830.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, with an account of New Zealand. By W. Mann, Esq.

Dr Laing has left little to tell about New South Wales; and the Van Diemen's Land Almanac, and other recent publications, keep the public at home pretty well up with the current history of Van Diemen's Land; so that original information is not to be expected, save about the condition and prospects of the more recent settlements. After passing some sharp remarks on certain absurd regulations adopted by the commissioners for the colony of South Australia, Mr Mann writes:—

The worthy Commissioners who never saw Australia, seem to think that it is a terrestrial paradise, where there are neither rocks, sandy deserts, nor mountains, but that it is all a perfect Eden; so that, according to their first prospectus of this enchanting country, the products are described to be in *perspective*—"cotton, almonds, aniseed, bees'-wax and honey, barilla, cheese for India and China, carraway, cochineal, coriander, dried fruits, hops, vegetable oils, olives, citrons, oranges, and silk." These, of course, are principally articles of luxury; for as to the common produce of a less favoured land, they would not be at the trouble of enumerating them, being conscious, I presume, that the fertility of the soil, and the fine climate they describe, would refuse to produce such common articles as corn, or leguminous produce. In this opinion they were tolerably correct; for in the month of December last, although they had been then two years established in the colony, they had not *two acres* of corn in cultivation. I was told that there was some wheat sown in North Adelaide, where I went to see such a curiosity; and on arriving at the garden belonging to Mr Hack, I perceived that some wheat had been reaped—the straw remarkably short, and the grain shrivelled, and not half an average crop. I was informed that there was a much better specimen of wheat to be seen at a garden belonging to Mr Beare, which I had also the curiosity to inspect, and on my way met with a gentleman to whom I had been introduced at Adelaide, Surgeon Jameson, who had served under General Evans in his late Spanish campaign. He consented to accompany me; and after some difficulty, from the great distance at which the huts are asunder, we discovered the garden of wheat; it was too short for reaping, and a mower was endeavouring to cut it with a scythe; but it was so thin, that he could not form what is called, in farming phrase, a swathe; in consequence a man followed him with a rake, to collect the scattered heads of corn. From the high price of labour, which is seven shillings per day for a common labourer, it was our opinion that the produce would not pay the cost that produced it.

The travellers made their excursion to the mountains on foot, during weather with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. The report is—

On the first range there was good kangaroo grass; but the declivities were too precipitous for sheep, and the ravines were so narrow at the bottom, which appeared to be cut up by torrents in winter, that a person might step across from the base of one declivity to another. I should suppose that these hills might suit the experiment of rearing the Cashmere and Angora goat. The former produces about an ounce of fine silky wool, of which the famous Cashmere shawls are made; the latter, I believe, produces mohair; and for this purpose these hills might perhaps be worth one shilling per acre. Near, and on the summit of the range, the land is utterly valueless, except for the timber which it at present contains; being covered principally with loose stones and rocks, with little or no vegetation fit for animals of any kind. Some parts of the ranges are so steep that they would require scaling-ladders to ascend them. The morning being se-

rene and clear, we had a fine view of the surrounding country, until we arrived at a wooden house built by a Swede, in the style of his country, for a man named Crawford, who keeps a house of entertainment for passengers crossing these dreary regions.

They ascended Mount Lofty, and, from the summit, had a fine and extensive view. Mr Mann is all for Port Lincoln, and against the city and harbour of Adelaide. The present price of provisions is incidentally noticed:—

We were accompanied by two guides to the summit of Mount Lofty; one of whom, Peter Johnson, a Swede, stated that he could live better in Sweden on one shilling a-day than he could in South Australia for ten shillings a-day; for that every article and necessary of life was dear in proportion to the amount of the wages. The other guide was an Irishman, named Brennan, who earned good wages by felling and splitting timber for the use of the colony. They would not take any money for their trouble, stating that they had enough to supply their wants. We returned the following day to Adelaide, calling at a gentleman's house at the foot of the Tiers, who kindly gave us a refreshment. He had people engaged in sinking a well:—they had gone to the depth of 110 feet without procuring water. He and his brother had lately left India, bringing some coolies with them, who, they think, will suit the labour in the summer months better than English constitutions, in South Australia.

The cost of enclosing an acre of ground forming an allotment, in the city of Adelaide, was L.54:9s.; and a gentleman, holding an official situation, had paid L.300 for enclosing twelve acres, with the addition of a fence, formed of posts and rails, across it, and dividing it. But land cannot be cultivated safely until it is enclosed. Mr Mann met with a gentleman at Adelaide, lately from England, whose situation is, too probably, that of many.

He had been fortunate enough, as he thought, to get a preliminary section, and his brother another section, who had already gone there to take possession of it in time, lest others might have a previous selection. His hopes respecting realizing a fortune in a short time were such as a sanguine temperament, unalloyed with the reality of the case, is apt to imagine. I met him in Adelaide shortly after his inspection of the allotment, and he told me that his brother had selected both the allotments contiguous to each other, at the foot of the Tiers, on a large plain, but was at a loss to know what to do with them. To enclose them would be ruinous, and they were worth nothing without it for any purpose; and even then, with labour at the enormous rate of seven shillings per day, what was to be done? His brother had purchased a few sheep; but they were constantly straying away. He wanted to sell his allotment, but could get nothing for it; and requested his brother to dispose of it in the best manner he could, and to write to prevent the family from following them, which had been their intention, whilst he returned to Launceston in the same ship he had embarked in from thence, in despair of being able to do anything for himself or friends in South Australia.

The average range of Fahrenheit's thermometer during that part of the month of December, 1838, in which I remained at Adelaide, was 89° in the shade, and 110° in the sun, and this was only the second month of the Australian summer. The months of January and February are much warmer. Vegetation lingered. The produce of the gardens, except the melon and cucumber, appeared dry and parched. A hive of bees, which a passenger on board our ship had brought from Van Diemen's Land, seemed scarcely able to support itself with food, from the paucity of blossoms and flowers of plants and shrubs.

The parrot-tribe are various and beautiful, and the

water-fowl are abundant, and as various as in other parts of New Holland.

A report is given by our author, which was sent in by Mr Wood, Commander of the Queen's ship, Buffalo, to Governor Hindmarsh, and at his desire. It is most unfavourable, in every respect, to the harbour of Port Adelaide. It concludes thus:—

"In offering this statement, my best judgment has been used, aided by the experience of upwards of forty years in constant employment, out of which twenty-eight were passed in His Majesty's service, bearing the responsibility of Master in one or other ships of war, acting as pilot in all cases during that period, happily without an accident; which leads me to declare that I would not risk, or attempt to recommend, a vessel of more than between three or four hundred tons, or drawing more than twelve or thirteen feet, to use the harbour at present."

And such is the miserable place selected by the colonists. After escaping all the dangers and inconveniences pointed out by this experienced and skilful person, you at length arrive at a ditch, where you can only work at particular times of tide, which are exceedingly irregular. Fresh water is scarce and dear: the water for the Buffalo cost near £100, when put on board! What infatuation, then,—what madness must have possessed the people, who could prefer such a place to Port Lincoln, where there is plenty of fresh water, and where all the fleets of Great Britain could ride secure!

The present expense of conveying goods from the harbour to the city is nearly equal to the cost of their freight from England to South Australia. In December last, the Governor had issued orders for establishing a new port, four miles farther off from the capital, but much safer, and more convenient.

During a shower, one day, Mr Mann took shelter in one of the small mud huts on the side of the Torrens—the tiny stream which, at some seasons, runs briskly through Adelaide, but which, in summer, is dried up.

The hut consisted of only one room, in one end of which was a bed; a fireplace, in which were a few embers, occupied the opposite end: the gables were built with dried balls of earth, without any cement. The furniture consisted of only a few articles necessary for culinary purposes. I inquired of the woman of what trade was her husband. She replied that he was a boot-closer, but could get no employment; that she was a person who had been employed in London as a semstress; that her husband had gone out to try to get some work as a day-labourer, which, she said, he did not understand; and exclaimed, with a sigh, that London folk had no business there.

The way in which "speculating business" is done in this and other new colonies, is graphically described; and, upon the whole, the condition and prospects of South Australia are not, by this author's account, either flattering to emigrants or satisfactory to the present settlers.

The account of New Zealand, which the author has not visited, is a meagre compilation. The most interesting part of it is the correspondence of different natives with their late missionary teacher, Mr Yate, and other missionaries who have been labouring among them, not, as we have lately seen from Dr Lang's Letter on New Zealand, without their earthly reward. A chief, named Atua Haere, who had been converted to Christianity, was attempting, with others, to build a chapel or "House of Prayer." It fell down, and the chief writes to Mr Yate, the now disgraced head of the mission:—

And when the house of prayer was down, that I thought, in my thoughts, would be ready in two weeks for you and Mr Davis to come, and Mr Clarke and Hamlin to come and instruct us in, I cried; and my heart and my people's hearts were pained, and became dark; and we said, "It is no use, we cannot build a house large

enough;" and then you sent Kohuka, your son, whom you redeemed from slavery, to come and help us, and shew us how; and our hearts became light, and we went to work again, and the roof is now fast. Mr Yate, you must come to Kaikohi, Mura, and Wahanga, and Kaha, will come and carry your cloth-house [meaning a tent,] and clothes. Waha is gone into the wood to shoot some pigeons and tuis for you. I have a little pig, that I will kill when your horse appears in sight; and Piro's wife will wash your potatoes, because you do not have them cooked with the skin scraped. Come, and point out, and call those who are to go to Waimate, that you say you will baptize.—No more writing from Atua Haere to Mr Yate. Sit in peace. By Mura is this slate written; the words were spoken by ATUA HÆRE, sitting by the side of Kekeao, from Pukenui.

The next letter is from a man and his wife, who had been servants to some of the missionaries, and baptized by the names of Henry and Rebecca:—

From Henry and Rebecca Wahanga.

Father, Mr Yate.—Is the sacred Supper a remembrance of Jesus the Saviour's dying upon a tree for us—for me, and for my wife Rebecca, and for you? My soul is happy, because it knows of the love of God: and I wish to know something more, and to remember more of the great and good things which God hath done for me by Jesus Christ; and I want more to fulfil His will, and to do His bidding. My old heart is not carried away yet: it remains inside me: and when I am on my bed at night, my heart says, "Henry do something that is not good to-morrow;" and then my thoughts think about it; and then to-morrow I think about it again; and my native heart says, "Do it!" and I think again, and then I do it: and then my thoughts tell me I was wrong; and my heart tells me I am an unbelieving bad man: and then Satan comes, and tells me I am none of Jesus Christ's, but of his, and shall go to his place, and do his work for ever and ever. Mr Yate, what do you think? You have brought the Scriptures, printed, from the other side of the water, and I have got a book: and Rebecca says, I must read it to her when she is ill, bringing to the birth; and I must look into it every day, every day, and pray more to God when I am reading; and I shall soon altogether know what I am to do, or to be done with. Your heart, and Mr Kemp's, and Mr Davis', and all of yours, are always thinking good; but, as for ours!—! Rebecca says, this is to be Her letter and My letter; for they are our two's thoughts, and our hearts are one. This is all from us two, from HENRY WAHANGA, and REBECCA WAHANGA, to our father, Mr Yate, living at the Waimate.

From the Chief Hotaiwa to the Rev. W. Yate.

I send one of my slaves with this book, written for me by Thomas Reo, for Mr Yate, at the Waimate. Finished is the road through the wood, for your horse and you to come to my residence at Mangakahia. Come, come, come: we are waiting to hear you say, "It is a good road." Perhaps you will say it is good—perhaps bad. We were thirty-five men, three weeks and four days, and we all say, "No, no payment must we have for this work." It is a road for the Teachers to come to teach us, and tell us about Jesus Christ. This is our payment: this is our satisfaction. You have only been four times to Mangakahia: but now the road is made, you must come every moon, that we may not forget your words, nor your books, nor the Catechism which you teach us. Come soon, and hastily, our friend, Mr Yate. I have taken care of your axe and piece of soap.

Nor more writing from HOTAIWA to the Pracher of the Gospel, sometimes at Mangakahia, and sometimes at the Waimate.

From Temorenga to the Rev. W. Yate.

From Temorenga is this writing to Mr Yate. My two friends carry on their back, in two baskets, nine two's of fowls. They are a gift-for-nothing from me to you, for you to eat on board the man-of-war, when on the great sea. Be jealous and careful of the waves on the great sea. Oh, how great they were, when I went up to Mr Marsden's, at Port Jackson! Remember, that it was

Temorenga who sat in our verandah, at your house-door, and told you all about native men's ways. Do not forget who I am, and what I have said to you. Bring out one, two, three, perhaps more, Missionaries to go to the Southern Tribes, that there may be no more fighting between us here and them there. Bring your sister in the ship with you; and do not forget what I, Temorenga, have said, that you shall have house at the Manawenua, if the other natives should ever be turned against you, and they should not let the Missionaries live in the land. A native man's heart is very deceitful and very joking. Let my men, who carry the fowls for you to eat on board the man-of-war, carry me back one fig of tobacco, as my pipe is empty. Go in peace, and see your friends in England.

One man writes:—

I am very dark and sorry within me that a ship is going to sail with you in her from this native land. My wife has made some bands for parsons; and a pair of something for the wrists of English women, such as Mrs Matthews and Mrs Busby wear. You must give them in England to them that your heart says you love. Go in peace, Mr Yate: go, and do not be overtaken with storms and hurricanes. Go in peace to England, and leave us all to cry when you are gone. This is all my last slate to you, from me.

Even if all genuine, there must have been some little prompting at the filling of these "slates;" yet the epistles certainly discover something of the native mind.

One man writes:—

To the man whose name is Yate, and who comes to teach us here.

Here am I, sitting in the verandah of my house at Ohaiawai, thinking within me that I shall not see your face again, nor hear the sound of your horse's feet. The soles of his feet, with you upon his back, will not leave a mark behind them on my ground again till I am dead, and Paitaro is become the head Chief of Mangakaaukau.

A chief wrote thus to William IV. by the ship Buffalo:—

King William—Here am I, the friend of Captain Sadler: the ship is full, and is now about to sail. I have heard that you, sometime, were the captain of a ship. Do you therefore examine the spars, whether they are good, or whether they are bad. Should you and the French quarrel, here are some trees for your battle-ships. I am now beginning to think about a ship for myself; a native canoe is my vessel, and I have nothing else. The native canoes upset, when they are filled with potatoes and other matters for your people. I have put on board the Buffalo a mere pounamu and two garments: these are all the things which New Zealanders possess. If I had anything better, I would give it to Captain Sadler for you.

This is all mine to you—mine,

TITORE to WILLIAM, the King of England.

From Ate to the Rev. W. Yate.

Mr Yate—How do you do? Sick is my heart for a blanket. Yes, forgotten have you the young pigs I gave you last summer. My pipe is gone out, and there is no tobacco with me to fill it; where should I have tobacco? Remember the pigs which I gave you: you have not given me anything for them. Forgotten have you the ornaments that I took off my boy's neck and threw at your feet? Mr Yate, I do not forget you: my pipe is empty, there is nothing in it: give some tobacco to me, and give me a blanket also. I am your friend, and you are my friend; and I fed you with sucking-pigs; therefore, I say, do not forget. Speak my name to King William; tell him I am sitting in peace, and listening to you.

We are afraid that this Rev. gentleman, who would seem to be so very popular among the natives, is the same individual against whom certain black mysterious charges have been brought forward, and who has been dismissed in disgrace by the Missionary Society. If innocent, Mr Yate is certainly a deeply injured man.

Upon the whole, we cannot say that Mr Mann's book

adds much to the sum of existing knowledge respecting the Southern Colonies; yet his work should be perused, in common with everything written on the subject, by those who are meditating the important because generally irretrievable step of emigration.

Sketches in Ireland.

These Sketches are by the author of the amusing "Tour in Connaught," which we lately noticed—the Rev. Caesar Otway. Though prior in date to the "Tour," they are still, we believe, very little known in Britain. Ireland was, at the time they appeared, nearly a *terra incognita* to travellers; save, probably those choice bits, the county Wicklow scenery, and the Lakes of Killarney. The British people have made more progress towards intimate and amicable acquaintance with the sister island within the last seven years than in a whole previous century.

Though the agitation which produced and followed Catholic Emancipation, and the introduction of a new class of Irish representatives, have done their part, the press has accomplished, if not all, yet much of the good work in which it led the way. Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Banim, and others, had already acted as the national pioneers, and also as guides to Ireland; and in teaching us to know, taught us to love the Irish people. In the same good work, the author of these Sketches has borne his part; and although we, living beyond the influence of the ever-active causes of his jealousy and irritation, would like to see him display a little more indulgence even for the faults of his Roman Catholic brethren, Mr Otway is a true Irishman, and no Orangeman.

The Sketches are made in the picturesque and mountainous parts of Ulster, Cork, and Kerry; and they, like the "Tour," deal largely with local traditions, as well as living characters, and "manners as they rise." The following tale of the famous Sir Cahir O'Doherty may match with the wildest, though not the most ferocious of the Highland clan chronicles of Mr Gregory. The date is the reign of James I.

The plantation of Ulster had not as yet taken place; but already many Scots had settled themselves along the rich alluvial lands that border the Loughs Foyle and Swilly; and it was Sir Cahir's most desired end and aim to extirpate these intruders, hateful as strangers, detestable as heretics. He was the Scotman's curse and scourge. One of these industrious Scots had settled in the valley of the Lennan; Rory O'Donnell, the Queen's Earl of Tyrconnell, had given him part of that fertile valley, and he there built his bawn. But Sir Cahir, in the midst of night, and in Sandy Ramsay's absence, attacked his enclosure, drove off his cattle, slaughtered his wife and children, and left his pleasant homestead a heap of smoking ruins.

The Scot, on his return home, saw himself bereaved, left desolate in a foreign land, without property, kindred, or home; nothing his but his true gun and dirk. He knew that five hundred marks were the reward offered by the Lord Deputy for Sir Cahir's head. He knew that this outlaw was the foe that had quenched the fire on his hearth with the blood of his wife and little ones; and with a heart maddened by revenge, with hope resting on the promised reward, he retired to the wooded hills that run parallel to the Hill of Doune; there, under covert of a rock, his gun resting on the withered branch of a stunted oak, he waited day by day, with all the patience and expectancy of a tiger in his lair. Sir Cahir was a man to be marked in a thousand; he was the loftiest and proudest in his bearing of any man in the province of Ulster; his Spanish hat with the heron's plume was too often the terror of his enemies, the rallying point of his friends, not to bespeak the O'Doherty; even the high breastwork of loose stones,

added to the natural defences of the rock, could not hide the chieftain from observation.

On Holy Thursday, as he rested on the eastern face of the rock, looking towards the Abbey of Kilmacrenan, expecting a venerable friar to come from this favoured foundation of St Columbkille to shrieve him and celebrate mass, and as he was chatting to his men beside him, the Scotchman applied the fire to his levelled matchlock, and before the report began to roll its echoes through the woods and hills, the ball had passed through Sir Cahir's forehead, and he lay lifeless on the ramparts. His followers were panic-struck; they thought that the rising of the Scotch and English was upon them, and, deserting the lifeless body of their leader, they dispersed through the mountains. In the meanwhile, the Scotchman approached the rock; he saw his foe fall; he saw his followers flee. He soon severed the head from the body, and, wrapping it in his plaid, off he set in the direction of Dublin. He travelled all that day, and at night took shelter in a cabin belonging to one Terence Gallagher, situated at one of the fords of the river Finn. Here Ramsey sought a night's lodging, which Irishmen never refuse; and, partaking of an oatmeal cake and some sweet milk, he went to rest with Sir Cahir's head under his own as a pillow. The Scotchman slept sound, and Terence was up at break of day. He saw blood oozing out through the plaid that served as his guest's pillow, and suspected all was not right; so, alighting the tartan plaid, he saw the hair and head of a man. Slowly drawing it out, he recognised features well known to every man in Tyrconnell; they were Sir Cahir's. Terence knew as well as any man that there was a price set on this very head—a price abundant to make his fortune—a price he now was resolved to try and gain. So off Terence started, and broad Tyrone was almost crossed by O'Gallagher, before the Scotchman awoke to resume his journey. The story is still told with triumph through the country, how the Irishman, without the treason, reaped the reward of Sir Cahir's death. This was the last of the Irish rebellions that took place before the plantation of Ulster.

Sir Cahir's body was buried beside the rock. Tony O'Donnell, who accompanied us, shewed us his green grave, and seemed to hold the memory of this rebel in the respect due to his opposition to the English yoke and English religion.

The guide to the Chieftain of Tyrconnell's grave, (by name Tony O'Donnell,) was an adept in fairy lore. His tales are exact parallels to those which flourished in Scotland till within the last half century. The Ettrick Shepherd, and other competent authorities, attribute the decreasing power of the Good People, and, alas! their total disappearance, to the spread of the Gospel; but Tony O'Donnell has a theory of his own, which does not however, exclude the clergy.

"Why to what should it be owing but to yonder blessed well? From the day that Father Freel sanctified that holy water, the good people have scampered off; and, oh, but it was the world's trouble to Friar Freel to bless this well. He knew rightly that there was a holy well wanting in this quarter, and he prayed to St Patrick and to St Columbkille to tell him where he should find one that was proper to fix upon and bless. So the holy saints appeared to him in a dream, and desired him to go to six different wells and take six rushes with him, and dip a rush in each well, and then set fire to them, and whatever rush took fire and burned bright, as if it was dipped in rosin or tallow, that then the well in which the burning rush was dipped should be made holy for ever after.

"So according to these directions the good friar proceeded; he provided himself with rushes, and went and dipped them in the best spring wells of the country, and then he set fire to them, but not one of them would burn. At last he came to Doune, and here he dipped his rush, and the moment he took it out of the water and applied a coal of turf to it—why, my dear sowl, a blaze came from the wet rush as bright as from one of the tapers on

our chapel altar; and it continued burning clear and steady the whole day and next night. So here Father Freel stopped, he fasted and prayed six days and six nights, going round the well on his bare knees, and this being finished, the sanctity of it has grown in grace, and character and virtue, ever since. At first it was only good for the cure of cattle, the murrain and the black-leg; and then it came on to cure horses of mange, strangles, and surfeits; but now it cures Christians; and look, sir, at all these crutches stuck round the well: look at these hand-barrows. I saw myself with my two eyes, the bed-ridden come here on these crutches, and they went away, after going their rounds, as straight and nimble as you or I, and they left these things behind, as well they might, to prove and to certify God's wonders done unto them at this holy well.

"Sir," said he, "the black-mouthed Presbyterians there below on the Lennan, are forced to confess and believe in the wonders of this well. Not long ago, a bitter psalm-singing Presbyterian, who farms part of the townland of Drumgarron, his name is John M'Clure; he used to laugh at us poor Catholics as we passed him by, going to this blessed spot—Oh! it would make your flesh creep to hear all he said, turning the sacred well into game; but one spring, just as we were going to labour the ground for the barley, his horses took the mange, and they got so lean that they were dropping off their standing; they could not plough his field, they were unable to crawl to the bog to bring home a creel of turf. He tried brimstone with them, but it did not do; all the tobacco-water and sulphur in Derry had no effect; so, says he, half joke half earnest, to his neighbour Jerry M'Swine, 'I'll go to the well of Doune and wash my horses with your holy water, and who knows but the saint will cure a Presbyterian's horse as well as a Catholic's cow.' So off he set with his horses, and he brings a pail with him to lift the water, and when he came near the well, as he could not lead his horses close to it by reason of the bog, he tied the cattle to a stone, and down he went to fetch the water, and raising it with his pail, off he set to dash it over his horses. But, my dear honey, he had not gone ten steps from the well, when the pail, as if it had no bottom, let out all the water; back he goes again, but no better was his bad luck, he might have been lifting the water until Lady Day, and yet not one drop of the blessed liquor would the heretic be permitted to carry, it stole out of the pail as it would out of a sieve; at length, of a sudden, dimness came over the man's eyes, and it would make you laugh to see Johnny M'Clure wandering about the bogs as blind as a beetle, tumbling into the bog-holes, rolling and weltering in the mud. At length fear came on the man, and the grace of God gave him a good thought, and he vowed to the blessed Mary and the saints, that if he recovered his sight he would go to mass on next Sunday. The moment he said this, he saw his eye-sight come; up he bounced, ran to the well and took a hearty drink, and he became as good a Catholic, and as happy a man, as ever you saw; immediately he took up the pail, lifted it full of water, which the pail now carried as staunch as need be, and a Catholic neighbour making the sign of the cross while he washed the horses with the water, in a hand's turn, (as I may say,) they became as clean and sound as a trout, and Jack M'Clure went home, his cattle cured, and he a good Catholic, which he remained to his dying day."

This story Tony O'Donnell told with all theunction of perfect faith—I verily believe he placed a full reliance on the truth of what he narrated. This well is in the highest odour of credit in this vicinity—its efficacy is notorious in sundry ways. One virtue it has for which its fame deserves to extend beyond this mountain district—good housewives use it as a sovereign and certain alexipharmic against infidelity in husbands; nothing need be done but keep a bottle of this sacred water well corked under the bed's head, and the good man of the house remains as he should be, true and faithful. A valuable well is not this? and highly to be prized this anti-jealousy water—pity it is so little known beyond these hills; even Protestant ladies are known to

rely on and to experience the full efficacy of this simple remedy against a very troublesome evil.

The Sketcher speculates rather facetiously, for one of his grave calling, on the utility of opening a trade with London and Paris, in this precious and peace-making fluid. To the pilgrims whom he saw crawling around the well, he doubts not that a drop of *poteen*, to be got in a neighbouring cabin, a dash of the *elixir illegalis*, considerably furthers the sanative and other blessed effects of Father Freel's potent elixir.

We never before had any proper idea of the prowess and early feats of the misanthropic St Columbkil, who, in his own northern province, out-Heroded the great St Patrick; and particularly in cursing "the varmint." Some odd anecdotes may be found in this volume of conversions to the Church of Rome. One man was driven into its bosom by the humorous and mischievous ghost or spirit of his father, which the priest, when at last applied to by the haunted Protestant, could not undertake to lay, unless the applicant, *Terry M'Cullum*, becomes a good Catholic. The story was told to the SKETCHER by his friend's herd, Amy M'Ilwee, among many others equally wonderful. The Irish Hamlet—driven nearly distracted by his father's spiteful spirit,—“the most mischievous that ever came out o' Purgathory,” said Amy, “breaking the heads of the men, and doing all manner of damage to the glass, pewter, and *chany*; throwing soot into the punch, and so forth—applied to Father Phelim the priest.”

And to be sure he received Jerry M'Cullum in his parlour most genteelly.

“What's your business with me, Mr M'Cullum?”

“Why, father, I suppose you have heard of my sore troubles, and how I have neither prosperity by day, nor rest by night. My father's ghost is sure to be the ruin of me.”

“But why, Mr M'Cullum, should you come to me? You were never under my knee—you were never at my mass—you have lived without my sacraments—you have paid me no DUES—you keep no more fasts than a dog—and the church holds you as a heathen and a publican. WHAT HAVE YOU TO DO WITH ME, MR JERRY M'CULLUM?”

“Och! but father dear, do but come this once and lay this cruel ghost, and I promise you that I and all belonging to me will go to mass, and do your bidding all the days of our lives.”

“Do you say so?” says the priest. “Will you give me your Bible oath, that neither you nor yours, in *secula seculorum*, will ever darken a church or meeting-house door? that you will come to my altar, fast on Friday, come to confession at Easter, and take and conform to the rosary of the Virgin? Swear, I say, by the cross and by this book, you will thus mind my bidding, and come home to the open arms of our mother the church, and I will go in the name of the Virgin, St Patrick, and St Columbkil, and lay the ghost in the Red Sea.”

“Jerry swore and crossed himself willingly; and that very night the priest proceeded in his vestments, and with his breviary and his bell, and a bottle of holy water, and the clerk of the chapel bearing two holy candles. He marched up and down the house; he read all the sacred Latin prayers; he challenged and he chid the ghost; he commanded it with a strong voice to return to its own place, for the work was done, and there was no more occasion for it to walk under the moon; and then the holy man closed his book, and ordered the holy water to be sprinkled; the bell was rung, the blessed candles were put out; and from that day to this, Jerry's house is quiet, and he and all his seed and breed are good Catholics.”

Amy told me this with much feeling; and, in the ardour of his religion, and in the interest of his story, he forgot he was speaking to a Protestant.

A visit to an island lake in Glen Veagh, where there was a manufactory of poteen in constant operation, is too true to nature to be agreeable; but this picturesque glen contains something better; and if the Joyce country boasts of its Big Jack Joyce, the mountains of Donegal and Glen Veagh, may well, in Jack M'Swine, brag of a still finer specimen of the true Irish rural gentleman of the olden time.

I cannot take leave of Glen Veagh, without calling to mind a visit we paid to a characteristic dweller of this singular and solitary scene. In a sunny nook, where a dark deep ravine expanded itself into a little grassy valley, affording room for a potato garden and a small meadow, and beside a small garrulous brook, rose a cabin—I dare not call it a cottage, for that supposes comfort, and associates cleanliness, neatness, the woodbine bower, the rose-covered lattice, with its idea—and such a spot on Ulleswater or Windermere would have been blessed and beautified with these accompaniments; but here we had no such amenities—the grunt of a starving sow, the growl of a gaunt greyhound, were the sounds that accosted us as we bent our heads to enter the narrow aperture that served almost as much for a chimney as an entrance. But when you entered, things bore a somewhat more satisfactory appearance; there was better furniture than is generally to be seen in an Irish cabin; some old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, some old carved, oaken, brass-mounted chests; a decent dresser, on which were ranged some pewter dishes and plates; implements of fishing were suspended along the walls, and a long French musket, its barrel mounted with brass, hung right over the immense mantel-piece of the chimney that jutted out almost into the centre of the apartment; above the gun was on old mezzotint print of the Holy Family, after Raphael, and over that again an old armorial bearing, on which you could observe a salmon, a lion passant, and a bloody hand, all well smoked. Beneath the canopy of the immense chimney, and beside the hob, in a comfortable high-backed chair, made of straw in the manner of a bee-hive, sat Jack M'Swine, the master of the mansion. He rose apparently with pain as we entered. I thought he would never cease rising, so slowly did he unbend his extraordinary height, and with apparent difficulty, as suffering under rheumatic pains, he advanced to meet my friend, whom he accosted with all the ease of an old gentleman, and all the cordiality of an ancient Irishman. All the lower classes of Irish are particularly civil and attentive to you when you enter their houses; I never in any of the provinces entered under a poor man's roof that I was not received with the smile of pleasure and the language of benignity, the best seat wiped, and offered for my acceptance, the pig expelled, the dog punished if he dared to growl at my entering. But here was even something better than this, for there was the Irish heartiness adorned with the urbanity of a gentleman; if he were the lord of a palace he could not have received us with more kind and unembarrassed courtesy, than did this dweller of the lonely mountain hut; and when I was introduced to him as one who had come from Dublin to see and admire the beauties of Glen Veagh, nothing could exceed the anxious kindness with which he expressed his desire to do everything to further my views; he lamented he had not a boat; that his fowling convenience and fishing tackle were not in trim for our use: in short, he seemed to feel a double pang that he was a poor man. But who was Jack M'Swine? The lineal descendant of the ancient sept of the M'Swines, who, next and only inferior to the O'Donnells, possessed a large portion of Tyrconnel. Our friend of Glen Veagh maintained that he was the M'Swine na Doo—the Caunnny or head of the family—and surrounded by poverty as we saw him, the dweller of the wretched hut, without one shilling of income, with nothing to live on but the produce of his potato garden, and the milk of a few cows that ranged the mountains, yet Philip the Second of Spain, ruling over dominions on which the sun never set, was not prouder in his bearing, or richer in the recollections of his Austrian ancestry, than this fading

shadow of an Irish Tanist. The man literally lived, moved, and had his being as dependent on his family associations; and still life was only supportable under the one hope which he cherished. Amidst chilling discouragements, insurmountable obstacles, and endless rebuffs, he had now come to the verge of the grave; gray he stood and tempest worn, like one of the withering oaks on the side of Glen Veagh, and still he put forth the leaf and struggled for existence, hoping against hope. The M'Swines, as proprietors of a large portion of the mountain district of Donegal, had usually sided with the O'Neills against the O'Donnells; and O'Neill's demand of sixty cows as tribute from O'Donnell, was often enforced by the assistance of M'Swine; and when James I. conquered the O'Donnells, and escheated their lands, as a reward to M'Swine for his opposition to this chieftain, his mountains, perhaps because not worth confiscating, were left to him in peace; and in the following reign of Charles, when the execrable rebellion of 1641 broke out, the M'Swine, for some reason, did not join in it. There was no proof of massacre or murder against him, and the act of Settlement left him his property as an innocent Papist. Here then, down to the present century, the M'Swines lived, the lords paramount of these glens and mountains, in barbarous and profuse hospitality—here, surrounded by followers and retainers, amidst fosterers and coherers, their hall full of horse-boys, and dog-boys, and cow-boys—all idlers, all gentlemen; all disdaining any trade or occupation—fishing, fowling, hunting, or fighting by day; feasting, quarrelling, and carousing by night—thus the M'Swines, from father to son, lived: borrowing money, and mortgaging one mountain tract or line of sea coast after another. This is the common history of an Irish Castle-Rackrent family, and thus the common fate of the Sir Thadys and Sir Condys of Ireland attended the M'Swines, and our poor friend Jack came into the world the inheritor of his forefathers' name, pride, recollections, and imprudences; but alas! his lands had all vanished, and become, under foreclosed mortgages, the properties of families who possessed the low-born English and Scotch propensity of foresight and frugality; and still Jack M'Swine clung to the hope and expectation of recovering some of his alienated lands; he told us how certain tracts were illegally conveyed away from him by his father, and he besought me with all the anxiety of a man who was catching at vague impossibilities, that I would search the records in Dublin Castle for him, and make out his title. No one could possibly have seen this fine old man, so tall, so meagre, and yet so decent in his coarse attire, and so urbane and so gracious in the old-fashioned manner of the last century, without wishing that some portion of the wide domains of his ancestors was restored to him, and that his gray hairs might descend in decency to the grave; or rather, it would better become my desire and my prayer to turn these immoderate hopes, those ceaseless anxieties from such unreal fancies, from these fallacies of earthly ambition, to seek a property in a better country. . . . Every year this hearty old Milesian comes down from his mountain glen, and spends a day at the hospitable glebe-house of my friend, and he regularly brings to the younger part of the family an appropriate present; a gift which, from the remotest times, a king might accept, and a noble might bestow—a young eagle or jerr-falcon of the true hunting breed, from the cliffs of Glen Veagh. Before I left the country, this genuine gentleman brought me such a present, as a grateful recompense (the only one he could bestow) for the hearty interest and attention which I, as he said, condescended to take in the fallen fortunes of poor John M'Swine.

Of all the "strong" or "thick" bloods in Ireland, none is thicker or more fiery and proud than that which fills the veins of the numerous decayed scions of the royal race of the "O'Sullivans." An old gentleman, who lived near Ardghill, is our author's authority for the following capital illustration of a sort of pride by no means peculiar to Ireland. We have seen it equally rampant, and nearly as ridiculous, in certain parts of our own country.

When new roads were forming near Bearhaven, the old gentleman, who tells the tale, happened to pass by a small party of labourers, just at their dinner hour—all were sitting sociably together, consuming their humble but warm meal, which their wives and families had brought—but one was sitting apart and alone disconsolate on a rock.

"How comes it, my honest fellow, that you are not as well provided as your neighbours, have you no wife to bring you your dinner?"

"Troth, then, it is I that have a wife, and that's the case as why my dinner is not after coming."

"O poor woman! I suppose she is lying in, or she is sick?"

"Arra masha, not at all, your Honour; troth she is neither sick, nor sore, nor sorry—I'll be bound, master, she is as big and as brave a body as any man's wife from Bear to Bantry; but I'll tell you, master, what's the matter—she's a lady."

"A lady—why, what do you mean by a lady?"

"Arra now don't you know—sure, she's of the thick blood, she comes of the O'Sullivans."

"Well, but lady as she is, the O'Sullivans must eat—she's not above dining—she has mouth and teeth like other people."

"Oh! then it is she that has. At—och, then, let Biddy O'Sullivan alone for that; a better man than ever I was, she would ate out of house and home; and then, sir, she would break the bank in drinking *tay*. But though, sir, she will ate dinner with me—aye, and after me—she is not the one to bring it to a poor body that's after working all the day—that would be bringing down her quality stomach too much, your honour—by this pipe I hold in my fist, she would as soon carry Sugar Loaf on her head, or Hungry Hill in her hand, as bring me (and I have been a good man to her) my dinner."

"This is a strange story, friend."

"Strange is it?—why it's as true as you are there."

"Well, but if she don't work or go abroad, she is surely a good wife at home—she knits your stockings, she mends, she makes for you."

"Och, the sorrow one stitch—knit my stockings, wash, mend, make, for me! May I never sit under Father Mahony's knee, or ever see mass, if one hole in my stockings she ever darned, or even one needful of thread did she ever fill in mending or making for me."

"It would appear, then, that you have a heavy bargain of this lady-wife of yours."

"Why, what signifies complaining? sure she's mine, and it's the will of God, and that's enough. But barkee, your honour, (and here the poor fellow lowered his voice to a whisper, and inclined his head towards my ear, lest any of the royal O'Sullivans should overhear,) by the powers, if it were to be done over again, I'd sooner go on board a man-of-war, and live under a cat-o'-nine-tails, than be married to a LADY."

Though his Reverence is desperately anti-Catholic and anti-Whiggish, his genuine patriotism and kindness of heart keep him right upon many important points. The Marquis of Lansdowne and Trinity College, Dublin, have each immense estates in Kerry; those of the Marquis having been granted to his ancestor on the express condition of "keeping out" or rather expelling the *Tories*, and planting the country with good Protestants, as every old Whig might be supposed right willing to do. The respective properties of the Whig Peer and the Most Protestant University lie on opposite sides of the river. As our traveller drove slowly along, he observed—

That his Lordship's lands were much better cultivated; the farms better stocked; the cabins fewer; more grass land; what houses appeared were of a better description than on the Collegiate lands; and on alighting to walk up a hill, I entered into chat with a poor sickly-looking fellow, who was going towards Nedeem. There is no countryman in Ireland so easy, or I would say so polished in his address and manners as a Korryman. I was really surprised, as I passed through the country, to receive the

swers and procure directions fraught with civility and intelligence, superior much to what I have met elsewhere. With the man in question I had a good deal of conversation, as he was going my road.

"Are you, my good friend, a tenant of Lord Lansdowne?"

"Ah, no, sir, and more is my loss. No, sir, if it were my luck to be under the great Marquis, I would not be the poor, naked, sinking crathur that I am. His Lordship allows his tenants to live and thrive—he permits no middlemen to set and re-set, over and over again, his estate—he allows no Jack of a Squireen to be riding in top-boots over the country, drinking and carousing on the profits of the ground, while the poor rackd tenant is forced, with all his labour, often to go barefooted, and often to live and work on a meal of dry potatoes. No, sir—look across the river there—look yonder at that snug farmer's house—there the man's forefathers lived, and there he himself and his seed after, will live and do well, paying a moderate rent, and there's no fear at all of their being disturbed."

"Well, but, my friend, on your side of the river, is it not the same?—to be sure I see not so much comfort, I see many, very many poor cabins."

"Oh, sir, how could it be otherwise? There are twenty landlords between the college and the man who tills the ground—the land is let, re-let, and sub-let—it is halved and quartered, divided and sub-divided, until the whole place will become a place of poverty and potato gardens. I have four acres of land: how can I live and rear my children, and pay thirty shillings an acre off that?—and I am subject to have my pig, or the bed from under me, canted by one, two, three, four—och, I do not know how many landlords—and now I am going to Nedeem, to get some physic from the 'poticary; for the dry potatoes, master, agree but poorly with my stomach in the spring of the year. Och, then, it's I that wishes that the great college, that does be making men so larned and so wise, would send down some of those larned people here, just to be after making their own poor tenants a little happier, and a little easier." I left this poor man uttering what I fear are unavailing regrets.

Now, we give Mr Otway infinite credit for these remarks, and commend this and all his books as among the most pleasant and good-humoured Irish Sketches of the day.

The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.

The lovers of romance, and of tales of heroic "true love," will not easily forgive Cruikshank for desecrating or profaning a fine, old, and favourite ballad, by his too—too clever illustrations. Parody and Travesty, whether perpetrated by pen or pencil, have, like Satire, their legitimate province; and, however it may fare with the young gentlemen vocalists who nightly perform in the Free and Easy Clubs or the Wine Vaults at Battle Bridge, the national ballad poetry, hallowed by time and affection, ought to be sacred to men of genius. Were two young persons, both familiar from childhood with the real ballad of *Lord Beigham* or *Young Beckie*—of which this illustrated ballad is a vile travesty—to see that travesty for the first time, the one with merely a gratified sense of the comic and exquisitely ludicrous, the other with disgust, which even the talents of Cruikshank could not conquer, we know of which youth's heart and intellect we should augur the most highly. A jury, of which Mr Wordsworth was the foreman, that should try this offence, would give it wholly against Cruikshank. Even Charles Lamb, with his strong love of sly fun, could not have pardoned this outrage. "Gilbert! Gilbert!" would have sounded in his ears, and true love and gentle courtesy have shamed the ribald parody. So, next time that he employs his facile pencil, we wish Mr Cruikshank, with equal felicity of illustration, a more becoming subject. Who could endure—to take not very

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dissimilar instances—to see "The Babes in the Wood," "Clerk Saunders," "Chevy Chase," or "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," treated in this burlesque style?

Dangers and Evils of Modern Medical Quackery.

By Charles Cowan, M. D.

A better service to the public could not be performed by a professional man, than the exposure of medical quackery. In this pamphlet, something is done, though the field is not nearly exhausted. The recent very successful quack, St John, is instanced. His successor in public favour, according to Dr Cowan, is Morrison. Several cases of death, from the use of Morrison's Pills, are mentioned; and no fewer than three trials and convictions of his agents for manslaughter are recorded. One at York, one at Hull, and the case of Captain Mackenzie in London, are mentioned as having occurred between 1834 and 1836, besides several inquests held on persons who, it was found, had died from the use of Morrison's Pills. Dr Cowan remarks—"If the publicly-convicted instances are so numerous, the reader may imagine what the real fatality in Great Britain, and elsewhere, must have been." It is stated, from *The Medical Gazette*, that Salmon, the tobacconist, the accredited agent of Morrison, who was convicted of manslaughter for having dosed to death Captain Mackenzie with the Universal Medicine, afterwards split from his employer, upon the ground of the badness of the pills, which, he stated, were slovenly prepared, very carelessly mixed, and, consequently, of very unequal strength. He then united himself to Messrs Bygrave and Hall—the former Mr Morrison's footman, the latter a carpenter, accidentally employed in the premises of the great pill-maker—and, forming a coalition, in the most patriotic manner offers to supply the public with the *only genuine Morrison's Pills!* Pills more truly Morrisonian than Morrison's own!" An appendix describes the composition of the more popular patent medicines. Morrison's Pills are said to be compounded of gamboge, colocynth, aloes, squills, cream of tartar, and ginger—No. 2 containing three times as much gamboge as No. 1. "Those who take the largest doses, and persevere the longest in the use of the pills, reap the most benefit!"

Comstock's Natural Philosophy.

This work has been much admired among the practical teachers of Natural Philosophy in the United States; and Mr George Lees, a lecturer upon these subjects in Edinburgh, has considered the work of Dr Comstock worthy of being introduced into this country, from combining the two grand requisites in every elementary book—"simplicity and precision." He has recast some of the chapters, and added some important new ones.

Essays on Government.

These essays are the production of a man of liberal and sound, if not of very far-reaching or original views. But a good tale is not the worse of being twice nor ten times told; while a sober political sermon, to take effect, must, we apprehend, be preached over and over hundreds of times.

Todd's Students' Manual.

We have an idea that, on some previous occasion, we recommended this American re-print to the attention of our readers. It is a plain, sensible, and thoroughly practical treatise, written in a lively style, and pregnant with matter which is especially valuable to young men. This new edition is published in Lancaster, and at a very cheap rate.

Lepage's French Master for the Nursery.

Another work to facilitate to young children the acquisition of the French language. It is, however, as much a first class-book as a nursery volume. By the time that children begin to conjugate verbs, the era of *asks* has fairly commenced, and then adieu to the playful learning of the nursery. It then becomes labour in downright earnest to learn a foreign language; and, by the combination of vocabulary, lessons, and introduction to grammar, this little volume is well adapted to that object.

Every Lady her own Flower-Gardener. By Louisa Johnson.

A sensible and practical small compilation this, giving excellent plain directions for the management of the parterre, the small rural flower-garden, or suburban *front-pot*. It is well worth the attention of those, whether ladies or gentlemen, who, loving flowers, find it necessary to indulge their taste at little or no expense, save of that pleasant labour which should be named recreation. The authoress appears to have both a theoretical and personal acquaintance with floriculture. If some gardener would let ladies know whether the cleanly manure of bone dust be suitable for flowers, it would be useful. We fear they will not relish the compost recommended here.

Canada.

Mr Wright, the editor of the "Parliamentary History," has taken the trouble to arrange all the debates which took place in the House of Commons in the year 1774, about giving a constitution to the then newly-acquired provinces. Burke, then the agent for New York, was one of the principal speakers on the Liberal side. The compilation has great present interest, from the still unsettled state of these provinces. There is now, however, some probability that the British Parliament will be spared the trouble of giving them a Constitution, by their finding one for themselves.

Temptation; or a Wife's Perils. 3 vols.

This is a novel of great literary merit; but, we fear, that even a more canting preface than the author has found, will not save it from condemnation. The perils of the *wife* arise from the usual causes—marrying, as girls so often do, from the mingled motives of vanity, ambition, and the desire of obliging their wise relations; without love or respect for a husband who is not calculated to inspire either. The lovely heroine is, nevertheless, of that gentle, affectionate, devoted, and beautifully feminine nature, which more exposes an unattached wife to peril or Temptation, than if she possessed not one womanly or amiable quality. She is, after all, saved by a mere accident. The moral of the story ought to have been placed, not in her escape, but in the folly and danger of—without love, without esteem, without choice or preference—entering, for the term of life, into a relation which calls for the accordance of many tastes and feelings to place the contracting parties above the reach of "temptation and peril," by making their happiness depend upon their union. How true is it in every condition of existence, that if adversity has its uses, happiness is the kindest element of virtue; and that those who risk their happiness, as every unsuitably married man or woman must infallibly do, bring their virtue into manifest peril. We are not now going to enter into the question of the moral tendency of this novel, which, to say the least of it, is not bracing; but we may say emphatically, that here is the genuine utterance of passionate feeling. This *is* love that the tempted Helen feels; there is no mistaking its signs.

Alas, that what is so profound and so true should yet be lawless!

Campbell's Life of Mrs Siddons.

A cheap reprint of this pleasing piece of biography has appeared, without, so far as we have noticed, either addition or alteration. It is not a little surprising that none of the great critics have yet found out the gentlemanly ease and beautiful transparency of Mr Campbell's prose style. This memoir is another proof of what was sufficiently evident before.

Lord Leigh's Collected Poems.

After the good and graceful example of so many "pretty fellows in their day," Lord Leigh has here gathered together the poetic fancies and enthusiastic day-dreams of his youth, and the chastened, classical, and masculine effusions of his maturer years, and, with merely the addition of an exceedingly modest and unaffected preface, bestowed his literary legacy upon his countrymen. They will not fail to appreciate it as it merits. Lord Leigh has himself that warm appreciation of whatever is most elevating in English literature, and in the philosophy of poetry, which would make his own verses of value were it only from what they recall and reflect. There is great moral dignity in the graver of the epistles, and everywhere an expansive spirit of humanity. Glowing and cheerful views of social improvement are clothed in beautiful language; so that this lord is not a namby-pamby versifier, but "writes all like a man." The poem entitled the "Spirit of the Age," might have formed a graceful addition to our chapter of Radical poetry in our August No. Lord Leigh is a warm friend to the independence of Poland, to trampled Italy, and to the brave tribes of the Caucasus, now striving to the death against Russian arms, and Russian arts and gold, to maintain their rank as a free people. Finally, he is a Whig, and something more.

British Naval Biography.

A cheap useful compilation, giving an account of our naval heroes, from Howard to Codrington, in one well-filled small volume. It aims at doing justice to the merits and claims of every eminent sea-captain, and gives due importance, in its space, to the achievements of Nelson.

Smith's Standard Library.

Several good additions have been made to this handsome collection, both in prose and poetry. Among these is "The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini;" a rare work, certainly, though we should doubt of its extensive popularity in this country. One of the most valuable of these reprints, is Miss Sedgwick's pretty story of "Home"—one of the sweetest homely pictures of domestic life among the middle classes of New England which it is possible to imagine, and one full of the instruction which makes a way to the heart. How much happiness were ensured for themselves, and how much of whatever is most blessed conferred upon society, would our ambitious middle class govern their households and educate their children upon the principles of Mr and Mrs Barclay. "Humble, industrious, modest, quiet, neat"—refined in their feelings and manners, and simple and frugal in their living, the New England printer's family fully realize Wordsworth's ennobling household canon—

PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING.

The printer is a master in his trade; but his wife's only domestic *help*, with her large family, is the faithful Martha. A venerable mother-in-law, and a dependent maiden sister, form part of the family and of the elements

in its moral and social operations. The girls of the family, are early trained to active, cleanly, and neat habits; and while they discharge every household office, have the manners of ladies, and receive an education much superior to that of those who conventionally receive the name.

Four Ways to Paris, and Paris itself.

A small hand-book, describing the customary routes from England to the French metropolis. Fully as much attention is paid to the *cafés* and restaurants as if the English went abroad only to taste French dishes and drink French wines. A few of the pages, filled with the ordinary tavern *cartes* and the list of wines, might be applied to some better purpose. There seems a great want of a respectable English eating-house in Paris, conducted like the best of those in London; and such an establishment would probably meet with ample encouragement.

The Rhine—Legends, Traditions, and History.

By Joseph Snowe, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

These two elegant volumes may be described as a kind of prose-epic, of which the *Rhine* is the grand theme, and which embraces an infinity of episodes. Thus, each town, village, church, and castle of the Rhine, is accompanied by its appropriate legend, and romantic or historical tradition; so that the most insatiable lover of this kind of lore—even Sir Walter Scott himself, were he alive to rejoice over the collection—might be satisfied at last. It affords a mine for the lovers and the compounders of romantic fiction, melo-dramas, and tales.

Letters from Germany and Belgium.

We need say the less of these entertaining sketches, as several of them appeared in this Magazine, a certain proof of our high opinion of their merits. They are now collected and improved, and form an exceedingly agreeable *mélange littéraire*.

An Analysis of a Hundred Voyages to India. By Henry Wise.

A book of tables and figures, interesting to all concerned in the improvement and spread of steam-navigation, and, in particular, to ship-owners and merchants: a pretty comprehensive list this. It will be understood that the work is not one for the idle reader, seeking only amusement; it has a specific and most important national object.

Magazine for the Blind.

Acting upon the discovery of raised or tangible letters, in which different small works have already been printed for the use of the blind, a Magazine has been projected for this interesting portion of society, the first Number of which is on our table. It appears in York. The excellence of its object must ensure this small publication universal good-will; so that, whether it be found successful or not, which the necessary expense makes doubtful, it is certainly deserving of a fair trial.

Memoirs of the Life and Labours of Robert Morrison, D.D. Compiled by his Widow.

The outline of the life of this Christian missionary and eminent Chinese scholar must be pretty generally familiar to the British public, which will be a preparative to the simple memoirs principally compiled from her husband's diaries and correspondence, which Mrs Morrison has laid before the world with affectionate simplicity. The perusal of the volumes leaves upon the reader's mind a highly favourable impression of the amiable and estimable personal character of their subject, and does away

with the prejudice which some worthy persons have entertained against Dr Morrison for deserting his first post and accepting secular employment. If he ceased to act as a missionary, he never lost sight of missionary objects.

A New General Biographical Dictionary. By the late Rev. Hugh James Rose. Edited by the Rev. Henry J. Rose. Part I.

The particular feature of this new Dictionary is to give many names and dates in small bounds. Like all new compilations, it is meant to supply a want, and to be more complete and accurate than all that have gone before it in the same walk. We see no reason to doubt that it may fulfil those conditions, especially as, in every previous work of this description, there is abundant room for improvement.

The Book of the People.

A translation of the eloquent and philanthropic ravings of the Abbé de La Mennais has appeared in Glasgow. It is executed with accuracy and spirit.

Miss Roberts's Ten Minutes' Advice to the Outward-Bound.

This is a guide and advice-book to every one going to India, in whatever capacity, and one which is applicable to every variety of circumstance, from the Cadet, and the young lady "going out to her friends," with certain unwhispered ulterior expectations, to the Governor-General, his lady, and suite, proceeding to the East in state. The *outfit*, the comfort of the voyage, domestic economy, travelling, clothing, furnishing, cooking, care of health, useful information, and economical directions about ordinary affairs, and judicious counsel in matters affecting the more important interests of life, all find a place; and the book altogether we consider indispensable to an inexperienced individual going out to India, and useful to every one connected with that country.

A Summary of the Doctrines of the Papal and Protestant Churches. By William VEVERS.

The religious doctrines of the Roman Catholics do not appear to advantage in this *brochure*; but this we leave to the learned writers of the *Dublin Review*, if it be considered worthy of their attention. One specimen sufficed for us. A list of the price of pardons is first given from the Tax-book; as 10s. 6d. for a priest keeping a concubine, and £1 : 7s. for forging the Pope's hand; 7s. 6d. for a layman murdering a layman; £2 : 5s. for marrying in times prohibited, and so forth; and then it is gravely stated—"this tax-book has been asserted to be a forgery, but a defence of its genuineness is inserted in *The Protestant Advocate*!" A hull of indulgence, granted by Pius V. to the Jesuits in England, is, if authentic, more disgraceful to the policy of the Church of Rome than all the other enormities alleged.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

The Parents' Friend; or a Manual of Domestic Instruction. By John MORISON, D.D.

A sensible though somewhat commonplace discourse upon the training of children, and particularly upon their religious training. There is a chapter on making the Sabbath, that "day of weariness" to the poor children of many religious families, pleasant and profitable to them. This is a fit subject for consideration. The disgust and tedium which many children have experienced in what is called the proper observance of the Sabbath, has often, in after life, given them a distaste for whatever is associated with the Sabbath. Parents might, with great advantage

read, on this subject, Chapter VI. of Miss Sedgewick's *nouvellette*, "Home," mentioned above.

Peter Parley's Geography of the Bible.

The title explains the nature of this little quarto. It contains some neat wood engravings and maps; and, to test the pupil's attention and knowledge, a string of questions are appended to each of the lessons into which the little Scriptural geography is divided.

The Village School; or Stories for Girls of Twelve years Old. By Mrs Leckie.

These are lively, clever, and entertaining stories; though somewhat over *smart* in style, we should imagine, for the simple tastes and earnest faith one loves in children. But what shall we say when caricatures and tales of slang are regularly provided, if not prescribed as the intellectual food of young minds. The stories before us are of a purer and better adapted character. Some of them are addressed to the imagination; others are directly instructive. *The Peris of the West* is a happy mixture of both; while the paper entitled *Christmas Bills* may be of use to the little girls of twelve years, when they come to be mistresses of families, or obtain the power of their own purses. The story, *Christmas Bills*, has the farther merit of dispensing with the necessity for any bills. It is *Out of Debt out of Danger*. We can see no use in Mrs Leckie making her machinery chime so very *melancholiously* at the close. Her heroine should have lived to exemplify in life the excellence and happy effects of her early training.

Ellen Mansfield.

This is a juvenile story, enforcing the importance of a strict adherence to truth as the best policy. The false girl shews more cunning than was needful to gain her object; but this, after all, is more a tale for parents than children. The child who lies, and plays false tricks to

gain her own ends, is the neglected daughter of a weak and indolent mother, fond of pleasure; the truthful children have their habits strictly watched by an intelligent and affectionate mother. It is a tale for parents.

Tales of many Lands.

We have here a collection of very sweet tales for the entertainment of young persons. The intended instruction is not administered directly. It is such as, softening, purifies, and warms the heart.

SERIAL WORKS.

There would be no end to monthly notices of these multitudinous publications; so we reserve only the most laudable for detailed notice. Meanwhile, they are all, as the Americans say, *progressing*, whether grave or gay, flimsy or solid. The two "Shaksperes," the three "Lives of Wellington," the two "Memoirs of Napoleon," "Wordsworth's Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical," "Ward's Library of Divinity" "Yarrell's Birds," "Jones' General Outline of the Animal Kingdom," and "Tyas's Heads of the People," with fifty others, are appearing as usual.

"Pictures of the French, drawn by themselves," in the style of "The Heads of the People," have been lately added to the number of serials; they are very clever and very French, and may help to give John Bull a truer idea of his neighbours than he has hitherto entertained. We begin to long, in these fictitious sketches, for the acquaintance of some one whose acquaintance is worth cultivating—some one whose superiority of character may impart the desire of becoming either better or wiser; we long for a little more of romance in short; something to purify or elevate the feelings. Parson Adams and the Vicar of Wakefield are quite as true to Nature as Scapin or Count Fathom, and how much more delightful!

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE PROGRESS OF DESPOTISM IN BRITAIN.

THE ARMY.—While both the friends and the foes of the People proclaim the increase of the Democratic influence in Britain, they totally overlook or conceal the progress of Despotism. Ever since the breaking out of the first French Revolution, nearly half a century ago, whereby the upper and middle classes were "frightened from their propriety," to a degree from which they have never yet recovered, there is much reason to believe that the power of the Aristocracy, so far from diminishing, has been steadily on the increase; and there can be little doubt, we fear, that recent events, by again alarming the middle classes, is still farther augmenting that power. The Tory writers of the last century abound with doctrines and passages, which would now be considered downright Radicalism; and within the last forty years, shackles have been laid on the freedom of action, of the press, and even of speech, which were unknown to our ancestors. The Bill of Rights, which was presented to William III. in 1689, and afterwards made one of the statutes of the realm, declared that the raising or keeping on foot a standing army in time of peace, was illegal; but this declaration is a dead letter, for not only is such an army kept on foot from year to year, but its numbers are annually augmented without opposition from any quarter; and we have now three times the number of regular troops,

within Britain, we had fifty years ago. During last century, the soldiers were employed in useful labours, such as making roads and building bridges, (of which labour the Highland roads and bridges are a specimen,) and, in this way, made some return for the expense of their maintenance; at present they are never employed in any public work whatever, and they are not even allowed to engage for short periods in the service of private individuals, as they used to be till within these twenty years; though constant labour is highly necessary for fitting a soldier for the fatigues and hardships of active service.

The constitutional doctrine of the last century was, that, "in a land of liberty, it is extremely dangerous to make a distinct order of the profession of arms; in free states, the profession of a soldier, taken singly and merely as a profession, is justly an object of jealousy. The laws, therefore, and constitution of this country, know no such state as that of a perpetual standing soldier, bred up to no other profession than that of war." "Nothing ought to be more guarded against in a free state than making the military power, when such a one is necessary to be kept on foot, a body too distinct from the People. Like ours, it should be wholly composed of natural subjects, it ought only to be enlisted for a short and limited time; the soldiers also should live *integrated with the People*; no separate camp, no barracks, no inland fortresses should be allowed. And perhaps it

might be still better, if, by dismissing a stated number and enlisting others, at every renewal of their term, a circulation could be kept up between the army and the People, and the citizen and the soldier be more intimately connected together." These are the opinions of Blackstone, writing in 1765; but the note of his modern commentator breathes a very different spirit. "Experience has proved, that the most formidable enemy which the People of England have to dread, is their own lawless mobs. Care ought, therefore, to be taken, that soldiers may never become familiar with the People in great towns, lest these should be much more inclined to join them than to quell a riot." Here the doctrine is unequivocally avowed, that the use of soldiers is not to defend the country from foreign invasion—the only legitimate purpose for which they can be kept on foot—but "to quell riots," that is, to compel the masses to submit to the ruling oligarchy. The whole policy of the Government for many years has been to make the military a distinct body from the People, and to keep them from intermixing with them. Hence, upwards of 300 barracks have been erected in the United Kingdom; the troops are consequently shifted, from place to place, for the sole purpose of preventing "the citizen and soldier from being intimately connected together." The soldiers, both officers and privates, are led to consider themselves as superior to "civilians," of whatever rank; and hardly a week elapses without soldiers insulting or even wounding "civilians," in some part of the empire or other. Although, at present, we have no foreign troops in our service, we had many thousands in England during the late war, and they were found very useful in keeping the British regiments in order. Our readers will not have forgot the two years' imprisonment inflicted on Cobbett for denouncing the flogging of English soldiers at Ely, under the guard of some thousands of the German Legion. But although we have, at this moment, no foreign soldiers in Britain, our rulers do what they can to supply the defect. They keep Irish and English regiments in Scotland, Scotch and Irish in England, and English and Scotch in Ireland. They prevent the soldiers being employed in any public work, or entering into the service of individuals, lest they should intermingle with the citizens. So far from enlisting soldiers "for a short and limited time," they are enlisted generally for life, or, at least, as at present, for an indefinite period, which is practically the same thing: in short, in as far as regards the army, we fly directly in the face of every principle which our ancestors laid down as essential to the preservation of our civil liberties; and the rulers of the country for the last half century have, in all probability, done for Britain what Caius Marius did for Rome, who, by new modelling the republican legions, which consisted of citizens enrolled for a specific time, and by enlisting the rabble of Italy in the shape of a standing army, laid the foundation of all the military tyranny that ensued, and the erection of a Despotism on the ruins of the Republic. We even imitate a perhaps still more fatal policy of the later Romans. The Prætorian cohorts were constantly kept at Rome; and, in a short time, the empire was in their hands, enthroning and dethroning emperors at their pleasure. So do we also keep a favourite body of men in London—the Guards—with what result time will tell. Not content with our immense "standing army in time of peace," there have, of late years, been raised large bodies of yeomanry cavalry in almost every county, consisting of the tenantry and retainers of the Aristocracy. This oligarchical force amounted to 45,000 at one time, and many of them still continue embodied. No such force was ever heard of in this country before the first French Revolution. Farther, the militia has been said to be the boast of England:—"This is the barrier to which it looks for the preservation of its liberties; this is the defence which the Legislature itself has declared to be 'essentially necessary to its safety, peace, and prosperity.'"—30, Geo. II. (*Gilbert Stuart*.) Yet the militia—the old constitutional force of the kingdom, instituted by, and constantly kept up since the time of, Alfred—has been allowed to fall into abeyance, for the obvious reason, that, being chiefly composed of

the lower classes, living, not "in barracks nor in fortresses," but intermingling with the People, and being the very sort of soldiers which our constitutional writers recommend, because a militiaman "puts not off the citizen when he enters the camp, but it is because he is a citizen, and wishes to continue so, that he makes himself a soldier," as Blackstone remarks: it is, we say, for these very reasons that the annual drilling of the militia has, of late years, been suspended, while a large proportion of the yeomanry—a force unknown to the country half a century ago—are kept, at a great expense, on foot. It was long after the Rebellion of 1745 before the militia were called out in Scotland, and, no doubt, for the same reason as has led to the suspension of their drilling of late years, because Government could not trust them. Add to the army and yeomanry the London police and rural police—an army in blue, destined in Britain, at no distant day, as it has long done in Ireland, to supersede the ancient conservators of the peace chosen by the People; and consider that all this force is under the command either of the Horse Guards, or of the Aristocracy, without the slightest control in the People—of which fact the refusal of Lord John Russell to withdraw the London police from Birmingham, at the request of the Mayor and Town Council, is pretty good evidence—and we will have some notion how our modern administrators of affairs have provided our Oligarchy—for it is ridiculous to call the Government of this country a Monarchy—with the *ultima ratio regum*—a physical force for the coercion of the People.

THE PRESS.—The freedom of the press has been much curtailed since the French Revolution of 1792. In 1798, a whole code of regulations was made regarding newspapers, laying their proprietors under various restrictions, and exposing them to numerous penalties. In 1819, Castlereagh imposed farther restrictions and penalties, and placed pamphlets, in many respects, under the same fetters as newspapers. In 1799, printers were placed under the surveillance of Government, and the possession of a printing press, or of printing types, without notice to the Government, was, for the first time, made penal, and the press itself made liable to seizure. At the same time, the affixing of the printer's name to every paper he printed, however inconsiderable, was also enjoined; and any person selling or circulating—that is, handing to another—a paper without the printer's name, though inadvertently, was rendered liable to a penalty of £20 for each copy so sold or circulated. The act, no doubt, very considerably limits the penalties recoverable, to 25 in all, or to £500—rather a serious punishment for distributing, as it might be, twenty-five copies of a shopkeeper's handbill. It was not till this session that this enactment has been in part modified. Type-founders were, by the same statute, brought under the surveillance of the justices of the peace; being bound to report to them their place of business, under severe penalties. In 1830, to prevent any but men of wealth or good credit establishing a newspaper or printing a pamphlet—but under the pretence of providing a fund, whence damages awarded for any libel might be recovered—the stamp-office was empowered to demand securities to the amount of £300 or £400, both from principal and sureties, from any one wishing to establish a newspaper. We are aware of cases where it has had the desired effect of preventing working men from establishing newspapers.

RESTRICTIONS ON FOOD have unquestionably existed in this country for centuries; but they never pressed with much severity on the body of the People till the last quarter of a century. During more than the half of the last century, we were exporters not importers of grain, and, during the war, the Corn-Laws, then in force, were, in a great degree, inoperative; because prices seldom fell so low as to call into action the high scale of duties. In 1813, however, the cry of agricultural distress began—be it observed, when wheat was 112s. a-quarter, and the quarter loaf at 1s. 6d.—and from that year to 1836, when the project was given up in despair, committees of both houses of parliament have constantly been sitting in order to discover the means of raising their own rents, though with the inevitable result of starving the

People, whose affairs were entrusted to their selfish management. Farther, till 1814 or 1815, there was no law against the importation of fresh animal food, or live cattle, sheep, swine, &c., from abroad; but, as Cobbett tells us, such quantities of them were sent from France to England, immediately on the declaration of peace, and animal food fell so much in price in consequence, that Parliament, alarmed for the rent-rolls of the Aristocracy, took the short-hand process, not of imposing duties on the importation of fresh animal food, live cattle, &c., but of prohibiting them altogether. Perhaps this law is the most iniquitous and the most indefensible of any in the statute-book.

RIGHT TO POSSESS ARMS.—But there is another point which deserves attention. Both in England and Scotland, it was the ancient policy to inure every man in the kingdom to the use of arms. Numerous statutes are to be found in the statute-books of both countries, running through a space of two hundred years, regulating the sort of arms each different rank in society should possess; and even the inferior people, neither landowners nor burgesses who formed the horsemen and bowmen, were bound to appear "with battle-axe, target, sword, and dirk." At the same time, exercise in the use of arms was enforced under heavy penalties. The enforcing the regulations was a special duty imposed on the sheriff of each county. The Bill of Rights claimed expressly for the People the privilege of having arms for their defence suitable to their condition and degree; and this right was granted, in express terms, by one of the first statutes passed after the Revolution. It has never been attempted to be denied up to the present year. In Scotland, we have the most eminent authority on criminal law, and, at the same time, a bigoted Tory, and who was a party to the violent political persecutions which disgraced Scotland in the period 1794–1796, expressly declaring that—"As for the right of keeping arms in one's habitation, for one's own defence, this was never, at any period, called in question." Yet in Warwickshire and Lancashire, men's houses have been searched for arms; and, if any are found, they are not only seized, but the owners are carried to jail. Whether such proceedings are according to law, or against it, is immaterial; it equally proves the progress of despotism. If there is any such law, we have been unable to find it; but we know that, when an invasion was dreaded, in the beginning of George I.'s reign, an act of Parliament was thought necessary to disarm the adherents of the Stuarts; and that, at a later period, it was thought necessary to have similar authority for disarming the clan Gregor. We have said that our olden Governments, not only encouraged, but enforced, under severe penalties, military exercises, and a knowledge of the use of arms; but the going through military evolutions, or exercises, was, for the first time, declared by Castlereagh, in 1819, a heinous offence, punishable by transportation for seven years; and the Whigs have taken good care to let the enactment remain in the statute-book. We are the only nation in Europe, perhaps in the world—and this is a fact worthy of the most attentive consideration—which is afraid to entrust the body of the People with arms, and the only nation which has made the going through military evolutions a crime. Considering the revolution which steam-navigation has made in warfare, the narrowness of the sea which divides us from nations with which we have almost always been at war, the eagerness of, and the unscrupulous expedients resorted to by a powerful party in this country to embroil us with Russia, the ambition of that power, our deficiency in fortresses, and that our towns, even on the sea-coast, are defenceless, it deserves serious deliberation whether it is a politic course to disarm the People of defensive weapons, and to make any attempt to teach the knowledge of military exercises a transportable offence.

Against all these evidences of the increase, not of the power of the People, but of the Despotism of the Oligarchy—and we could have enumerated many others had our space permitted—what has the most voluble railer against Democracy to oppose? One single measure, the Reform Act. Now, how was it obtained? Simply by a system of delu-

sion on the part of a section of the Aristocracy, who were tired by their long exclusion from place, power, and plunder. They induced the middle and working classes to believe that, of itself and without any further exertion, the Reform Act would speedily rectify all abuses. It was generally believed that, in a very few years after a Reform Parliament was elected, the Corn-Laws would be repealed, the Ballot and Triennial Parliaments obtained, Slavery abolished, (but not bought up at an expense of twenty millions to this country,) the Army reduced, the public expenditure, in all departments, diminished, and taxation lessened. Has anyone of these objects been attained? No. The Corn-Laws, or rather Rent Laws, remain untouched, the Army has been greatly augmented, and the public expenditure has been so much increased, that, instead of taking off old taxes, new ones must be imposed. The Reformed Parliament has shewn itself as despotic as its predecessors. It has coerced Ireland and Canada, thrown away the money of the People on all sorts of frivolity and extravagance; and hence, at the end of seven years of Reform, we find the country, as well as our most valuable colonies, in a state little short of rebellion; the revenue unequal to the expenditure, and the People starving. Not one of the objects which the People expected from the Reform Bill has been accomplished. All that has been got is the extension of the bare right of voting, to some hundreds of thousands of people who had it not before; and the privilege, if it can be so called, of exercising that right in such a manner, that it is a curse to a great proportion of those who have obtained it—the right of exercising it in such a way as secures the return of a House of Commons, little, if at all superior to that sent in the time of the rotten burghs, if, indeed, that time can be said to be past while so many of them still remain. The grown-up children have got their drum, but good care is taken that they shan't make a noise with it. We trust, therefore, we have shewn that *the power of the Oligarchy has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished*, if the remnant of our liberties be still thought worthy of an exertion for their preservation. The obtaining of the Reform Bill is no more a test of the increased power of the People, than the Revolution of 1688. Neither would have been got without the Aristocracy; and, withal, if James had not run off, and William had not unconstitutionally rendered his assistance, neither the Revolution nor the Reform Bill would, in all probability, have been carried through.

During the month, there have been numerous changes among the Ministry and their officials. Lord John Russell has resigned the Home Department, and exchanged with Lord Normanby for the Colonies. Mr Spring Rice has been created Baron Montagu of Brandon, in the county of Kerry, and Mr Francis Thornhill Baring has been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr Labouchere has been made President, and Mr Sheil Vice-President of the Board of Trade; Mr Poulett Thomson Governor-General and Captain-General of all her Majesty's provinces on the continent of North America and Prince Edward's Island; and Mr Wyse a Lord of the Treasury.

Mr Baring was re-elected for Portsmouth, and Mr Wyse for Waterford, without opposition; Mr Robert Hyde Greg, an excellent Liberal and a Corn-Law repealer—exactly the sort of representative Manchester ought to have—defeated Sir George Murray at Manchester, by a small majority. On the other hand, Mr Manners Sutton, a Tory, has beaten Mr Gibson, the Liberal candidate, at Cambridge, by a majority of 100. Mr Gibson, who is a recent convert to Liberalism, will not be the worse of a few years probation. Mr David Greig, the Provost of Perth, defeating Mr Oliphant rather unexpectedly—it not having been known till a few hours before the election that he was a candidate—has been elected representative of that burgh. His political opinions do not appear to be at all of a decided character. Mr O'Connell has dissolved the Precursor Society, and again raised the cry of "Repeal," whether sincerely or not we cannot say; but the cry seems as popular as ever.

SCOTLAND.

THE SCOTTISH POOR.—A Committee of the General Assembly have prepared a Report on this subject. The poor are divided into three classes—permanent poor, occasional poor, and lunatics in confinement; and the result gives the average of the three years ending with 1837, inclusive. Of the 496 parishes in Scotland, *quoad temporalia*, returns have been obtained from 879. The population of these 879 parishes was 2,316,000, in 1831; and, according to the usual rate of increase, would be 2,446,000, in 1836. The number of the poor in the 879 parishes, on the average 1835-6-7, was—permanent poor, 57,969; occasional poor, 20,348; lunatic paupers, 1112; in all, 79,429. Among 1000 inhabitants, there were, of the first class, twenty-five; of the second, eight and three-fourths; of the third, one-half. The first class includes the number of their families dependant on them, the second class, only the individuals to whom payment is made. The proportion of the paupers to all classes of the population of 1831, was $3\frac{1}{4}$ per 1000, or nearly $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; but, if compared with the population of 1836, it would be reduced to $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It is difficult to compare this return with that of the ten years ending with 1816; for in that return the families of paupers receiving relief were not in general included in the number of poor. The former return shewed the average number of the ten years to be 44,199, in a population of 1,764,600, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.; but if an allowance be made for the families of those receiving relief, it will raise the per-centage to nearly the same amount as that given by the last return. The allowance given is exceedingly small, and this is no doubt the reason of there being so few paupers in Scotland.

Average of the highest allowance to a single

permanent pauper,	£4 9 0
Do. of the lowest do.,	1 18 10

Average cost of maintenance in a workhouse,	
of which there are only three, two in	
Edinburgh and one in Paisley,	5 19 4

Average rate of relief to each permanent pauper	
all over Scotland,	1 18 6

Or 9d. a-week. In the Border Counties, where assessment is nearly universal, the average is £4 : 1 : 3; in the northern and north-western only 9s. 4d.

The average annual rate of relief to each of the occasional poor is 14s. 8d., and the average annual rate of supporting each lunatic pauper in confinement is £10 : 12 : 4. The funds for the support of the poor are—

	1807-16.	1835-6-7.	Increase.
1. Collections,	£34,069	£38,300	£4,231
2. Other voluntary contributions,	10,702	18,967	8,274
3. Sessional funds,	19,705	20,604	899
4. Assessments,	49,719	77,240	27,521

£114,195	£185,121	£40,926
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The second head comprehends gifts and bequests, and voluntary rateable contributions, which the heritors of some parishes raise among themselves to prevent a legal assessment. The third head includes mortifications, with certain dues on baptisms, funerals, and marriages. In the twenty-five years, 1811 to 1836, the population has increased 36 per cent., while the collections have only increased 12 per cent. The assessment has increased 55 per cent. In 1816, assessments existed in 192 parishes; there are now 238 assessed, of which 184 are in the Synods of the Merse, Tiviotdale, Lothian, and Tweeddale. Of the 879 parishes, there are 517 parishes not assessed; population, 872,626; 126 voluntarily assessed; population, 305,654; and 236 legally assessed; population, 1,137,646. The expense is as follows:—1. Levying assessments, £4,120; 2. In managing the poor, £2,968; 3. In litigation, £921; in all, £8,000. The rate of allowance in non-assessed parishes is £1 : 0 : 4½; in voluntarily assessed, £1 : 19 : 1½; in legally assessed, £2 : 14 : 9½. It does not appear that a legal provision for the poor increases their number, as is commonly said.

RAILWAY FROM EDINBURGH TO ENGLAND.—Several meetings have, of late, been held regarding the construction of a railway from Edinburgh to England, and two lines have been proposed—one by the east coast, and the

other almost directly south, through the centre of the country, to join the Newcastle and Carlisle railway. In considering the most eligible line for a railway, two circumstances ought chiefly to be regarded—the ease with which it may be constructed, and the number of passengers likely to be obtained; for it is from passengers, almost entirely, that the expense of a railway can be repaid. There can be no doubt that the Eastern Line runs through the more populous district; and it will be found that nearly one-third more coaches travel by the coast than by the Middle Line. While the Middle Line passes through, or near, few towns or villages of importance, the East Line would pass through or within a few miles of the following:—Dalkeith, Portobello, Musselburgh, Prestonpans, Tranent, Haddington, Linton, Dunbar, Cockburnspath, Coldingham, Kyemouth, Aytoun, Berwick, Tweedmouth, Belford, Alnwick, Morpeth; having an aggregate population of upwards of 60,000. The Counties of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, through which the Middle Line would pass, have, on the average, a population of forty to the square mile; Berwickshire and Haddingtonshire have an average of 122 to the square mile. The average rental of the three first counties, per square mile, or per 640 English acres, is £240—of the two latter, £739; so that the wealth, as well as population of the district, is in favour of the Eastern Line. We believe, also, that the Coast Line, as it passes through a more level country, could be formed at a much less expense than the Middle Line. This is a very important consideration in the present depressed state of railway shares; for there are very few of them, indeed, which are not under par. How Carterfell is to be passed, we have not seen explained. It was formerly proposed to make a tunnel through it; but as it would have been nearly three miles in length, and at a depth of 900 feet below the surface, we presume that plan has been given up as hopeless. We regret to see so much apathy and indifference, on the part of the landowners through whose estates the projected Eastern Line passes, regarding the matter. Whatever may have been the result to the subscribers, we believe there is not a single case in which the formation of a railroad did not benefit the lands through which it passed: it is therefore the interest of the landed proprietors to encourage such undertakings. But, instead of this, instances have occurred of their applying to Courts of Law to prohibit the preliminary surveys, without which no line can be fixed on. One of the objections made to the Eastern Line is, that it is unnecessary, as the conveyance by sea is open. But the decisive answer to this is, that although it has often been attempted, it has been found impracticable to obtain any considerable number of passengers from Newcastle to Leith, or the intermediate ports, by sailing vessels or steam-boats; and there is, therefore, no danger of any serious competition by such means. The difficulty of landing on so dangerous a coast must always greatly limit the number of passengers. Another objection to the Eastern Line is, that it cannot be connected with the Glasgow Railway, which, by the present Act, is to terminate at the Hay Market. But we doubt not that, sooner or later, the consent of the proprietors of Prince's Street Gardens will be obtained, to continue it to the Little Mound; and there is no difficulty in bringing the Eastern Line to the same terminus. And, even should the Prince's Street proprietors continue their opposition, there is another and perhaps a preferable mode of continuing the Glasgow Railway to the Little Mound. From the Hay Market to the Corn Market, at the west end of the Grassmarket, is about three-quarters of a mile. A sufficient space of ground, along the whole distance, for a double railway, is either unoccupied with buildings, or the buildings are of the most ruinous or shabby description. The general line of the railway might be by the south side of Morrison Street or Torphichen Street, then through Dewar Place, taking down one or two houses of small value; through the garden ground on the south side of the West Church Charity Workhouse, the Lothian Road being carried over the railway by a viaduct bridge; thence through the unoccupied ground at the north back of Orchardfield and Portsburgh, and through

the old tenements at King's Stables to the Corn Market. Here there might be a small depot for passengers and goods. In this way the railway would be brought to a central part of the Old Town, and it would thereby ensure the transport of the whole grain from the west country to Edinburgh; whereas it is doubtful how far farmers would be disposed to send their grain to market by the railway, when it had all to be unloaded at the terminus at the Hay Market, reloaded, and carted nearly a mile to the market. The small quantity of grain conveyed by the Dalkeith Railway unquestionably arises from each terminus being about a mile distant from the market place. No difficulty will be found from the levels, as that of the Hay Market and the Corn Market are nearly the same; and the ground rises so much in the intermediate space, that there will be sufficient depth to carry the Lothian Road over the railroad by a viaduct. From the Corn Market to the south-western corner of the eastern Prince's Street Gardens, the distance, in a straight line, as appears from Kirkwood's map, is hardly 1200 feet; and by running a short way up the north side of the Grassmarket, the distance is lessened; at the foot of the Bow it is only 800 feet. We would make a tunnel through the High Street from the Grassmarket to the Gardens. This tunnel, even though 1200 feet long, would be much shorter than that of the Dalkeith Railway in the King's Park, which is 1728 feet—not more than one-third of the proposed tunnel on the Newhaven Railway from Canonmills to the Little Mound—not one-fourth of the largest proposed on the Glasgow and Edinburgh Railway—and not double the length of that which would require to be made under the Mound, were the Glasgow Railway to be continued through the Prince's Street Gardens. The tunnel from the Grassmarket to the Gardens could be constructed much more cheaply than the last mentioned, as it would probably not be required to be arched, except for a short way at each end; whereas that through the Mound would require to be arched throughout. In this manner the terminus of the Glasgow and Edinburgh—Newhaven, Leith, and Edinburgh—and Newcastle and Edinburgh Railways, would be all at one place; an advantage which it is impossible to attain, if the Middle Line to England be adopted. It is evident, that the bringing of all these railways into the centre of the city, would secure to Edinburgh an immense traffic; whereas if the present plan of making the terminus of the Glasgow Railway at the Hay Market, with a branch from Coltbridge to Granton Pier, be carried into effect, a great part of the passengers and goods from the west country to England, and *vice versa*, will never pass through Edinburgh at all. We believe the plan we have proposed is perfectly practicable, and recommend it to the notice of the proprietors and projectors of the railways.

THE NEW SEQUESTRATION ACT has now come into operation, and it will be found to contain a great many improvements on the old law. Formerly there was always a great risk in ranking on a sequestrated estate, as, not unfrequently, instead of receiving a dividend, the creditor had to pay the expenses of the sequestration; but this abuse is remedied by the new act, which confines the agent's claims to his employer and the estate. The terms for the payment of the dividends are greatly shortened. The working of the machinery of the act is greatly simplified, and the expense much reduced. In the "Manual of the Law of Scotland, Civil, Municipal, Criminal, and Ecclesiastical," by Mr Burton, advocate, just published, will be found an excellent abridgement of this statute. The Manual also contains an immense body of well digested information, on a great number of subjects of general interest; and as technical expressions are as much as possible avoided, it will be found exceedingly useful

to persons unacquainted with the law; while, at the same time, from the care which has evidently been bestowed on it, and the constant and numerous references to authorities, the Manual cannot fail to be very serviceable to the profession, especially to persons who are not possessed of a good collection of law books. Our space does not permit us to enumerate the great variety of subjects treated of, but a glance at the table of contents will prove that a larger quantity of information has been condensed into this volume than would have been considered practicable. We can therefore, without hesitation, strongly recommend it to our readers.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are by no means favourable. One of the most extensive weaving establishments in Glasgow has commenced to work short time, the workers being employed only four days in the week. In the west of England the state of the weather, and the scarcity of money, has almost entirely paralyzed trade. The accounts from America have also been unfavourable, which has tended still farther to depress the markets. The price of provisions, particularly of wheat, are steadily rising, while the wages of the operatives have of late years been diminishing. In many districts in England the hands are only employed three days in the week; and, even when they are working full time, they hardly earn more than one-half the wages they received a few years ago. The manufacturers' list of prices for their goods have remained nearly the same for ten years, and the competition that takes place among them is in the per-centage allowed the purchasers. While the nominal price remains the same, their profits have gone on diminishing. In some trades the deduction has progressed from 15 to 25, and even so high as 75 per cent. The great cause of this evil is the Corn-Laws, which have set up rival manufacturing establishments in every part of the world. In the New York market, twenty-five years ago, "domestic hardware" was hardly to be seen; but, in 1836, seven millions of dollars' worth were sold in that market, nearly the whole of which had formerly been imported from England.

AGRICULTURE.

The weather in September has been very unfavourable for harvest operations, and a very small proportion of the grain crop in Scotland was secured during the first three weeks of that month. The grain which is uncut has been completely beaten down, and must have suffered severely; and that which is in the stook has, in many instances, begun to spring. The samples of wheat which have appeared at Mark Lane are of a very indifferent quality; and it is expected that the price which regulates the duty will be considerably lowered by the operation of the low-conditioned grain in the market. Large quantities of foreign wheat have, in consequence, been taken out of the market at a duty of 6s. 8d. The home-grown grain of last crop is believed to be nearly exhausted, but the quantity of foreign grain in bond is as great as ever, and importations to a large amount during the autumn are expected. The high price of grain is, perhaps, not to be regretted, as it will keep the Corn-Law agitation from slumbering; and as the working classes must now have had practical experience of the fallacy of the notion so confidently held out to them, that wages rise as prices rise, we think it not unlikely that they will join the middle classes in their efforts for a repeal.

At the second Falkirk Tryst there was a smaller shew than usual; about 30,000 sheep, and the same number of black cattle. Prices of sheep were at least ten per cent. above those of last year. The demand for black cattle was brisk, and all were sold the first day.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1839.

THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

"THE Tournament !—the Tournament !—the Tournament at Eglinton Castle !" were the words which came continually dropping upon our ears in all societies, like the popping shots from detached bush-fighting sharpshooters ; and this, from the moment that the original conception of the grand spectacle was first promulgated, up to the period of its being fairly carried into execution. The expectation of the whole world was on tiptoe—the curiosity, as well as the hopes of people of all ranks, conditions, and ages, were raised to the highest pitch ; and the interchange of questions, and speculations on the subject, became louder and more incessant the nearer the time approached. We scarcely ever remember any coming event, which—casting, not its shadow, but its sunshine before it—so much occupied the minds of men ; and, still more, perhaps, the minds of women also. Here we may be allowed to interject, somewhat parenthetically, that, as the sunshine preceded the event, it most unfortunately seemed to consider it as a matter of etiquette that it should also depart as much as possible before its arrival. But, however this may have been, we ourselves must honestly acknowledge, that, having been all our lives brimful of the finest racy-flavoured ancient romance, which we hold to be a sort of gaseous product, somewhat analogous to the well-known paradisaical gas, we could not help feeling our full share of that anxious eagerness that so largely possessed the multitude on this occasion. Highly charged, indeed, as we previously were with *romantigen*, it is no wonder that we perhaps felt this anxious eagerness in a degree of abundance which might have furnished a fair enough allowance of it to each individual of any fifteen other persons, if what fell on our shoulders had been fairly divided among them, share and share alike. Never, therefore, did we before, perhaps, so appropriately unite in the important first person plural *we* of the present. But, with all this our zeal for ancient doings, we do not hold ourselves

to be, on this account, one whit the worse judges of the merits of the Eglinton Tournament ; on the contrary, we are satisfied, that *We Fifteen* do form a jury of persons so intelligent, so well educated, and, above all, so learned in the ancient customs of chivalry, as to be altogether better calculated to decide upon the success or the failure of this *Gentle Passage of Arms* at Eglinton, than any other body of men of the same number, out of all the one hundred, if not two hundred thousand persons, who were said to have been present. And this we do most modestly assert without *fear*, or, at least, without *care* of contradiction. *We* were not among those unreasonable people, who, from having seen or heard of some of those preliminary practisinga which took place at St John's Wood, near London, were disposed to ridicule the whole attempt, because of certain little blunders which may have taken place there. We knew well enough that, as the old proverb sayeth, "Practice maketh perfect." And we were well aware that, if the rehearsal of the most admirably performed play, concert, opera, or oratorio, had been previously attended by those whom the excellence of its final execution has afterwards wrapped up in enthusiastic admiration, they might have laughed in ridicule, or winced with pain, at the performance of those very people who, by continued practice, have at last succeeded in so much delighting them. We were, therefore, readily disposed to set it down as a truth, that those who, prematurely judging from such early efforts at St John's Wood, were led to augur unfavourably of what was subsequently to take place at Eglinton Castle, were "Fools," who, in the language of another proverb, "should never see a half-finished work." They might just as rationally have prognosticated of the babe whom they saw making his first attempt to totter across the floor, that he never could be able to ply his pins as a pedestrian ; or of the downy eaglet of the aerie, that he should never have

the power of mounting heavenward to meet the sun. On this head, all we have to say is, that we think the good-nature and courtesy of the Earl of Eglinton, and his noble and gallant knights-companions, were stretched to an unnecessary extent; and that they were very much thrown away, in suffering the admittance of any portion of those who may be called the foolish and impertinent of the public, to be present at all at any of those preliminary jousting trials, where ignorance and arrogance were so sure to manifest themselves, at first, in the wicked wantonness of premature criticism; and afterwards, by uncharitably employing themselves in abusing the minds of others, by the dissemination of their unfair reports. With us, however, as we have already said, their ill-omened croakings had no effect. We disregarded them all, and waited patiently, yet with great eagerness of expectation, like wise men, until we should have it in our power to judge of the finished work on the appointed day.

Having received an elegantly designed card, of large dimensions, with a most appropriate Gothic frame-work represented thereon, supporting the arms of Eglinton, and containing this invitation engraved in black-letter characters—"The Earl of Eglinton requests the pleasure of _____'s company at the Tournament, Banquet, and Ball, at Eglinton Castle, the 28th and 29th August;" and having engaged ourselves, about that time, to a friend whose ample estates are some dozen of miles or so from the town of Ayr; we left our home, with a merry friend, one fine morning, a few days previous to that fixed for the commencement of the Tournament, in order to take our departure by the coach for that town. Arriving at the office in Prince's Street a little before the hour at which it should have started, we were astonished at the immense pile of luggage which we saw heaped on the street in order to be packed upon the carriage. When Mr Croal, the coach-proprietor, came up, he was so much appalled by the sight, that, apologizing for the delay which he must inevitably occasion, he informed us that he must send back the coach to the yard, and get out a stronger one, that might be more certainly able to bear such a load without risk of breaking down. When this more potent vehicle arrived, any impatience that might have been excited in us by the delay, was subdued by the interest which we could not help taking in the ingenuity which the coachman and his assistants displayed in packing and piling the various articles in and upon it; till I, and my companion, and two officers of our acquaintance, who had all of us placed ourselves comfortably on the hinder seats, could no longer see those in front, even when we stood up to try to do so. We felt some comfort in thinking that the superior construction of coaches, now-a-days, admits of this being done with more safety than was formerly the case. Besides all the ordinary kinds of trunks, portmanteaus, band-boxes, and carpet-bags, which are usually

attendant upon a coach full of passengers inside and outside, there were innumerable white deal boxes of all manner of shapes and sizes. Most of these were ingeniously suspended like sausages, on strings all around the carriage; and, to crown all, on the very top was perched a wicker cage, containing a great, long-legged, large-bodied, awkward-looking pair of Chittagong fowls, belonging to a curried Indian who had a seat in the interior. The cock not only seemed to know that he was going to the Tournament as well as other people, but to think that he was to be triumphant there; for, much to the amusement of all who beheld him, and especially to the great entertainment of the idlers who were looking on in the street, he crowed away so loudly that he brought some of the sleepy citizens of Prince's Street, in their night-caps, from their beds to their windows, to wonder at so unwonted a summons. Such was the appearance of the coach after its packing was completed, that no one could have well guessed that it really was any such four-wheeled vehicle, if he had seen it creeping along the road thus burdened and smothered up.

At length we found ourselves in motion, and we began to beguile the way with chat and cigars. Our facetious friend, who had lately lost two valuable silk umbrellas, by their having been stolen from him one after the other, had been just boasting to us of a bran new cotton one which he had bought, on the principle that no one would think anything so common worth the purloining. This umbrella he had laid down on the uppermost box of a string of those that hung behind the back seat, and were thus most marvellously *built downwards* till they nearly touched the road. As we were journeying on, one of the officers began to snuff up his nose, and to wonder where the smell of burning and of smoke was proceeding from. We all became immediately sensible of it. The alarm spread among us, when, suddenly, the other officer, who sat with his face to the rear, roared out to our friend—"Good heavens, sir, your umbrella is on fire!"—and there, to be sure, it was, blazing up like a volcano, not only to the manifest peril of the box on which it lay, and on which the fire had already caught hold, but of all the boxes of the string, yea, even to the risk of the coach itself. The confusion and the bustle amongst us of the rearward of the coach, to get the fire extinguished, was indescribable. One gentleman, who we believe to have been a bailie of a town, or in some way connected with the police, began to vociferate loudly for the fire-engines; whilst another, whom, we have reason to think, was a reporter, took out his pen, paper, and ink-horn, and began, with the philosophy of a stoic, to note down the circumstances attending the progress of the conflagration, altogether forgetful that, if it went on, he and his record must perish together. The fowls, who looked down upon us, fluttered and screamed, and more than one of us shouted; but the intervening pile of _____ the roof, which left us as "*Britannos toto orbe*

divisos," together with the noise of the coach, shut out both the scene and the cries from those who were sitting in front, unconscious of our danger. At last, after various ineffectual attempts to extinguish the flames, our friend betought himself of rubbing the blazing umbrella against the wet wheel; and he thus most fortunately succeeded in subduing the conflagration, but not until the deal box on which the umbrella had lain had been nearly burned through, nor until each section of the parapluie itself displayed a huge square window between the whalebone spars, that gave it the most ludicrous effect. After thanking our stars that we had not been all consumed, and thinking how much surprise the coachman, and those with him, would have manifested on arriving at the next stage, if they had found that the tail of the coach, and all upon it, had been burned off, we began to inquire into the cause, and found that the accident must have been owing to a stray piece of ignited German tinder having found its way into the folds of the umbrella. The adventure, then, furnished us with much merriment at the expense of our friend's parapluie; and when an occasional shower compelled him to hoist the strange uncouth-looking instrument, it furnished no less entertainment to the population of the different villages we passed through, where every one had turned out to look at the various coaches and carriages that were, even thus long before the day fixed, passing through, laden with guests bound to the Tournament.

We had no sooner got fairly into Ayrshire, than we became much interested in the many pretty young persons whom we found anxiously waiting by the wayside for the coming up of the coach. We do not mean those nice-looking servant girls who are generally pretty numerously planted at the different hedge inns and half-way houses, who come out, conscious of the power of their own charms, with what we call in Scotland—and our Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay, too, calls—"a *thieveless errant*," that is, *Anglicé*, a pretended errand, to inquire for some parcel, which "the mistress," either truly or falsely, did or did not expect; and all this for the purpose of having a leer or a joke with the coachman, or with any pleasant fellow of an *outside*, who may be disposed to enjoy a fractional part of half a minute's small flirtation with her. No! We mean something very different from all this: we mean handsome, well-dressed young ladies, married and spinsters, who, *all along of the Tournament*, were found by the wayside—some on foot, and others in carriages—some attended by husbands, some by fathers, and some by brothers—and who were anxiously waiting at the lodge or gate of every gentleman's seat we passed, and at the embouchures of many of the by-roads which led to gentlemen's seats, and who all of them opened in succession, as the coach drove up towards them, in eager and clamorous inquiries after their boxes.

"Oh, coachman! coachman! have you a box from Mr Blackwood's for me?" cried one.

"Coachman! coachman! my box from Madame Meyer!" cried another.

"Haven't you a box from Madame Devy for me?" modestly vociferated a third.

"You've got a box from MacLennan & Sproat, have you not?" shouted another.

"Mademoiselle Cercleron's box, addressed to me, coachman," authoritatively demanded another.

"A box from Miss Wotherspoon for the two Misses——? I'm sure you have it, coachman," lisped out two sisters at once, each with a great emphasis on the word *sure*. Whilst the brother, a manifest dandy, twirled a pair of moustachoes, and said—"I say, coachee, have the goodness to hand downe my box from the Albion Cloth Company—it is of the last impoortance."

"No sitch boxes here!" replied coachee.

The exclamations of the two ladies and the gentleman being in Soprano, contre-alto, and a sort of a kind of bass, made what musicians would call a splendid crash. It is beyond the power of mere types, without the aid of musical notes, to give any idea of it. But before we could well catch the tune, coachee was off. The coach appeared to us to be a sort of lottery-wheel so far as these good people were concerned; some were sent home from it filled with wretched disappointment and despair, and we imagined the dreadful night they were doomed to spend; whilst others, who had all the luck, were rendered supremely blessed by the arrival of their boxes, and could so little contain their joy, that they clapped their hands and danced upon the very road; and we thought that we saw among them some, whose impatience seemed to be so great, that we doubted not they would stop, ere they were half way up the avenue, to open the precious box, that they might have one peep, *en passant*, at the splendid fancy dress which it contained.

The bustle in Kilmarnock and Ayr, even on this early day, was very great. People seemed to have crowded into these towns to secure lodgings, or to try to supply some deficiencies of dress which arose from forgetfulness, or perhaps were the fruits of more matured thought. The clamour for boxes in both towns was immense; and largely as the coach was loaded with them, it passed our comprehension, great as it is, to understand how so many of the claimants were supplied. A very handsome woman, indeed, was the owner of the box that had so narrowly escaped the jaws of the devouring element. Admiring her, as we must confess we did, we hung down our heads like culprits when we saw the box handed into her carriage. But her thoughts were manifestly more employed in fancying the fancy dress which it contained, than in regarding the effects of the ravages of the fire upon the lid; and she drove off with smiles upon her beautiful countenance, carrying with her our two military friends, who were to be her husband's guests. The crowds of gay equipages and figures which were moving about in the streets, and driving along the roads, gave

sufficient promise of what might be expected when the great day of the Tournament should actually come. For our parts, after our arrival at Dun's Inn, at Ayr, a post-chaise, long ago bespoke for us, whirled us away from amidst all this noise and scramble, to comfort and quietness under the hospitable roof of our friend.

We have been thus particular as to the small events of our journey, because we conceive that our readers, who had not the happiness of being at the Tournament, may best gather some notion of the hurry, bustle, and excitement that preceded it, and that oppressed all the steamers, carriages, and coaches, upon all the roads, that led from all quarters of the three kingdoms, towards the great centre of attraction—the Tournament at Eglinton Castle—from this small and isolated specimen of what occurred to ourselves on our journey thither, so many days previous to the great spectacle. *Ex pede Herculem*—which being translated for the unlearned, may be well enough rendered for our present purpose—from our adventures and perils in the Ayr coach, judge of the vast sum, the "*total of the wholl*" sum of adventures and perils which must have befallen the one or two hundred thousand people who came from all quarters of the three kingdoms, and, we may say also, of Europe, to be present at this novel and interesting spectacle. He who has his share in a battle can only tell—that is, if he has the good luck to escape scot-free—of what happened to himself and to those around him. So, of course, can we only speak of what we actually beheld. But, limited as the observation of one individual in such circumstances must necessarily be, either in a fight or at a tournament, and limited even as was the observation of *us fifteen* of the present jury, yet the faithful detail of what we did see, must be much more successful in conveying a just knowledge of the attendant circumstances to others, than the dry, concocted, general detail of the mere historian, who, seated in his closet, with his little stock-in-trade about him, mashes up the materials of others into a sort of minced calf's head, and puts them into a shape to be settled there, so as to turn them out cold into what may be called a presentable dish. This is our only apology for being somewhat prolix as regards our own adventures; and now having made it, such as it is, we shall proceed to approach more nearly to the scene of action.

Never did farmer, or sportsman, or tourist, or philosopher—for his crops, his game, his picturesque views, or his atmospherological observations—so narrowly watch the sky, and the carry of the clouds, or consult the barometer with so much anxiety, as did the party where we were, on the evening preceding "the great, the important day." Various were the fluctuations of opinion regarding the probable state of the approaching morning's weather. But, as is usual with all mortals, Hope—that most pleasing, flattering, but, at the same time, most deceitful of all goddesses—threw her fascinating films of fancy over every one of us.

We, to a man, yes, and a woman too, united in swearing to the belief, that low as the mercury might be, it was still most propitiously convex, and, consequently, that it must be about to rise; and, accordingly, to bed we went, hugging ourselves in the expectation that we should awake in sunshine. We did awake in sunshine; we awoke not only with our eyes dazzled with it, but with our hearts full of it, for the morning was indeed beautiful: we have seldom seen a lovelier or more promising morning. But, experience is a wise teacher, though it hath sometimes fools for its pupils. However, we were no such fools as not to take one useful lesson from it on this occasion; and as the result of this, we therefore say, that, for our parts, we shall never again trust to the loveliness or the fair promise of an Ayrshire sun on the 28th of August.

But confident as we were at that time in our hopes, away we whirled with two friends, viz., the knight of the ruseful umbrella, and a certain well-known Baronet, in a carriage drawn by a pair of good posters, which had been long previously secured; and we soon ran through some thirteen miles or so, that lay between the house we left and the town of Ayr, where we found a capital breakfast ready for us at Dun's Inn. We had overtaken by the way, and passed, many curious rural figures and conveyances, all of whom were manifestly to be considered as rills which were descending from the mountains and glens, and were taking their course towards that great inundation of human beings, which was that day to cover the park at Eglinton. But we no sooner found ourselves in the main street of Ayr, than we felt that we had got into one of the great rivers of population, which was hurrying tumultuously forward to swell that immense ocean of human curiosity, that was gathering its mighty waves of living creatures about the lists. Crowds of pedestrians were urging towards the terminus of the Irvine railway; whilst carriages of all descriptions were passing rapidly through the town, filled inside and out with ladies and gentlemen, clad in strange antique, but extremely gay attire.

Our impatience began to prick us on, the moment that we had satisfied the prickings of our appetite with the fresh broiled salmon that was put down to us. Our horses were ordered out, and off we set. As we went, we could perceive that the whole road, so far as we could see before or behind us, was covered with carriages of every possible description. The railway, like a vast boa constrictor, had swallowed up those thousands of pedestrians, which would have otherwise rendered our road extremely difficult of travel. As we approached Irvine, we observed that the whole of the vessels of the port were decorated with flags of every possible gaudy hue. But when we had run through the whole eleven miles, and actually found ourselves within the precincts of the town, we passed under the fronts of houses, where every window, garret skylight, and all, was

tenanted by people of both sexes, all dressed in their best, and all eagerly squeezing out their bodies and straining their eyes to behold the miraculous stream of strangers that was pouring in upon them.

But, alas ! by this time there was something else also that began to pour in streams as well as the strangers : the rain most suddenly and most unexpectedly descended from the clouds, as if it was as eager to be present at the Tournament as we or any other people were. We should have been damped by it, especially the Baronet and I, who had preferred the rumble of the carriage. But besides our ordinary Macintosh, we had on the Macintosh of Hope, who, though she has no patent, makes a very seducing sort of article. The rain, therefore, had no effect upon us : we dashed through the crowded streets of the town, jostling, crossing, and crashing as we went, in the full expectation that the weather would soon clear up, and that all would yet be right. We felt it to be impossible that an affair of so much importance could be baulked by bad weather ; and having driven to a house, taken for the occasion by one of our friends, who was to be a performer in the lists, we secured the safety of our baggage, and then proceeded on our way to Eglinton Castle.

As we drove out of Irvine by the road that leads to Lord Eglinton's gate, we felt it to be a difficult matter to determine whether the streams of people or the streams of rain were the most remarkable. Yet if it had been possible for any one to have seen the people without being aware that the rain was falling so heavily, he could not have gathered that fact from the conduct or actions of any one individual of the crowd. Umbrellas were up in abundance, it is true ; but those who bore them, and those who had not the good fortune to be so protected, alike walked stiffly and sturdily along, with a look of determination that shewed they were not to be turned from their present purpose by a little drop of rain. The fair sex—wives, old maids, and maidens—were all dressed out in their best ; and, in point of beauty, we must say that the women of Ayrshire turned out that day in such a way as to give the Ayrshire men—husbands, fathers, and sweethearts—the highest cause to be proud of them. The weather was not unpropitious for enabling us to satisfy ourselves of this ; for, as the lasses strode firmly on over the plashy road, with kilted coats, we could perceive that, whether shielded in white cotton and leather, or more prudently and economically exposed bare to the wet, we could gather the important philosophical fact, that the limbs in general were, for the most part, such as Diana herself need hardly have been ashamed of. The old men and lads had, very generally, given obedience to the wish that Lord Eglinton had expressed, and put on the bonnet and plaid. They were, for the most part, good-looking men, with fine, well-set-up, athletic figures. We could not look at them without thinking that, but for the difference of a single generation or so, the immortal Burns might himself have been walking

along with them in the self-same garb. Fancy led us to imagine that we beheld many a Burns among them ; and certainly we never felt prouder of our nation's peasantry, than when we looked down from our carriage upon the endless stream of intelligent countenances that moved on the footpaths by the side of the road, along which we were compelled to creep very slowly, by reason of the dense crowd of vehicles of all sorts, mingled with equestrians, that encumbered the way.

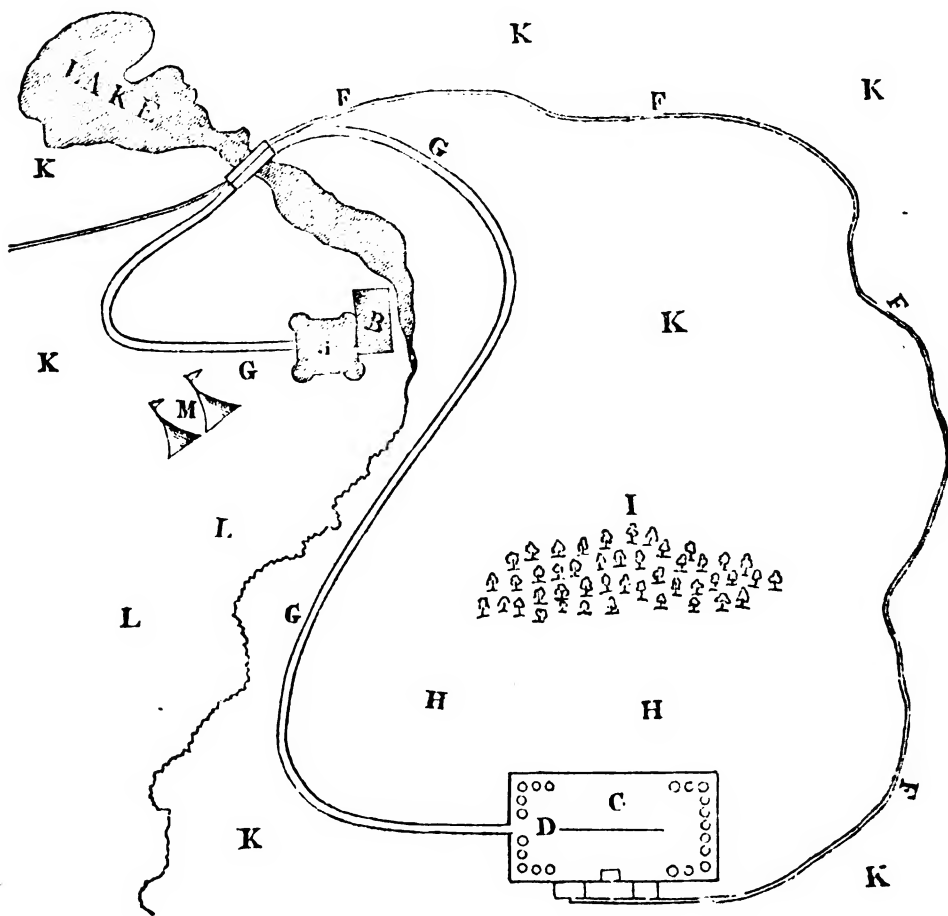
We must confess that we had never had the happiness to be at Eglinton Castle before, so that our knowledge of it is confined to the view of it which we enjoyed during the proceedings of that day. Our description, therefore, so far as it may be applicable to the locale, must be taken as the description of a stranger who has seen a place for the first time. The entrance to the park brought us into a long avenue through a wood of ancient trees, having in it all the wild nature of a forest. It was at this time that, most appropriately, we overtook that fine body of men, the Irvine Archers, in their Robin Hood sort of uniform—a circumstance peculiarly calculated to wind up our minds, if they had wanted winding up, to the full romance of the day. Referring our readers now to the diagrammatic wood-cuts, which, with no pretensions to accuracy, may aid them in understanding our description, we may now tell them that, as we broke out from among the denser wood upon the more open lawn, we began to catch glimpses of the large well-conceived pile of the castle, seen partially through the scattered groups of trees, with the broad banner of Eglinton floating bravely from its highest tower. At a little distance to the right of the great entrance, some crimson-coloured tents presented a brilliant effect. Men, in fitting costumes, and finger-posts at different parts, directed the endless stream of carriages and people on their way—"To the Tournament." We crossed a long and very handsome bridge at some distance from the castle. This led us over the narrow part of a lake, which wound away to the right, towards the bottom of the rising-ground on which the building stands ; and there we could see those huge wooden erections, newly attached to the lordly mansion, which were prepared for the banquets and balls. These were three hundred and seventy-five feet in length, by forty-five feet broad ; and being divided into a banquet-room and a ball-room, with a saloon between them, were capable of containing about two thousand guests. If the stories told of their construction be not true, Mr Pratt, who contracted for them, has been sorely belied. It was said that he had engaged to make them watertight—and, indeed, what was to be the use of them if they were not to be so?—and we were told that they had no other covering than some old sail-cloth, brought in a hurry to the spot from some sail-maker's yard at Greenock or Port Glasgow !

As an integral part of the great chain of human beings—in carriages, on horseback, and on foot—with whom we were linked, we made, in obedience to the directions, our postboy from time to time

received, an extensive sweep around a part of the more open park ; and then we threaded through a thin screen of trees, and were brought at once within view of the low level plain in which the lists were placed. It lay amidst slopes of gently swelling greensward, the upper parts of which were surmounted by groves of the finest and largest grown timber. Now it was that we beheld enough to make us altogether forget the age we live in, and to conjure us back to those

times when the spirit of chivalry reigned in all his pomp and pride. But, dismounting from our palfrey of romance, it appears to us, in sober commonplace sense, that this may perhaps, be the best time in which to give a description that may put the reader in full possession, as well as our poor descriptive powers *can* put him in possession, of the nature of those lists in which the whole action of the day was to take place.

FIG. I.—THE GROUNDS, &c.



A, Eglinton Castle.

B, Temporary Banqueting Hall.

C, The Lists.

D, The Barrier.

F, F, F, F, Route taken by the company on their way to the Stands.

G, G, G, Enclosed space by which the Knights, &c., approached the Lists.

H, H, Beautiful slope of turf, covered by 30,000 or 40,000 people.

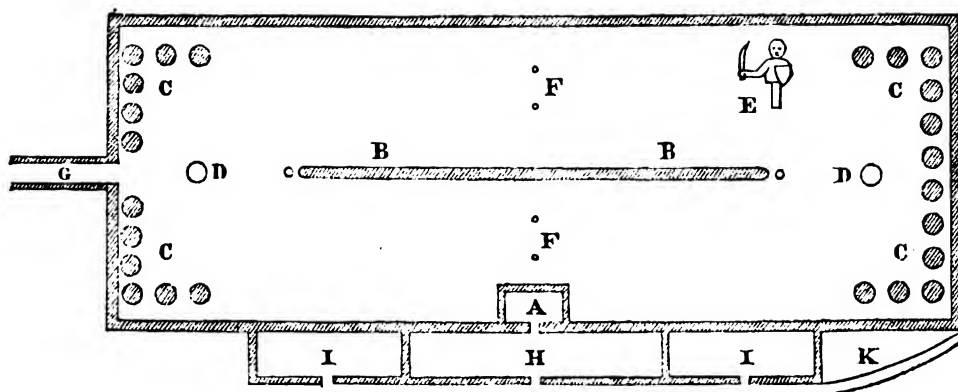
I, Grand grove of fine timber.

K, K, K, K, K, K, K, Park, with trees in groups.

L, L, Beautiful green slope.

M, Purple Pavillion.

FIG. II.—THE LISTS, &c.



- A, Loge of the Queen of Beauty.
 B, B The Barrier.
 C, C, C, C, Knights' Pavilions.
 D, D, Piles of Lances.
 E, The Quintain.
 F, F, Ring Posts.
 G, Enclosed space by which the Knight's entered the Lists.
 H, The Queen's Gallery.
 I, I, Open Galleries.
 K, Route taken by the company on their way to the Stands.

A strong wooden defence, consisting of palisades five feet high, well boarded, enclosed an oblong space of strictly level ground of about three acres in extent—its length being 650 feet, and its breadth 250 feet. The tilting barrier ran longitudinally down the middle portion of the centre; it was also of wood, and its length was about 300 feet and its height about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet. On the eastern, or rather, perhaps, we should say, southern side, were erected three ample wroden galleries; those to the right and left were uncovered, whilst that in the centre, which was called the gallery of the Queen of Beauty, was roofed with planks. A beautiful *loge* projected from the front of it, towards the Lists, which was destined for the Queen of Beauty herself, and which was capable, we should think, of holding thirty or more persons. The gallery to which it was attached was seated for above 800 people, and those to the right and left of it for about 600 each. The architecture of the front of the galleries was extremely elegant, being in the Moresco style, with tall, upright, lancet-shaped Gothic arches, richly painted and decorated in scarlet, crimson, and gold. The interior of the principal one was also painted—the seats were covered with crimson cloth—and the back wall was ornamented with a gorgeous antique sort of velvet-looking stuff. The seats rose one behind the other backwards; and as the roof also rose from over the back or uppermost seat forwards, it nowhere interrupted the view from within, whilst the front completely concealed it when the building was looked at from that direction. The Queen's own loge was fitted up in the most royal style with silken curtains, and draperies of crimson damask in due correspondence therewith. The pavilions of the knights were extremely gay, and fashioned with

the greatest possible attention to those models which have been left to us by the descriptions which we find in our chroniclers, and by the illuminations which decorate their volumes. They were shaped with angular sides and roofs, from which projected those quaint-looking mock windows, which were always to be seen in those pavilions, and over each of which there was placed a stiff banner, of such a nature as to make the bearings with which it was charged always visible. The colours of the Earl of Eglinton, the Lord of the Tournament, were azure and or; and of these his pavilions and their attendant tents were composed. They occupied both sides of the entrance to the Lists, at the western end. On the right of Lord Eglinton stood the pavilion and tents of Lord George Beresford, the colours of which were sable and argent. On the left of Lord Eglinton were the pavilions of Mr Jerningham, gules and argent. Lord Glenlyon's tents and pavilions, which were azure, gules, and vert, were erected on the right of Lord George Beresford's; and to the right of Lord Glenlyon's were the gules and argent pavilions of Mr Lechmere; and to the right of them, next to the galleries, was placed the solitary, sombre, sable tent of the Black Knight. The gules and argent pavilions of the Earl of Craven occupied the centre of the eastern extremity of the Lists; and to his left were placed, in succession, Captain Fairlie's, gules and azure; Mr Lamb's, azure and or lozenge over argent; the Earl of Cassillis, Captain Gage, and Sir Francis Hopkins, argent; and to Lord Craven's right were Lord Alford's, azure and argent, and the Marquis of Waterford's, argent and sable. It is quite possible that we may not have enumerated all the pavilions and tents of the knights; but we have mentioned enough to give

some notion of the splendour of the effect which they produced. The only feature that we think they wanted, was the trophy of arms which it was customary to set up before the entrance to each knight's pavilion, with a squire on each side of the shield, habited in wild dresses, in some degree representing the animals which were his supporters. For example, the shield of Lord Eglinton should have had a squire on each side of it, habited in a head mask and dress, so as to have, to a certain extent, represented the dragons which support his arms. This would have added a few more features to this most interesting spectacle. It only remains for us to mention, that a broad layer of five or six inches deep of saw-dust ran along either side of the barrier, where the courses were to be run. Opposite to the centre of the barrier, on each side of the lists, were placed the two upright poles, with a string across between them, from which the rings were to be suspended, for the exercise of riding at the ring; the huge, terrific, giant, Grim looking figure, the quintain, was stationed towards the north-east corner of the enclosure; and at either end of the lists were piles of painted lances.

After such a description of ancient forms, gaudy colours, and gay gilding in the inanimate features of the scene, in themselves presenting a magnificent *coup-d'œil*, amid the green herbage and the umbrageous foliage of the park, we may now ask the reader to conceive the effect which was produced by the multitude of human beings which gave life to it. At the time we drove up, the 2000 seats in the galleries, where every individual was visible, were almost all occupied; and the greater part of those who were so seated—and certainly nearly every one of the 800 persons who were in the gallery of the Queen of Beauty—were attired in the richest and most appropriate costumes of ancient times, and particularly in those of the fifteenth century. Nothing was to be seen but silks, satins, and velvets of the most splendid hues—the finest furs—brilliant armour—glittering gold—sparkling gems, and still more sparkling eyes. With such materials of drapery, and with the loveliest women, and with some of the noblest in the land, was the Queen of Beauty's gallery filled from one end to the other, and from back to front; so that the sight was enough absolutely to bewilder the senses of the spectator. If we have been at all successful in conveying anything like a correct idea of the reality to the imagination of those who were not present, we are quite sure that no one will say, that, on such a spectacle suddenly opening on our eyes, as we drove down into the little plain, where it was spread like a fairy vision before us, we were much to be wondered at for exclaiming aloud with admiration, at being thus, as it were, fairly whirled back, in one moment, to the days of Froissart and the ancient times of chivalry. But, however this may be, we must honestly confess that such was the fact.

Having taken our places in the gallery of

the Queen of Beauty, we had now leisure to observe, that all around the outside of the lists, and in various other parts of the surrounding park, there were thousands of carriages of all descriptions and denominations, laden with people, as well as equestrians and pedestrians without number. But by far the finest portion of this part of the spectacle was that presented by the broad and ample slope of green turf, which arose with a gentle swell from the plain on the northern side of the lists, and stretched to either side, so far as considerably to outflank both ends of them, having the long flat eminence above it crowned with the huge and wide-spreading trees of a large grove. On that green slope, between the trees and the plain below, there might be thirty or forty thousand people, forming a sight which was absolutely sublime. Besides all these, there were dense crowds in every part of the park, wherever a piece of vantage ground could be obtained, or where a human foot could find a resting-place. And the remarkable thing was, that not an individual of the crowd seemed to move from the place first occupied, notwithstanding the drenching rain to which all were exposed.

From our present position we could now see the towers of the castle, at the distance of about half-a-mile; its mass rising from the opposite bank of a small stream, which, having its origin in the lake we have mentioned, took its course down through a gently inclined, little, grassy valley, towards the western end of the plain, where the lists were placed. The view of the building, with its broad banner floating in the breeze from its summit, and the figures of men moving about among its battlements—the crimson tents on the lawn in front of its entrance court, which was turned away from us; and the long pale-dun course, which, leaving the front of the castle, ran sweeping round out of sight towards the bridge we have already mentioned, and then again appearing round the back of the castle to the eastward, came winding down, like a long snake, on the hither side of the valley from behind the noble groves of trees that gave intricacy to the park in that direction, and crowned the sloping bank and higher ground that extended in front of us; and then making one bold turn in the direction of the lists, approached them in one long straight line—we say that all this had a magnificent effect, and gave grand note of preparation. The length of this enclosed course we should suppose to be nearly a mile; and, so far as we could see, the palisades on its sides were everywhere pressed upon from without by dense crowds of eagerly expectant spectators throughout its whole line.

The spirits of those who were in the Queen of Beauty's gallery, and, we doubt not, the spirits of all those who were present in the field, were gladdened by the gradual cessation of the rain; and we had not been long in our places when it became quite fair, so that our hopes, which had been so cruelly sunk, now rose to the highest pitch. Time slipped away without producing anything like a commencement of the

doings of the day; yet there was no such thing as any exhibition of symptoms of tedium or impatience among those by whom we were surrounded in the gallery: all seemed to be sufficiently occupied with admiring the dresses of those around them, as well as in becoming acquainted with the countenances of many of the distinguished individuals whom they had not happened to have seen before, or in dwelling, as we confess that we did, with admiration on the lovely features and forms which everywhere presented themselves to our eyes. This was an occupation which might have kept the whole of us alive for many a good hour. But, at this time it was that the programme of the order of the procession was handed about for sale; and so, with certain corrections now made upon it, we may here venture to give it as tolerably free from error, prefixing to it the account of the method by which we understand that the ceremonial was arranged previous to the procession's moving from the castle.

The Procession from the Castle was marshalled in the following order:—

The horses of the knights and esquires, under care of the grooms, &c., were arranged on the right of the grand entrance; and the retainers and men-at-arms on the left, according to their priority in the procession. A chamberlain and a trumpeter were on each side of the door. A deputy-marshal, with the seneschal, were situated in the outer hall. A chamberlain was placed at the door of the inner hall or vestibule, and at each of the three doors leading from the vestibule into the three principal reception rooms.

The knights, esquires, and the principal personages forming part of the procession, assembled in the three above-named rooms, and were arranged in their order of joining the procession by the deputy-marshals and pursuivants. The deputy-marshal called from his roll the name of the first person to head the procession—the chamberlain at the outer door ordered his horses, retinue, &c., to advance—the chamberlain stationed at the inner door summoned the personage so named to take his place in the procession. This done, the party rode up the line of route to a given point, so as to allow a space for the marshalling of the whole cavalcade. This order was continued until the whole were mounted and marshalled, which being proclaimed by the chamberlain and trumpet at the entrance, the procession proceeded *en route* to the lists, to the sound of warlike music and blasts of the trumpet. The line of march was kept by mounted men-at-arms at regular distances, assisted by the retainers and halberdiers (on foot) of the Lord of the Tournament. On arriving at the lists, the procession entered at the principal gate; and after making the half circuit, the King of the Tournament, the judges of the field, &c., with their attendant knights and esquires, were dismounted and marshalled to their appointed seats in the Gothic gallery. The King, Queen, &c., having assumed their thrones, (to which the latter was conveyed in a coach and four,) a pro-

longed flourish of the trumpets summoned the knights and esquires to pay their devoirs to the Queen of Beauty; and the whole riding again round, received from their ladies the favours, gloves, scarfs, &c., to be worn in their helmets during the Tourney. Another blast of trumpets gave notice to the knights to retire to their separate pavilions, to complete their arming, and await the summons of the herald and his trumpeters. The knights rode from their pavilions *completely armed*, after being assisted to their chargers by their esquires, and took their stations on the ground appointed to them, when, the trumpets having again sounded, the herald of the Tourney gave notice that they were ready to do their devoir against any knight who might demand the combat. On this the knight elected to run the first course against the challengers left his tent, armed at all points, and riding up to the gallery, demanded permission to make his assay, which was granted. At the cry of "*Laissez les aller*," the trumpets sounded the charge, and the knights ran the appointed courses.

The following is the order in which the Procession reached the ground, taken from the official programme; the only digression from which was the circumstance of the "*Queen of Beauty*" and attendants being conveyed to the ground in carriages, owing to the wetness of the weather:—

Men-at-Arms,

indemi-suits of armour and costumes.

Musicians,

in rich costumes of silk—their horses trapped and caparisoned.

Trumpeters,

in full costumes—the trumpet and banner emblazoned with the arms of the Lord of the Tournament.

Banner-Bearers of the Lord of the Tournament.

Two Deputy-Marshals,

in costumes, on horses caparisoned.

Attendants on foot.

The Eglington Herald,

in a tabard, richly embroidered.

Two Pursuivants,

in emblazoned surcoats.

The Judge of Peace,

LORD SALTOUN,

in his robes, and bearing a wand, on a horse richly caparisoned.

Retainers,

on foot, in costumes, carrying heavy steel battle-axes:

Officer of the Halberdiers,

on horseback, in a suit of demi-armour with a gilt partizan.

Halberdiers,

on foot, in liveries of their Lord carrying their halberds.

Men-at-Arms,

in demi-suits of armour.

The Herald of the Tournament,

in his tabard, richly emblazoned with emblematical devices.

The Knight Marshal of the Lists,

Sir CHARLES LAMB, Bart.,

Groom. in a rich embroidered surcoat, and Groom. embossed and gilt suit of armour—his horse richly caparisoned, &c.

Esquire,
Lord Chelsea.

Esquire,
Major M'Dowall.

Attendants of the Knight Marshal,

in costumes of his colours, blue, white, and gold.

Halberdiers of the Knight Marshal,
in liveries of his colours, with their halberds.

Ladies Visitors,

LADY MONTGOMERY, LADY JANE MONTGOMERY,
MISS MACDONALD,

on horses, caparisoned with blue and white silk, embroidered with gold and silver, each led by a groom in costume of their colours.

The King of the Tournament,

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY,

Halberdier. in his robes of velvet and ermine, and wearing his coronet—his horse richly caparisoned. Halberdier.

Esquire,
Colonel Wood.

Esquire,
H. Irvine, Esq.

Halberdiers,
in liveries as before.

The Queen of Beauty,

Groom. LADY SEYMOUR, Groom.
In a rich costume, on a horse richly caparisoned—a silk canopy borne over her by attendants in costumes.

Ladies Attendants on the Queen,
In rich costumes.

Pages of the Queen,
in costumes of her colours

Esquire,
F. Charteris, Esq.

Esquire,

The Jester,

in a characteristic costume, bearing his sceptre—on a mule, caparisoned and trapped with bells, &c.

Retainers,

on foot, in liveries of the colours of the Lord of the Tournament.

The Irvine Archers,

in costumes of Lincoln Green, Black Velvet Baldrick, Rondello, &c.

Claude Alexander, Esq.

Lord Kelburne. A. Cunningham, Esq.
Sir Robert Dallas. C. S. Buchanan, Esq.
Captain Blair. Sir A. Hamilton.
Stuart Hay, Esq. Capt. Montgomerie.
J. Brownlow, Esq. J. Burnett, Esq.
— Hamilton, Esq. Hon. J. Strangways.
Captain Blane. George Rankin, Esq.

Retainers of the Lord of the Tournament.

Halberdiers of the Lord, in liveries of his colours.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour. borne by a Man in half-armour.
at Arms.

The Lord of the Tournament,

EARL OF EGLINTON,

Groom. in a suit of gilt armour, richly chased; on a barbed charger—caparisons &c. of blue and gold. Groom.

The Banner,

borne by Lord A. SEYMOUR.

Esquire, Esquire, Esquire,
G. Dundas Esq. F. Cavendish, Esq. G. M'Doual, Esq.
Retainers of the Lord, as before.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Griffin,

In liveries of his colours.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour. borne by a Man in half-armour.
at Arms.

The Knight of the Griffin,

THE EARL OF CRAVEN,

Groom. in a suit of engraved Milanese armour, inlaid with gold; on a barbed charger—caparisons, &c. of scarlet, white, and gold. Groom.

Esquire,
The Hon.
F. Craven,

The Banner,
borne by a Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour.
Retainers.

Esquire,
The Hon.
F. Macdonald,

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Dragon,

In liveries of his colours.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour. borne by a Man in half-armour.
at Arms.

Knight of the Dragon,

in full suit of German fluted armour of the period of Richard II., white barbed, caparisons, &c., of black and white.

MARQUIS OF WATERFORD,

headed by Mr Mandeville as a Friar, in brown russet, cross, beads, book, bell, and candle.

Esquires,

Lord John Beresford, Lord William Beresford,

Lord Maidstone, Count Lewis Ricardo,

Sir Charles Kent, Bart., Captain Lumley,

Mark White, and C. Knight, Esqs.

Lord Viscount Ingestrie, as Turkish Doctor.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Black Lion.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour, borne by a Man in half-armour.
at Arms.

The Knight of the Black Lion,

VISCOUNT ALFORD,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour, on a charger—comparisons of blue and white. Groom.

Esquire.

The Hon. Mr
Cust.

The Banner,
borne by a Man-at-Arms.
Retainers.

Esquire.

T. O. Gascoigne,
Esq.

Halberdiers of the Knight of the Gael.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour. borne by a Man-at-Arms in half-armour.

The Knight of Gael,

VISCOUNT GLENLYON,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour, on a barbed charger—caparisons, &c. of green, blue, and crimson. Groom.

Esquire,

Sir David Dundas. The Banner. Esquire,
borne by a Man John Balfour, Esq.
at Arms.
Retainers.

Retainers of the Knight of the Dolphin.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour. borne by a Man in half-armour.
at Arms.

The Knight of the Dolphin,

THE EARL OF CASSILLIS,

Groom. in a suit of engraved steel armour, inlaid with gold, on a barbed charger—caparisons, &c. of scarlet, black and white. Groom.

Esquire. Esquire.

The Knight of the Crane.

LORD CRANSTOWN,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour, on a barbed charger—caparisons, &c. of red and white. Groom.

Esquire. The Banner, Esquire.

borne by a Man-at-Arms.

Retainers of the Knight of the Ram.

THE GONFALON,

borne by a Man-at-Arms.

The Knight of the Ram,

The Hon. Captain GAGE,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour, on a barbed charger—caparisons, &c. of blue, white, and crimson. Groom.

Esquire,

R. Murray, Esq. The Banner. Esquire,
borne by a Man-at-Arms. J. Ferguson, Esq.
at Arms.

Halberdiers of the Black Knight.

Man-at-Arms, THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms,
in half-armour. borne by a Man in half-armour.
at Arms.

The Black Knight.

Mr W. LITTLE GILMOUR,
without Esquires or Retainers, and with no device
upon his shield, clothed in a suit of black armour
and mounted on a superb black horse,
richly caparisoned,

The Knight of the Swan,

Honourable Mr JERNINGHAM,
Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour, on Groom.
a barbed charger, caparisons, &c. of
crimson and white,

Esquire, The Banner, Esquire,
Capt. Stephenson. borne by a G. Campbell, Esq.
Man-at-Arms.

Halberdiers,

in emblazoned costumes, bearing their halberds.
Retainers of the Knight of the Golden Lion, in
liveries of his colours.

Man-at-Arms, in THE GONFALON, Man-at-Arms, in
half-armour. borne by a Man-at-Arms. half-armour.

The Knight of the Golden Lion,

Captain J. O. FAIRLIE,
Groom. in a suit of richly gilt and embla- Groom.
zoned armour—caparisons, &c. of
blue and crimson.

Page. The Banner, Page.
borne by — Cox, Esq.

Esquire, Esquire, Esquire,
H. Wilson, Esq. Captain Purves. Captain Pettat.
Halberdiers as before—Retainers, &c.

Retainers of the Knight of the White Rose.

Body Guard of THE GONFALON, Body Guard of
Bowmen, in borne by a Man-at-Arms. Bowmen, in
Ancient Ancient
Costume. Costume.

The Knight of the White Rose,
CHARLES LAMB, Esq.

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour; Groom.
on a barbed charger—caparisons,
&c., of blue and gold lozenge.

Esquire, The Banner, Esquire,
J. Gordon, Esq. borne by a Man-at- R. Crawford, Esq.
Arms.

*Retainers.**The Knight of the Stag's Head,*
Captain BERESFORD,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour; on Groom.
a barbed charger—caparisons, &c.,
white and black.

Esquire, The Banner, Esquire,
Lord Maidstone. borne by a Man-at- — Lumley, Esq.
Arms.

The Knight of the Border.

Sir F. JOHNSTONE,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour; Groom.
on a horse—caparisons, &c.,
white and gold.

Esquire, The Banner, Esquire.
Lord Drūmlanrig. borne by a Man-at-
Arms.

The Knight of the Burning Tower,

Sir F. HOPKINS,

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour; Groom.
on a charger—caparisons, &c.,
black and gold.

Esquire. The Banner, Esquire.
borne by a Man-at-Arms.

Retainers of the Knight of the Red Rose.

THE GONFALON,

borne by a Man-at-Arms.

The Knight of the Red Rose,

R. J. LECHMERE, Esq.,

Groom. in a suit of fluted German armour; Groom.
on a barbed charger—caparisons,
&c., scarlet and white.

Esquire, The Banner, Esquire,
— Corry, borne by CORBET SMITH, Esq. Horlock,
Esq. Esq.

Retainers of the Knight of the Lion's Paw.

THE GONFALON,

borne by a Man-at-Arms.

The Knight of the Lion's Paw.

CECIL BOOTHBY, Esq.

Groom. in a suit of polished steel armour; Groom.
on a barbed horse—caparisons,
&c., blue and crimson.

Esquire. The Banner, Esquire.
borne by a Man-at-Arms.

The Knights Visitors,
in Ancient Costumes.

SWORDSMEN,

in characteristic costumes, on foot, each bearing a two-
handed sword on his right shoulder.

BOWMEN,

with their hoods and bows.

THE SENESCHAL OF THE CASTLE,

in his costume of office, and bearing his wand.

TWO DEPUTY-MARSHALS,

in costumes; on horseback, as before.

ATTENDANTS OF THE DEPUTY-MARSHALS,

CHAMBERLAINS OF THE HOUSEHOLD,

in costumes of office, each bearing his key.

SERVITORS OF THE CASTLE,
on foot.MEN-AT-ARMS,
as before.

The following were the rules which were given
out as those to be observed in the tilting lists:—

1. No Knight can be permitted to ride with-
out having on the whole of his tilting pieces.

2. No Knight to ride more than six courses
with the same opponent.

3. It is expressly enjoined by the Earl of
Eglinton, and must be distinctly understood by
each Knight upon engaging to run a course,
that he is to strike his opponent on no other
part than the shield, and that an *atteint* made
elsewhere (or the lance broken across) will be
adjudged foul, and advantage in former courses
forfeited.

4. Lances of equal length, substance, and
quality, as far as can be seen, will be delivered
to each Knight; and none others will be allowed.

Particular attention will be most earnestly
requested to be paid to this injunction, for the
general good and credit of the tournament.

N.B.—In default of the lances being splin-
tered in any course, the judge will decide for
the *atteint* made nearest to the centre of the
shield.

ACTIONS WORTHY OF HONOUR.

1. To break the most lances.
2. To break the lance in more places than
one.
3. Not to put the lance in rest until near your
opponent.
4. To meet point to point of the lances.
5. To strike on the emblazonment of shield.
6. To perform all the determined courses.

ACTIONS OF DISHONOUR.

1. To break the lance across the opponent.
2. To strike or hurt the horse.
3. To strike the saddle.
4. To drop the lance or sword.
5. To lose the management of the horse at the
encounter.
6. To be unhorsed—the greatest dishonour.
7. All lances broken by striking below the
girdle to be disallowed.

ACTIONS MOST WORTHY.

1. To break the lance in many pieces.

AT THE TOURNEY OR BARRIER.

1. Two blows to be given in passing, and ten at the encounter.

These rules are very much taken from those of ancient times; and hence may be estimated the absurdity of those wisecracks who seemed to consider the combat as altogether naught, and the whole thing ridiculous, because no one was unhorsed by his adversary. Now, we apprehend that of tilting there were two different degrees—the first was that tilting of courtesy, of which it was the object of the proceedings at Eglinton Castle to give a specimen. In the olden time, no piece of courtesy could be greater than that of one knight offering to break a spear with another. The utmost intention of such an encounter, was to break a spear by pushing it against the adversary's shield; and to prevent anything like the risk of either party being unhorsed, the spears were always made of brittle wood, and they were, moreover, not unfrequently cut partly through, so as to ensure their breaking the moment they were properly planted against the opponent's shield or armour. The point, moreover, was not sharp, but it terminated in a broad, flat piece of the wood of which it was formed, called the crotchet, which bore the same relation to the lance that the button does to the foil. Now these were precisely the lances with which the tilting at Eglinton was performed, and, therefore, he who looked for the unhorsing of the combatants—and still more, he who looked, as we verily believe some did, to see some of them pierced through and through their armour—were as ignorant as they were blood-thirsty. The second style of tilting of old, was that with the ashen-shaft—a tough instrument, which, instead of the crotchet, at its smaller extremity, had three iron prongs, about an inch and a half, or two inches long, each prong being blunt at the point, so that, whilst they were less likely to slip off the shield or crest, there was no risk of their penetrating either. The object of this amusement was to unsaddle and unhorse the adversary; and although it likewise was always practised in good humour, the falls produced by it were not unfrequently fatal from the concussion. It was said that Lord Waterford had expressed himself especially desirous of having a few courses with the ashen-shaft—and perhaps for the benefit of us who were spectators, it is to be regretted that he could not have been indulged. The third and superlative degree of tilting was that when they fought with grounden points of steel, a method which was resorted to in cases of duel; and if the challenge was to the *outrance*, the knights, when their lances were shattered, or rendered useless, dismounted and fought on foot with their battle axes, hewing at each other with might and main, till the armour of both was frequently hacked off piece meal—and when one or both were rolled on the ground, the poignard was frequently resorted to; and if the

Sovereign, if present, or the King of the Tournament, did not throw down his warder to stop the combat, it always ended in the death of one or other of the knights. But the tournament at Eglinton being, as we have already said, a gentle and courteous passage of arms, it was just as reasonable to expect that mischief should be done, as it would be for any one to go to that most interesting exhibition of the scholars of Mr Roland, the fencing master, which takes place periodically in our Assembly Rooms in George Street, with the expectation of seeing one out of every pair of the youths who fence together, run through the body with the foil.

One remarkable feature of the Eglinton Tournament, and one which would have warmed the very heart of Sir Walter Scott, or any other such antiquary, was the circumstance that, not only was all the armour of the most exquisite workmanship and of genuine antiquity—some of it being as old as the time of Richard II.—but there was hardly one suit of it that had not some interesting history attached to it. Why is Sir Walter not alive to be the chronicler of the Eglinton Tournament! How eloquently would he have revelled in all the historical recollections which every fragment of the armour used at it would have conjured up in his mind! That, for instance, of Lord Craven was particularly remarkable. It was of the purest blue-burnished Milan steel, decorated with gold studs or rivets, and curiously inlaid with the same metal, in an exquisitely wrought arabesque pattern. It came from the Manorial Hall of Hylton Castle, and it was the armour worn by the Baron Hylton at the Battle of Cressy. The casque or helmet weighed nearly forty pounds. Yet, may we remark, touching the weight of the helmets, that we learned from some of the knights themselves, that the casque was the only part of the armour which they felt at all oppressive, if worn for any length of time. But as it was never worn in former days except when the knight was actually in action, either in battle or in the lists, the weight was of less consequence. As for the rest of the pieces of the armour, it is a curious fact that there was hardly a piece of any suit at the Eglinton Tournament, which was not found to be too small for the man that was destined to wear it.

After these explanations, we may perhaps be permitted to employ some of the time, whilst we are waiting in the gallery till the show begins, in expressing our indignation at what we hold to be the unfair and brutish tone which some of the productions of the press have displayed in commenting on the Eglinton Tournament. Whether it was prudent or otherwise, for the Earl of Eglinton to incur so great an expense for any such object, is a private question, which affects him alone, and it is therefore a question with which the public have nothing in the world to do. But that question being thus disposed of, we maintain that the public are in all respects under very high obligations to him. If, to read an accurate account of any such custom of our

ancestors as that of the Tournament, be, as it will be admitted by all educated minds to be, most interesting, must it not be a greater subject of interest to be permitted to look upon an accurate painting of such a thing? But if these propositions be admitted, must we not feel a tenfold interest, and a tenfold gratitude to that noble and liberal individual, who, at an enormous expense and trouble to himself, actually produces the real spectacle, with all its living and moving actors and gorgeous accompaniments, in bodily presence before us? And when we take into account the immense time which was necessarily consumed in the preparations, and the liberality with which all the world, of all ranks and stations, were invited and provided for, so that every one could see the whole—the magnificent scale on which everything was done—the princely manner in which provision was made for the entertainment of the guests—and the indefatigable courtesy which was exhibited to all by the Earl, and every one belonging to him, under circumstances the most trying that could well be conceived, we must say that nothing, in the least degree to be compared with it, has been done in modern times. Little, indeed, do we envy the feelings or the taste of that man who, after partaking of all this, could convert so much honey into waspish gall, to be ejected in some vulgar, ignorant, and poisonous paragraph. We who, God wot, are much more accustomed to stand up for the peasant than the peer, cannot forget that the luxurious and uncontrolled expenditure of the rich, however injurious it may be to themselves, must always go to give better bread to the industrious poor; and when we reflect on the immense expenditure of money which the Eglinton Tournament must have cost and occasioned, and the thousands of the industrious classes who must have benefited thereby, we cannot help saying, that if those noblemen who can afford so large an expenditure, without at all injuring their private fortunes, shall emulate the Earl of Eglinton, and give us similar exhibitions at proper intervals, it will be a consequence, in our opinion, by no means to be grieved at, and we shall be happy to go any distance to be present. So far as we are concerned, we think that the Earl of Eglinton has well earned that honourable tribute which we understand is proposed to be paid to him by giving him a piece of plate; and although our purse is anything but well lined, we shall be proud to give our guinea towards so laudable an object.

But now the attention and the expectation of the spectators begin to be awakened by the occasional appearance of a squire, or a man-at-arms, riding down from the castle in the road between the palisadoes towards the lists, in full and correct costume, his horse *venit a terre*, on some errand of haste from the knight whose colours he wears. Our anxiety was every moment increasing, and all eyes and eye-glasses began to be eagerly directed towards the distant platform in front of the castle. We availed ourselves of our pocket telescope, and through it we per-

ceived the fluttering of gaudy banners and pennons, the pawing and prancing of richly caparisoned horses, the waving of plumes, and the glittering of armour. Occasionally a rider would shoot suddenly forth from the crowd like a meteor, unwillingly carried off by the ungovernable impetuosity of his horse, and pursuing a course like that of a comet among the purple tents, and among the trees of the lawn, he would come curving round again as he gradually gathered the mastery of the animal. It was now about three o'clock, and the sky began to blacken, and the clouds to lower most portentously. The question came to be—and it was a most anxious one—Whether will the rain or the procession come first? But, alas! it was soon settled; for, in about a quarter of an hour, and just as with our glasses we could see that the procession was getting into order of march, down came the rain in a heavy and determined fall. There was not a soul present—with the exception, perhaps, of some of those jaundiced gentlemen to whom we have already alluded—who did not feel deep disappointment; and whose disappointment, moreover, was not deeper on account of his sympathy with that of Lord Eglinton. Speculation was, of course, immediately abroad, as to whether the Tournament would now go on at all. In prudence, perhaps, it ought to have been delayed; but Lord Eglinton being desirous of keeping his word with the people—many of whom had come from great distances to see the spectacle—like a true knight, who never fails to maintain the integrity of his vow, determined that the business of the day should proceed at all hazards.

Accordingly, the distant sound of trumpets, and other martial instruments, now came faintly upon the breeze; and we could behold the onward movement of the column of the procession, from the platform before the castle, in a westerly direction. The successive groups of horsemen disappeared towards that point of the compass, whilst fresh bodies were continually following; and, long ere the whole had left the castle gates, the trumpets were heard sounding with greater strength; and the head of the column of march, which had swept over the bridge, and round by the palisadoed road on the bank to the east of the edifice, began to reappear from among the trees of the park, between us and the upper part of the little valley where the rill ran. The crowds which cumbered the back of the palisadoes were so great, that, at the distance they were then at from us, we could only see the fluttering banners and pennons, and the heads and shoulders of the horsemen; but the increasing clangor of the trumpets, and the shouts of the people, gave sufficient note of the gradual advance of the line of march. By and by, we began to discover that a number of carriages preceded the procession; and, as these came at a quicker pace, an universal suspicion arose that the spectacle was thus to be curtailed of its fairest features, and that these vehicles carried the Queen of Beauty and the other ladies; who, since they were prevented by the weather from riding

with the knights, were naturally desirous to be seated in the gallery as speedily as possible. Our attention was first drawn to them as they entered the lists. In one carriage was Lady Seymour, the Queen of Beauty, a title to which nature has given her ladyship the most indisputable right. She was richly and most appropriately attired, with her crown upon her head; and there was a mingled mildness, and modesty, and dignity in her dark blue eye, that commanded the willing homage of all hearts. For our parts, if any knight had been so hardy as to deny that she was the most peerless princess in the universe, we should ourselves have been ready to have tossed our gauntlet over the gallery—to have descended into the lists—to have armed and mounted in support of her unrivalled pretensions—and to have maintained them with grounden spears to the outhouse. The Queen and her ladies immediately took their places in the loge appropriated for her; and there, as the silken curtains were drawn around them to defend them from the wet which would have otherwise blown in upon them, we also thanked our stars that we were relieved from the overwhelming blaze of that galaxy of beauty, to look upon which unmoved required more of the copper coating of modern dandyism than we are possessed of.

The carriages were now cleared away, and the procession began to advance towards the entrance to the lists, amidst the shouts of the people. We have seen many fine spectacles, and processions in our days; but we are prepared to contend that no spectacle or procession of modern times, not bating that of a coronation itself, ever came within many degrees of this as to splendour. One only that we have beheld, exceeded it in interest; and that was the procession of the forty or fifty thousand grateful hearts, who, full of joy for the gift of Reform, which their determination had wrenched from an unwilling House of Peers, assembled in triumph in Bruntsfield Links, and paraded through the streets of Edinburgh, on the 10th day of August, 1832. Alas! how that great modern charter of our liberties has since been worm-eaten, almost to caddis, by the reptiles of Toryism! But this is neither the time nor the place for such disagreeable reflections. Let us not embitter our feelings, therefore, by any such thoughts.

The effect produced by the appearance of the body of stalwart men-at-arms who led the procession, and filled up some other parts of it, in their *harn-pans*, or iron skull-caps, and their back and breast pieces, and mounted on their great heavy horses, was most striking. So was that of the halberdiers, and bearers of two-handed swords. The banners, and the emblazoned coats of the heralds, were splendid. Lord Saltoun, as Judge of the Peace, was most appropriately dressed in a black robe, and looked his character well. But Sir Charles Lamb, the Knight Marshall of the Lists, with his silken surcoat, richly embroidered with his emblazonments over a very fine suit of armour, was per-

haps one of the best and most correctly dressed figures of the whole pageant; and the manner in which he acquitted himself, throughout the whole affair, proved that the spirit of ancient chivalry was thoroughly in him, and would have done credit to any *preux chevalier* of ancient days. After him came the beautiful, richly caparisoned palfreys of the ladies, led by squires; but, alas! with empty saddles. The most gorgeous person of all was certainly the Marquis of Londonderry, with his crown upon his head, as King of the Tournament, and his rich purple velvet robe trimmed with ermine, which covered the whole hind quarters of the animal he rode, and swept the very ground. We have noticed, in some of the printed accounts of the Tournament, certain reflections on the manner in which he managed his horse. These, we have no hesitation in saying, display the grossest ignorance, if not malevolence in their authors, whom we strongly suspect to have been some of the disappointed tailors who had not been called upon to furnish anything for the show, and who never crossed a horse but to ride to Brentford. Nothing could have been more graceful, nothing could have displayed a more perfect knowledge of equitation, than the manner in which his Lordship made his horse-passage across the ground in front of the loge of the Queen of Beauty; and this we will maintain in the lists against all comers, excepting always those miscreant knights of the needle and thimble, who have so disgraced themselves by these calumnies. The Jester was well enough as to costume, but very sorry and vulgar in his wit. We think that this character was the only thing like a failure in the whole matter. We do not blame the gentleman who did it, because we think that he was manifestly out of his element. It should have been supported by some wag of quality, who could have had no fear of exercising the privilege of the cap and bells at the expense of the men with whom he was in daily intimacy, and with whose various tempers, dispositions, and histories he was well acquainted. We understand that the gentleman was a wit and an artist, and he may be very clever in both these capacities; but the cleverest man on earth, without the requisites we have mentioned, would have found himself at fault on such an occasion. His best joke was his remark after the first ineffectual career, when he rode past the gallery, crying—"Ho! ho! if the Ayrshire eagles look to dine to-day upon a dead knight, they will be long enough before they find one." And again, when the Marquis of Waterford was mounted preparatory to tilting, he took out a sketch-book, and said that "he was about to make an Irish scriptural sketch—the Marquis of Waterford's head upon a charger." The rest of his flashes appeared to us to be flashes in the pan. The Earl of Eglinton, the Lord of the Tournament himself, was armed most magnificently, man and horse, in a full suit of embossed and splendidly gilt armour, the caparison of his horse being the richest possible blue satin and cloth of gold. The plumed

helmets, and the shields of all the knights, were borne each by a separate esquire, till they were called upon to arm them for the tilting. Most of the knights, therefore, rode in their cowls; but when Lord Eglinton entered the lists, he wore a velvet bonnet of antique cut, with a plume in it, with which he acknowledged the plaudits of the spectators with the most graceful courtesy. Every one admired the perfect equanimity he displayed in the midst of the trying disappointment that had arisen from the weather and its consequences; and he carried off with him the affections and the sympathies of all present. The effects produced by the gonfalons or banners, which were borne before the several knights, each exhibiting their coats armorial, together with the large groups of gay-looking, and correctly dressed esquires and other horsemen, who formed the cortege of each of them respectively, all mounted upon horses of the first breed and spirit, was truly noble and animating. After the list we have already given, we need not repeat their names. We may mention, however, that those of the suite of Lord Waterford were particularly remarkable for splendour and for the excellence of their horses. His cortege was also particularly distinguished, by having in its ranks a jolly friar and a lean monk, who seemed to have more of the spirit of the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst in their composition than of the peaceable austerities of the cloister. As they rode merrily to the lists, these holy men chanted melodies which were anything but those of the cathedral choir; and the most noble and frolicsome knight in whose company they were, and all his merry men, joined lustily in the chorus, till they made the good greenwood ring again. Lord Glenlyon's cortege had the interesting addition of an hundred Athol followers on foot—very fine men—uniformly dressed in the Highland garb, and each of them armed with targe and claymore. And here we must be excused for entering into a defence of this also, from the ignorant and unjust criticism with which it has been visited; for although the possessions of knights lay in the Highlands, that was no reason why they should not—as we know instances of their having done of old—enter the lists with Southrons; nor can there be any ground for objecting to that which must have often occurred, and did often occur; we mean, that in addition to their esquires and men-at-arms, they should also have been attended by a body of their faithful clansmen. Among the other knights who followed, it would be vain, as well as tedious, to particularize one more than another; but still we cannot help especially noticing Sir Francis Hopkins, as one whose array was by no means of the worst.

It was indeed a grand sight to behold this brilliant body of mailed and gaily attired men, curvetting on their pampered and richly caparisoned coursers, slowly and gracefully, as the procession wound its way around the lists, whilst the sunshine that fell upon them from many a

bright pair of eyes, seemed more than to compensate to them for the absence of the cheering countenance of the god of day. After the tail of the procession, like that of a glittering and gilded snake, had drawn itself within the area, the space below presented to the eye the appearance of one waving sea of splendour, as it did to the ear of martial sound, defying description. All having now, as they passed in succession, paid their obeisance to the loge of Beauty, each knight now filed off with his people to his respective pavilion; the Irvine archers and the Highlanders surrounded the palisades of the lists, and the Marshal; and the Judge of the Peace, took their stations, each with his trumpets and his attendants, one on either side of the centre of the barrier, the former on the north, and the latter on the south side of it, whilst two of the knights were preparing to enter the lists by arming with their helmets and shields.

Whilst they are so employed, we may take the opportunity to explain, once for all, that the tilting was conducted at Eglinton precisely as it always was in the olden time; that is to say, in this manner:—The opposing knights were placed at opposite ends of the barrier, each with the barrier on his left, and his bridle rein held by a groom to keep the horse steady. The Marshal of the Lists then asked each of the knights in turn if he were ready; and, on being answered in the affirmative, the "*Laissez aller*" was uttered—the trumpets sounded from both sides of the barrier—the grooms on both sides, each ran a pace or two with the horse he held, so as to start him fairly in his proper course; and the knights being closely followed by their squires, and frequently at some few paces distant by a part of their cortege, gave their spurs to their horses, roused them to full action, and rushed on in their career; and each having the lance in his right hand, he put it in rest, and tilted at his adversary over the barrier at the moment when he thought he had come within reach of him. The second course proceeded in the same way, only the two knights having now changed places, they rode on the opposite side, and from the opposite end of the barrier, to that which they had ridden on and from before; and so on. All this was quite *selon les regles des joutes*. Any one who will take the trouble of considering how great that quickness of eye, and readiness of arm must be, that must be required to catch, and to use to effect the only transient, and, as we may call it, mathematical moment which can be available during the rapid career of the horses in opposite directions, will be more disposed to wonder that a hit should ever be made at all, than that so many failures should happen.

The first two knights who appeared were Captain Fairlie, the Knight of the Golden Lion, opposed to the Hon. Mr Jerningham, the Knight of the Swan. In their first course, they passed without touching. In their second course, he of the Lion deranged the chamfron or steel frontlet of the horse of him of the Swan. In the third, the horse of him of the Swan swerved

from the barrier ; but, in the fourth, his rider succeeded in shivering his lance on the shield of the Lion. The contest was most animating, and the most intense interest began now to be excited among the spectators.

This was by no means diminished when it was observed that the Lord of the Tournament himself, the Earl of Eglinton, appeared at the western extremity of the barrier. Nothing could surpass the magnificence of his appearance, when thus armed cap-a-pee in his gorgeous golden plate, with his coronet and crest on his casque, amid the blue and white ostrich-feathers that formed its plume. His seat in his saddle was easy and dignified, and the manege of his beautiful horse was, in every respect, so perfect, that his appearance was hailed with deafening shouts of applause from all quarters. The Marquis of Waterford, the Knight of the Dragon, was his worthy opponent. The pace at which these two noble and very redoubtable knights went was tremendous. When the trumpet sounded, the Marquis dashed his spurs rowel-deep into the horse's sides, so that he sprang forward over the ground at the full extent of his speed. As they met in mid career, Lord Eglinton shivered his lance on his opponent's shield, with a clang that resounded through the lists, and brought bursts of applause from the spectators. In their second course, both knights missed each other ; but, in the third course, the Lord of the Tournament was again successful in breaking his lance on the armour of his adversary. The martial music sounded ; the shouts of the multitude were renewed ; and were again excited tenfold, when, as conqueror, he rode up opposite to the royal loge, and paid his devoirs to the Queen of Beauty, with a grace quite corresponding to the superior skill he had displayed in the encounter.

Sir Francis Hopkins, the Knight of the Burning Tower, and Mr Lechmere, the Knight of the Red Rose, were the next two combatants who appeared ; and their's too was a most interesting encounter. In the first course, he of the Tower touched his adversary without breaking his lance. The second course was peculiarly good ; for he of the Tower shivered his lance so violently on his adversary that the fragments were thrown high into the air, whilst he of the Rose also broke off the crotchet from the point of his lance. In the third course, he of the Tower broke his lance on his opponent's casque, and was led up, as conqueror, to pay his devoirs to the Queen of Beauty. We particularly remarked the excellence of Sir Francis' seat, as well as the extraordinary command of his horse, which he exhibited ; the animal being one that seemed to be anything but pleasant, to ride and, that on one occasion, did all he possibly could do to unseat his master. But the knight was his master ; and the manner in which he pulled him short up, when in full career, so as to make him stand stock still at the end of the barrier, round which he immediately wheeled him to be ready for the next encounter, caused universal admiration,

Lord Alford, the Knight of the Black Lion, and Lord Glenlyon, the Knight of the Gael, were the next pair. It was a new, as well as an appropriate feature in this match, to see a tartan-clad groom at Lord Glenlyon's bridle-rein. The knight's missed in their first course. In their second, the lance of the Knight of the Gael was struck by him of the Black Lion who, in the third course, broke his lance on the body of his opponent.

Whilst all these deeds were doing, the rain continued to increase ; and Lord Eglinton rode up to the front of the Queen's gallery, and taking off his bonnet, he bowed to the ladies, and said—"I regret much that I am compelled thus to announce that, in consequence of the insufficiency of the temporary buildings at the castle, the rain has so destroyed everything, as to put it out of my power to fulfil my intention of giving an entertainment to my friends." As every one present felt more from sympathy for his Lordship than for themselves, his short and manly declaration was received with the clapping of hands, and every possible symptom of satisfaction. But deep if not loud curses were uttered by many against Mr Pratt, the contractor for the buildings ; and with what justice may be conceived when we think of what the consequences might have been, if the rain had kept off till we were all assembled in glory at the banquet, and then poured down. Had this happened, every lady would have been drenched in less than a quarter of an hour, and the scene of confusion that would have been created may be easily imagined. Filled with the conviction of such possibilities, we did hear it whispered, that the repetition of that page of chivalric history, in which we read of the tossing of that worthy squire, Sancho Panza, in a blanket, would have been a happy incident of the Tournament, if the principal performer of the scene had been the handsome and accomplished Mr Spratt.

A combat with two-handed swords now began between two men-at-arms, Mr Mackay and Mr Redbury, which added another feature of reality to the vraisemblance of the whole scene. Both acquitted themselves manfully, and with great skill ; and their breast and back pieces rang with the blows, amidst the most animating cheers from the spectators.

Lord Cassillis, the Knight of the Dolphin, and Lord Alford, the Knight of the Black Lion, now appeared in the lists. In their first course their lances crossed without breaking. In the second, he of the Dolphin broke his lance on the armour of his opponent. In the last course both lances crossed, and the Knight of the Dolphin again broke his lance.

But the mere detail of these encounters can furnish no idea to any one, who was not present, of the romantic and exciting interest of this most wonderful spectacle—of the effect of the rush of the opposing knights in their career, followed as they were by their esquires and their other attendants in irregular flying troops, whilst the arena underneath the eye was continually agitated by

flitting figures of the olden time, some on foot, and others riding it here, and pricking it there, in all directions, so as absolutely to bewilder the fancy, till the imagination began to boil up into the conviction that years had rolled back their tide, and that we had been actually cast thereby on the ancient shore of chivalry. Nay, we must confess that the illusion with us was so strong, that if any one had asked us at that moment whether we had been personally acquainted with Harry Hotspur, or the Douglas, or with John of Gaunt, we suspect that we should have innocently replied that we knew all these excellent fellows perfectly well.

The doings of the day being now over, and the banquet and ball, to which we had been invited, having been finished before they began, thanks to the insufficient materials of Mr Pratt's *trumpery*—(we beg his pardon)—temporary buildings, we hastened to make our way from the field across the park, amidst draggled crowds of pedestrians of all ranks, from all of whom, in defiance of the drenching that many of them had received, we heard nothing escaping but expressions of delight, and of the highest encomium on the generous nobleman who had given them so princely a show. We were particularly admiring the graceful gait and the handsome figure of a Highlander, who was stepping out over the green turf before us with a fine, firm, free pace; not decked out with pistol and powderhorn, and in all the eagle-wing pride and the rich silver and cairngorum ornaments of the chief, but clad in the simple kilt, hose, plaid, and unplumed bonnet of a shepherd from the hill-side. For such, indeed, we took him, though he might have been young Norval for aught we knew; but we had no sooner come up to him than we were recognised by him, and he held out to us the hand of—the Marquis of Douglas.

Having extricated ourselves from the intricacies of the park, and got fairly into the road to Irvine, we found ourselves in the midst of that which was perhaps the strangest scene in which we ever mingled: The pathway was so crowded, that no individual could attempt to get on beyond a certain pace, without the certainty of both giving and receiving many an admonitory kick in the shins; and the carriage way was filled with vehicles, all of which had characters of both sexes, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, seated within them; whilst squires, mixed up with grooms, and men-at-arms, were seen riding along at a slinging pace; their buff boots, silk hose, velvet doublets, and plumed bonnets, all bespattered and drenched, like turkey poults after a thunder plump. As we got nearer to the town of Irvine, the crush became greater; and it went on accumulating, till the jamming and crashing of carriages of all sorts in the street exceeded anything we have ever yet witnessed in London, even on an opera night; with this addition, that the old dresses of the squires and ladies of all degrees, and the ancient armour of the knights, when thus associated with modern carriages of every descrip-

tion, presented the most whimsical appearance. Here you had a bluff man-at-arms, making love in the rumble to a delicate looking lady's-maid, who sat beside him vainly trying to keep herself dry with a tiny silk parasol. There you had a burly halberdier sitting, halberd and all, on the box of another carriage, beside the coachman in his many-caped box coat. Again you would espy a knight in his armour, sitting bodkin in a chariot between two damsels, whose countenances betrayed that the thought of their dresses made them grievously distressed by his proximity. A little afterwards, you would discover a mailed hero in a britzka, solacing himself with a cigar; and anon, you might behold, armed in full proof, the most noble the Marquis of Waterford, worming his difficult and arduous way through the opposing obstacles, with anything but a patient countenance, in his buggy. All this produced a motley-medley, of which no one, who did not witness it, can have any conception. Then the yells, the cries, the execrations, and the jarring of contending wheels, defy all description; as well as the strange expression of rage and fear, that agitated the different human countenances you beheld. It reminded us of the celebrated rout of the French after the Battle of Vittoria. We remarked one man, a fat farmer, who, quite unprepared for any such struggle as this in the street of Irvine, had quietly taken up his wonted position, in his one-horse four-wheeled chay, opposite to the Eglington Arms, as he might have often done before on a market day; but, alas! poor man, he found, upon this occasion, that, according to the old Proverb, there was "a change of market days." He had very innocently, in his ignorance, turned his horse's head against the stream; the consequence of which was, that his near hind wheel was caught by some of the wheels of the carriages going in the opposite direction, and he began, much to the astonishment both of his horse and himself, to be slowly dragged backwards. He roared, he shouted, he shook his reins, and he double thonged his unfortunate animal, but all in vain. Back—back—back he went, ever and anon, resting a while in his retrograde motion, as one carriage shook him off, and for the brief space that was allowed him till that which followed took him up again; and then always renewing his retrogradation with the effect of some piece of machinery that has a regular intermittent action, until his cries grew fainter and fainter by distance, and his bulky figure, in furious gesture, finally disappeared from our eyes around the turning of the street.

A polite and hospitable hint had been conveyed to us, that, although the banquet was necessarily abandoned, there would yet be dinner at the castle for those who should come to partake of it. We tried in vain for a corner where we could have a morsel of bread and cheese and a glass of ale in Irvine. This therefore seemed to be a question between turtle and champagne on the one hand, and starvation on the other. But believing, from the appearance of the weather, that

the Tournament could not possibly be continued next day, and therefore concluding that the whole game was up, we thought it more prudent to retreat; and, accordingly, we ordered our servants to give up the beds they had engaged for us, and to get the carriage, that we might immediately proceed to Ayr, in order to return to the place from whence we came. As our prognostications as to weather were sufficiently realized by the heavy rain that fell where we were, without interruption, the whole of the ensuing day, we were the more satisfied with the wisdom of our determination; and repentance only came too late, when we afterwards learned, to our great mortification, what we were at too great a distance to learn in time, that the Tournament again proceeded on the Friday, which turned out a most beautiful day. We are, therefore, reduced to the necessity of giving an account of what we did not see, from the information of a friend.

As a proof how much the spectacle of Wednesday had been appreciated, it is enough to mention, that notwithstanding the fearful rain which unceasingly fell on Thursday, so many thousands had crowded to the scene of action, that Lord Eglinton, with his wonted courtesy and attention to the people, felt it necessary to ride down to the lists in person, to acquaint them that no Tournament could be held that day. Yet thousands continued to loiter on the ground; and as the evening brightened up, their hopes brightened with it. Nor were they altogether disappointed; for the Earl, eager to gratify those of all ranks, who had come from all quarters of the three kingdoms to witness the spectacle, resolved, with his companions, that, foul or fair, it should hold on Friday; and kindly rode about the park himself, to acquaint the people with this determination, whilst messengers were despatched in all directions to spread the news. This second day then passed off with an accession of eager expectation for the morrow; whilst within the walls of the castle there was some amusing skirmishing in the ball-room among the knights; who donned their armour, and four taking the title of Knights of the Apple on one side, assailed four who chose to rejoice in that of Knights of the Pear on the other. So distinguished, they hammered at one another with broomsticks, for the entertainment of the ladies, till one would have thought that the forges of the armourers were at work. So tremendous was the fracture of shafts in this encounter, that the housemaids were compelled to send to Irvine and Ayr for a complete new establishment of brooms ere they could accomplish the sweeping of the apartments. On this occasion, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and Mr Charles Lamb had a course together of tilting on foot, in which the latter was declared to have the advantage. In the evening there was a ball.

On the Friday the weather seemed to be determined to make up to Lord Eglinton for the unruffled good humour with which he had borne

the disappointment it had occasioned him on the previous days. Nothing could be more beautiful than the sunshine. To comprehend the splendid effect of the procession of this day, the reader has only to look over the programme and description of that for Wednesday, and then to be told that, in addition to all its magnificence, the Queen of Beauty, and all her ladies, mounted on their palfreys, formed a part of it, together with the lovely body of archeresses in their picturesque green velvet dresses, and with their bows and quivers, making "Cupid's occupation gone," by doing his work for themselves. The dresses of all the different characters which had been out in the wet of Wednesday, had somehow, strange to say, lost none of their lustre. The armour of the knights was again bright, and glittered in the sun, whilst that of the Lord of the Tournament blazed in all eyes. Lord Londonderry wore his collar of the garter, and was attended by the handsome Count Valentine Esterhazy, nephew to the Prince of that name. As the procession entered the lists, and passed deliberately round them, in all its gallant pomp and circumstance, the shouts of the spectators of all ranks, who had assembled in numbers but little inferior to those of Wednesday, were absolutely deafening.

About three o'clock, the business of the day was begun by Lord Glenlyon, the Knight of the Gael, and Lord Alford, the Knight of the Black Lion. They were both unsuccessful in hitting during the two first courses; but, in the third course, the noble Blair-Athol chief shivered his lance upon the shield of his antagonist; and, being declared the victor, he was brought up before the loge of the Queen of Beauty, where he paid his devoirs.

The second joust was an extremely good one between Lord Craven, the Knight of the Griffin, and Captain Fairlie, the Knight of the Golden Lion. Both knights splintered their lances in the first course, which was by all admitted to be the finest exhibition of all the courses that had as yet been run. In that which followed, both knights crossed; but, in the third course, he of the Griffin bore his lance with such precision that he shivered it on his adversary, so that only the small fragment of it below the gauntlet gripe remained in his hand.

The Earl of Eglinton, Lord of the Tournament, then appeared in the lists, with Mr Lechmere, the Knight of the Red Rose. In the first and second careers, both knights failed in touching, but in the third, Lord Eglinton's lance was so truly directed, as to be shivered with great effect upon the shield of him of the Red Rose; and his skill and good fortune so gratified the spectators, that, as he rode up to pay his devoirs, his success was hailed by the loudest acclamations, and by the waving of the handkerchiefs of the women, and the hats and bonnets of the men.

Captain Beresford, the Knight of the Stag's Head, and Mr Little Gilmour, the Black Knight, then ran two courses without effect. In the

third, they crossed lances, and again missed in the fourth, so that there was no honour or advantage gained on either side.

The courses that followed between Lord Cassillis, the Knight of the Dolphin, against Mr Lamb, the Knight of the White Rose, and Mr Jerningham, the Knight of the Swan, against Captain Gage, the Knight of the Ram, were spirited, but without result. Lord Waterford, the Knight of the Dragon, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, the Knight of the Border, then ran their due number of careers with great swiftness. In the first, their lances crossed, and the other two were ineffective.

Captain Fairlie, the Knight of the Golden Lion, then appeared in the lists, against Sir Francis Hopkins, the Knight of the Burning Tower. The first course was a failure. In the second, he of the Lion, shivered his lance, and as the third was inefficient on both sides, the Golden Lion was triumphant.

The Lord of the Tournament now announced to the Queen of Beauty, and to the company in her gallery, that the tilting was concluded for the day, but that, if the weather proved favourable, the passage of arms would next day be resumed, a piece of information which was hailed by all who heard it with the loudest plaudits. The tilting was this day inferior, generally, to that of Wednesday, which may have been owing to the fatigue of the ball of the previous night. But now the spectators prepared themselves for the enjoyment of new entertainments.

The riding at the ring, so often mentioned in our ballad story, was the next exercise to which the knights devoted themselves. The ring, of a size just large enough to be borne off on an ordinary lance point, was suspended from a string loosely stretched between two upright poles. One pair of these poles stood immediately opposite to the loge of the Queen of Beauty, and the other pair occupied the similar place on the opposite side of the barrier. The knights and the squires, who also joined in this part of the exhibition, followed one another in succession, and tried to carry off the ring ere they passed through between the poles. The steadiness of hand in levelling the long lances, and the quickness of eye which many of them displayed, were loudly cheered. The performances were altogether excellent, but Lord Eglinton was peculiarly successful. This appears to have been a very lively and gratifying part of the spectacle, and we regret much that we were so unfortunate as to lose it.

Still more do we deplore that we lost that most animating and interesting spectacle that followed—we mean the tourney with the sword—in which four knights, representing Ireland and Scotland, were pitched against four knights who appeared for England. They were as follow:—The Scottish and Irish knights were—

The Earl of Eglinton, Lord of the Tournament,
The Marquis of Waterford, the Knight of the Dragon,
Mr Little Gilmour, the Black Knight, and
Viscount Glenalyn, the Knight of the Gael,

Against the following English knights:—

Viscount Alford, the Knight of the Black Lion,
Mr Lechmere, the Knight of the Red Rose,
Mr Lamb, the Knight of the White Rose, and
Captain Fairlie, the Knight of the Golden Lion.

The combatants, giving the spurs to their horses, rushed to the encounter at a furious pace, striking at one another with their swords as they passed. The great merit lay in striking two blows on the adversary in passing. But Lords Waterford and Alford were not contented with merely bestowing so small a courtesy on each other; for, turning their horses again to the attack, as if by mutual consent, they assailed each other so desperately, that some of the spectators shouted with delight, whilst others cried out for fear of the consequences. This single combat raged with a fearful raining down of blows, that rang through the lists, and made the fire flash from their arms, till Sir Charles Lamb, the Marshal of the Tournament, hurried forward, and, with some difficulty, parted the combatants. In the general encounter that took place after this, the Honourable Mr Jerningham was severely cut in the wrist: but he was too much of a knight not to appear at the evening's banquet and ball, though we understand that the after consequences of his wound occasioned very considerable alarm to his medical attendant.

The business of this day having been thus concluded, the trumpets summoned the various personages immediately connected with the Tournament to take their places in the procession; and so they returned to the castle, to the sound of martial music, in the same splendid array that they came.

The banquet and ball were held on this evening in the most sumptuous style. The dresses, all correctly of the olden times of chivalry, were more gorgeous than anything that had yet been exhibited; and the rooms were lighted up, if we may so express ourselves, by the blaze of diamonds. Amongst the most brilliantly gemmed of the noble personages present, was the Marchioness of Londonderry, upon whom we had looked with peculiar interest during the first day's Tournament, as her appearance gratefully recalled to us the hospitalities we had received from her father and mother, when she was yet but a girl, in the noble baronial halls of Glenarm Castle. The entertainment of the Lord of the Tournament was altogether princely; and nowhere did his generous disposition and courteous bearing appear to greater advantage, than when he was thus engaged in doing the hospitalities of Eglinton Castle, to one of the most brilliant assemblages of the beauty and birth of our country that ever graced the lordly mansion of any individual. The ball was magnificent, and it was kept up till a late hour; and the badness of the following day prevented the gallant knights from proving, as they doubtless would have done, that the smiles which they received from their fair partners in the mazes of the dance, had given new nerve to their manly aims.

Thus terminated the Eglinton Tournament, for our enjoyment in which, we, as invited guests, are deeply grateful to the nobleman who gave it. We hold that it was a spectacle which all who had any taste or feeling for the more ancient history of Europe, must have considered as by far the most animating, interesting, and instructive that has ever been exhibited in Great Britain in modern times ; and which is destined, if we mistake not, to furnish a spirited theme for the poet, and subject for the painter, for many a day to come. For our parts, we cannot hope to behold anything like it again, unless the most noble the Marquis of Waterford, the bold Knight of the Dragon, or some other such *man of metal*, by which we mean *vulgar coin* as well as chivalresque spirit, shall be disposed to renew the sight at some future time, and at some other place. Whensoever and wheresoever it may be, our earnest petition is, that we may be spared to behold it ; and if health and strength be permitted us, it shall not be the rains of a second deluge, —yea, even like that of the Moray Floods— that shall prevent us from being present.

The following individuals were among those who were invited to the banquet and balls at the castle :—

Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, the two Counts Esterhazy, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, the Duke of Sutherland, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailsa, the Marquises of Breadalbane and Douglas, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry and daughter, the Marquis and Marchioness of Queensberry, and the Marquis of Waterford ; the Earl and Countess of Charleville, the Earls of Cassillis, Craven, and Fife, Earl and Countess of Dunmore, Earl of Leven and Melville, the Countess Dowager of Listowel, the Countess of Mexborough, and the Earls of Suffolk and Zetland ; Viscounts Alford, Chelsen, Drumlanrig, Ingestrie, Kelburne, and Maidstone ; Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady

Blantyre, Lords Burghersh, Cranstoun, and Forrester, Lady Greenock, Lady Glenlyon, the Misses Murray, and Lord Glenlyon, Lady Hope-toun, Hon. Miss M'Donald, Hon. Miss Stewart, Lady Howard, Lady Montgomerie, (mother of the Earl of Eglinton,) Lords Ossulston and Powerecourt, Lady Rendlesham and daughter, Lord Seaham, Lord and Lady Seymour, (the Queen of Love and Beauty,) Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothsay, Hon. Miss Stuart de Rothsay, Lord Tullamore, Lord G. Beresford, Lady J. Douglas, Lady Jane Hamilton, Lady Sarah Saville, Lord Archd. St Maur, Lady Frances Vane, and Lady Sophia de Vaux ; the Hon. F. Craven, Hon. Cecil Forrester, M.P., Hon. Captain Gage, Hon. Mr and Mrs Jerningham, Hon. J. Macdonald, Hon R. and Miss Rollo, Hon. F. Villiers ; Sir David and Lady Anne Baird, Sir Hugh Purves Campbell, Sir John Cathcart, Sir E. Colebroke, Sir A. Cunningham, Sir W. Don, Sir D. Dundas, Sir Chas. and Lady Ferguson, Sir John and Lady Gordon of Earlstoun, Sir R. Gordon, Sir James and Lady Grahame, Sir Adam Hay, Sir Francis Bond Head, Sir George Head, Sir T. B. Hepburn, M.P., Sir Francis Hopkins, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Sir Charles Lamb, (stepfather of Lord Eglinton,) Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir David and Lady Hunter Blair, Sir Thomas Munroe, Sir J. and Lady Ogilvie, Sir J. and Lady Stirling, and Sir Maxwell Wallace ; Colonel and Mrs Vans Agnew, Colonel and Mrs Blair, Colonel and Mrs Cathcart, Colonel Carter and Officers of 1st Royals, Colonel and Mrs Crawford, Colonel Douglas and the Officers of the 78th Regiment, Colonel and Miss Hamilton, Colonel Kelso, Colonel, Mrs, and Miss Kennedy, Colonel and Lady Leslie, Colonel Macknight, Colonel Rae, Colonel Standen, Colonel and Mrs Verney, and the Officers of the Queen's Bays, and Colonel Wood, M.P. ; Captain J. O. Fairlie, J. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P. ; the Lord Justice-Clerk, Mrs and Misses Boyle ; Professor Wilson, &c. &c. T. D. L.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

She 's no more ! within the lonely tomb
Her aching heart at length finds peace and rest ;—
A rest as calm as when in childhood's bloom,
In bliss she slumbered on her mother's breast.
And Royal tears are shed around her grave ;
And England's voice hath sounded like a dirge ;
When Flora's corpse across the dark blue wave
Was borne along above the foaming surge.

Words, ye are weak when Pity could desire
Your aid to soothe the aged mother's woe ;
To quell the noble brother's wrathful ire,
At joys decayed, and brilliant hopes laid low.

To them we say not, "Mourners cease to weep."
Ah, no ! Still grieve beside the lost one's bier ;
But feel, while gazing on her marble sleep,
No thought of vengeance must be cherished here.
Oh, when, brave noble, thy proud heart shall burn
At this dark deed, let angry feelings cease ;
And kneeling near thy Flora's sacred urn,
Forgive her foes : *she resteth now in peace.*
This Christian pardon is the only balm
Which angels pour on wounded souls like thine.
Think on these words till wrathful feelings calm—
"To err is human ; to forgive divine."

ROSAMOND.

LINES.

BY J. WALKER ORD, ESQ.

THE choral trumpet and the festive song,
Mirth's dulcet notes, and Pleasure's gaudy trains,
Youth's joyous sports, the Bacchanalian throng,
Masqued revelry, and music's lengthened strains,—
These soothe the worldling and allay his pains ;
But I, who from the Muses have my dower,
Feel loftier pleasures, more ennobling cares :

The mountains bring me songs of might and power,
And spirit voices swell the evening airs—
For hymns immortal wait on him who dares.
Then weep not, O ye Poets !—Weep no more—
The midnight winds bring music, and ye hear
Tidings of gladness in the ocean's roar,
And striding unfelt on earth, are ever murmuring near !

TRANSLATED POETRY.

THE GARDENER AND THE SHEPHERDESS.

From la Pastorella e il Gardinere.

"O bella pastorella
Che fate qui soletta"

O bonny pastorella !

What do you here alone,
A treading down the herbage
With earliest dew-drops strown ?
Say, would you do the favour
To hear one word from me ?
What joy, my simple-hearted one,
That word would give to thee !
Beautiful colour,
Fragrant odour,
My blooming pink,
Who wills to buy.

I come, O gardinere !

To lead my fleecy throng—
My sportive kids and lambskins—
The valley flowers among ;
To seek the greenest pastures,
By waters flowing clear,
So do not keep me waiting,
I may not tarry here.

Would you accept the tribute,
The infant flower I bring,
Still budding, just unfolding,
Rich in the prime of Spring ;
But newly have I gather'd it,
Fresh-blooming, opening sweet,
I come with hope and cheerfulness
To lay it at your feet.

Beautiful colour, &c.

The gift, indeed, is handsome,
And kind it were in you
To bring this bonny flowret
Fresh moisten'd by the dew.
But thousands bloom around me,
The wildings of the field,
They only wait my gathering,
A richer joy to yield.

Ah ! do not you despise me
Because you deem me old ;
I feel robust and stout enough
To trim my garden's mould.
For that, my sweet pastora,
To take it would you deign,
With its delicious odour,
Content you must remain.
Beautiful colour, &c.

Old man, I do not scorn you,
Nor would I shew you slight,
The sun that smiles in morning
May sink in gloom at night.
But age, to keep its honours,
Must act to wisdom's plan ;
Love will not strew its roses
Upon a fading man.

Say, would you have another,
I give the jessamine,
And with its richer fragrance,
New raptures would be thine.
If that will not suffice thee,
My heart—I lay it down ;
For thou art all its warmth, love—
Without thee life is flown.
Beautiful colour, &c.

In you 'twere wiser, nobler,
To think upon your end ;
Even had you manhood's vigour,
I could but call you *friend*.

There is a young pastoré,
Of all our swains the pride ;
He is my joy and glory,
My heart owns none beside.

J. LISTER.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE.

From the French of Beranger.

Good Heavens ! thirteen at table sitting !
Before me too the salt is spilt ;
A fatal number ! presage fitting !
Death comes—I tremble as with guilt.
It comes ! but, lo ! in woman's guise,
With youthful glance, with smile to cheer ;
Come, let the song of joy arise—
No, friends, no more of death I fear.

As she invited here had been,
With wreathed flowers crown her head—
Let nothing on her brow be seen
But the bright hues their beauties shed.
To me she shews a broken chain,
A sleeping child her breast doth bear ;
Come, fill my empty cup again—
No, friends, no more of death I fear.

"Dost dread me," (thus her voice is borne),
"The twin of Hope—the child of Heaven ?
My coming ought the slave to mourn,
When by my touch his chains are riven ?
Fall'n souls ! I clothe ye with the wings
Of which your fate deprives ye here :"
Come ! take the kiss that beauty brings,
For I no more of death will fear.

"I come," she says, "and give thy soul
The power to course through worlds sublime—
Those spheres of light which yonder roll,
With which God strews the path of time.
Great as thy present toil and strife
The happiness that waits thee there"—
Let pleasure bless in peace our life—
No more, my friends, of death I fear.

The house-dog's low and mournful cry
My vision broke, and all was gloom ;
Ah ! man, a vain retreat you try
From the first coldness of the tomb !
Gay passengers upon the wave,
Which nought from its abyss can save,
Quick then let loose the boat—divide the cable—
Our vessel to its fated port must steer.
But while God counts us, though, "Thirteen at Table,"
No more, my friends, no more of death we'll fear.
Devonport. L. F.

THE VINE.

From Herder.

'Mid the tenants of the wood,
When in early youth they stood,
While the cedar and the palm,
Strove t' engross the breeze's balm,
While the myrtle and the pine,
First in beauty, burned to shine,
Lowly mourned the vine alone,
In a sad complaining tone ;
Sighed for branches, stem, and fruit,
Sinking, then, to earth, was mute.
Soon the earth's divinity,
Friendly man, approached to see
What declining plant did crave
For his helping power to save.
Quick he raised the slender tree,
His own fondling dear to be,
Turned it to his own loved bower,
Amid many a garden flower.
Now the sun, with kindling heat,
Mellows purple clusters sweet ;

3 M

Now the Vine, its blessings known,
No more weeps nor sighs alone ;
But prized beyond each forest tree,
Hails its own fertility.

STERN WINTER.

From the German of Burger.

Stern Winter, with unsparing hand,
Hath stripped the poplar tall ;
Hath robbed the vernal garb of May
From woods and meadows all ;

Hath buried flowerets, blue and white,
Together in the grave—
Not beauty, grace, nor innocence,
Could rose or lily save.

Yet hope not, tenants of the tomb,
From me a funeral strain—
I know a face whereon ye bloom,
Where ye for ever reign.

Blue is the pupil of her eye,
Her forehead pearly white,
Her mouth as precious ruby red,
Her step as fairy light.

Her breath is like the vernal air,
With varied odour sweet,
Where fragrance of the hyacinth
And blushing violets meet.

Full as the purple strawberry,
Refreshing as the dew,
The kiss so maidently bestowed
With smiles for ever new.

O May! what do I care for thee,
Queen of the flowery grove ?
The charms of Spring survive in her
The gentle maid I love.

MOTLEY.

THE HORSEMAN'S SONG.

Körner.

Up, up my gallant steed, arise !
We'll find a world of freedom yet,
Although the foeman's cunning tries
An ambush round our path to set.
Come, bear thee well, my noble steed !
The oak-wreath beckons from the plain ;
Stretch on ! stretch on ! and with me speed
Into the battle's storm again.

It joys the daring horseman's mood
Swift spurring o'er the field to go ;
It never checks his mantling blood
To see who writhe in dust below :
Behind him all he fights to save—
His home, his child, his wife adored ;
Before him—freedom or a grave ;
And in his hand—his sword.

He goes unto a bridal feast,
A marriage garland his to wear ;
And should he tarry in the least,
Our brotherhood he may not share ;
For HONOUR is the marriage guest,
The bride our father-land,
Who clasps her fondly to his breast,
Has dared 'gainst Death to stand.

Soft, should he fall, his rest will be,
A glorious slumber his, to prove,
Her arms shall fold him tenderly,
And o'er his sleep shall watch her love ;
And when the oak-branch, in the spring,
Shall with its leaflets deck the spray,
Proudly a wreath she'll o'er him fling,
While he in freedom's world doth stray.

So who may stand, or who may fall,
Upon the trodden field of fate,
On whom the battles chance may call,
We calmly can await ;
Though one in German freedom's fight
Into the grave descend,
While others war in victory's light,
To either lot we bend.

If victory waits us from our Lord,
'Gainst fate let every heart be steel'd ;
Yes ; God's own hand shall guide our sword—
His arm shall hold our shield.
Already rings the battle's sound,
So, up my gallant horse, awake !
Though all the devils hemm'd us round,
Yet through them should'st thou break.
Devonport.

L. F.

ADDRESS TO NATURE.

From the German of Leopold Count of Stolberg.

Sweetest Nature, mother dear !
Lead me on thy way,
As a child, in blythe career,
Boundeth forth to play.

Let me, wearied with delight,
On thy bosom rest,
Breathe the air of fancies bright,
Hanging on thy breast.

Ah ! how charmed am I with thee !
Life's endearing stay ;
Sweetest Nature comfort me,
Lead me on thy way.

MOTLEY.

From the German of Hölty.

Strew ye roses on the way,
Banish every sorrow,
While ye live, enjoy to-day,
Heedless of the morrow.

How the youth, in joyous dance,
Sports the hours away ;
To-morrow waves his funeral wreath—
Emblem of decay.

To-day the bride the altar seeks,
With marriage robes adorned—
To-morrow rests she on her bier,
By weeping husband mourned.

Give all sorrow to the winds,
Clash the goblets round,
Taste life's fruits, while yet ye may,
With vine chaplets crowned.

MOTLEY.

SONNET.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE CHARACTERS OF THE- MISTOCLES AND CORIOLANUS.

Translated from the Italian of Abbot Vivianse.

Two cities full of black ingratitude,
Towards two mighty heroes cast them forth,
And victims to the furious multitude,
Athens and Rome proscribed them in its wroth.
One exile, trampling upon nature's ties,
Sought, monstrous, to enslave his native Rome.
The other to his thankless land replies,
" May God defend her, Athens has my home."
He, to escape a foreign dwellingplace,
Nor harm his country, drank the poisoned bowl,
And struck with wonder has each Persian soul.
Coriolanus, stained with deep disgrace
Of treachery, received the charm desired ;—
The other as a citizen expired.

THE ORGANIST.

BY THE LATE JOHN GALT.

ONE day, while walking towards a neighbouring town, my attention was arrested by a young man, with an organ on his back, travelling in the same direction. He was carolling, unconsciously, as it were, with considerable musical pathos, the following rude Italian ditty :—

My country, my parent !—O mother, austere !
How I did love thee, did love thee in heart :
Was not my fervent vow ever sincere,
Ne'er from thy glory nor danger to part ?
I that so swore to die for, mother, thee !
Nor witness the dying of thy liberty.
Queen of the stars, O day that is past !—
O goddess ! to whom still in worship the old
Do homage in spirit, why am I thus cast,
Unshelter'd and lonely to perish in cold ?
Proud parent ! when Fortune was smiling and free,
I serv'd thee for love ; now I earn poverty.

When he had finished, he sat down on a dwarf wall by the road-side, apparently to rest, with so much of the air *pensieroso*, that I was irresistably induced to speak to him ; and the following conversation arose :—

“ My father's country,” said he, “ was Asti, in Piedmont ; but *Io, Io sono Romano*”—(I, I am a Roman.)

Something in the generous arrogance with which he uttered the unusual *Io*, caused me to prick up my ears ; and I inquired how that had happened.

“ Ah, signore,” he replied, “ it is the way of the world : One born to greatness does not always enjoy it. I saw the King of France guillotined : a ladrone (a thief) would not have been so used in paese mio”—(my country.)

The manner of this observation interested me still more than the lordliness with which he had pronounced *Io sono Romano* ; and I inquired, with a slight inflection, almost of pity, in my voice, if his father had been born to greatness.

He contemplated me, perhaps, the space of a minute, and then replied, with a degree of simplicity exceedingly affecting, by the helpless childishness of the look and tone with which he expressed himself :—

“ He was born to be a marchese ; but his father lost all his money by cards in Turin ; and his mother, una donna superba, (a noble woman,) died of weeping. Signore, the marchese, then married the daughter of a vine-dresser ; and my father, with his brother, ran away to Genoa, where they found a vessel which brought them to Livorno. They landed very hungry ; so he left his brother weeping on the wharf, with a crowd of boys around him, and came away with an English milady to Rome. My father and his brother were then dressed like the sons of the signori of Asti !”

It is not easy to convey an idea of the beauty with which this was said. The speaker might be

turned of twenty ; but the pathos with which he spoke, was, as if memory had reconverted him into boyhood. I would do injustice to my own feelings, were I to say that it only awakened my curiosity to hear a little romance.

I know not whether he perceived the effect he had produced, but again he looked in my face as I said—

“ And what became of your father's brother ?”

“ Chi sa !” (who knows !) said he ; “ perhaps he went into paradise. I think he must, for I have heard my father say he was too good for this world.”

“ And your father,” I added, really with emotion ; “ what became of him ?”

“ He lived with the signora while she remained at Rome,” replied the pensive organist. “ By her he became known to many grand persons ; and, when she went away, he was taken into the palace of Cardinal Albano. Every one pitied him ; and when they spoke to him, it was as to a young marchese, though he was but a servitore. Ah ! signore, there is always cold in the heart of those who have been born to hope, and must live with despair.”

The elegance and elocution of this little sentence would have done honour to the celebrated Alfieri, a native of Asti ; and, though I saw but the seeming of a poor wandering organist before me, my imagination was excited, and I thought of the many shapes which the proteus genius assumes. Controlling, however, the perturbation which I could not suppress, I requested him to tell me the history of his father, adding, that I hoped he was not allowed always to remain a menial.

Again, with that pathetic inquisition of the eye which had first induced me to address him, the organist said—

“ Nobody before has asked me about my father : I hope, signore, you are not of the police. Indeed it is truth that I am but a poor stranger just come from Dublin, where they are all so poor themselves that they could only listen to my benedetto organ—sono senza danari”—(they have no money.)

“ Be not afraid,” was my answer ; “ I am like yourself—a stranger here. Were there no inquiries ever made about your father ?”

“ Ah, no,” said he ; “ when men become poor, their friends wish them dead, and willingly think them so when they do not see them. Asti is far away from Rome. My father was not a Rumoroso ; he could not laugh ; so, in the Cardinal's palace he fell lower and lower ; for he was very thoughtful—always sad—and at last no one heeded him ; but he never forgot the castle of his forefathers.”

“ Who was your mother ?”

"Oh, she was like the holy virgin—so calm, so beautiful, so good, and so kind—Adorata, adorata, Dea del mio core!" there is no sorrow in my tears when I think of her. Often, when I sit alone in the twilight, I see her, with my heart, as one of the blessed. She was the daughter of an apostolic fisherman. She resided with her parents on the sea-shore, not far from a villa belonging to the Cardinal, where my father was a domestic. Being alone in the world, he took her for his wife. O madre mia! the spirit of the blessed was in her person. But I shall never see her in this world again."

"Why?" I exclaimed, affected by the singular sense, as it were, of absent objects, to which the evidently gifted but uneducated youth seemed liable.

"I am seeking my brother," replied he; "and, till I have found him, I have made a vow in the church of St John the Theologian, never to return. Padre mio, madre, sono in paradiso. Giovanni e Deo fanno il mondo per me—" (my father and mother are all dead. Giovanni and God are the world to me.)

I perceived that it was in vain to expect a connected narrative; the sensibility with which the temperament of the friendless foreigner was so evidently saturated, and the tears which began to flow from him, as he remembered his home, were quite irresistible.

Whatever were his mental endowments, his power of pathetic utterance was truly extraordinary; and I could not but strongly sigh when I thought how much the refined world had probably lost of delight, by the mendicity of one who would have been such an ornament to the opera.

When his emotion had a little subsided, I inquired what he meant by seeking his brother.

"My father," replied he, "died when we were small children. We were four—two sisters, and brother Giovanni. My sisters were younger, and brother elder than me. My mother! how she caressed us when father died. The love that she then shed in tears is ever glowing in my bosom. We became very poor, and Giovanni, when he was not ten, went into Rome, when, as we heard, he travelled away into England with an organist. My sisters, the one after the other, when bambini, (babes,) were taken into paradise; and my mother then used to sit on the shore, where, often and often, at night, hath she pointed out to me the very star which Maria and Angelina were dancing with happiness within; and she would then kiss me, and pray that we might soon be there with Maria and Angelina; and, mio padre! her heart was dying then; and, when I was in my ninth year, Jesus Christ stretched down his hand from a star and lifted her up into

heaven; so I was left alone in the world. Then it was that I went to the church of St John the Theologian, and made a vow to wander away till I found Giovanni; and I have never forgotten my vow."

"Gracious! you, then, so young, and have still abided by that vow?"

"You know, signore," said he, looking intently in my face, "that it would be a sin to forget my vow; I durst never, then, hope to join madre mia in cielo—" (my mother in heaven.)

"But surely," cried I, "you have not, since then, been always in search of your brother?"

"I have not been always; but I have never forgotten my vow, nor done anything but to enable me to fulfil it."

"In what way?"

"The servants of the cardinal, when he went back to Rome, at the end of the year after my mother had been taken up into paradise, took me with them, and did all they could to tempt me to break my vow, but I would not; so I began to gather money to buy this organ, and they helped me. I beseeched, with its sadness, the world to let me pass into England, where I hope to find Giovanni; but I have not yet heard of him. I have been wandering up and down for three years, and I can hear nothing of him; nor is he in Dublin. Perhaps, signore, you can tell me if he be in Scozia. He has a black mole on his cheek, and his eyes are the colour of pleasure."

It seemed to me as if there was a more tender beauty in this ineffectual search, than even in the celebrated quest of Telemachus; and I became curious to know with what feeling he had been so long such a solitary and sentimental wanderer.

He had visited many countries; but his mind was so absorbed by one idea—the fulfilment of his vow—that he had seen nothing which, in any great degree, interested him, but the execution of the unfortunate Louis. The ornaments of nations had never awakened his attention. He spoke of the Alps, however, with something indeed of enthusiasm—Hanno una spetto come l'idio—"They look like God," said he. Paris left no impression; even the magnificent greatness of London seemed only to be remembered as another town. But, when I asked what he thought of it as compared to Rome, he exclaimed, with glistening eyes—

"Roma, ah, Roma! who has seen her may desire to die. There is but Rome upon all the earth. The stones there are stories, and the dust antiquity. It is only there, and by the basilica of St Pietro, that you can guess the glory that may be in paradise. Methinks I hear the fountains, in front of the basilica, singing matins, and the voice of Time in the moonlight silence of the Colosseum. Roma, O Roma! Parent of Glory! There are but Heaven and Rome; all else is the rubbish of from what they were made of."

* This cannot be translated. I give the sentiment—Goddess of my heart!

REYNOLDS' MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

SAVE from the unmeasured abuse of some of the periodicals, the people of England know little of the light literature of Young France. We are far from thinking that the censure of those loose, corrupting, or morbid works is wholly undeserved; but, as it is satisfactory to understand the grounds of so sweeping a condemnation of the imaginative literature of a great and highly civilized nation, a work like the present has important uses. It will clear our way to give Mr Reynolds' book a more just and specific title than that which he has assumed. It consists of specimens of living authors, not always very happily selected, if the object were to please the tastes of the English readers; but on the whole, exhibiting a true picture of the vicious and morbid character of modern French fiction, whether in romance or the drama. This is intermixed with slender accounts of the different popular authors, and highly laudatory criticism.

With the exception of the writings of La Martine, and a few of the novels of Paul de Kock, the English public know little or nothing of those dramas, fictions, and light works. *Notre Dame de Paris*, Victor Hugo's masterpiece, has had a partial success in England; but the popular Paul de Kock, who may be styled the Dickens of the *Badauts* of Paris, as the latter is the idol of the Londoners, is scarcely to be classed with the romanticists, and the new race of French writers of the *Intense* school. The life and manners which he paints, if vicious and licentious, are, we fear, only too true to the originals around him; and if more coarse and indecent than many of his brethren, we should yet hesitate to pronounce him, by any means, the most pernicious of the modern school.

If we have been compelled to denounce the Gallican taint perceptible in some of our home literary productions, how shall we deal with those works in which the pollution is undisguised, the poison undiluted? Those in which, according to Mr Reynolds, the authors "paint the truth in all its nudity"—those who, in developing the secrets of nature, "shock the English reader, because he is not as yet accustomed to so honest a style." Long may he retain this false delicacy, false modesty, national prejudice, or whatever the name may be, for that sanctifying sentiment which makes the heart recoil, and shrink from the horror of contemplating that "truth in all its nudity," which is no more like the naked truth of nature than, to borrow the words of Hume, "the shameless exposure of a prostitute in a brothel is to the nakedness of a savage." We deny that it is the "nudity of nature" that is exhibited in those depraved and depraving fictions; although it were decent, or wise, or possible, among sane persons, that this should always be exposed. Nature, in naked simplicity, is painted in the country girl Pamela, in the family group of the Vicar of Wakefield, in Effie Deans,

Mysie Happer, Rose Bradwardine, and the Bride of Lammermoor; and the reader delights in the exquisite display of what is at once true and lovely. In the French romances, on the contrary, "the nudity of nature" is the unblushing exposure of the workings of the lowest and fiercest animalism, in minds already deeply tainted, if not utterly depraved and perverted. But, admitting the metaphysical subtlety displayed in the analysis of passion, and the truth of the morbid mental anatomy of these works, is this the proper or worthy office of a humanizing and refining literature? One of our poets says, that the Deity spares all eyes save those of Omniscience the sight of that hideous thing a human heart; this is exaggerated; but there is, nevertheless, truth in the idea. How many diatribes have been thundered forth against the evils and pollutions that attend the practice of auricular confession. But these novels make the author the Father Confessor, gloating over tales of the foulest, blackest crime, over monstrous conceptions engendered by a depraved imagination and guilty mind; and dwell upon, and eloquently proclaim to the world, the secrets of the dark confessional. Evil which may come and go into the heart of man "unapproved"—thoughts which are smothered and stifled, and driven from the haunted mind with horror, which the wife durst not reveal to her husband, the daughter to her mother, the sister to her sister, without the violation of whatever is most pure and holy in human nature—are here dwelt upon, exaggerated, and made the theme of the most eloquent and brilliant writing. English novels and histories "tell but half the story of a man's life," says Mr Reynolds; while in France, "the whole tale is given at once." They go the whole hog, and beastly enough is the result. But English fictionists tell all that it can be either pleasurable or profitable to tell, and, some of the best of them, probably a little more. "We do not become robbers because we read of thefts," says he; "but are our principles of honesty strengthened by the study," is the question more to the point. "Nor does a female become incontinent on account of her knowledge that such a failing exists." But, we ask, Where is the necessity of initiating her, by book, into a species of knowledge at which, however carefully educated, she must arrive early enough? Innocent ignorance may not be virtue; but neither does virtue consist in the knowledge that vice exists. Where is the utility of tainting the virgin purity of the soul, of awakening it from the happy dreams of youthful innocence to the knowledge of evil before the time? Young women might certainly learn much from these romances, which neither English nor yet French girls could learn from their mothers; but we strongly question the utility of this species of precocious knowledge. The audacity "of giving the whole tale;" or, in other words,

telling whatever is conceived by an impure and unrestrained imagination, as the truth of life; being one leading principle in the composition of Modern French novels; another is to trample under foot, to scout at, what in books is called poetic justice in the developement of fictitious history. Now, if this new canon merely upset the ancient vulgarity of the good boy getting the sugar-plum—the chaste and tried prudent damsel obtaining the rich lord for her husband, and the coach and six; we should at once recognise its truth and propriety; but in these books a superintending, benevolent Providence seems blotted from the scheme of life; Vice is exhibited as successful and triumphant, by its own unscrupulous audacity; while Virtue, possessing no inherent grandeur or force, sinks, and is overwhelmed by the mere brute force of circumstances. This cannot be the canon of a sound literature. Poetic justice, the final triumph, or the visible inherent superiority of Virtue, requires, perhaps, in English literature, to be placed on a broader as well as a more elevated basis; one comprehending the intrinsic as well as the extrinsic and adventitious, the future as well as the past, immortality as well as life. We have no objection to see cheerful self-sustaining Virtue trudging a-foot, and haughty Vice rolling by in her blazing chariot, if Virtue is all the while presented clear, and strong, and happy, in the conviction of her inherent dignity and superiority, as concerns even this life; and either in possession of the “sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever,” or of that faith which gives assurance of ultimate triumph; of that grandeur of mind which can “look down and pity kings.” But to this extent poetic justice must be regarded as an essential element in all healthy and purifying imaginative literature. The understanding, and the natural sentiments of humanity, alike demand it. To deny it is practical atheism.

Mr Reynolds asserts that the prevailing notion of the indecency of French novels, has arisen from the coarseness of the tales of the very popular, and really clever and sprightly, Paul de Kock. But the truth is, that French novels, according to those English ideas, which we regard as correct, have always been indecent; and many of them far more licentious and corrupting than De Kock's coarse if truthful portraiture. Among the moderns, it is fortunately not the most popular writer who is the most pernicious. His books are, we have said, but too faithful pictures of the vicious and licentious every-day life of multitudes in the great French cities; of things which it may not be greatly for the edification of the young to dwell upon, any more than on our own Tom and Jerry's, Newgate Calendars, and the accounts of thieves, ruffians, and their haunts and slang, which form the delight of a portion of our own populace. But, in the delineations of Paul de Kock's more ambitious and eloquent contemporaries, the imagination and inventive faculty are racked to portray depravities which taint and corrupt, to the core, young minds of a better educated and naturally

higher order, and without offensively outraging what, in France, is considered the line of decency in manners. If De Kock—whose popularity is undoubtedly no sign of the purity or refinement of the morals and taste of the French people, any more relatively, than the popularity of his English counterparts is of the growing refinement of the English people—be the most popular of all living French writers, he is neither the most fascinating nor dangerous. Educated foreigners seem to divide their admiration pretty equally between the mysterious “man-woman,” Madame Dudevant, *alias* George Sand, and Victor Hugo. Even the fastidious Mrs Trollope, who abhors to rancour everything ultra-liberal or “un-English,” has allowed herself to be led away by the profundity and brilliancy of this nondescript alleged birth of the Revolution of the Barricades. The fascination of Mr Reynolds, who is, a somewhat indiscriminate admirer of whoever he describes, need therefore the less surprise us. To the equivocal Baroness he ascribes literary excellence of all kinds, and in the highest degree. Alas, that her eulogist should be compelled to say that the most celebrated of her novels is so pronounced by her countrymen, “because it is the most pernicious,” “a tale devoid of one single feature to recommend it,” “a hellish compound of poisonous drugs, combined together for the purpose of forming a draught which may instil a slow poison into the veins of those who luxuriate in it.” This ought to be quite decisive of what should be Mr Reynolds' judgment of “this immortal and extraordinary writer,” “this woman of a million passions,” who “has yielded to the exigencies of her nature, and sought that consolation with another which she could not find in him who was her legal protector.” Mr Reynolds is unfortunate in his specimen of the peculiar style of George Sand's writings. Painful and offensive enough in its subject, it conveys no very exalted idea of the “man-woman's” brilliant powers. Like some other great erratic actors, the titular Baroness seems quite as much an object of vulgar admiration and curiosity, from her unsexed character and habits, and her general audacity of manners, as from her real talents. The account of the fictions of George Sand is meagre, and the estimate of their merits as vague as is the author's opinion of the character of Madame Dudevant's genius.

BALZAC is the writer next in order. We should have premised that, by an extraordinary theory, Mr Reynolds imputes all the power and freshness of modern literature—its *revival*, to use a phrase of the day—to the Revolution of 1830, with about as much justice as the *Quarterly Review* imputes its licentiousness to the same fertile cause—the expulsion of the elder Bourbons; and, by reaction, the licentiousness of manners to the prevailing literature. According to the one, the exile of Charles X. evolved the genius of George Sand, and gave the mind of Balzac a wider scope; according to the other, it con-

verted the French people, in one week, into a nation of debauchees and abandoned women. The one is about as near the truth as the other. The secret of Balzac's great though tardy popularity was, it appears—his propitiating beauties on the wane—a numerous class—by choosing for his heroine, and the name of one of his tales, "*The Woman of Thirty Years*." The specimen of De Balzac selected, is a criminal trial, in which the interest hangs on the obscurity and conflicting nature of the evidence. It would require no great effort to equal this story in the ordinary current English literature of the day, which serves its end, and is heard of no more. SUE, the French Marryat or Cooper, is next produced; but when will a Frenchman equal a Briton on his own element, the ocean? He may, however, write very good sea-novels for the Parisian boudoirs. A specimen of Fredric Soulie's powers, "*The Tale of the Park Gate*," is more favourable. It is redolent of the modern chivalry of France—the chivalry of intrigue. Mr Reynolds might as well have passed La Martine, who does not belong to the modern French school. He gives, nearly complete, a translation of one of Dumas' most popular and finest dramas. Yet how revolting is *Angèle*, in spite of its beauty and pathos, to English—we would fain say and believe, and to French feeling!

The specimen of Auguste Ricard's wit and humour—Ricard, the imitator, and almost the rival of Paul de Kock, as Mr Reynolds, the author of "*Pickwick Abroad*," is of Dickens—is trivial enough, or no more than could be matched every day in those slighter sketches in the English periodicals, which pass at once into oblivion. But Ricard's works must have value, if "they form a complete library of sketches of French manners and customs," admitting that they are sketches of customs which ought to be made known, and which deserve to be perpetuated in literature. Mr Reynolds is, on the whole, felicitous in his appreciation and specimens of de Kock. *Jean de Paris* is his text, a novel, which, with all its coarseness and unconscious profligacy, is redeemed, by great talent and fidelity, to the city, if not to the national character of the middle and lower classes of the French people. The episode selected as a specimen, from "*The Husband, Wife, and Lover*," is of itself a lively and complete petit comedy. It is, however, only a new version of "*The Liar*," which, again, is of French origin.

It is as a poet that Mr Reynolds chiefly criticises and gives specimens of Victor Hugo's compositions, for as a poet he admires him most; but, as a poet, the author of the *Songs of Twilight* is not likely to make any deep impression in this country, though Mr Reynolds is pleased to consider him a greater poet than a novelist; and, as for Hugo's history and personalities, if any one choose to look back on our pages, an account will be found, which, being much fuller and more minute, precludes further notice of him here.

The specimen of the novels of Lacroix, the closing chapter of a novel, is, without exception, the

most fiendish, revolting, and disgusting scene ever depicted in words. It is needless to allude to the monstrosity and improbability of this hell-begun in a death-chamber; and we are astonished at the bad taste which dictated its selection, as Mr Reynolds is generally rather chary, knowing the nature of that fastidious animal, John Bull, for whom he is catering. Beranger obtains a brief notice and merited praise; but with the popular poet of France the English reader is already familiar. De Tocqueville lay rather out of our author's way. Another tale of Paul de Kock or of Janin might have better served his purpose than an analysis of *Democracy in the United States of America*, and speculations on the stability of French political institutions. The most really interesting specimen—a sketch indicating fine original genius—is from the works of Charles Nodier. It is *Reminiscences of Jean Francois, or Blue-Stockings*; but then it is not French—it is essentially German.

We cannot dip farther into these "devilries." The sketch of Nodier as an author may serve as a specimen of Mr Reynold's manner, which is generally fully as good as his matter:—

Of all French writers, none is so perfectly indifferent to the great reputation which he has acquired by his literary labours as Charles Nodier. He shuns the applause of his friends, and cares not for the favourable opinion of criticism. He wrote originally only to please himself, and was more satisfied when he accomplished that aim than when he had succeeded in pleasing all the world. He is a literary hermit, who knows not that the odour of his sanctity penetrates beyond the confines of his own cell; he is bashful and unobtrusive as a young virgin, who perceives not that the charms of her beauty excite the admiration of all around. He has traced his furrows in all the fields of intelligence, and the harvests have sprung up, and their variegated produce has been distributed amongst men—flowers and fruits for the fair and young, and the more substantial crops for the intellectual and the studious. He has divided his attention amidst all matters of inquiry, study, speculation, and research—he is well versed in all sciences; he is an adorer of the arts; abstruse learning is his delight; and every branch of controversy has been contemplated by him. We might fancy his studies to be a library, a laboratory, a nursery for rare plants, with a shelf for astronomical instruments, a corridor leading out of it for choice pictures, the margins of which are filled with his copious annotations. The versatility of his genius is extraordinary; and his writings bear testimony, not only to the profundity of his knowledge in all matters, but to the extent of his memory—for he introduces allusions or remarks which, though skilfully borrowed from others, still acquire a fresh charm, or renewed point, when clothed in his own peculiar language. Every one has read his romances, and every one has been charmed with the simplicity of his style, the elegance of his diction, the eloquence of his language, and the pathos which he weaves into his narrative. His tales appeal to the inmost feelings of the heart; and, while we peruse them, we seem to be contemplating the different phases of a mind fraught with every virtue, and every sentiment of purity and nobleness.

This is high praise for a modern French novelist; but Nodier is not very French. "He is melancholy even in his gayest moments; and the vivacity which characterises the generality of his countrymen is not to be found in his writings."

There may be abundant fallacy in the statements of the rate of profit derived by popular French writers from their works, which even

native Frenchmen can know little about, but we may take Mr Reynolds' information as his guess, and the prevailing rumour of Paris. Madame Dudevant is a constant contributor to the leading French magazines. Her price is a thousand francs (£40 sterling) for an article of sixteen pages. The first edition of her novels produces about £640, and on some novels she stipulates for two francs a volume for all copies sold. Dumas, in a pecuniary view, is the most successful writer of France. Some of his plays have sold for above £3,000; and the sums which, by the law or usage of the country, is paid upon the performance of a drama in every theatre in France, produces

him an average income of £340. For every article he writes in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, he receives £40. *Ricard*, if less successful, also realizes considerable profits from his novels. He was originally a subaltern officer in the army, and is now much better paid by the booksellers than he ever was by the King.

Mr Reynolds' work, as a whole, may be useful to those who wish to obtain a general if superficial knowledge of the Bulwers, D'Israeli, Jameses, Dickenses, Gores, and Barry Cornwalls of Paris and their ephemeral works. More we cannot say for it.

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT, IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

HAVING resumed the use of my feet, I next crossed the Monocessy river, by a rather curious kind of bridge—being a great deal higher at one end than the other, so as to make it down-hill all the way across. It is of three arches, and built of stone, with a most miserable attempt at paving on the top, quite unlike the fine road leading from Baltimore to Fredericktown. I never saw such a bridge before; and, I believe, the contractors have been of the same mind, as at one end they have erected an obelisk, with the year of erection, and some names or inscriptions, which I could not make out, as commemorative of the event.

Fredericktown is a tolerably large place, with considerable business, and situated in a fine country. At the end of one of the streets, I observed a triumphal arch erected in honour of the visits of Lafayette. It consisted of boards painted and larded all over with "All hail!" and such like stuff—not befitting the simplicity and honest downright welcome of Republicans. Lafayette, no doubt, was endeared to the Americans by many sacrifices made, and many services yielded, in what they call the holy cause of freedom; and for such, certainly he deserved a large portion of their gratitude and love; but I think they might have left out, in their hearty welcome to their old and tried friend, such childish and theatrical displays, at which the slaves of the most despotic government of Europe would laugh.

Somewhere along the road, between Baltimore and Fredericktown, is Carrolton, the estate of the late Charles Carrol, a staunch Republican and patriot, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was an Irishman by birth, I believe. When I passed along the road, I did not know anything about Charles Carrol, and almost as little about the Declaration, or else I would have called upon the old gentleman—at least I would have taken a good look at the premises. About half a mile beyond Fredericktown, I came up with a young man who was going to within a short distance of

Tropton—my destination. He had had the ague, which had taken him into town by way of amusement; and, like the most of patients who have that shaky complaint, to him it was an interesting topic of conversation; and with much reason too, for, as he was one of those shapeless striplings who are troubled with what is called an overgrowth—all legs and no body—a mathematical line—length without breadth—who outgrow all their coats and breeches as fast as the tailor can make them. It would not take a great many shakes to lay his length below ground. He had travelled, too, as far as Harper's Ferry; and, knowing I was going there, he tried to astonish me by a narration of the stupendous sight I should see there. I have now been in Harper's Ferry; and although it is a wonderful place, both in the way of nature and art, yet it does not come up to my tall companion's description—excusable, however, in a lad who had never seen a larger place than Fredericktown, and who, no doubt, like a good many people, wished to make everything as tall as himself.

Between Fredericktown and Troptown, I, for the first time, saw a tobacco-field. To those who have never seen tobacco growing, I may observe, it resembles very much the dock, if it be not actually one, and is planted out in rows like cabbage, about four feet apart every way, and must be kept very clean. When nearly ripe, large blubbery worms attack it; which must be carefully destroyed, or else they would soon leave little for the snuffers, chewers, and smokers. When come to maturity, the whole plant is cut, split up the middle, and hung over something to dry, when it is ready for the manufacturer. It requires a rich soil, and soon impoverishes the ground.

I arrived in the evening at Troptown, or Newton-Trop, as it is sometimes called. It consists of but one long street, and is situated at no great distance from the Blue Ridge. About a mile before arriving at Fredericktown, I had a fine view of the mountains; and, by whatever reason they have attained the appellation of Blue Ridge,

to me they certainly appeared to have a bluish cast. The people about Fredericktown call them the Concoctin Mountains. The morning after my arrival, I called at Mr G.'s, who happened to be over in Virginia upon some business. His lady gave me a kind invitation to stay with them until his return; and as the nephew, my old travelling companion, was expected every day, I accepted the invitation in preference to going back to the inn. I stayed with them eight days; when, neither uncle nor nephew making their appearance, I began to be afraid of encroaching upon their hospitality, and in spite of kind remonstrances from Madame G. and the rest of the family, I made preparations for decamping.

During my stay at Tryptown, nothing worth mentioning occurred, except it may be that here I first saw slaves. I had, no doubt, seen plenty of them before this, but I did not know them to be such. All the black individuals I had hitherto seen, not coming up to my idea of slavery, I had set down as free blacks, taking it for granted that I had not got far enough into Maryland to be among the slave population. On the second evening after my arrival, half a dozen negroes came into the store with brooms, &c., to sell. Having completed their sales, one of them asked for fiddle strings; and while the storekeeper was getting them, took up a fiddle which happened to be lying on the counter, and played a tune or two. All of them appeared to be in good health and spirits, well enough dressed for working people, and on familiar terms with the storekeeper. After their departure, I mentioned to the storekeeper my wish to see some slaves, since I had got into a slave country. Why, says he, these blacks who have just left the store are slaves. I was somewhat struck, as I did not expect to see slaves so well dressed, so cheerful, nor so familiar with white men. As I shall resume the subject of negro slavery in a future chapter, I shall merely mention here, that in spite of Sterne's doleful picture of slavery, it is not that awful state of hopeless wretchedness which the Sternes and philanthropists, real and pretended, of the day suppose it to be. On the contrary, there are thousands, and thousands more of free whites, who are actually in a state of degradation and misery, compared with which, the slavery of the southern states is happiness itself.

Ten miles walk or so beyond Tryptown, brought me to the Potomac—a noble river, but with a very rocky channel. I was now about a mile from its passage through the Blue Ridge; through which also my road lay. In proceeding upwards, at a slight turn in the road I perceived a pig or two loitering lazily along. I was not much astonished at that, as it was not the first time I had seen such animals; but, after a short space, another one made its appearance, and another and another, till I began to have some apprehensions about venturing in among so many. I approached as boldly as I could, however, but not without fear; not indeed that they would willingly hurt me, but, as it had been raining for two days past, and as the sun had

again broke forth fresh and hot, the pigs being on an expedition from the west to the Baltimore shambles, were determined to be in no great hurry to get their throats cut, but to take as much of the cream of life as they could get in passing along, and were every now and then wallowing in the puddles, and anon starting up suddenly like deaf people who hear something unexpectedly. Pigs, too, have an ugly habit of starting to the wrong side, and going every way but the right one. I had, of course, good reason to be afraid of being knocked over and pigified in the mud. I dashed gallantly in upon the advanced guard, which, after a threatening display of snouts in the air, broke, and spurted aside in all directions like the fragments of a bombshell. I afterwards, for the space of half-a-mile, fought my way manfully through the main body of the army, and, without other damage than some sprinklings of mud, came out at the rear, which, by the by, seemed as much astonished to see me as the van.

On turning a point of rocks, the celebrated pass of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge was full in view. I had been more than once told that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see it. It may be so; but, if true, there must be very little sublime scenery on the other side of the Big Water; and, if I mistake not, the voyager has a great chance of witnessing much sublimer, and more awful scenery, long before he reaches the Blue Ridge. It is assuredly a very grand scene; but, I must confess I was greatly disappointed in it; and all those who have witnessed the windings of this same Potomac, and some of its smaller branches, through the mountainous region of Hardy and Hampshire counties, and Virginia, have been disappointed also. After witnessing the savage and fearful scenes farther up among the Alleghannies, to them the passage of the Potomac is nothing: strangers cannot conceive how there should be so much talk about it. The scene, as I have already said, is very grand; but, to me it appears to lose a good part of its effect upon the mind, by being upon too large a scale. The river is by far too wide, and, of course, the cut ends of the mountain too far apart. If Nature, in some of her freaks, would just hitch the ends three-fourths of the way nearer one another, perpendicularize them a little more, and scatter a few huge rocks into the channel, so as to interrupt the passage of the water, I think it would improve the scene mightily. But, as to accomplish this would require an earthquake, or bouleversement, as the French call it, I don't think the good folks of Harper's Ferry and the adjacent country would thank Nature for it, nor me for giving the advice; so we must let things stand as they are.

Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, in the opinion of some compilers of school-books, has given a very sublime description of the above scenery, but, in my humble opinion, a very bombastical and nonsensical one. I don't recollect his words, but he talks of the Potomac on the one side, and the Shenandooh on the other,

coming ranging up, and, in the moment of their junction, bursting through the mountain, and, of course, like the Irishman's race-horse, driving all before them. What way rivers may have run before the breaking of these two through the Blue Ridge, I know not; but since that period, their usual method of proceeding has been to range downward. Moreover, when did the Potomac and Shenandooh begin their course? Did they reach the same spot in the Ridge precisely at the same moment? Where are the wrecks of the mountain? It seems to me, that instead of breaking violently through, these rivers have, good-naturedly and quietly, lifted the piece out, and placed it out of their way, where Harper's Ferry now stands; for, if you could suppose the tongue of land upon which that town is situated, placed upon wheels, and wheeled into the gap, it would fill it up neatly. True, it is not so high as the Blue Ridge, by a great deal; but the diminution of height, however, can be very easily, at least very philosophically accounted for.

The point of rocks a little way below the pass, is the place from whence you see the scene to most advantage. Looking up the river, on the left side, you have the Virginia end of the Blue Ridge shelving easily upwards, and covered with trees from top to bottom. On the right side, and nearly straight before you, you have the Maryland end, also covered with trees mixed with precipitous rocks. In the back-ground is Harper's Ferry, which forcibly reminded me of Stirling. True enough, it is not swinging up in the air as high as that town: but still there is a resemblance. The Shenandooh comes down on the left of the town, as the Potomac does on the right. I was informed that, on the end of the mountain, on the Maryland side, an exact likeness of Washington was to be seen, formed by Nature, on the rocks. In getting into the pass I looked narrowly for the portrait, but in vain: I could see no such resemblance; but, as these things require to be viewed from a particular position, perhaps I had not got the right place. There was a house at the Ferry, immediately below the rocks; and how I did not ask at the people I know not; but I have since spoken of the circumstance to some Virginians, who told me they had also looked for it in vain. In all probability it requires a little flight of the imagination to make it out. I don't deny the *fact*, however. Nature can work wonders. We all know she is a first-rate landscape painter, (paintress;) and I see no reason why she may not sometimes try her hand at portraits. The newspapers, indeed, have but the other day informed us, that, on one of the portico pillars of a new public building in Columbus, Ohio—I think that's the place—Nature has thrown the veins in the stone into a full length portrait and striking resemblance of—I was going to say the immortal—Jackson, but he's mortal yet, and long may the old hero continue so!

I crossed the Potomac in a long kind of flat boat, pushed forward by means of long poles. In

company we had a four-horse waggon. The number of these waggons, conveying merchandise from the eastern cities to the western country, is prodigious; but since the introduction of canals and railroads, their number must have considerably decreased. It is astonishing with what tact the waggoners manage their beautiful teams of four, sometimes six horses. They ride postillion on the near wheel horse, and, with a particular kind of pull at their long single rein, make the horses go to one side, while, with another kind of pull, which the animals understand well, they go to the opposite. Those waggoners, who are very proud of their teams, have them gaily caparisoned, and decked out with a multitude of little bells, which make not an unpleasant music as they travel along.

Harper Ferry is but a small place, and the greater part of the town is made up of workshops for the manufacture of fire-arms for the United States. Everything here is kept in good order, and every man about the works has got his own particular piece of the gun to make. I saw here two curious machines: one for rough-turning the gun-stocks, and another for making screws. The ease and despatch with which these machines do their duty, is admirable. Both are American inventions, I believe. The Americans brown all their barrels; and, when finished, they are laid up in boxes, and not placed to view, in various fanciful figures, as I have seen in our arsenals. The Rifle Factory is about half-a-mile up the Shenandooh.

Upon crossing the Potomac, I entered into that division of Virginia called, by way of eminence, the Valley, embracing the tracts of country between the Blue Ridge and Alleghannies; which, taken as a whole, is looked upon as the most fertile portion of the country, and one of the finest in the United States. Lower Virginia lies to the east of the Blue Ridge, the inhabitants of which are called Tuckahoes by the mountaineers. Although the population of Lower Virginia may be looked upon as the real Virginians, the greatest slave-holders, and owners of the largest plantations, yet I never heard the above term applied to them, except as expressive of contempt or inferiority. I never could learn the derivation of the term, nor what it meant; but certainly it meant nothing good, as it was generally coupled with ruffled shirts and poverty. The people among the mountains, however, may be regarded as foreigners, at least as not possessing the pure Virginian blood; and, like all foreigners, they perhaps think themselves something better than the natives; or perhaps, like all mountaineers, they despise their lowland countrymen merely because they are lowlanders. Western Virginia lies among, and east of, the Alleghannies.

In the Valley, the only towns I passed through, after leaving Harper's Ferry, were Charlestown and Winchester. The former is only one long street. It has, however, a well-conducted newspaper. In its neighbourhood is the seat of Judge Washington, the only thing like a gentleman's

house I had as yet seen in the country. I remarked, too, a striking peculiarity in the appearance of some of the fields. They were all dotted over with large stones, or rather rocks; and from these, clumps of trees grew, seemingly preferring the spots where there was nothing like nourishment, to the level and fertile soil around them. I have frequently witnessed this partiality since, among the Alleghannies, especially as regards the oaks; some of which I have actually seen growing through a bed of solid rock, and others springing from cliffs where they could not possibly be nourished by anything except rain and the dews of heaven.

Winchester is a handsome county town, with neat streets, an elegant church or two, a bank, an academy, and two newspapers. It also possesses some trade, principally in flour, I believe, there being excellent sites for mills in the vicinity.

About four miles beyond Winchester, I put up at a paltry inn, or house of entertainment, as the Virginians call it; the title of inn-keeper being a little too low for the high-minded Virginians. But whatever they may choose to call their inns, they are—I speak of the bulk of those among the mountains—anything but houses of entertainment; the house itself being generally as dull as an empty church, and not much to be got but peach and apple brandy, strong enough to split your head in two. I met at the door a tall, comely woman; and I asked her how far it might be to the next inn, as I would like to go a little farther yet before sun-down. Indian-like, she answered with an “ugh,” and a withering expression of scorn—a trait which added peculiar beauty to her already fine features. After all, I don’t know if she was wrong; for, although not intended, my question could scarcely be taken any way but as a kind of insult. I might as well have gone to the doctor and asked him where he thought I could find a good doctor. As there was no answer to be got from her, I thought I might as well stay, in preference to going farther, and, maybe, faring worse. But, indeed, worse it could not well be, as I went to bed supperless, and, in the morning, started breakfastless. My purse was now getting fearfully deficient; having in it, after paying for my bed, only one elevenpenny bit. This I reserved to pay for breakfast and dinner, and my last night’s supper to the bargain, intending to knock the whole three into one grand *finale*, and then trust to Providence for all the other meals that might be yet to come.

Immediately on leaving the inn, I began to ascend the first ridge of the Alleghannies—being first-rate exercise for an empty stomach. I had now left the level country behind me, and was about to enter upon one wild and savage in the highest degree, and to which there was no end, until I reached the Ohio. As may well be guessed too, the roads, except some short pieces, here and there, changed materially for the worse. One peculiarity attending the Alleghannies is, their running in regular ridges, with intervening

valleys, cut in all directions by lesser ranges, or spurs, as they are called. Among them, the traveller is much the same as if he were crossing the Atlantic, upon one large wave, and down another; or rather, as if we were going from one side of London to the other, not by carefully threading his way through the streets, but by climbing over the house tops at the nearest. I got along, however, pretty well, although my road, at times, was somewhat steep, and the dwellings few and far between; the novelty of the scenery, and the anticipation of always something new a-head, carried me along in good spirits, notwithstanding the emptiness of my purse and stomach.

People may talk of poverty as they choose—of its pinching, grinding nature, and so forth; but I, who have been used to it for half my lifetime, can tell a different story. I have always found, that the poorer I got, the happier I became; and the less of this world I had to care for, the lighter was my heart: in fact, among the Alleghannies I got quite sublimated; and, although it may well be supposed that the pure mountain air helped a good deal, yet I cannot help thinking that the lightness of my pockets helped much more. My spirits began to boil over like a tumbler of soda water; and I tripped up one side of the hill, and trotted down the other, just as if I had left all my cares down below in the low country. And true enough too; for although I had got into a high and mountainous country, I had also got to the bottom of Fortune’s wheel; which, if it moved at all, must move for my good. I feared no laws, had broken none, nor had I the intention of breaking any. I cared not for robbers, because I had nothing to be robbed of. I had no trouble, as I had left my trunk, and all my worldly effects, far behind me, never to be seen more. And, besides all these good items in my favour, let me add, I had an unshaken trust in the goodness of Providence, which, according to my creed, never sent a being—brute or human—into this world, without sending food and clothing along with it: and tell me if I was not an independent man, though poor.

But poor and rich are subject to the laws of Nature; and my stomach, which happened to be tolerably fierce in the morning, when I started, by mid-day became quite outrageous, and I began seriously to think of a place wherein to spend my last elevenpenny bit. Nor had I long to think: a poor hut soon presented itself on the wayside. This will do, thought I; my small sum will be here welcome. I entered. An old woman was sitting alone by the fire. I bade her “good day,” and asked if she could give me anything to eat. I told her the sickly state of my purse, and that she must govern herself accordingly. She said nothing, but put down immediately some bread and a bowl of milk, upon which I made a hearty meal, took a smoke, and departed. In going along the road, I searched all my pockets, turning them inside out, in case any stray piece of money should have escaped

observation: but, no; the total proceeds of my search, and, of course, the whole of my worldly stock, amounted exactly to one cent—a cent I was determined to part with on no consideration. I believe I have it yet.

Until near sun-down I travelled, never having seen but one house since I left the old woman's, where I got a most noble drink of cider. I at length came to a creek; and, on the opposite bank, a splendid brick mansion displayed itself—a welcome sight, as it gave me hopes of getting a warm bed for another night yet. I off with my shoes and stockings, waded through the creek, and approached the front door; but, from what I saw, the house appeared to be new and unfurnished; and there being no signs of inhabitants, I passed on. If I had but gone to the wing which extended back from the main building, I would have found everything I wanted, as the family was Scotch, and very hospitable. I afterwards got acquainted with them; but, when I first passed the house, besides the apparent want of inhabitants, it had too grand an appearance for a poor man to make familiar with; and, in fact, I was glad of an excuse to pass on, as the state of my pockets made me somewhat cowardly in asking for lodgings. Some hundred yards further brought me to a house of meaner appearance; but here also my heart gave way, and I went on. Another house of still meaner look came next; it was too poor, and I continued my journey. The sun was now set, and the shades of evening gradually succeeded. I had also got to the bottom of the hill, upon which, for the last mile, I had been travelling, and which was partly cleared; but my road now seemed to dip deep into the forest, which lay thick and dark before me. At a hundred yards on my left, the mountain, densely covered with the pitch pine, rose dreary and melancholy; while, on my right, its counterpart sprang steep and frowning in the evening air. I was evidently entering a defile, and where it was to end I knew not. I made a dead halt, looked back upon the hill I had just descended, and then forward into the gloom, as if uncertain whether to proceed or turn back. I determined upon the former; and if things did not turn out to my mind, I could retrace my steps to the houses I had already passed. I went on; and, contrary to expectation, twilight soon made its appearance again, through among the trees; and, by and by, a beautiful little valley lay before me, in the far corner of which stood a mill. My spirits began to cheer up, and my mind to be soothed; for the little valley was so beautiful, and everything was so still and quiet—not a sound was heard, not a movement, save the bat flitting hither and thither in his leathery flutterings. I stood for some minutes to view the quiet scene, and thought of Rasselas and Abyssinia. About a quarter of a mile before me was a high and steep ridge, thickly covered with trees, barring all egress in that direction, and making me doubt how my road was to get out of the valley; but, in proceeding forward, the road commenced winding

round the hill on my right, which ended in an abrupt precipice crowned with pines. Immediately beneath the rock, and evidently built from its fallen fragments, stood a handsome, new, two-story house, with its front to the high ridge which bounded the farther side of the valley. It was a welcome sight to me, especially as a fire blazed cheerily from an open door in the back wing. I entered: there was nobody within but a boy, whom I asked if I might rest a little; and so sat down without further ceremony.

"To whom does this house belong?" I inquired; but the boy spoke so low I could not hear him, nor did it matter. I out with my pipe, and smoked away like desperation, as if it were to be my last. While enjoying myself to perfection, a tall, thin, swarthy man, looking exactly as if he had been brought up on spellings and red herrings, made his appearance at the door. He did not come in; but, leaning against the door-cheek, he seemed to scan me pretty closely. After a good look—

"May I ask," says he, "where you come from?"

"O yes," says I; "I come from Scotland."

"From Scotland!—and where are you going?"

"To Wheeling."

"To Wheeling!—Have you got your supper?"

"No!"

"Well, you better come this way and take some."

"I thank you, sir," says I; "I'll just take my smoke, and then I'll take the road again."

"I think," says he, "you'd better take some supper before you go to Wheeling: any how, at least, you'll be none the worse for it."

I did not like to stand out any longer, in case he might take me at my word—a thing the farthest from my mind and stomach possible; so followed him into another apartment, where was a well-spread table, at which I was kindly invited to take a place. While supper was discussing, arrangements were entered into between us that I should act schoolmaster during the winter; and, if I chose it, I could start for Wheeling in the spring. As the people appeared to be good, my pockets in bad condition, and good winter quarters not to be despised, I looked upon the bargain as a very providential one; and so, reader, having finished the labours of the day by a hearty supper, and the anticipation of a sound night's rest, we shall also put an end to this long chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

On the morning of the 12th of November, 1826, I rose from the bed of Zebulon Sheetz, gunsmith, Bethel Valley, Hampshire County, Virginia, and looked out of the window upon a beautiful little nook of *terra firma*, of the bulk of about twenty acres; *terra firma* beyond all dispute, not being able to slip away, on account of the steep ridges which bounded it on all sides—the only doors for bipeds and quadrupeds being at the three corners. The population of this little world, besides Zebulon, consisted of the miller and family,

and a turner and his family; and, as a central position, for the convenience of the population of the neighbouring valleys, contained, in addition, an Episcopal chapel about size enough to hold an ordinary sized church organ.

Last night it had been determined upon to take a ride through among the hills, to see and collect subscribers for the Bethel Valley Academy. For my part, I could not see where the scholars were to come from, there were so many hills; but Mr S. not doubting the result, after a hearty breakfast we mounted our horses. My friend was mounted on a heavy gray animal, and I on a little black pony, brimful of laziness—so much so, that no kicking nor coaxing of mine could make it budge a bit faster than it chose. This was a praise-worthy qualification in my eyes; but not so in that of my Virginian friend, who, being a noble rider himself, as all the Virginians are, could not be bothered waiting for us. The result was, that I and the black pony had to march first; and whenever there was the least appearance of flagging, a smart application of a heavy whip on the rear made all things right again. I can give you little or no description of the day's ride, as we made as many windings and doublings as if we had been hunting hares instead of scholars; and even now, after knowing the country a great deal better than I did then, I could not, to save the life of me, tell what mountains we passed over, nor what valleys we descended into. Suffice it to say, it was a new kind of travelling to me; and I am now remarkably happy in being able to say I escaped without breaking my neck—a process I was more than once during the trip morally certain of undergoing. If I had been a hill-country Virginian—literally born and brought up upon horseback—or, if I had had any practice in fox-hunting—littered in a dog kennel—it is very probable I should have thought nothing of the matter; but as it was, the business was appalling. I had not yet got over the effects of my Newmarket gallop, and there was I again, with my head three or four feet higher than natural; and my whole body, for anything I knew, one thousand feet above salt-water level. But for the water level I cared not much, as there was little danger of my tumbling into the sea; it was the horrid land unlevel I dreaded: rock after rock met our way; and how to get down was beyond conjecture, except by tossing down soul, body, and pony, in the lump—three valuable articles—a thing not once to be thought of. The black pony and I might have been there to this day, reasoning upon the possibility or rather impossibility of descending at all, if (crack) the everlasting whip had not put an end to all reasoning upon the subject—an *ad equitem* kind of arguing, which brightened up the pony's intellect in a most admirable manner. To be sure, it was applied to the butt end; and some people may wonder at this; but although anatomists and physiologists had never spoken one word about the matter, as they have done, the old mode of making geniuses at our schools, by

applying the argument to the breech instead of the head, would settle the point beyond dispute, that there is an intimate connexion between the two ends of an animal, and that the best method of teaching man and beast, is by the application of the lash. Solomon thought so, and my beast thought so too, for he no sooner felt the whip than he set to work in right-down earnest. As for myself, I had no other resource left, but to let go the bridle and lay myself down on my back with my head on the crupper, and my legs stretched out alongside the neck, and hold on to the saddle like grim death. By this method—meanwhile the horse was descending head foremost—I went down in the natural way, feet foremost, like a cat. How the animal achieved his part of the feat is more than I can tell, as I shut my eyes, expecting to open them again in some other world than Virginia; but achieve it he did, to the infinite merriment of my two companions.

I have said, that I recollect little of this day's ride; but as I wish to give my friends in Scotland as good an idea of this part of Virginia as I can, they will excuse me if I give them one or two more trifling incidents—which I happen to remember—connected with it. Indeed, the most of my observations thus far have been of a trifling character; and, in all probability, those that are yet to come will partake of the same frailty; but it must be remembered that “trifles make the sum of human things;” and the kind reader must also take good care to remember to forgive me, if I should sometimes, like the worthy mayor, begin my speech at the wrong end.

Bethel Valley, in shape bears a striking resemblance to the letter Y; so, after leaving Mr Sheetz's house, we travelled down the tail; and at the foot, crossed a small stream which runs down the middle of the valley. We then passed a tannery, and immediately afterwards a half-ruinous house, which they said was the abode of a hatter; and two or three hundred yards more brought us to rather a decent house, accompanied by a saw-mill, wool-carding machine, and cossinette factory, belonging to a Mr Edwards, about to be one of my patrons. As Mr Sheetz was a gunsmith, and his two neighbours, the one a miller, and the other a turner, it will be easy to see, without my telling, that this little remote valley had rather a manufacturing air about it. After leaving Mr Edwards', where we stayed a little, a few paces brought us to the big Capcaphon—the same creek I had waded yesterday—about a mile further up, and which I now crossed the second time. After passing through some fine woods, we struck upon the ridge or ridges, called Bear Garden; and here my memory fails me, as we made so many tacks and turnings, and all so much alike. But well I remember, on our homeward-bound voyage, we struck through a gully into a small deep valley, having some resemblance to a lime-kiln, or, to describe it more naturally, to the crater of an extinguished volcano. Its sides were not exactly perpendicular, but sufficiently so to allow you to roll rapidly down—

wards for some hundreds of feet, if you and your horse were so inclined. Our road sloped downwards towards some outlet farther down, and was not much more than a foot broad, and worn by repeated use for a foot or more, leaving a kind of buttress on the tumbling side. We had to proceed rank and file, like a caravan of mules among the Andes; and I, of course, on the forlorn hope, with the tormenting whip immediately behind me. My head was nearly swimming; but, nevertheless, I got on pretty well till, all at once, I made a dead halt.

"Hillo! stop, gentlemen—the road's ended—don't whip."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, here's a rock no mortal's fit to go down."

"Nonsense; get along."

"No, indeed; it may be nonsense; but down it on horseback I'll go for neither friend nor foe."

The obstruction consisted of a rock, which caused the road to take a new level five feet lower than that we were on. I was now on the brink of it, and, mounted on horseback as I was, the view to me was terrifying. To leap it was altogether out of the question; so I got off my pony the best way I could, and slipped down by myself, leaving the animal to get down the best way he could. On looking up to see how matters progressed with him, I saw him sitting on his haunches like a dog, with his head far above me in the air, and his fore-feet placed on the very edge, ready for some manœuvre or other. The sight was too much; and expecting, if he escaped breaking his neck, that he would come galloping along the narrow footpath, tumble me over the steep, and break mine, I took to my heels; nor did I stop until I had put a respectable distance between him and me. How he got down I know not; but, when I looked about, he was coming trotting along before the whip, as usual. We got home, at length, after, to me, a fatiguing but satisfactory day's work. In some future chapter I shall give a few more little adventures descriptive of this rugged country; and, in the meantime, put an end to this very short chapter and commence another.

CHAP. X.

On the 20th November I commenced my school, with a tolerably fair specimen of hill-country children, not by any means clownish, as might be expected from such an out-of-the-way part of the earth. Mischievous they certainly were; and of all the countries in the world, I believe the Virginian children, male and female, bear the palm for restlessness and mischief. They are lively and active; tongue, arms, and legs, always in motion; so much so indeed, that I heard of an Englishman who had to tie some of them on their seats to keep them in anything like a scholarly deportment. How it comes I know not, but they beat anything of the kind I ever saw. They are, however, full of ambition, and easily taught. Schools are numerous among the Alleghannies; but, on account of the nature

of the country, not large; and a goodly proportion of the teachers are not much worth—a great many of them acting as farm-servants during the summer, and as pedagogues throughout the winter. The common wages are about two dollars per quarter; and for the poor children, the school fund allows, at a maximum, four cents a-day per pupil; which is obtained from the school commissioners, by presenting an account, attested on oath, before a magistrate. As keeping school is but a poor employment as regards money matters, as Wheeling was yet a great way off, and as I had again begun to taste the comforts of home, I was in no hurry leaving the Old Dominion, although Providence—poverty if you will—had cast my lot in a very wild portion of it. I don't complain of my lot; but Providence, if I may so speak, seems to me to have taken a pleasure in throwing me into the by-places of the earth, where the chief things to be got were plenty of blue devils and ennui. After leaving home, it cast me, like a piece of drift wood, on the shore of an isolated Canadian settlement; I was next buried for years among the Alleghanny Mountains; and now I write this upon what may be called a small island in the swamps of Louisiana. But I don't complain; and, as I was saying, was in no hurry to leave Virginia; and even if I had been in the greatest hurry possible, it was not possible to leave it for want of funds, the end of the year generally finding me as poor as the beginning. I, of course, made several little observations, the communication of which may perhaps afford some amusement to my friends in the Old Country. In making such communications, I shall observe nothing like system, but note down the several items as they stand in my journal, at the same time taking the liberty to group like observations together as far as my memory serves me. I will thus present my readers with a kind of *olla podrida*, *pot pourri*, or, in plain Scotch, a dish of hotch potch, which, in defiance of Dr Johnson and his hogs, is a very good dish after all. In connexion with the schools, we may then mention the church, the clergy, and the religion of the people of these glens. Before coming into Virginia, I had read in some geography or other, I think Morse's, that the Virginians were the greatest drunkards on the face of the earth, or at least an account which amounted to as much, and almost made me tremble to think of crossing the Potomac to mingle with such a generation of reckless dram-drinkers. But either Mr Morse must have been imposed upon, or the habits of the people must have undergone a great change since he wrote, or the description must belong to the Tuckahoes; for, as to the Virginians I lived among, I don't believe there is a soberer race of men anywhere to be found. No doubt there are but too many distilleries among these hills, and, of course, but too many drinkers, as in all other countries; but as to the respectable body of the community, independent of temperance societies and the teetotallers, you cannot find any more temperate than they are. I wish I could say as much for

them as it regards tobacco. I have just read Madame Trollope, and however great a trollop she may be in other respects, she certainly does the Americans justice in the article of tobacco chewing. The Americans, according to their own account, beat all the world in a great many national accomplishments. However it be, it mattereth not, but in chewing tobacco they decidedly "beat all natur;" and Virginia is not a whit behind the sister States in this genteel accomplishment. The Reverend Mr F—— gave us a sermon about once a month. Upon one of these occasions I was much surprised at his asking for my tobacco.

"What! Mr F——, and so you have learned to smoke. Stop," says I, "till I get my pipe," quite overjoyed in having made a convert of the minister.

"Oh, no," says he, "I don't want your pipe; give me your tobacco."

"What do you want with my tobacco? you certainly don't chew?"

"No, but hand me out your tobacco."

I became stubborn, and refused to deliver up until he should tell me on what account. Mr F—— was a fine man, excellent preacher, and zealous in the temperance cause: he was temperate himself, and wished every body to be so too. In his journey to our place, he had persuaded all his chewing acquaintances to deliver up their idol, and give their promise to refrain from worshipping it for the future; and, in proof of what he said, he drew from his pocket a handful. I could not help bursting into a fit of laughter. Mr F—— was a pious man, knew his Bible well, but did not know human nature quite so well as Mr Slick. No, believe me, Mr F——, the very moment you are holding out that handful of tobacco, your new converts are chewing away as hard as they can. You may not see them doing so on your return; but when you come up next month, never mind, you'll be an eye-witness to what I'm saying. Fact: they gave up their tobacco when demanded, but continued chewing, the same as before. I was not quite so inconsistent. I told him plainly that, to save his feelings, he should never see me smoking, but that, upon no consideration, would I consent to give up one of the best friends I had upon earth, my comforter in affliction, my counsellor in doubts, my helper in straits, my companion in solitude, and, next to my Bible and my books, my principal delight.

These backwood Virginians, far from being a drunken, profligate, good-for-nothing sort of people, as I had half anticipated, are, on the contrary, sober and quiet; and may, with great propriety, be called a religious people. There are, no doubt, plenty of nothingarians among them; but I observed it was no way creditable to be of that persuasion. The principal denominations are the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Quaker, and Dunker; the latter rather an eccentric body of believers. The most of these have got their pastors, who afford them their spiritual food as time and convenience suit;

for, from the nature of the country, regular preaching, except in the villages, cannot be afforded to all. For their accommodation, many little chapels are scattered up and down; but the most common church is the school-house or private dwelling. The Presbyterian clergyman of Romney, Mr F——, visited us about once a month, and, in addition to his Bible class—of which he had many among the hills—gave us a sermon. Sometimes we had a young preacher in his stead. The Presbyterian clergy of America are a very respectable body of men, and by far the best preachers of any I have heard. What astonished me was, that none of them, so far as I knew, wrote out their sermons, or preached from notes. They took a text, turned it over and over in their minds, looked to it in all its bearings, and then trusted to memory and confidence to make a sermon of it. They did not make much attempt at oratory, but talked away quietly but impressively to the congregation, like one friend talking seriously to another. The first sermon I heard in the country was from a young man, and he certainly blundered away most wonderfully. Thinks I, young man, you ought to have had your lesson better; but I did not then know that he was speaking extempore. He blundered on to the end notwithstanding, and I trembled much; but un-Felix-like, more for his credit than my own sins.

Next to the Presbyterian clergy come the Methodist. Take them all in all, they cannot be compared to the former in education; but there is a pathos and earnestness in their discourses which amply make up for the deficiency—witness the strange effects produced at their camp-meetings. Their love feasts must be strange affairs certainly. They are a very zealous set of men, and wherever there is the least chance of making a convert, there you will find a Methodist minister. Of course there are plenty of them among the Alleghannies, in the shape of elders, circuit-riders, and preachers; the latter, so far as I observed, remarkably illiterate. I presume they know their Bible well, however; the best library, in fact, a minister of any persuasion can have recourse to.

I have never been at any of their camp meetings; they having always been held at too great a distance for me to attend; but I have talked with many who have attended them, and truly the accounts were appalling and wonderful, and the effects produced upon the human mind at these meetings altogether unaccountable by any hypothesis I can produce. I have some idea of them, however, from what I saw take place in a young man whom I knew well. He was quiet and pious, and was coming forward as a minister, although, with regard to education, a total bankrupt. This circumstance I did not know at the time, and, of course, was much surprised, one evening, to get an invitation to go over the creek and hear Tom preach. By-the-by, his name, if I recollect right, was O'Connell. Our church was a carpenter's shop, half-cleared out; a brother clergyman was there to support and

encourage him, and the congregation was composed mostly of men. The services commenced with a hymn, sung in that beautiful style for which the Methodists are remarkable; then followed the prayer, sensible, pointed, and full of that unction and pathos for which the Methodists in their prayers are also remarkable. Next came the text; what it was I do not remember, nor doth it matter, as it might have been chosen by bibliomony for any relationship it and the sermon had with one another. The latter was one of the strangest pieces of composition ever held forth to an audience; being a medley of all the reasonings, prayers, entreaties, texts, ejaculations, interjections, sighs, and groans, he had ever heard, read, or enacted heretofore; and all huddled on the top of one another, and mixed heads and tails, like a large litter of pigs in stormy weather. As he proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, his glaring eyeballs were kept steadily fixed ceiling-ward, and streams of foam gushed from each corner of his mouth, while his arms played round his head like desperation, as if he were fighting a swarm of hornets. I have seen many madmen, but I never saw one so mad as my friend Tom was upon the present occasion; he actually frightened me. . . .

I one day went to a small chapel, about two miles down Paterson's Creek, to hear a Methodist preach. The clergyman, in his route thither, had fallen in with Jesse Monroe, a Baptist preacher, one of the cleverest, and very shrewd withal; and, as a matter of course, he gave him an invitation to accompany him to the chapel. No doubt the congregation was a little startled on seeing the two lovingly seated in the same pulpit; I was, and still more so, when, in the course of the sermon, I heard the salvation of the brutes seriously proclaimed and maintained. Jesse was startled too, for the last words of the peroration had scarcely died on the preacher's lips, when he started to his feet.

"This is a strange doctrine," says he, "we have heard; the Methodists have a great many strange things about them, but this is the strangest of all. Brute beasts! Salvation of brute beasts! Whoever heard tell of the salvation of brute beasts! I have heard and read of the salvation of sinners, but never, no, never of the salvation of asses and horned cattle. The doctrine is abominable!"

Jesse sat down quite irritated; and Mr Smith rose up calmly and dignified, with a smile of self-complacency upon his countenance.

"I am very happy," says Mr Smith, "that Brother Monroe has given me an opportunity of farther explaining myself on this point, and supporting my views by Scripture."

So saying, he referred to the well-known eighth of the Romans, part of which he read as proof conclusive of what he had advanced; and after making a few remarks, which mended the matter but little, sat down, in all appearance quite satisfied. The whole affair was vastly amusing: it was the farce of "Raising the Wind," after the tragedy of "King Lear." If more such exhi-

bitions were given to the public, I would warrant crowded churches. . . .

What I have been saying about clergymen, I would like to have understood as not meant to apply to the American clergy in general; than whom, I believe, there is not a more respectable body of men anywhere to be found, either as regards talents, education, or piety; but only as referring to the bulk of those I met with among the mountains. The remarks are, besides, given to shew that these Virginian mountaineers, far from being the graceless drunken set, represented by Dr Morse, are, on the contrary, a quiet, religious, church-going people. In further corroboration of this, I would add, that they have got numerous Sunday schools and Bible classes; that they are anxious to give their children education, especially a religious one; that the books principally read are of a religious nature; and that of the four families with whom I sojourned, three of them had family worship every night; and although in the fourth it was omitted, through diffidence I suppose, it was decidedly a religious family. One of my principal employments, in the winter evenings, consisted in reading a sermon or religious book aloud to the family; after which, not unfrequently, the old man would take his flute, and the younger members of the family would join him with their voices in some pieces of church music. In Scotland, a common amusement by the fireside is the singing of songs; in the part of Virginia in which I was located, hymns and church music are substituted. I was often amused to see our youngest boy, Sam, while lolling in the cradle, tossing up his heels in the air, and bawl, at the top of his voice, "Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord." In fact, the singing of hymns is so common, that the children learn to sing church music from their very infancy.

I was invited by a Captain C. to go and stay a night with him. The captain is a very wealthy, respectable man; remarkable for his humanity and kindness of heart. Wherever a sermon is to be preached, the captain is sure to make one of the congregation: wherever there is a sick person, there you will see him also without fail; and as he has not much to do, he generally rides about with a calomel bottle and a spring lancet in his pocket, ready to put them both in operation at a moment's warning. Well, I went down to see him, and after having chatted till near bedtime, I was somewhat surprised at hearing his stentorian voice breaking out into a hymn, right off-hand, without any intimation whatever. We sat very quiet until he had finished, when he asked me if I chose to go to bed. Now, the hymn, I am almost certain was intended as a substitute for, if not rather the evening prayer itself.

Mr Sheetz and I one Sunday took a ride four or five miles to see a friend, and pass the day with him. The family consisted of Mr H., his wife, and four fine daughters; and the way we spent the Sabbath was as follows. After a hymn and prayer, I read one of Saurin's sermons,

when we had another hymn and prayer, and then concluded the service with an excellent dinner. In the afternoon Mr S. proceeded homewards, and left me to get better acquainted. The girls sang delightfully—the father was a good bass—so we spent the time very agreeably, until, by my untimely criticisms, I put a stop to the music altogether. Among other song tunes which they had adapted to their hymns, and sung as sacred music—and why not—I recollect “Rule Britannia,” and “Jockey to the Fair.” Upon my mentioning the latter as belonging of right to a fine old Scotch song, the whole choir came to a dead halt. I don’t believe they were angry at me for giving them some information they did not know before, but that they were afraid of transgressing upon the sanctity of the day and their own character, by singing tunes of an equivocal cast. It is somewhat remarkable, that, during four years I stayed in this part of Virginia, I never heard a song sung except when I myself was the musician; which generally took place in my solitary rambles along the banks of the creeks: It is considered as sinful. When I went first upon Peterson’s Creek, about forty miles further up the country, I stayed all night in the house of a widow lady, a Methodist, with whom, at the time, were staying two young ladies. As I am very fond of music, I asked them if they could sing, and whether they would favour me with a song.

“We don’t sing *carol* songs,” was the reply.

“Well, never mind,” quoth I, “give us an *uncarnal* one: ‘twill do just as well.”

Without minding my joke, if it be one, they complied with my wishes, and sung well too.

Before finishing my chapter I must give another instance in proof of the prevalence of religious feeling in this part of Virginia. I got acquainted with an Englishman, a Yorkshireman, who had been some time in the country. I met with him frequently, and he was always telling me to come over and see him.

“Where is your house?”

“Oh, just over the creek.”

Over the creek I went one fine Saturday, and walked through the woods for two miles without seeing anything like a house: thinking I had mistaken my way, I turned back; so did not see the Englishman that day. I met him again, and the old question came out,

“What’s the reason you don’t come to see me?”

I told him that I had tried to come and see him, but could not find the road.

“O man, you can’t go wrong; it’s just over the hill.”

I crossed the creek a second time, and walked down the bank for some hundred yards, to where the ridge, over which I supposed the object of my search lay, ended in a high pyramidal peak, encumbered, at the bottom, with the rubbish of centuries. For some time back I had had a great desire to visit the top of this peak, and I now thought that I could perform two tasks at once, by mounting the ridge at the end, and travel along till I came in sight of the Englishman’s house. I mounted, and, after having a fine view

of the romantic country through which the Capecahon flowed, I took my course along the ridge. I walked for a mile or two, expecting every moment to come upon the road which led over the hill, but no; no roads were to be seen, but sheep trails, one of which I kept until I came upon a thicket, or hammock of briars, stunted locusts, and thorns, which I entered, supposing I would soon get through it. But the further I proceeded, the more entangled I got, until, from stooping, I had to take to my hands and knees, upon which I travelled till completely worn out. By good luck, I came to a chamber or den finely shaded from the mid-day sun by a thick roofing of these thorny shrubs, and out of which there appeared no egress in the direction of the Englishman. Here I had to stop: but before retracing my weary windings, I thought I would take a rest; did so, and fell fast asleep, and slept till sun-down. When I first opened my eyes, or rather half opened them, it required a considerable deal of rubbing and scratching to enable me to solve where in all the world I possibly could be. Having got to the end of my theorem, I went to my knee-work again, and reached home about supper time, with the determination to reach the Englishman’s house the first good Saturday, or perish in the attempt. I accordingly started the third time, took the road, and reached my destination after five miles of hard travel through a sandy-pine barren—these five miles being what they called “just over the creek, just over the hill.” The Yorkshireman, wife, and family, gave me a hearty welcome; but what I want to come to is, that a little while before bedtime, being tired talking, I took up an almanac, and, with one leg upon the mantel-piece, began to amuse myself by looking over the anecdotes, from time to time setting up a hearty laugh. At the end of one of my peals—and mine are generally real horse laughs—I thought I heard something like groans, mingled with deep sobs, fall upon my ear. I quickly turned my head round, thinking mine host had fallen into some fit or other; but beheld him on his knees deeply engaged in prayer. I was dismayed at my unintentional want of good-breeding and devotion; but the idea was so ludicrous of one man praying, and another laughing over the funny stories of an almanac, that, when I dropped upon my knees, which I did immediately, it was not in a very devotional spirit. A little while before the man went to his knees, I heard him muttering something about prayer and duty: but little did I think he was about to commence work so unceremoniously, with the doors open, and not a single member of the family present.

I must tell another story yet: The Rev. Dr M. was travelling through among the hills, and arrived about nightfall at the house of a farmer with whom he was a little acquainted, and with whom he intended to stay for the night. Family-worship time came round; the doctor excused himself from performing the duty, as being much tired, and wished the farmer to proceed

as usual. He did so; and the doctor, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep. When he awakened, the good farmer was still praying. Alongside the doctor, lay an old negro, sending forth nasal sounds, melodious as from the drone of a bagpipe. The doctor tried to awaken the sleeper, by moving him gently; but as it requires little less than the shock of an earthquake to awaken an *Æthiopian*, he was, all other means failing, forced to give him a smart push in the ribs with his elbow, which cut short the drone pretty quick.

"What massa want?" whispered the half-awakened negro.

"I want to know," replied the minister, "when your master is going to stop praying."

"Whar 'bout is massa?"

"Can't tell that," said the minister; "I have been sleeping."

"Is massa come to the Jews yet?" whispered the black. "Whenever massa come to the Jews, massa soon done." So saying, the negro laid down his head, and commenced his old music, leaving the doctor to follow his example, and

the farmer to come to the Jews as fast or as slow as he pleased.

I have not spoken of the black clergy, of whom there are a good many; and some of them preach pretty well too, considering. I believe it is contrary to law for them to preach, or for the blacks to collect together in conventicles of any sort; but, like a great many laws, the infringement is winked at; and you will see as many whites attending to the instructions delivered by a slave, as those delivered by the white preacher. It is also contrary to law to instruct the blacks in religion, or any other branch of education; but the infringement of this law is also connived at, and many masters teach their young slaves to read, and also teach them the catechism.

In Virginia, I have been in only one town church, and I do not recollect whether it was the case there or not, but in the country chapels and meetings, all the men sit on one side of the house, and the women on the other, while the blacks stand about the door.

O'DONNEL'S DAUGHTER; OR, OPPOSING DUTIES.

PART I.

AMONG the Irish gentlemen who joined the standard of William the Third, there was no one more distinguished for devotion to his cause, and personal bravery, than Colonel Eustace de Claremont—a gentleman of ancient family, who had, since the death of his father, abjured the Catholic religion. He was a second son; but as his elder brother, who was attached to the religion of his forefathers, and to the exiled monarch, had fled to Spain early in the conflict, De Claremont had become possessor of the family estate; since, according to the cruel laws of those days, any member of a Catholic family could, on becoming a Protestant, eject his father or brother from his estates and enjoy them himself.*

It will easily be believed that De Claremont's motives for this change of religion were misinterpreted; many of his friends, and even of his relations, jealous perhaps of his favour with the new Sovereign, allowed that his motives were liable to suspicion; but though aware that he was the object of this petty detraction, Colonel De Claremont kept on, unmoved, the tenor of his way, and only held his head, perhaps, more loftily than usual.

Of all those whom party feelings led to judge De Claremont with severity, there was no one more bitter against him than Mary O'Donnel, the only child of a gentleman of royal descent, but of small fortune, who was one of the warmest adherents to the cause of James the Second. O'Donnel had married a Scotch lady

of noble birth, and, as is customary, had agreed that the daughters of that union should be educated in the Protestant faith; consequently, Mary O'Donnel was of the Reformed church, but still she was devoted to the Stuarts with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. Hence she hated, as much as she could hate, the Prince of Orange, as she persisted to call him, and those who had fought and conquered in his cause. Colonel De Claremont, therefore, who was personally unknown to her, was particularly the object of her dislike; and when she heard that he had changed his religion in order to gain his brother's fortune, she was afraid of visiting her friends, Sir Charles and Lady Osborne, who were intimate with this vile offender, lest she should be exposed to meet Colonel De Claremont. But when the aunt, with whom she resided, was obliged to leave London for a few weeks to nurse a sick friend, she ventured to accept Lady Osborne's invitation to pass the time of her aunt's absence at her house at Whitehall, because the papers had, the day before, announced the departure of De Claremont on an embassy to the Netherlands. When she entered Lady Osborne's drawingroom, soon after her arrival, her friend beckoned her in silence to join a group in the recess of a large window towards the street; and she found there two gentlemen in earnest dispute on the comparative merits of Spencer and Chaucer; the one preferring the allegorical, the other the story-telling bard. During this discussion, Mary O'Donnel saw that she was beheld with evident admiring observation by a gentleman who took no share in the argument; and he was formed to excite as much interest as he

* Vide Blackstone.

seemed to feel. In height, he towered considerably above those around him; and a look of great intelligence gave additional power to his fine and regular features, while an air of habitual command took from the youthfulness of his appearance, but added to its dignity.

"I wonder who he is," thought Mary O'Donnel; and she was still *more* eager to know when, on the conversation's changing to the comparative merits of Milton and Shakspeare, the unknown, in a voice of deep melody, gave the palm to Shakspeare, and defended even his faults. "He must be a Loyalist," thought Mary O'Donnel, "as all the Prince of Orange's men admire Milton most, from party spirit;" and when the speaking eyes of the stranger continually appealed to her as he proceeded, her look of assent to his remarks was accompanied with smiles of the softest complacency. While thus agreeably engaged, Mary O'Donnel unconsciously looked up, and as the fatal window through which the unfortunate Charles the First walked to the scaffold met her view, she turned away in evident emotion.

"I thought you would soon change your place, Miss O'Donnel," said Lady Osborne, in a low voice; "that window is, I know, a painful object to you."

"Indeed, it is," she replied; "and what I have heard to-day made it particularly appalling!"

"What have you heard?"

"I will tell you some other time." And the subject would have dropped, had not a gentleman exclaimed, in a hoarse voice—

"Well, young lady, how our tastes differ! I overheard what you said, and I assure you that I look at that window with pride and satisfaction, as it recalls the day when a tyrant's blood was shed by the just vengeance of those whom he had oppressed; and I wish I had been alive then, to vote for his execution!"

"Horrible!" said Mary, shuddering.

"Is it possible, sir," cried the unknown, "that any one can lament having been spared the misery of sitting on such a trial, and the guilt of giving such a vote?"

Mary's eyes now turned on him with greater pleasure than before, and she had drawn nearer to him, and farther from the hater of the unhappy Charles, when the latter observed with a sneer—

"Little did I expect to hear anything like a feeling of compassion for Charles Stuart from the active enemy of his son, and the stanch follower of William the Third; you have surprised me, Colonel De Claremont!"

At these words the sensitive girl started; and having, while indignant blushes covered her cheeks, surveyed the soldier of William with an expression of angry astonishment, she fixed her eyes on the ground, and stood evidently absorbed in painful thought; for she was displeased with her friends for having, as she believed, betrayed her into meeting Colonel De Claremont, and with herself for having so much admired him.

He, meanwhile, understood the cause of her change of manner, and was so affected by it, that he was unable to reply to his opponent, and glad when another subject was started. But it was an unfortunate one for him. A lady asked when he had heard from *his elder brother*. Then Mary's eyes were no longer averted from De Claremont, for she looked at him to mark on his cheek the blush of a reproving conscience; but his colour remained unchanged, and his eye retained its open expression, while he replied:—

"I am sorry to say that I have not heard from him for some days; and I am uneasy on his account, poor fellow! he has been ill lately," he added, with a deep sigh.

"Hypocrite," whispered the lady in the ear of Mary O'Donnel, who seemed by her countenance to echo the expression. "Mr de Claremont," continued the lady, "has great sensibility; and to have poverty added to exile, is enough to wear down a frame already feeble from many cares."

"Poverty! madam!" cried the Colonel, a deep blush overspreading his cheek.

"Yes, sir—that is, he has now only a younger brother's portion; nor even that, I fear, as *he* is circumstanced."

"Poor man! how I pity him!" said Mary, in a low tone, but one which had more meaning in it than she was conscious of.

"I understand Lady Catherine Graham *now*," replied De Claremont, with a cold proud look; then, with a deep sigh, he turned on Mary a glance of mild reproach, which seemed to say—"And do you too think so meanly of me?"

Lady Osborne now beckoned the ladies out of the room—

"Pray tell me, Miss O'Donnel, what you heard to-day, which made the sight of Whitehall to you more painful than ever?"

"I have had a letter from my father, telling me that a plot has been discovered to assassinate the King."

"Wicked wretches!" cried Lady Catherine. "I should not wonder if that was the business on which Colonel De Claremont was going abroad. He told us, you know, Lady Osborne, that he was countermanded; and, no doubt, it was because the plot was discovered."

"Allow me to tell you, Lady Catherine Graham," replied Lady Osborne, indignantly, "that if the King, William the Third I mean, had desired to have an assassination committed, he would not have let such a man as Eustace de Claremont into the secret."

"You are partial, Lady Osborne."

"And *you* are prejudiced—party spirit and other feelings blind you."

"How? Am I prejudiced in believing he changed his religion to gain his brother's estates?"

"Ay," cried Mary O'Donnel, "deny that charge if you can."

"I despise the charge too much to reply to it; but, my dear Mary, how can you allow party spirit to make you believe such charges against a man of whom you know nothing?"

"But appearances are against him."

"O yes," interrupted Lady Catherine; "and even his relations and friends accuse him; and how he is altered! he is really grown quite ugly!"

"Ugly!" exclaimed Mary O'Donnel; "you surprise me by such a remark! I think I never saw so handsome a man, nor so fine a countenance; and I assure you, Lady Catherine, I was quite vexed to find Colonel De Claremont so good-looking!"

They were now summoned to the supper-table; and it so happened that De Claremont had to lead Mary O'Donnel into the room; but they walked in silence, for De Claremont saw that Mary believed the accusation against him; and he who met danger undaunted in the field, now quailed before the repellent coldness of a timid girl.

The evening, as may be supposed, passed heavily away, and the company soon broke up; but Colonel De Claremont remained, and resealed himself next Sir Charles. Mary would have retired when she saw who the remaining guest was, but Lady Osborne peremptorily forbade it; and Mary instantly began to turn over a book of prints which lay near her. But no attempt was made to induce her to converse; and she overheard De Claremont say to his friend—"I want to talk with you on a subject that greatly distresses me—my poor brother was very unwell when he last wrote, and I fear he never received my last remittance; what can I do? Shall I send a confidential person over with money, lest he should be distressed?"

"Certainly."

"But whom can I send? Here is his last letter: he must be very ill, or he would not have delayed his marriage."

"What, Eustace! is your elder brother going to be married?"

"Yes; and to a noble girl, who loves him the better for having resigned his country and his fortune for conscience' sake."

"Not fortune, Eustace, for he knew your justice and generosity."

"Yes, *fortune*, Sir Charles; for though he will always have the income of his estates while I live, yet mine is a precarious life, as every soldier's must be, and the next heir does not like him."

Mary O'Donnel could now no longer turn over the prints, but she raised her eyes to look at him whom she had so misjudged, and those eyes were filled with tears; and Lady Osborne smiled while she saw what was passing in the mind of her young friend.

"I think," said Sir Charles, "I know a young surgeon who has a mother at Lisbon, whom he wants to visit, but can't afford to undertake the journey; he is of unimpeachable character, and if he went he could judge of the state of your brother's health."

"The very man for me! let me see him directly! Oh, you have taken such a weight off my mind!"

"Hypocrite!" cried Lady Osborne, laughing, "when you know you changed your religion to get the estate of this brother whom you pretend to love!"

"I know that many persons think so," he replied.

"Yes; and I wonder you do not let the truth be known."

"How can I, without exposing myself to the suspicion of furnishing the enemies of my King with money? I should find it almost impossible to make other people believe that my brother has solemnly pledged his word to me not to employ the money I send him against the King and Government; therefore I must remain contented with the consciousness of my own integrity. It is not safe to let my enemies or the King's know the true state of things."

"And yet you are disclosing it to a fair enemy now!"

"But a safe and honourable one, I trust; and, I own, I purposely spoke as I have done *in her presence*; for though I care not what the generality of the world may think of me, I could not see Miss O'Donnel without wishing not to be thought ill of by *her*. I was neither surprised nor hurt at seeing the daughter of Major O'Donnel start and frown when she heard my name, as I believed her indignant emotion proceeded from loyal aversion; but when I suspected that it arose from disgust at my supposed moral turpitude, I could not be easy without trying to remove that false impression. May I flatter myself that I have succeeded, Miss O'Donnel?" he added, drawing near to her, while, with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, she listened to this avowal.

"I am so shocked! so ashamed of myself!" answered the agitated girl; "pray, pray, forgive me."

"Forgive you!" he replied; "allow me to thank you for condescending to ask my forgiveness."

"Nay, Mary," said Sir Charles, "you did not calumniate, you only listened to calumny against my friend."

"Indeed I did; I joined in censuring him," exclaimed the ingenuous offender.

"Yes, yes, she tells you the truth," said Lady Osborne; "but I hope it will put her on her guard against party spirit in herself and others. As the daughter of O'Donnel, she has my leave to hate, but not to misjudge Colonel De Claremont."

"Then, pray," cried the latter, "in pity, teach Colonel De Claremont to hate the daughter of O'Donnel."

"Surely," answered Mary, timidly, "I may be allowed to esteem Colonel De Claremont as my friend's friend."

"Thank you!" said he; "I shall sleep the better for those kind words; and I shall bid you good night, lest anything less kind should fall from those lips. Good night; and remember, Osborne, to send the young surgeon to me to-morrow."

"He has forgiven me," cried Mary, while Sir Charles went out with his friend; "but I know not when I shall forgive myself."

On his re-entering, Lady Osborne repeated Mary's words to him.

"He will appear a greater criminal than ever in your eyes, Mary, when I tell you what he is now going to do."

"Indeed! what new wickedness are they projecting against the injured James?"

"Not one that I know of; but Eustace declared, when I begged him to cease his visits here while you stayed, because I knew you disliked to be in his company, that"—

"What! you told him this!" cried Mary. "For shame! and what did he say?"

"That is the offence to which I alluded. He declared that he would come *every day* during your visit, and force you, by dint of humble adoration, to endure him as a companion, however you might dislike him as a politician. Are you not *indignant* at his presumption?"

"Not very; I owe him some amends for having done him such injustice."

It was long before Mary O'Donnel closed her eyes that night. She was not sure O'Donnel's daughter ought to feel so kindly towards a man whom, she believed, that he disliked on principle; or that the loyal subject of James should admire the soldier and favourite of William, and she could not but own that admire him *she did*. De Claremont kept his word—he did come every day to see his fair enemy, as he called her; and she became so much his friend, in order, as she said, to make him amends for past injustice, that she dreaded the return of her aunt, as it would force her to give up an intercourse so delightful to her; for the loyal and Catholic Mrs Celia O'Donnel would not, she knew, receive the rebel soldier. And when that lady was expected every day, De Claremont and Mary O'Donnel deplored, in secret, the separation which, probably, awaited them.

In the meanwhile, Sir Charles had his misgivings on the subject.

"Have you no self-upbraidings, Clara," he said to his wife, "for having encouraged an attachment between two persons who never can be united?"

"None whatever; for I believe they will be united."

"Not with O'Donnel's consent."

"O yes! and with his delighted approbation."

"Impossible!"

"Excuse me; but I know his sanguine temper—whatever he wishes should be, he believes will be—there are many such persons in the world; and I know that he will think that his daughter's charms will win her husband over to the cause of James, and therefore he will think an union between them the finest thing possible for the interests of the exiled King."

"I wish you may be right," replied Sir Charles; "and now I am no longer averse to indulge Eustace with the confidential conversation which he is, I see, desirous of having with me."

An opportunity soon occurred, and De Claremont expressed to his friend his wishes and his fears.

"Fears of what, Eustace? Not fears of Miss O'Donnel's not returning your love, as it is very evident that the attachment is mutual."

"Do you think so? Then I am the happiest of men, if her father does not forbid the union."

"But Lady Osborne is sure he will not."

"That is good news, indeed; but I have not yet obtained the daughter's consent."

"Then you have really made up your mind to marry O'Donnel's daughter?"

"What an odd phrase! I tell you my happiness depends on marrying her."

"What! at the risk of displeasing your royal master and mistress by such a marriage."

"At all risks—I despise such considerations."

"But is not the difference in your sentiments an objection?"

"No—we agree on the most important of all opinions—our religious sentiments are the same—we worship at the same altar."

"And you probably expect to convert her to your political opinions."

"Certainly not—I should be sorry to see her willing to resign the opinions which she has imbibed from her childhood, and which filial love and respect have made sacred in her eyes. I should think that she who could so lightly surrender her first impressions, might not be faithful to the obligations which she contracted with me."

"But would it not gall you to the quick, when civil war (as it probably will do) breaks out again, to know that you went to the field of battle unaccompanied by the prayers of your wife for your success?"

"She would pray for my safety, Osborne."

"But perhaps you mean to quit the army when you marry?"

"What! deprive my Sovereign of my services when he may most require them? Never; and were my success with Mary O'Donnel to depend on such a step, I would not see her again."

"But if you marry her, and find yourself opposed to her father in the field of battle?"

"Do not conjure up such painful possibilities, Osborne. The only fear I think reasonable, is her father's refusing his consent."

"But what do you require of me, Eustace?"

"That you should go and tell Miss O'Donnel the *whole* of this conversation."

"Gladly, most gladly—and I will go to her directly."

As gladly was it heard by Mary O'Donnel, whose young heart had felt all the anxieties and doubts incident to youthful affection. How she admired his fidelity to him whom he believed his lawful Sovereign! How she loved his generous liberality of sentiment towards herself! And if her father would approve the marriage, it would be happiness unspeakable to be united for life to such a man. Eagerly, therefore, she authorized De Claremont to write to her father at St Germain's.

Major O'Donnel instantly assured De Claremont of his warmest approbation of his suit ; and to Sir Charles, in a confidential letter, he expressed the *hopes* which Lady Osborne had anticipated. He also expressed his delight at knowing that his almost portionless child would be so well provided for—De Claremont's fortune, which he derived from a Protestant mother, being amply sufficient for the purposes of luxury as well as content. And though Mary's aunt, on her return, forbade her ever to see her lover—being quite sure that her brother would forbid the union—she bowed in such meek submission to the will of the head of the family, that the wedding breakfast was given at her house.

When Colonel De Claremont presented himself at Court after his marriage, he fancied that he was not so warmly received as formerly, and that there was something sarcastic in the manner in which the Queen inquired after the health of his bride. But he cared not for the frowns of royalty, while he knew that the woman of his heart would receive him at his return with smiles of delight ; and the first six months of their union more than fulfilled the fond visions which hope had portrayed. But as a renewal of the war in Ireland was talked of at the end of that time, a cloud was thrown over their enjoyments ; for they could not converse on topics which became every day more and more interesting ; and the state of politics was to Mary like the forbidden chamber to the wife of Bluebeard. De Claremont's manner, as well as her own feelings, forbade her all inquiry on the subject ; and it was only from others that she heard her father was a busy agent in the cause of James in Ireland, and that an army, under the command of General Ginckel, was about to sail for that country, to lay siege to Athlone. The close union and interchange of feelings were, therefore, now destroyed ; still they could not repent of their marriage—they could only pray that the dreadful sword of civil war—that most detestable of all wars—might soon be sheathed ! But a new trial awaited them : Colonel De Claremont was ordered to join his regiment and sail immediately for Ireland ; and perhaps O'Donnel and he might meet in mortal combat ; for the latter had joined James' army there, and was commanding a small but gallant band, consisting chiefly of his relations and followers.

It was with mute and tearless anguish that De Claremont's wife received this intelligence ; but this moment of trial was attended with some alleviation ; for the sight of her misery, and the consciousness of his own, burst down the barrier of restraint which had subsisted between the married lovers ; and while Mary wept unrestrained on the bosom of her husband, the chilling anguish of her soul diminished. But rarely could she find an opportunity of unburthening her mind to him. De Claremont was daily engaged in conferences with his officers, at which she could not be present ; for how could the followers of William talk of their plans before

the daughter of O'Donnel ? At one of these conferences, however, before she was obliged to retire, she overheard, with inexpressible comfort, that the wife of one of the officers was to accompany her husband to Ireland, which she had, till then, believed an impossible favour ; and when she was alone with her husband, she earnestly entreated permission to go with him to the scene of warfare. It was sometime before De Claremont had resolution to own to her that he despaired of obtaining the leave she asked—

"Because," said he, "you are, dearest Mary, O'Donnel's daughter."

"True ; but I am Colonel De Claremont's wife, and to my new duty I wish wholly to devote myself."

"And I believe you would faithfully fulfil it ; but my commander and my comrades might be suspicious, and"—

"Suspicious of what ? Of my betraying my husband, and leaguings with the enemy ?"

"But one of the enemy's commanders is your father ; and you are known to be a very loyal subject to the deposed King."

These words, though kindly spoken, gave such a pang to the heart of Mary, and brought with them such a consciousness of the wretchedness and helplessness of her position, that she fell into the arms of De Claremont, incapable of motion and utterance ; and it was some minutes before her terrified husband could obtain from her one word or one look indicative of perfect consciousness and sane recollection. At length a burst of tears relieved her ; and she desired to be allowed an interview with the commanding officer. De Claremont hesitated to reply ; but—

"Seek not to prevent me," she cried, with a decision of manner unusual to her ; "it is my only resource against misery, and perhaps distraction. Let him behold the agony which you have witnessed, and I am sure he will believe, in the terrible conflict which may be approaching, that I can remember nothing but that I am the wife of De Claremont."

She did see the General, and her request was granted.

On the morning of the first battle, when De Claremont, accoutred for the field, entered her apartment, the words of Sir Charles Osborne most painfully recurred to him.

"But I believe now, as I did then," said he to himself, "that she will pray for my *safety*. Alas ! to think that she cannot pray for my *success* !"

Mary turned pale when she saw him ; but her tears and caresses banished, for a while, the painful feelings with which he entered the room ; and in the agonising moment of parting, he forgot every consciousness but that of her devoted love. He would have been comforted, indeed, had he known that anxiety for his safety was the feeling uppermost in her mind during the whole of that eventful day, and that she felt no disquiet at the probable discomfiture of James' army, nor satisfaction at learning that the victory of William's troops had not been decisive.

All she wished to know was that her husband was safe. Her father, she knew, had not been in the battle, but had contrived to throw himself, with his little band of followers, into Athlone, to the siege of which they were to march the next day.

De Claremont was able to return to her that night; and she flew into his arms with a heart overflowing with gratitude to heaven; but as if willing to make his own misery, he said—

"You rejoice in my safety, Mary, but ask me nothing concerning my success."

"I know you have beaten the King's troops," she replied, changing colour.

"The King's troops!"

"My King's troops, I should have said," she replied, trying to smile.

"And for *that* you cannot rejoice?"

"Could you expect me to do so, De Claremont?"

"No, indeed, I could not," was his answer.

And, folding his arms, he stood absorbed in painful meditation; but the sight of her evident though suppressed grief aroused him into better feelings, and, suddenly snatching her to his heart, he tried to banish from her mind and his own every consciousness likely to cloud over the few short hours they had to pass together.

The next morning the forces under General Ginckel sat down, as the phrase is, before Athlone. Mary followed them, and took up her abode at the house of a relation of her's, within a few miles of the besieged town.

"You are sure," said Mary to her husband, "that you know my father?"

"Quite sure; and, as far as depends on me, his life shall be safe."

"Enough," she replied; "and I know he loves me too well not to respect your's."

Happily for Mary, she did not know the nature of the service to which he was hastening; for the honourable but fearful distinction was awaiting him of heading a detachment ordered on a forlorn hope; and never was there a more desperate service, nor one performed with greater intrepidity. In consequence of this gallant and unexpected attack, the Irish, amazed and confounded, abandoned the town in the utmost consternation; so that, in half an hour, it was in possession of the English. But Colonel De Claremont was so severely, though not dangerously wounded, that he was allowed to quit the town, and return to the residence of his wife. Accordingly, supported on his horse by a servant who was warmly attached to him, he, slowly and with considerable pain, reached the house of his wife's relation. As he approached, eager for the fond though tearful welcome which he knew awaited him, and for the quietness which his state required, he heard the sound of mirth and dancing in the house, and saw every window lighted up.

"What is going forward here?" he asked of a little boy at the door; and heard that a report had reached the family—loyal adherents of James—that the siege of Athlone had been raised, and

the English repulsed with great slaughter. "And my wife is amongst those who rejoice!" thought De Claremont, with bitterness of soul, as Collins, with great difficulty, lifted him off his horse. When he entered the apartment, leaning on his servant, he cast a stern glance around in search of Mary. His appearance put an effectual stop to the mirth of every one; for Collins told the tale which his master was unable to utter, and their merriment was instantly converted into lamentations.

"But where is my wife?" cried he, impatiently, comforted to see she was not present.

"In her chamber, to be sure," was the pettish reply. "Mary O'Donnel would have rejoiced with us; but Mrs De Claremont is a different person; and she was so unhappy because she could not hear of her husband, and so fatigued with walking up and down the road in hopes of hearing some account of the battle, that she was forced to go to bed at last."

"Dear, dear creature!" cried De Claremont, almost choked with emotion, which had a mixture of self-blame in it, for having so hastily judged her. "Shew me to her room instantly! But no, pray let some one prepare her for seeing me thus."

The kind precaution was vain; the ear of anxious affection is so acute, that Mary, whom every sound alarmed, had not only heard the horse stop, but the sound of the military accoutrements; and while she redressed, she heard the voice of her husband inquiring for her. With eager joy she ran down stairs to welcome him. But, alas! she beheld him pale and bleeding.

"Remember that I am not dangerously wounded," he cried, unable to bear the sight of her speechless alarm; "and I am *here*, my love! Dearest Mary, compose yourself, or you will do harm to us both."

This hint was enough; and she was able to assist in helping De Claremont to his apartment.

He had told her the truth; his wounds were not dangerous, and it was so soothing to Mary to be allowed to attend on him day and night, that she was not glad when he was declared well enough to return into the scene of danger. The pain of this, their second parting, was increased by Mary's having learned that a general engagement was about to take place, as General Ginckel was resolved to hazard battle with the forces of St Ruth, though his army was inferior in numbers. But part they must; and though De Claremont knew that he left the person of his wife protected, he also knew that her heart was exposed to aggravated trial; for she had felt that her husband's recovery was not a joyful event to her hostess and her family, and that they could have no sympathy with the feelings of the affectionate wife. But her sufferings were not of long duration: after a very decisive victory, General Ginckel, who had orders to put a stop to the war at any rate, consented to a most advantageous capitulation, and the war in Ireland was ended by the famous treaty of Limerick.

PART II.

Sir Charles Osborne's prognostication that Colonel De Claremont's marriage would injure his interests at court, were, in some measure, realized. His wife did not accompany him to Whitehall, and he thought that the Queen resented her continued absence from the royal circle. He would not have been surprised at this had he known that his enemies had magnified a visit which he had made to the Princess Anne, who had sent for him on business, into a secret intimacy with her and her ambitious favourite; and the manner of the King himself became evidently colder; but, conscious of former services, he felt sure that they would employ him again when they wanted him. His expectations were too soon realized.

Rebellion had again broken out in Ireland, in different places; and though it had been quelled immediately, it was judged advisable to send over some English troops, commanded by experienced officers; and as De Claremont had particularly distinguished himself in the late Irish war, he was immediately named to undertake the duty.

"So I am selected for this service," said De Claremont, with exultation, "*though* I married O'Donnell's daughter! A proof of my Sovereign's unshaken confidence in my fidelity." But his poor wife felt that her domestic happiness was again endangered, as all her fears were renewed that her husband and father might meet in the field. De Claremont also had his secret fears. O'Donnell was known to have been frequently both in England and Ireland in disguise, and was supposed to be the agent by whose means the Princess Anne had private communication with her unhappy father. Therefore De Claremont felt the danger and difficulty of his situation; for, should he fail of subduing the Irish rebels, he might be suspected of not having exerted himself sufficiently, owing to his connection with O'Donnell: and both the husband and wife had cares and sorrows which they could not have the relief of owning to each other.

"Mary," said De Claremont to her, one day after his return from Whitehall, "you are, I trust, prepared to hear that my regiment is ordered to Ireland. I *immediately* received the order just now?"

"So soon!" she replied, turning very pale; "but, no doubt, I am to accompany you!"

"Yes! for we are ordered to Kinsale; and, as Rock Fortress is so nigh, we can live together there."

De Claremont inherited Rock Fortress in right of his mother; but his father had let it for a long term of years to Major O'Donnell, when he was a boy; and there Mary was born and educated. But, when it became his property, De Claremont refused to renew the lease, because he did not choose that his tenantry should be exposed to the political influence of O'Donnell. Therefore Mary O'Donnell saw herself about to retake possession of that house, as the wife of a

Whig husband, in which she had been educated by a Tory father. Soon after this conversation, they embarked for Ireland, and Mary had the pleasure of welcoming her beloved husband to the place of her birth, and the abode of his maternal ancestors. De Claremont was struck with the singularity and wildness of the appearance of Rock Fortress and its gardens; but he did not see it with the admiration that Mary did; nor, in spite of his loyalty, could he admire a summer-house, nearly concealed by trees and shrubs, in the centre of the garden, which looked exactly like a place built to smoke in; and he expressed his intention of pulling it down.

"Of pulling it down!" cried Mary.

"Yes; it has such a vulgar *Dutch* appearance!"

"Therefore," she replied, with a sarcastic smile, "it ought to be sacred in the eyes of the loyal subjects of a Dutch King. It was my father's favourite retreat, and he used to shut himself up there for hours!"

"Meditating, no doubt," said De Claremont, laughing, "how he could dethrone my Dutch King—therefore I am the more bound to destroy it; but I have no time now to spend in embellishing my grounds. But what does this mean?" cried De Claremont, stopping before a tree: "here are, on this bark, the names of 'Mary O'Donnell and Edward Porter!'"

"It means," said Mary, blushing, "that, that"——

"What?" said her husband, grasping her arm.

"That Edward Porter and I were once on the point of marriage!"

"How!—the gallant Sir Edward Porter who so nobly defended the bridge before Athlone, when I led the forlorn hope?"

"Yes!"

"Yet you said I was your *first* love, Mary!"

"And so you were, my *only* love. I was persuaded, when I was only sixteen, to accept Sir Edward, because my father said his happiness depended on the marriage; but my rightly feeling lover seeing what I did not wish to conceal that I had no love for him, suddenly left us, leaving a letter to say, that he would not accept my hand without my heart—and I was so glad!"

"Well, then, I think I can bear to let this tree remain standing. But why did you not tell me of this love affair?"

"Because I think it odious and dishonourable for a woman to boast of her lovers."

"So it is, and I excuse you!"

And, for some time after this conversation, De Claremont's and Mary's domestic happiness remained unclouded, and was increased by the birth of a little girl. But, scarcely had Mary left her chamber, when the intelligence that the rebels had been seen in the neighbourhood of Kinsale, summoned Colonel De Claremont to the post of duty.

"And must you leave me again, De Clare-

mont?" said Mary, tenderly watching the thoughtful brow of her husband.

"Yes, again and again, if your madbrained countrymen will force me to do so. It is said that the small but valiant band commanded by Sir Edward Porter, which performed such daring deeds before Athlone, and which was not found in the town when we took it, though it retreated in perfect order, has been seen between Kinsale and Dungarvon; and, it is probable, is concealed somewhere. It is supposed that it is here to cover the debarkation of James, who, with the aid of the Grand Monarque, is to favour us with another invasion, and is expected to land at Kinsale!"

"At Kinsale!" cried Mary, clasping her hands in agony. "And is my father with him?"

"It is said that your father, now General O'Donnel, is coming with the King. But some say he is still in France—and I wish it may be so!"

"Amen!" said, Mary; "and, at present, I will not, by my fears, cloud over the comfort of having you *here*, and safe, dearest Eustace!"

Those fears were removed by a painful reality: undoubted intelligence reached De Claremont, that as General O'Donnel was getting from a boat into the ship which was to convey him to Ireland, his foot slipped, he fell overboard, and, being carried by the waves under the vessel, he sunk to rise no more; and that, after several days, his body had been thrown ashore, and buried with military honours. The affectionate heart of Mary bled over this trial, till, ever ready to see the hand of mercy in all the dispensations of Providence, she owned that she ought to be thankful that she was now freed from the fear of having her husband and father opposed to each other in the hateful strife of arms. Besides, had not her father died when about to risk his life gloriously in the cause of his Sovereign? Nor was it long before she felt still more strongly the mercy vouchsafed to her in the removal even of a father so tenderly beloved; for an order was received by her husband to keep a strict watch for the rebels, who were said to be landed near Kinsale, and who, but for his death, would have been headed by O'Donnel; but were now commanded, it was suspected, by Sir Edward Porter. The order further commanded Colonel De Claremont to send the leader to London in irons, if he succeeded in securing him, that he might there undergo the death of a rebel.

Not long after, De Claremont departed with his regiment to scour the country near the house. In two days he returned; but he did not stay long before he again set off on his vexatious duty. The day that he left home, the second time, Mary observed an unusual restlessness about her own maid, Norah—a woman who had lived with her from her childhood, and who had a lover in the rebel army. As soon as De Claremont was gone, Norah entered the room where her mistress was sitting; and, looking the door, she advanced towards her on

tiptoe, and, whispering in her ear, said, in a voice between a sob and a laugh—

"O my darling! I have such a joy for thee! The dead is alive and merry!"

And, unlocking a closet in the adjoining chamber, General O'Donnel appeared before his astonished child, who, rushing to his extended arms, fell nearly lifeless on his bosom. At first, all Mary's feelings were those of affectionate joy, and she listened with eager delight to O'Donnel's tale. He told her that, before he reached the port, an officer, second to him in command, who resembled him wonderfully in person, had been drowned, and thence the report of his death—a report he accredited by every possible means, when he heard it, by embarking privately, in disguise, at *another* port; hoping thereby to be of more service to the cause by introducing himself secretly, when landed at Kinsale, among those cottagers who loved him, and would follow wherever he led. "And I well knew," said he, "that my dear daughter and loyal child would enable her father to secrete himself in the well-known cavern." When he said this, all Mary's joy at her father's being alive was lost in the agonizing consciousness of the opposing duties which were entailed upon her; and, starting from her father's supporting arms, she clasped her hands wildly, exclaiming—

"Oh, what have you done? You should not have come hither! I dare not let you stay! Go, while your life is safe!"

"It must be safe, unless my child turn traitor to me," replied O'Donnel. "I conclude that you never betrayed the secret of the cavern to your husband, because, as it might one day be wanted as a retreat for our King, I made you promise, at the foot of the altar, to conceal the secret. Little did I ever think that I should find you and De Claremont residing here; but, when I saw Norah alone on the shore, I confided myself to her well-tryed fidelity, and she assured me that I should be as safe with you as with her. Tell me, wife of De Claremont," he added, in a stern voice, "am I safe, or will you betray me to your husband?"

"Oh, no! but what can I do?" said Mary. Then, rushing into the next room, she prostrated herself before Him who could alone direct her; and she returned to her father, anxious, but determined. "I will conceal you, my dearest father," said she, "in the place you mention; but I conjure you never to quit it, except when all our house is still, as, if De Claremont sees you, he has orders to send you in irons to England, to perish as a rebel."

"Indeed! and where is he now?"

"Trying to find your band, and its present leader; but he may return to-morrow."

"Then we have time," said O'Donnel, "to re-open the communication from the vault to the best chamber, which I stopped up."

"No; it might lead to a discovery. You must submit to be locked in my chamber till night; and, when all is still, Norah and I will go with you to the summer-house."

At night, or rather at one in the morning, the trembling Mary, with Norah, bearing a dark lantern, let their prisoner free, and led him to the queer-looking summer-house before named; the floor of which entirely drew up on one side by means of springs, and disclosed steps leading into a subterraneous passage, ending in a cavern, accessible from the shore only at low water, and made habitable, in secret, by O'Donnel himself, at the latter end of the reign of Charles II. In this cavern Norah now accompanied him, bearing what was necessary for his comfort and accommodation, while her alarmed mistress kept watch at the door.

No sleep had Mary that night; and, for the first time in her life, she dreaded her husband's return. The illness of her child afforded a sufficient excuse for her ill looks and mournful countenance—but, then, the concealment! the odious but necessary concealment!

"What is the matter, my beloved?" cried De Claremont, when he beheld her. But the child, at this moment, had a return of alarming convulsions; and De Claremont, while torn by all a parent's anxiety himself, could easily attribute the change in his wife's appearance to similar feelings. For two days and nights, De Claremont and Mary watched by the bedside of their darling girl; and Mary even forgot her father's dangerous vicinity, and all that it exposed her to, in maternal anxiety. On the third night, the child was thought out of danger; but Mary still chose to sleep beside her; and De Claremont, though alarmed for her health, was obliged to permit her to do so.

But Mary was that night painfully reminded of the rash, inconsiderate, and impracticable nature of her father. Indeed, had he considered the risk to which, as a wife, he exposed his daughter, he would never have asked an asylum in her house. Certainly, all he could do, after having thus, by means of the enthusiastic Norah, forced himself on her protection, it was a duty which he owed Mary to keep quiet in his hiding-place; but, instead of that, when Mary, feverish and restless, opened the window of her child's apartment to get the refreshment of air, the first object she saw was her father's tall figure reflected on the grass by the beams of the moon. This was not to be suffered; and, throwing a shawl over her, she hastened to conjure him to retire directly to his retreat; and, when she reached the house again, she saw De Claremont at his window.

"Surely, Mary," said he, joining her on the stairs, "it was imprudent for you to walk in the night air; but I conclude that you were feverish."

"I was *indeed*," she replied, shuddering with terror as she spoke.

"And now you are chilly?" said De Claremont. "Have you been alarmed, Mary? There is no rebel lurking, I trust. Could I have fancied it possible, I should have thought I saw a tall shadow disappear in the moonlight; but, then, moonlight is so deceitful to the vision."

"Yes, moonlight is," faltered out Mary; and, in another moment, she was insensible.

Till she recovered, every other feeling in De Claremont was lost in tender solicitude; but, when he had laid her by the side of her child, and seen her sink into a quiet slumber, he returned to his own bed—but not to sleep. Yet, was it possible that his wife should be in league with any of the rebels? No; honour and openness had hitherto marked every action of her life. Yet, had she not been exposing herself to the night air, in a manner for which there was not sufficient motive? and had he not seen the shadow of a man? At last, he came to this conclusion, that one of the rebels, lurking in the neighbourhood, might have entered the garden unknown to Mary, and presumed to accost her—trusting that, being O'Donnel's daughter, she would not betray him; or, perhaps, it was Sir Edward Porter! Under these circumstances, should he have a right to be angry if Mary, the next day, still concealed the fact from him? He hoped not. But the little girl was again so ill, that, during the whole of that next day, parental anxiety engrossed them both; and, at a late hour, De Claremont left the child's room, and retired alone to his own. But his sleep was short and disturbed; and again he rose and went to the window. Mary, meanwhile, having dismissed the nurse to bed, finding her child increasingly feverish, had raised it in her arms, and was carrying it about, in order to lull it to sleep by motion, when, as she passed the window, she again saw her imprudent father walking in the garden. As soon, therefore, as she could leave her charge, she stole down to tell him that De Claremont's suspicions were awakened, and to conjure him to retire; but he declared that he was ill, and should die if he had not air; and all he would promise was not to come in sight of the house; but, as Mary returned, she met De Claremont before, as she believed, that her father could be quite out of sight!

"Again this imprudence, Mary?" cried he, taking her cold trembling hand.

"I was going in, you see," she faintly replied.

"There is a man yonder! I am sure there is!" cried De Claremont.

"A man!" echoed Mary, with a piercing scream, following him as fast as her trembling limbs would suffer her; but, unable to go farther, she awaited De Claremont's return in fearful expectation. She was, however, relieved by finding that, as De Claremont did not go in the direction of the summer-house, her father must have got to his place of concealment before her husband could overtake him. De Claremont, who had sought the whole garden over, returned to her at length, slowly and gloomily.

"Mrs De Claremont," said he, "why are you lingering here?"

"You said there was a man in the garden, and I feared!"

"Oh! for my life, I suppose?" and he re-

garded her, as he spoke, with a look of sarcastic inquiry. "But I begin to believe that it was a spirit, not a man; for he vanished strangely. What do you think, Mary? But all conjectures are at present vain. However, I will cause every building in the garden to be razed to the earth to-morrow; for I, you know, must not expose myself to the suspicion of harbouring traitors; and it is said Sir Edward Porter is near Kinsale."

By this time they had reached their apartments; and De Claremont, coldly kissing her cheek, bade Mary good night. To her, rest was impossible. She felt how selfishly her father had acted in forcing her to expose her husband to suspicion by granting him a mysterious asylum; and she was also agonized with terror lest De Claremont should discover O'Donnel, and her husband be the means of bringing her father to the scaffold: but, in the night of her despair, she lifted up her soul in prayer; and, when she met De Claremont the next morning, her air was calm, her eye no longer avoided his. It was, however, a relief to her mind when, after breakfast, De Claremont was summoned away to Kinsale on business. The order, therefore, to raze the buildings was as yet delayed; but she sent Norah to tell her father that he must instantly depart. Norah, however, saw herself so constantly watched by Collins, that she dared not attempt to go to the summer-house.

When De Claremont returned, painful information awaited him, for his own old and confidential English servant, Collins, desired to speak with him. Collins was as much devoted to his king and his master as Norah was to her king and mistress; and each regarded the other with a jealous and distrustful eye. Collins had never quite forgiven De Claremont for marrying the daughter of an Irish rebel. It was now, therefore, with alarm, mixed, no doubt with a little spiteful triumph, that he told De Claremont that the gardener, was sure that on one particular walk, which was smooth and untracked when he went to bed, he had, for two successive mornings, found a man's footsteps, and beside them those of a woman; which proved, beyond a doubt, that a man and woman had been walking there *together*.

"And you know, sir," said Collins, "it could not be you and my lady."

"I was walking with her in the garden last night, Collins," replied De Claremont—a blush overspreading his cheek for the evasive reply.

"Indeed, sir," replied Collins, with a look of mortification; "but were you walking in the walk I mean?"

"No, not in that walk."

"Well then, sir, who could these people be?"

"Whom do you think they were?"

"I think, sir, they were Norah, and one of the rebels landed here; and yet the footprint is smaller than Norah's."

"But if *not* Norah's foot," said De Claremont, turning suddenly round, and sternly regarding him, "whose could it be?"

"Whose, indeed, sir," said Collins, sighing; "but, sir, shall I watch to-night?"

"No; I will watch myself; and hark ye, Collins! *be sure* that you name this business to no one. To-morrow I hope to be able to throw light on this mysterious affair, and to prevent any recurrence of such things in future."

"Now, then," said De Claremont, "there is no doubt but that my wife has midnight walks with some one; and though I question not her purity, I have only too much reason to know her loyalty to her own king; and as I see that Collins suspects her also, if I take no steps to investigate the business, I shall become an object of distrust to this faithful adherent of William; and, what I value more than my life, my honour may be irreparably injured."

De Claremont watched that night in the garden, and Mary watched at her window; but no O'Donnel appeared; and even for two nights he never came; and some degree of peace was restored to the minds of Mary and De Claremont. The third night, De Claremont, weary and exhausted, went to bed, and did not awake till morning; but O'Donnel had walked again, and the terrified Mary had walked with him. When De Claremont rose, he found Mary as anxious about her child as ever; and it was with pain that he went to Kinsale, with the prospect of not returning home for two or three days.

"Must you indeed stay away so long?" said Mary.

"Shall you be very sorry if I do?" replied De Claremont, in a cold, sarcastic tone, which Mary did not like.

"Yes, certainly," she replied, deeply blushing.

De Claremont said no more, but, shaking her carelessly by the hand, bade her farewell.

"Before you go, sir," said Collins, "I wish to say—it is my duty to say"—

"Well, sir, say on," cried De Claremont.

"Why, sir, I watched last night, and I saw—I saw"—

"What?"

"A tall gentleman walking in the garden."

"And why did you not seize him?"

"Because, sir, my mistress, your wife, was walking with him!"

"You would swear this, fellow, would you?" cried De Claremont, seizing him by the arm.

"I would, sir; and to the King in council. O sir, should such things be on the premises of Colonel De Claremont? for, doubtless, the man is one of the rebel chiefs, whom you were to deliver up to justice."

"Yes, yes," cried De Claremont; "it is not a lover of my wife's, but it may be a kinsman."

"No matter who it is, sir; he ought to be"—

"And *shall* be, Collins. The fond husband will only remember that he is a faithful subject; but it is better, for my sake, that *you* should ascertain the fact in my absence—watch, therefore, yourself, with proper witnesses; but watch in silence and *from the house*, and do nothing till I return."

Collins saw his master depart, much relieved in his own mind, but having embittered his master's almost beyond endurance; for, as De Claremont slowly journeyed to Kinsale, he was at length compelled to own to himself, that, after such dereliction of a wife's duty, as exposed him to disgrace, he must separate from Mary, and send her back, in a measure, dishonoured, to her aunt.

"And, oh! if the man in question should turn out to be Sir Edward Porter!"

The known absence of De Claremont, which O'Donnel heard of from Norah, who was on the watch for him, emboldened that rash man to walk even longer than usual; therefore Collins and his witnesses saw his person perfectly, though not his face, and also saw Mary walk with him, in great agitation; for she was persuading him to leave Ireland. But when they watched the second night, no O'Donnel appeared, for he was ill; but they saw Norah run across the garden, and, after a short time, return to the house, whence, soon after, Mary issued, carrying a basket in her hand. But she went they knew not whither, and it was near daybreak before she returned. This information, also, Collins sent to his almost broken-hearted master, who now returned home, *resolved* to impart to Mary what he had discovered, and convince her that she must, for his sake, consent to leave Rock Fortress, and be separated from him.

Mary, meanwhile, having, as she hoped, prevailed on her father to quit Rock Fortress, if not Ireland, and seeing her little girl recovering, was awaiting De Claremont's return with affectionate pleasure. But, when she saw him, all her pleasure vanished, and in its stead, came anguish and alarm! for his cheek was pale as death, and his air repellent.

"Poor innocent!" cried he, as he kissed the child reclining in its mother's arms. "As yet, I trust, I shall not be thought too forgiving a husband, if I permit thy misguided mother to carry thee away with her."

"Away! why, whither am I going, De Claremont, and wherefore?"

"Ask your own heart, Mrs De Claremont, if you have deserved to remain here; ask your own heart if the midnight companion of an ambushed rebel be a fit wife for Colonel De Claremont. I myself, and my servants also, are witnesses of my disgrace and your perfidy. Can you deny the charge? Can you justify yourself? If you can, I conjure you, by our past loves, Mary; and by these bitter tears, which manhood blushes for, I conjure you, again and again, to say you are innocent, and that I may still keep you here."

"I am *innocent*!" replied Mary; "but I cannot deny the charge."

"What do I hear," cried De Claremont, striking his hands on his forehead in frantic agony; "even in the midst of despair, I find what I had *hoped*. I hope you would yet contrive to make me distrust the evidence of my own eyes; but to hear you *avow* your guilt!

Oh, it is too much, Mary; how have I deserved this from you, and by what fallacy have you been led to believe that your duty to your King, or to some old friend of your own, can weigh for one moment against the duty which you owe your husband? I did not expect this even from O'Donnel's daughter!"

"If I were not O'Donnel's daughter," replied Mary, mournfully, "this misery could not have come upon me; but I am *resigned* to the will of Heaven; and bitter as my trials are, I humbly trust that I shall be carried through them all. When is it your pleasure that I should leave you?" said Mary.

"Not till the day after to-morrow," said De Claremont; "for then my sister has written me word that I may expect her; and I shall want the support of her company when you are gone."

"Oh! let me go before she comes. You know she never saw me in my good days—do not let her see me in my state of degradation. But, no, she will see me a humble, submissive sufferer; and that, I trust, is not a state of degradation. But you said I should take my child with me?"

"Yes."

"Thank you; that is kind," cried Mary, seizing his hand forcibly, and kissing it.

Mary had one hope: if her father would quit his retreat and escape, she might then tell De Claremont the truth, when she thought he was safe from pursuit; but their steps were so watched, that neither she nor Norah could venture to the summer-house; and all her hopes were over.

When the day arrived on which she expected to see Lady Desmond, De Claremont's sister, who had always disapproved her brother's marrying O'Donnel's daughter, her heart died within her, and her pride revolted at the idea of the triumph which Lady Desmond would now enjoy over her; but she remembered that pride suited not with Christian lowliness, and she struggled with the feeling as unworthy of her.

The day fixed for her enforced departure at length arrived; and, at an early hour, De Claremont and Lady Desmond reached Rock Fortress, where the former, pale and trembling, introduced the latter to the equally pale but calm and dignified Mary. Lady Desmond's manner was not only cold, but forbidding; for, having no strong political attachments herself, she could not believe it possible that, unless this favoured rebel was a lover of Mary's, she could have run for him such risks, and exposed herself to such odium; and she could not help wondering at her brother's blind confidence in the virtue of his wife: and no one except De Claremont entertained an opinion different from her's. He, however, had the comfort of judging differently; and he did ample justice to the purity which they questioned.

De Claremont now summoned Collins, and the witnesses into the apartment, and, addressing the former, he told him the hour was come when he should be able to give the strongest testimony

that he could give of his loyalty to his king, by separating himself from the wife whom he most tenderly loved, because her conduct had been such as to compromise his loyalty, and also to endanger, as much as she could, the safety of the cause in which he was engaged.

"But, take notice," said he, "that I am convinced that Mrs De Claremont's reputation as a virtuous wife deserves to remain unquestioned, and that her crime has been wholly owing to her devotion to those erroneous politics which she was bred up in, as the daughter of O'Donnel."

"Nay, Eustace, this is too absurd," cried Lady Desmond; "no one will ever believe this but yourself. Collins, as well as I, have heard that Sir Edward Porter is supposed to be the concealed chief of the rebels; and he was to have married Miss O'Donnel."

"Is this true, Mrs De Claremont?" cried De Claremont; "is Sir Edward Porter in this neighbourhood?"

"Not that I know of. I have not seen Sir Edward Porter."

"I believe you," said De Claremont, "for never yet did you tell me a falsehood."

"Ridiculous," cried Lady Desmond. "But why prolong this painful scene; let the carriage be ordered round."

"It is here, and the nurse and child are in it," said De Claremont; "and the two men servants are getting their horses ready, who are to see you safe across the water, and to your aunt's, Mrs De Claremont. Norah shall be sent after you; but, at present, they tell me that she is out of the way. Now, then, let me hand you to your carriage. Collins, go down and see that all is prepared."

De Claremont then approached to clasp his now weeping wife in a last embrace; but she evaded it, and, raising his hand to her lips, exclaimed—

"No, no, De Claremont; a suspected and exiled wife is not worthy of such a privilege. Farewell!"

At this moment a man's footsteps were heard rapidly approaching through the chamber of Mary.

"Hark!" cried De Claremont, "am I betrayed? are rebels lurking there?" And he had only time to draw his sword, when the door was thrown open, and Norah and General O'Donnel appeared. Mary shrieked, and involuntarily

threw herself before her father; while De Claremont faltering exclaimed, "General O'Donnel! Is it possible!"

"Thank Heaven! Yes it is General O'Donnel," he replied, "come to await his doom. Foolish girl!" he added, clasping his daughter to his heart, "did you think that your fame was not dearer to me than my own life! and that when Norah told me what was passing, I should hesitate to appear? Mary!" cried O'Donnel, opening his arms to receive her. And the now justified wife, quitting her father's arms, rushed into her husband's; but bursting into tears, she again went back to her O'Donnel.

"I understand your fears, Mary," said De Claremont, "but I have the happiness to believe them groundless. I trust that General O'Donnel has nothing to dread. Surely his pardon will not be refused to me, as the only reward I ask for my faithful services. But I have reason to believe that the bloody decree is about to be rescinded, and that my King is resolved to conquer, not by severity, but by clemency."

"Do not be too sure of that," said Lady Desmond, to whom this scene was by no means satisfactory. But Mary chose to rely upon her husband's convictions, and she ventured to hope.

To conclude: News soon arrived that James had abandoned his rash enterprise—that the rebels had again disappeared—and General O'Donnel received a full pardon, on condition of his residing in France. But he died under his daughter's roof before he could embark, worn out with the fatigues and exertions of his ever restless spirit; and uninterrupted happiness became, at length, the portion of De Claremont and Mary.

On the accession of the Princess Anne to the throne, De Claremont presented his wife to the new Sovereign, who received her graciously, though she was "O'Donnel's daughter."

But while De Claremont and his wife, from the height of their conjugal and parental happiness, looked back upon their past trials, they drew, for the benefit of their children, this moral from their story—That however strong conjugal affection may be, conjugal happiness can alone be unclouded where an entire similarity of sentiments, on the most important subjects, exists between the wedded pair; and where the wishes, interests, and, perhaps, even the prejudices of the wife, are in entire unison with those of the husband.

A. O.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

As Time glides on in silent flow,
To-day yields to to-morrow;
To-morrow's expectations grow
To-day's own bliss or sorrow.

Still, as to-morrow's sun appears,
It shines upon to-day;
So, realized, our hopes and fears
For ever melt away!

MADHOUSES, AND THE TREATMENT OF INSANITY.

THE derangement of a late Sovereign of this country, George III., who, after repeated attacks of mental derangement, died in a state of melancholy insanity, in which he had languished for a series of years, strongly directed the attention of medical men to this appalling distemper. Connected with the literature and history of the country, there were, about the same period, yet more illustrious victims to the malady; and, in the early part of the century, the efforts of a few philanthropic individuals giving impulse to the public mind, agitation produced its ordinary good fruits—inquiry; and was followed by a parliamentary investigation into the state of the public hospitals and private asylums for the insane, and consequently to the treatment of insanity. The shocking and disgraceful disclosures made in the Parliamentary Report, farther riveted public attention upon a subject interesting to every human being; and more systematic works upon insanity, as well as letters, reports of cases, &c., &c., appeared within a few years, than had probably ever before been published in this country. The system of moral treatment pursued in the Quaker Asylum at York, THE RETREAT, tended to introduce quite new views of the management of the insane; and several acts of Parliament were passed for the better regulation of madhouses, whether public or private. Yearly licenses were now required, and the asylums were first subjected to magisterial visits, at stated periods, of which reports are ordered to be made.

There is reason to believe that, though the pathology of madness is still very imperfect, and must, in all probability, ever remain so, there is now a somewhat better knowledge of the moral treatment of mental disease; or, if not more skilful, the general treatment is much more humane. The shameful neglect and selfish cruelty, laid bare by the inquiries of 1814, 1815, 1816, no longer exist, could not longer be tolerated in the bosom of society; but the internal management of madhouses will ever require, together with legislative protection and vigilance in the local magistracy, all the influence that enlightened public opinion can exercise. The improvements contemplated by the legislative enactments referred to, have not yet, we fear, been fully accomplished. The long arm of law becomes, after a time, inert or unnerved, where there is neither direct interest nor personal motive to stimulate its exertions. And in lunatic asylums, as in workhouses, factories, and other establishments subjected to legal scrutiny, there is often more which eludes the eye and grasp of law, and lying beyond its reach, than is within its range.

When everything is accomplished that legal provisions can effect, much, if not all, will depend upon individual character; and fortunately this falls, in all cases, considerably under the influ-

ence of an enlightened public opinion. The character and acquirements of the teacher do not more powerfully influence his scholar, or those of the commander, his ship or his regiment, than do those of the superintendent of a lunatic asylum the well-being and recovery of his patients. In those retreats of utter helplessness and unmitigated despotism, nearly everything must depend upon the individual who presides, and the keepers to whom he delegates his authority. Of the government of madhouses, it is therefore emphatically true—

“Whatever is best administered is best.”

Among the best administered of those establishments, it has been long understood is that of Dr Fox, near Bristol, in which the moral treatment of insanity has been fancied to be carried to something little short of perfection; while more attention has been given to combined medical treatment than in such establishments as the Retreat, at York; where moral treatment, if not the sole, was the prominent feature of the system of cure.

We beg to be distinctly understood, as of ourselves pronouncing no opinion whatever; insinuating nothing to the disparagement of the particular institution for maniacal patients in which Mr Percival was confined, in our cursory examination of his case. It is probably as perfect in its arrangements, as, in the present stage of medical science in the obscure and difficult department of mental disease, any wholesale establishment of the kind can be; and circumstances alone have made it the scene of our remarks.

A simple narrative of Mr Percival's case, in our estimation, outweighs in value a world of general speculation on the moral treatment of the insane. It is “the single captive” not merely represented to us, but relating his own sufferings and feelings, and from them drawing those practical conclusions which have the authority of experiment. Without pretending to settle the true character of a case of mental derangement, which appears to have baffled those most skilful in the treatment of insanity, (since, even when he left the asylum, the Messrs Fox gave the patient no hope of ultimate recovery,) we may safely affirm that the proximate cause of Mr Percival's lunacy, was unprofitable theological studies, inordinately pursued, and issuing in fanatical notions of religion. These were aided by physical causes; yet so perplexingly are cause and effect alternated or apparently combined and confounded in many cases of madness, that we are glad to steer clear of the bewildering question, and to restrict our remarks and illustrations simply to the one case, as it elucidates the moral treatment of the insane in one of the most celebrated of the reformed asylums.

We are far from considering all Mr Percival's specific complaints of the treatment to which he was subjected, reasonable or well founded,

though fully conceding to him the right of judging of his own feelings, and declaring his own opinions; but there is some foundation for many of them, while the general strain of his reasoning on the treatment of the insane, we consider sound and acute; and certainly most important, as it is applicable to every person suffering under the same calamity. There may, we incline to think, have been radical error in the surprise and the coercive discipline to which he was subjected in the early stage of disease in Dublin, which perhaps, as he seems to believe, may have exasperated temporary delirium into confirmed mania; an effect of rash and violent treatment, which, we apprehend, occurs much more frequently than is suspected. Two individuals, for example, are seized with the now frequent malady, *delirium tremens*—a distemper which, in its symptoms, so closely resembles true mania—which, in fact, for the time, is real insanity, and only to be discriminated by skilful practitioners, from a knowledge of the previous habits and condition of the patient. Of the two individuals we have supposed to be affected by *delirium tremens*, one is medically treated in his own house, though sequestered from his friends, and in a few weeks, but more probably in a few days, the disorder of his mind vanishes. He may be ill, but he is no longer delirious. The other is hurried away, with every attendant circumstance of surprise and violence, to a madhouse, is subjected to the ordinary routine of irritating coercive discipline adopted for the violent maniac, and becomes a confirmed, it may be an incurable, madman; unless he experience the happier fate of suddenly sinking under the malady and the remedies. Of this frequent result there can, we fear, be little question.

Mr Percival conceives that though his anxious friend, and his physician in Dublin, acted like *blind donkeys in a mill*, going their round whatever might be the shattered state of the machinery dragged round, they erred in good faith, and unwittingly, when they rashly interfered for his personal security; but he is far from being so charitable in his judgment of Dr Fox and his sons. And these gentlemen may be fairly presumed independent of his indulgence.

Before coming to the few of his specific facts and grounds of complaint which we propose to notice, we shall extract a part of Mr Percival's general reasoning:—

Now, with regard to my treatment, I have to make at first two general observations, which apply, I am afraid, too extensively to every system of management yet employed towards persons in my condition. First, The suspicion and the fact of my being incapable of reasoning correctly, or deranged in understanding, justified, apparently, every person who came near me, in dealing with me also in a manner contrary to reason and contrary to nature. These are strong words; but in the minutest instances I can, alas! prove them true. Secondly, My being likely to attack the rights of others, gave these individuals license, in every respect, to trample upon mine. My being incapable of feeling, and of defending myself, was construed into a reason for giving full play to this license. Instead of my understanding being addressed and enlightened, and of my path being made as clear and plain as possible, in consideration of my confusion, I was committed,

in really difficult and mysterious circumstances, calculated of themselves to confound my mind, even if in a sane state to unknown and untried hands; and I was placed amongst strangers, without introduction, explanation, or exhortation.

Against this system of downright oppression, enforced with sycophantish adulation and affected pity by the doctor, adopted blindly by the credulity of relations, and submitted to by the patients with meek stupidity, or vainly resisted by natural but hopeless violence, I had to fight my way for two years, wringing from my friends a gradual but tardy assent to the most urgent expostulations: not from the physicians; their law is the same for all qualities and dispositions, and their maxim, to clutch and hold fast.

If the insulting and degrading treatment I have described, was indeed designed to mortify and probe the feelings, it was preposterous, without explanation, expostulation, or remonstrance; and impolitic without a thorough knowledge of the temper and humour of the individual to whom it was applied. Why was I confined? because I was a lunatic. And what is a lunatic, but one whose reasoning cannot be depended upon; one of imperfect and deranged understanding, and of a diseased imagination? What, then, was the natural consequence of my being placed in the most extraordinary, difficult, and unreasonable circumstances, without explanation, but that I should, as I did, attribute that insult which was heaped upon me to the most absurd causes; to the non-performance of the very acts which in a sane mind I might have condemned; or to the performance of those which I might have applauded. With me, conscience was entirely confounded—judgment perverted. That which others called sin, I deemed virtue; that which men call folly, I called wisdom. What can be said, when I struck, kicked, wrestled, endangered my own security and that of others, as the acts most pleasing to them to witness, most dutiful for me to attempt? The reader now, perhaps, wonders at treatment like this being possible; but if he does not now resent it, in nine cases out of ten, it is not without my having been obliged to reason with him as with a child; so rooted is the prejudice, that *lunacy cannot be subdued except by harsh treatment*. If he asks why these things are so, I will tell him why; because it is the interest of the lunatic doctors. That is the end. And the cause lies in the servile folly of mankind, of which these lunatic doctors make their profit.

But such treatment is impolitic, not in the lunatic doctor, but in the conduct of such as, in good faith, desire a patient's cure; because, if discovered or suspected, it may work, as it did in me, a deadly hate towards those dealing with me, and a resolution to endure any thing, rather than bow a haughty and stubborn spirit to their cunning, address, or cruelty. In return for their insouciant severity, the mind mocks at their care and vigilance, their respect and their benevolence. The question, then, lies between the power of the patient to endure, and the power of the quack to break his spirit.

Mine was not a solitary instance. Another patient in that madhouse, who, I observed, seldom or never spoke—when one was hinting to me, that he thought the servants were directed to insult and degrade us, or, at least, did it designedly, of their own malevolence—opened his lips, to my astonishment, and declared that when he first came to the asylum, whilst sitting one evening in the parlour wherein we were, he rang the bell, or called for a candle for another gentleman, when the servant came up, and, grossly insulting him, turned him too out of the room, and sent him to bed; since which, says he, I have never opened my mouth, except when absolutely necessary. Upon my pressing for further information, he resumed his silence; and, though his conduct did not appear to me extremely wise, yet I can tell gentlemen who condemn it, that though it is a very comfortable doctrine for the lunatic doctors, and for a set of indolent and inefficient magistrates, to doubt and deny credit to a lunatic gentleman's word, we understand their insolence, and feel their injustice, though we cannot express our opinions, and dare not retaliate. And we beg leave to differ in

our opinion. The only resource for the pride of many men is in a stubborn silence, and outward indifference.

A case occurred a few years since which strikingly confirms this reasoning, yet the parties were the most dissimilar possible in education and condition, though each had human feelings:—When a party of benevolent English Quakers were, about ten or a dozen years back, visiting the prisons of Scotland, they stumbled upon a cell in the jail of Inverness, situated in the very heart of that town, in which a lunatic pauper criminal had, for a series of years, been immured, and, as was, indeed, inevitable in such a place, very ill-managed. For years this unhappy and sullen wretch had refused to speak, and it seemed taken for granted that he had lost the use of speech; yet his horrible and unearthly bellowings, and wailing of the one piteous and monotonous Gaelic ejaculation, *O God!* were familiar to the whole community; so familiar alas! as to pass unheeded. This poor wretch's cry was often continued during the whole night, so that strangers could not at first sleep in that vicinity; and he seemed to take pleasure in disturbing the Sabbath quiet of the town by roaring on Sunday or on the market-day,—though the night was his ordinary time. It was also remarked, that he was peculiarly vociferous during the Assizes, which are held half-yearly in the town—and in a court-house immediately adjoining the jail. At these Assizes he had been tried long before, and his sentence suspended from his evident lunacy. But one Assize passed after another, and if his cries were meant to reach the ear of the Judge, they passed, certainly not unheard, but, to every useful, purpose unnoticed. This is not wonderful, since not one of the thousands familiar for years with that unearthly and monotonous wail, ever seemed to think of the lunatic as a human being. The jailers, and those public functionaries whose duty it was to examine the state of the prison, gave him credit for both malice and cunning, especially when, in spite of their admonitions and threats, he persisted in bellowing during the Assizes, to the scandal of the community and the disturbance of their honours, the Magistrates. And probably he did retain as much intellect as to foster indignant hate against those around him,—though, treated like a caged wild beast, he had become thoroughly brutalized. A miracle seemed to be worked when this unhappy being, for the first time, after years of sullen endurance, opened his lips and bosom to the Quaker party, and related, or attempted to relate, to those benevolent persons, his feelings and his wrongs. By their humane interference he was cleaned and clothed, and transferred to a lunatic asylum in Aberdeen, in a condition so greatly and suddenly ameliorated, as to astonish his former conservators.

Mr Percival imagines that his health was somewhat improved in the first days of his residence in the asylum of Dr Fox; and he supposes that the abruptness with which his brother left him among strangers, in circumstances so

painful and embarrassing, and the dreadful discovery of where he was being left to the workings of a deranged imagination, was one cause of his becoming worse. Again and again he reiterates the complaint that the mere fact of his insanity appeared to give every one who had to deal with him a right to act as it seemed good unto himself, in defiance of nature, of common sense, and of humanity.

There were, at this time, a good many patients in the common parlour, each of whom he invested with a spiritual character; and indeed the same individual often bore several characters and names, though he never seems to have forgotten or confounded their personal identity. He presumes that the promiscuous association of the lunatics in the common sitting room disturbed all their minds; nor, can common sense discern any reason for unhappy persons, in all stages of insanity, being thus herded together, save, perhaps, the imperative one of economy. It would also appear from Mr Percival's statements, that the Messrs Fox mingled comparatively but little in a scene, where one would imagine the presence of a presiding person was at all times most necessary. After describing some of his fanciful illusions, all begotten of gloomy and perplexed notions of religion, he tells—

In the midst of all this confusion of triple or quadruple persons in one and the same individual, and of my understanding, that according as my spirits warned me, I was either on earth as it was when I left it, or in heaven, or in an intermediate state of felicity, I was desired to act and to do my duty, and accused of guilt in pretending not to know what was my duty, and resisting the desire of the Lord to learn of my spirits. I might well be puzzled. *I might well have been puzzled, setting aside that delusion. For it might be a trial for a very wise man to act discreetly, on being ushered, by violence or guile, into a room full of gentlemen who spoke nothing, did nothing, or muttered a few half sentences to him, without being informed of the nature of his company and of his position amongst them.* I had no introduction, no explanation, no reason assigned me for my position; lunatic, imbecile, childish, deluded, I was left to divine everything. Precisely that conduct likeliest to aid deception of the mind, to encourage and to make it perpetual, was pursued towards me, and is now being pursued towards those wretched companions I have left behind me, and to tens of thousands in a similar state.

My earnest desire, my intense inward prayer to the Deity whom I imagined conversing in me, was, "Oh! take me home, Oh! take me to E—g. I shall never know what I am to do here; all is so new, so strange, so perplexing. If I were one fortnight, one week, three days in the library at E—, left to myself, I should know how I was to act—what I was to do." My brothers, my sisters, and my mother were always in my thoughts; my constant longing was to be with them.

I, a nervous patient, was confined in a large room with eleven or more others, nervous patients also, and servants, and certain of them occasionally raving, stamping, bawling, violent madmen. The mental agony, the distress, the actions of these wretched men, their quarrels with one another, their struggles with the servants, the servants' rude and cruel manner, my own weakness and follies, and the violence they brought on me, all were exposed to me, and I to them. I was confined also amongst these men, hand and foot. Often left alone for hours with two or three of them. I, weak in body, weak in mind, not able to support fear, or to control it

as another, and, besides, overwhelmed by superstitious fears. This was my position for six months, until after hay-making, and then for six months more with the difference of not being tied up. All this was under the direction of a surgeon, a physician. A surgeon attended the asylum, and surgeons came with the magistrates to inspect.

In obedience to the spirits, he had attempted to waltz with one of the patients, and he was perpetually instigated to wrestle with the keepers. He became violent, in short, and was thenceforth constantly tied up in a niche of the common sitting-room. This was the order of his melancholy mornings. Immediately on being brought down stairs—

I was taken to my niche, seated down, and fastened into it by a strap with a small padlock, that ran through a ring in the wall, which ring could be turned round. My tea was placed before me, at breakfast time, in a slop basin, on a small deal table, with a plate of bread and butter. And usually one hand was loosened from the strait waistcoat; at times I was fed by the hand. It was always a great delight to me to get my hand at liberty, even for a moment, and the first use I usually made of it was to strike the keeper who untied me; directed by my spirits to do so, as the return he (the attendant) desired above all things else, because he knew I was proving my gratitude to the Lord Jehovah, at the risk of being struck myself. My blows were usually received in good humour.

Cold bathing and the shower-bath, to which he was sometimes exceedingly averse, were a principal part of the remedial treatment; and probably, in one view, with the utmost propriety; although, in another, its advantages became problematical, from the extreme excitement which it often caused to the patient, and the horrors which his distempered fancy associated with his baths. It must, however, be admitted that he was liable to be similarly affected by whatever agents or means were employed in his cure. And when he was not disturbed by the strange sounds and sights in the common parlour, the sense of hearing, in his private apartment, became his tormentor. We leave the medical reader to adjust the balance between the fury and irritation produced by the bath, with its attendant circumstances of indignity, and its physical benefits. At first he submitted quite passively to this as to everything else.

They used to take me to the bath after breakfast, the spirits called to my mind their horrid threats in Dublin, and bade me understand, that this was the bath of boiling water, in which I was to be plunged for all eternity; I was threatened with finding it so, if I did not obey my spirits, or before I descended to it, reconcile them to me, by suffering something for their sakes. Two or three circumstances led to a confirmation of this delusion. In the first place, the bath was in gloomy rooms like cellars. In one room, in which I was usually dressed and undressed, there was no window at all, and the walls bare; in the other two, the light came from small windows at the top of the wall. We passed along passages to get to them, in which I saw large iron pipes, like the apparatus of steam-engines; and these I was told were to convey the hot water to the bath. I was occasionally seized hand and foot by two men, and thrown suddenly backwards into the bath: and I did not know what need there was for that violence, for I never hesitated to enter it. On one occasion, Simplicity stretched out an iron bar to duck my head under the water by pressing it upon my neck; for the men seemed to think it an essential part of their extraordinary quackery, to have the head well soured. After ducking my head, he held the bar out to

me in sport, and I seized hold of it, and found it quite warm, as if just taken from a fire. I attribute this now to the extreme coldness of my body in the water; for often, for half an hour after I came from the bath, I shook and shuddered, and my teeth chattered with cold; on these occasions I was usually fastened for a time alone in a large wicker chair, in the parlour I had originally been confined to. But at the time, I conceived the heat of the bar to be a proof to me accorded in mercy of what my spirits told me; that I was really in the bath of boiling water, concealed from me by their agency, but ready, on my provoking the Lord beyond redemption, to be instantaneously revealed to me. On another occasion, I entered the bath rooms after some other patients, when Herminet Herbert shewed me a leather mask, which in sport he offered to put on me, and asked how I should like to go into the bath with it? Now my spirits had threatened me with being plunged in, after having my face covered with a pitch plaster. So these trifling incidents aided my delusions.

In everything, as will be seen, he found food for his lunatic imagination, the bath among the rest.

I may also add, that on one occasion, when I went to the bath, Herminet Herbert asked a man who was there—whom I afterwards, if I am not wrong, found out to be a bricklayer (one of the baths there appeared to be undergoing repairs)—to help him to throw me into the water. We had come down stairs alone. Usually, the hulking fellow I called the Holy Ghost, or Kill-all, came to my bed-side, about half-past six in the morning, to help to take me down, for I almost invariably resisted going down, not from my own notion, but by the command of my spirits, as doing the thing most agreeable to the attendants. I was told that this man was another personification of the Holy Ghost, and another Kill-all. For that as Diana was worshipped in two forms, as DIANA and HECATE, so the Holy Ghost was the destroyer of those in hell. I saw this man, one day, in the passage, and his face was for a moment of a preternatural red or flame colour. He was at that time at work in a cellar opening in the front of the house, where I was made to believe that a cold bath was being prepared for me, into which I was to be plunged and immured in the dark; and to be always sinking and drowning to all eternity. I used to long to look down that cellar to see if it was true that preparations were really going on for a bath, but I never had an opportunity.

Sometimes the keepers lost temper and patience at the unaccountable perversity of the sufferer, in the freaks he exhibited or attempted in obedience to the spirits, and occasionally they struck him with "ferocity and spite." Generally, we should say that, even by his own shewing, if not over-delicate nor much alive to the refined feelings, they were forbearing and humane. One powerful man, however, though generally good-humoured and civil, was often provoked to strike him with violence; and truly does he say:—

Unfortunately, his punishment was of no use to me. I understood that I was punished for feigning, not for my act of faith, and the blows were another chance for my being at last miraculously at home, or in heavenly places. They only tended to disturb the equanimity of my mind in attempting to perform the duties required of me by my spiritual Mentors. Receiving their voices as the commands of my God, nothing could prevent me attempting to obey those commands, however absurd they might appear to myself or others, or dangerous to myself. The awful impression of dread produced by preternatural menaces; the compunction I felt for former acts of ingratitude; the appeals to my attachment, sense of honour, sense of duty, made by my spirits; the hope of redeeming millions of souls by one act of obedience, and of standing in the presence of Jesus and his Father, were too strong for me to resist. Experience alone of the falsehood of the promises could succeed in making me

relinquish altogether my attempt; and that experience was long in coming, for fear or embarrassment continually made me prevent or lag behind the instant of execution; and then the failure of effect was attributed to my not acting with "*precision and decision*."

Returning to the common room, I always attempted to wrestle with, or asked one of the patients to wrestle with me. I was then locked into my seat. If my arms were at liberty, I would occasionally seize one or two of the patients to wrestle with me as they passed by me. I had no malicious motive; I did it in obedience to inspiration, and imagined they were inspired to know what I was commanded, how I obeyed, and how to act in consequence. My attempts at wrestling were, however, inculcated by the spirits on more practical grounds than ordinary. They told me that it was necessary "*for the keeping me in a right state of mind*," in other words, "to keep my head to my heart, and my heart to my head." I used to ask several individuals to wrestle with me, with a view to their giving me violent usage, a severe fall and the like, and with the secret hope that during the wrestling, one or other of them would strangle me or cause me to suffocate. I always seized the strongest men; and it is a singular fact, whilst I compelled the other keepers to struggle with me, I never did more than lay hold of the waistcoat of him I called Jesus, the weakest, unless when I was struggling with three at a time. The men usually held my arms, joked with me, begged me to be quiet, and used no more violence than was requisite to overcome me. Three keepers usually came to compel me to go to the cold bath, which to me was a mystery, because I was not aware force was required to take me there, and I was told I might go to the bath with Simplicity, or Sincerity, or Herminet Herbert, according to my conduct. But in reality it was, I conclude, a display of force to intimidate; in which it failed through my delusions, for it provoked my efforts. But it answered another purpose, that my foolish opposition did not meet with such cruel violence as the spite or fears of a weaker party might have inflicted on me. Sometimes I was carried along in sport neck and crop; but usually I did not meet, on these occasions, except from single hands, with ruder treatment than might be expected from three country fellows overcoming resistance: on one occasion only I recollect a stick being brought out to beat me, but I do not recollect its being used. I am not sure.

When consigned to my seat, it became again a question how I was to employ myself. I felt in this position a sense of suffocation, which together with former delusions, suggested to me the idea of suffocating myself by pressing my nostrils against a wooden projection in the wall serving as an arm to the seat. This in fact was my chief occupation all the day long, occasionally varied by my attempting to twist my neck, standing up as well as I could and leaning on the back of my head, the face turned upwards against the wall, and then turning my body as on a pivot from side to side. Occasionally an old patient put a newspaper on my knees to read, and Herminet Herbert once or twice gave me one of the *Registers*. Sometimes my hands were untied for a short time to read them. In the morning, and always in the afternoon, certain of the patients smoked and sat down with the servants to a game at whist. Scarcely a word was spoken except in broken sentences, or by the servants, which added to the apparent mystery of my situation. Once a day usually, one or more of Dr F.'s sons came into the room and stayed five or ten minutes: he addressed one or two patients, and occasionally said a few words to me; but always with a half-and-half manner of speech and deportment, which added to the conviction I was under, that they too came for a mysterious purpose. Occasionally they smoked a cigar in the room, and played a game at cards. I was told that one of these gentlemen was my brother D., and his name Sincerity and Contrition; the other, my brother H., and his name Joviality; he was an amiable, good-looking fellow; the other, melancholy and besotted. I occasionally asked these and other well-dressed men to wrestle with me,

but I did not attempt to force them, in spite of my spirits, for they were too well dressed, too decent, too childish. Generally every Sunday morning about ten o'clock, Dr F., the father of these young men, tattered in; a gray-headed, firm-charactered old man, of short stature, with a blue frock coat on, broad brimmed hat, and long cane. But to me all was delusion; I thought him a spiritual being; I called him my father.

About eleven o'clock every day, the patients were taken out walking, if the weather was fine, and I went out for an hour with Herminet Herbert, or was left tied up alone. Dinner came at one; in the afternoon the patients again went out for a walk, came home about four, went into the yard or sat down in the room till seven, when tea was brought and served the same as the breakfast; after which, they were taken or went alone upstairs to bed. Besides this, during the day they were occasionally taken out one by one, either to the bath or to be shaved, but I then understood when they went out singly, they went either to suffer, or to supplicate for me; when they went out together, they went as a court of justice to consult on my case.

When I was first fastened in my niche, my feet were at liberty, but afterwards they also were fastened by leathern sockets to a ring in the floor. There were two or three reasons for this, or rather causes; for had my treatment been reasonable, there would, I conceive, have been little reason for any personal confinement at all.

There was good reason for this irritating restraint; for the patient, in obedience to the spirits, was become exceedingly mischievous and troublesome. He would upset the table and dishes, by every possible contrivance; with his feet, when his hands were tied, and, when his feet were fixed, with his mouth. Nearly all his actions were intended as atonements for sin; and he would kick off his shoes into the room, and "wait, in silent faith and prayer, for the shoe to come back!"

When first taken out for exercise, he called out after every carriage, that it was his mother's; and every young woman he fancied one or other of his sisters. Actuated by inspiration, he would then cry aloud—"I am the last hope of a noble family!—I am ruined!—I am ruined!—I am lost!—I am undone; but I am the redeemed of the Lord Jehovah—the Lord Jehovah Gireth," &c. &c. He notices this Row-like exhibition to complain, reasonably enough we think, of being dragged through the villages and farm-houses, along with the other mad gentlemen, "like a string of wild-geese." When he was very noisy and vehement in shouting, the keeper would rebuke or ridicule him, or strike him with his cane.

I recollect on one occasion, I ran away in the grounds from the keeper, who had desired me to keep by his side. He caught me by an iron fence in the grounds, and with great violence doubled me over it. On another occasion, looking up into the sky, I saw a vision of the Lord descending with the angels and saints. Several times, the sounds of the cattle lowing, or asses braying, in the fields, conveyed to me articulate words and sentences, as to Balaam. I was often made a joke of in good humour by the keepers, on account of my delusions, and this added to their strength, for I took seriously what they said in jest. For instance, one said to me, "there's your father, go and run after him, and take him by his arm;"—pointing to a patient I took for my father; another, whom I called Scott, but whose name was Marshall, replied one day, "*I am called Scott in good company*."

When he returned from exercise, he was, of course, tied up in his niche, the prey of the

horrible fantasies whose nature we formerly described. Night was ever an appalling season to the unhappy patient. It had been judged necessary to tie his feet as well as his body and arms when in bed. How dreadful, in every way, is such necessity!

Fastened thus, lying on my back, I passed my wretched sleepless nights for nearly, if not quite, nine months! Recollect too that I was a nervous patient! I had not exercise enough during the day to procure sleep, but I lay exhausted, wearied, agonized, terrified in my spirits, hungering after rest, but unable to procure it. To add to my feverishness and misery, the servant usually tied my right arm so tight, passing the thong twice round it, that it cut my flesh, causing a red ring round the arm in the morning.

I never complained; the voices told me it was Jesus who did it, and that he did it for my good, to prevent me going to sleep, because sleep would torpify me, and as I was a spiritual body, I did not need sleep. Sometimes, however, by order of the voices, I asked the servant when he came to bed to undo my right arm; which was occasionally done. In the coldest nights I used to kick off, or throw off with my teeth the clothes, yet I never felt cold.

This restraint was kept on a great while longer than was necessary. A lunatic doctor, in one sense, is pretty sure to be on the right side; he will run no risk that will do his reputation for security an injury. . . .

After I was in bed, from about eight to ten o'clock, when the keeper came up, I very often used to shout out aloud or sing the psalm, "O be joyful," in obedience to the demon's commands. Then Simplicity would come up, and with his open hand strike me on the face most cruelly—all I could do, tied hand and foot, was to turn my face to the wall, to avoid being struck in the eye, or on the nose.

He relates that he used to be in an agony of fear, calling to his spiritual attendants to save him, while expecting the keepers to come in to take him to the bath. What sane mind, however fanciful, ever imagined a condition of being so terrible as this, which, with many even more sublime in horror, he describes:—

I recollect now a sensation of fear, a sense of cruelty, which I cannot yet define, as the men came up stairs and entered my room to untie me. *Their footsteps talked to me as they came up stairs, the breathing of their nostrils over me as they unfastened me, whispered threatnings; a machine I used to hear at work pumping, spoke horrors;* besides this, there were some ducks and chickens came to be fed before the window; a breakfast bell rung, and I heard a piano down stairs: all these circumstances reminded me forcibly of my boyhood, and I think my mind was afflicted with speechless agony, at the comparison of my actual state with that of my infancy, childhood, and youth; to have been so loved, or so duped by the appearance of my family's love, and to be so abandoned in the greatest woe, under the most awful state of misfortune. But I accused myself of all, and chiefly for bringing discredit upon the new doctrines of the Rowites, on my own sincerity as a professor of religion, &c., thereby endangering the salvation of those dearest to me, by alienating their affections from, and shaking too their confidence in, the truth. The dinner bell used to ring to me many changes.

As part of the necessary treatment, (for it would be folly and guilt to talk of the punishment of a man in the state of Mr Percival,) he was upon one occasion placed alone in, what he describes, as a wretched sort of out-door cell or shed, strapped down upon a dirty straw mattress, and manacled to the wall. His reasoning upon the supposed utility of this treatment, or corrective punishment, deserves the close attention of

those who undertake the management of the insane. The presence of his elder brother at this crisis completely removes all blame from the doctors, were any imputable. They best understand the utility of such measures; the humane spectator can only lament their necessity.

Mr Percival, with the previous nice and probably fastidious habits of an aristocrat, (of which order his saintship never surmounted the prejudices,) and an officer of the Guards, complains that personal neatness, if not cleanliness, were neglected in his case. His feet were not once washed, which was cause of complaint when reason returned; and he found that he did not get enough of fresh linen, though apparently there was quite enough for substantial cleanliness, though probably not enough for his previous habits. But if we find the Emperor Napoleon squabbling with his keeper about towels and wash-hand basins, we may surely make some allowance for the irritable temper of this unfortunate gentleman, and his aptness to take and remember offence at those small slights and indignities that were certainly not intended as such. Yet we should imagine that the previous personal habits and tastes of insane patients ought to be so far carefully studied, as to prevent the feeling of insult and irritation on their returning to a sound state. When about the worst, Mr Percival had his feelings or his conscience shocked when, upon seeing himself accidentally in the glass, he perceived his head so shaven, that it resembled the tonsure of a Roman Catholic priest. When he got better, he was equally shocked to miss those luxuriant whiskers of whose curls he had from boyhood been so proud. These seem trifles, and they are so, yet not below the attention of those who assume the management of the insane. With some men, habit will outlive reason. In this asylum there were assembled, in the same common room, persons who still remained neat and clean in their personal habits and dress, and others as slovenly and careless. One of the first visible symptoms of Mr Percival returning to his senses, was the request that his feet might be washed.

He had other and more substantial causes of complaint than the want of silver forks and a sufficient number of towels and pocket handkerchiefs. There is, however, ample vindication of the petty neglects and insults to which he was exposed, if his theory be correct, that this was done systematically, in order to probe and arouse the patient, sinking into apathetic imbecility, and, by affronting and angering, to preserve his faculties from torpidity. Petty and even serious insults were, if we understand Mr Percival aright, intended to act on the patient's sensibilities, as a kind of perpetual mental blister. It was the object of the doctors to establish a raw in the mind, which they might touch at discretion to keep him alive. The idea of this moral irritant is curious and far-fetched, perhaps altogether imaginary. If it were real, Mr Percival's argument falls to the ground when he contends that his

indignation, when he came to his senses, at these personal indignities is justifiable; since, whatever was their ultimate object, they were real insults. But if intended to assist in his recovery, if a branch of the moral treatment, he has certainly no more right to resent their employment, than to get into a passion at the bath or the blister, meant to aid in his cure. Little or almost no medicine was employed in his case, if his own recollections be correct; and another symptom of his returning sanity was to ask for really useful medicine, which he obtained.

Of one circumstance he complains, which does look exceedingly absurd. When nearly at the worst, he was "taken to church," as it was called. The laundry of the establishment was fitted up as a chapel on Sundays, and thither the patients were taken, the Doctor's family and female patients being divided from the rest by a screen. On some of them this exhibition might have had a soothing effect; on Mr Percival's mind it had quite the reverse. He went, he tells, with the feeling that he was to attend a kind of condemned sermon each time; and he, accordingly, behaved extravagantly, and was turned out "for disturbing the congregation."

The rough, abrupt, brow-beating questionings, and the system of surprises, is to him another ground of complaint, and, we consider, justly so.

A case lately fell within our own knowledge, which we mention here, as illustrative of that system of surprising and fluttering lunatic patients which Mr Percival repudiates. A young lady of about the age of seventeen or eighteen, fell into listlessness, low spirits, despondency, and religious melancholy, which ended in confirmed lunacy. Her intellect was supposed to have been injured, if not deranged, by the Row affair; but, the symptoms were very opposite from those of Mr Percival. She was humbled, self-abased, despairing, and, so far as we remember, though obstinate, never violent. After being for a considerable time medically treated at home, this interesting girl was, by the earnest recommendation of her physicians, and to the great grief of her family, removed to a celebrated lunatic asylum. The advice was, in all probability, exceedingly proper. She was sinking into torpor, which might have become idiocy, and we make no question that, in the early part of her residence, she derived great advantage from the systematic treatment of the asylum. She began to recover, but several years passed, and she was never sufficiently recovered to be restored to society, or even to her family. She at length corresponded with her father and sisters, like a person in full possession of her mental faculties, and she praised her keepers. She drew, embroidered, and, with the convalescent or harmless patients in the house, attended the neighbouring church. There was always apprehension expressed by those who had the charge of her, for the exciting effect of seeing any of her brothers or sisters; but, when she had been about six years in the asylum, she was visited by an elder sister, in the fond hope, which the tone

of her letters excited, that she might be taken home. Her sister was not, however, all at once permitted to see her; and, no doubt some preparation might have been needful had there been no other cause than their long separation and the distressing domestic calamities which had taken place in the family during that time. But her elder sister was placed so as that she might observe her in church; and there her manners were as gentle and decorous, her dress as neat and proper as that of any other young lady. Her sister was afterwards permitted to watch her in the garden-grounds of the asylum, and rejoiced to see her apparently in good spirits and playing with the children of the superintendent.

The sister of the patient naturally looked forward herself with some trepidation to the delayed interview, which was finally managed in the way which Mr Percival justly calls "cruel surprise." She was abruptly ushered into a parlour where the patient was found alone, and entirely unprepared for the interview; the lady of the house calling out, sharply—"Here, Miss—! here is your sister come to see you!" Is it in human nature that this poor girl, always timid and sensitive, should not, in the circumstances, have been flurried and alarmed—trembling and silent? She was not permitted time to recover herself, when a farther hurry was given to her probably weak spirits:—"Hey, Miss—, I think you are not very kind to your sister, who has come so far to see you!"

Finally, as a quiet boarder in the establishment, it was found that this poor young lady was quite happy, and as much at her ease as her state permitted, but that her removal was not yet to be thought of; and, though half-murmuring, and far from being satisfied with the rough test of the "surprise," the sorrowing sister returned to tell her heart-broken father that his youngest and favourite child was not fit to be brought home. We do not—we are not entitled to give an opinion upon the system of abrupt communications and surprises applied by mad-doctors as a probe or test of the condition of the apparently-recovered lunatic; but, at all events, the employment of a means so liable to abuse, for the promotion of the most nefarious and selfish designs, ought to be very strictly watched.

By fitful gradations, and after frequent exacerbations, and lapses, "matter and impertinency mixed," the lunacy of Mr Percival subsided. Sometimes he was groping, and trembling, as it seemed, on the very verge of reason, of that half-felt something, which yet eluded his grasp. We formerly noticed a stage at which the spirits began to sing to him, "You are in a lunatic asylum if you will, if not you are where you please;" "That is Samuel Hobbs, if you please; if not, it is Herminet Herbert, the Saviour:" and, at last, by hearing the other patients calling this man by his true name of Samuel Hobbs, and by other accidents, he began to think that he was yet on earth, and in natural, though very painful circumstances. Once, his elder brother,

when on a visit to him, tested his soundness of mind, by asking him to explain a proposition of Euclid, which he comprehended perfectly well, but could not explain consecutively. When taken to a particular point to walk, which commanded a fine view of the valley and the river, he says—

The view was enchanting; but I looked down on the people working and the boats moving in the valley with feelings that they were dead to me, and I dead to them, and yet with that painful apprehension of a dream, that I was cut off from them by a charm, by a riddle I was every minute on the point of guessing.

As his madness departed, it was replaced by excessive indignation against his friends and his physicians. To himself this resentment yet appears natural and justifiable. Natural we grant that it may be, nor is it without palliation. When he first began to write, incoherently enough, to his family—though to write at all was a great step gained—his rage was excessive to find that the most cherished secrets of his heart, and what he still imagined the dealings of the Spirit of God with his conscience, must first be subjected to the scrutiny of the mad-doctors. And if such scrutiny had really been necessary, surely some expedient might have been found to spare the patient the knowledge of a fact so humiliating and torturing. His first letters home were probably more sane in matter than in manner. He complained of the usage he had received, and insisted upon having a private apartment, and a servant to himself. Vague, evasive replies came, as might have been expected; and he was in an agony to find that, of the vital parts of his letters, those concerning the Row doctrines, and his own notions of his spiritual condition, no notice was taken. He wrote other letters which were not forwarded; and his exasperated feelings at what appeared the cruel neglect and indifference of his friends, and his agony of suspense and despair at their silence, must have, we think, produced a most perilous mental state. We are far from considering all his complaints reasonable, but who can resist his pathetic appeals for himself, and those in his most compassionate condition.

They who have not been confined in a lunatic asylum, cannot conceive the dreadful and cruel suspense that delay, and not only the neglect, but the refusal of everyday civilities, together with inattention to just and obvious complaints, occasion. *They do not know our wants and fears, because they do not know the danger we are in.* They may judge our danger, however, from what these men do; and from what they have done, they may judge what they dare to do: *being encompassed, even more than a king, with a hollow impunity, and clothed in the deepest hypocrisy.* They who have not endured this confinement do not know that the very suspicion of being a lunatic, coupled with being cut off from all pecuniary resources, shuts the minds of others against sympathy, impedes the proffer of assistance and the exercise of protection, and aught but the show of pity. Neither how it embarrasses the suppliant in his applications for redress, awakens anxiety, excites mistrust, and closes the door of his hopes; whilst he finds himself left defenceless to the sarcasm and persecutions of those he is accusing. This is an awful peril for a man in a sound mind to be exposed to, lest he become deranged: lest he be tempted to violence, the object of his tormentors, which would then be construed into an open

act of insanity; and if not immediately accepted as damning proof, by imbecile magistrates, at least cruelly try the mind, by tantalizing the expectations. How much more fearful is such a trial for one who knows that he cannot plead innocence of lunacy; one who, in mind and bodily health, is weak, and thereby more exposed than another to follow a wrong course; exposed to suffer even from treatment which men in sound health might almost laugh at, still more from that which he dreads from having experienced it, and against which he is exasperated; and also, still more liable than the other to lose that gift, lately lost, so dear now, being newly restored to him—the gift of a sound mind, and convalescent health; perishing again from want of wholesome communion, shattered by assault, or insidiously undermined.

By this time I had broken off all friendly intercourse with the Drs F.

Previous to this period, he, from time to time, had been invited or ordered, with what he sometimes felt to be too little ceremony, to dine with the family, and the presence of the ladies now restrained his bursts of temper. Mr Percival complains, and with good reason, that private communications from their families were made in presence of all the patients, and that they were obliged to read their letters and write in the common room. Some of his observations on the circumstances attending the visits made by the distressed relations of the patients, strike us as exceedingly just; and those especially on the concerted surprises which are adopted, though written under great excitement, strike us by their justice and force.

In June, about the time of hay-making, my eldest brother, on his way from T— after his election, called to see me. I was unfastened, led into another patient's room, and dressed in a new suit of clothes, like a boy at a private school, and taken into the entrance-room to see him. After speaking to him, some gooseberry pie was offered to me; and then I walked out with my brother and the keeper; tried to throw myself over the stiles as usual, and came home.

My brother was evidently agonized at my appearance. His visit gave me self-confidence, and ensured me some respect. More advantage might have resulted from it, had my situation been more becoming. But a visit of this kind, and the style of delivery in which communications were made from our families, and the patients requested to reply to them, are instances of the mockery and treachery of such a system in a madhouse. By placing you in an unnatural and cruel situation, and at the same time counselling your friends to keep aloof from you, in presence and in letter, they create the feelings which render it impossible for a man in a sound mind to receive intelligence from them at last, without extreme agitation: then they abruptly communicate that intelligence, or hand the letter to the patient, and neither consulting his modesty nor his distress, deny him a little retirement to read these lines in private. His feelings, at a time that he is declared incapable of controlling them, are thus called upon, in the very circumstances, from the cruelty of which he ought to have been preserved, by those from whom he hears, for which they ought at least to express their sympathy and regret, if not atone and apologize. But, no; the letter contains a mere meagre account of every day occurrences; cold, unmeaning, paltry trivialities, trifling with the time and tone of a mind whose imagination is strung up to the highest pitch of delicate and romantic enthusiasm. The violence, or agitation, or ridiculous conduct that ensues, is then attributed to the receipt of the letter, instead of to the brutal heedlessness with which it is delivered. But this is in favour of the doctor. Another apparent cause is given for withholding at least, if not denying altogether, one rational means of a patient's recovery; and, however

specious may be their conduct and their excuses to mankind and to themselves, their end is to make money, not to make whole; and their system is adapted in one way or another to this end: whilst the essential interests—the mental wants of the inmates of their prisons—are neglected. It stands to reason. Tie an active-limbed, active-minded, actively imagining young man in bed, hand and foot, for a fortnight; drench him with medicines, slops, clysters; when reduced to the extreme of nervous debility, and his derangement is successfully confirmed, manacle him down for twenty-four hours in the cabin of a ship; then, for a whole year, shut him up from six A.M. to eight P.M., regardless of his former habits, in a room full of strangers, ranting, noisy, quarrelsome, revolting madmen; give him no tonic medicines, no peculiar treatment or attention, leave him to a nondescript domestic, now brushing his clothes, sweeping the floors, serving at table, now his companion out-of-doors, now his bed-room companion; now throwing him on the floor, kneeling on him, striking him under all these distressing and perplexing circumstances; debar him from all conversation with his superiors, all communication with his friends, all insight into their motives, every impression of sane and well-behaved society! surprise him on all occasions, never leave off harassing him night or day, or at meals; whether you bleed him to death, or cut his hair, shew the same utter contempt for his will or inclination; do all in your power to crush every germ of self-respect that may yet remain, or rise up in his bosom; manacle him as you would a felon; expose him to ridicule, and give him no opportunity of retirement or self-reflection; and what are you to expect? And whose agents are you—those of God or of Satan? And what good can you reasonably dare to expect? and whose profit is really intended?

Gentlemen of England, the system I have described is not only the system of Englishmen, it is the disgrace of English surgeons, of English physicians. . . . Be assured, whoever ye are, who have to deal with children or lunatics, if you are not looking after them yourselves, you are not respecting them. The doctors know that, and take advantage of it, to construe your disrespect into worse even than it is. Their servants take advantage of it. Bystanders draw false conclusions from it, much more the poor object of it. His nature resents it, though he is not always aware of anything but his delusions; and his delusions contending with his feelings for the mastery over him, make him a madman. . . . I am sure that no lunatic who has undergone the trials I describe, can meet his family on terms of cordiality, but through practising dissimulation, or through being a simpleton. At this distance of time, I cannot forgive my family the guilt they incurred by their abandonment of me. I am at a loss to find any argument which will justify me in doing so: I dare not expect to be able to do so. But if, haply, perfection requires this moral excellence, by what happy fortune are you entitled to look for it in the inmates of a lunatic asylum?

I have complained that the behaviour adopted towards me, was calculated to humour the state of mind I was then in, not to correct. The servant, for instance, whom I used to call Jesus, and Herminet Herbert, ran with me, jumped, joked, walked arm in arm with me, rattled the spoons in my face as he put them into the cupboard, pulled me by the nose, &c. &c. If I was not insensible to the impropriety of this familiarity, at least, I could not express my sense of it. But it will be evident, this was not the way to correct a gentleman's diseased mind. . . . I observed the joke ceased whenever the domestic had had enough of it. The lunatic's presence of mind and tranquillity might be broken in upon, but not so the keeper's. There was but one step from joking with them to violence and oburgation. Later in the year, a young handsome lad used to invite me to box with him every evening in my bed-room, striking me in sport a few blows: at length, I expressed a kind of awkward resentment at it. I have perhaps written enough on this subject. . . . A lunatic appears insensible, but his is, perhaps, the most alive of any mind to ridicule, and to the contemptibleness of his state.

As Mr Percival began to recover, like many a man, even while deranged, he became acutely sensitive to the observation of strangers; and trying to avoid their gaze, he would say to himself:—

Then the physician is unconscious that we have any feeling, and is mistaken in his system. I felt the hopelessness of my situation, at the same time that I saw how necessary seclusion was for my happiness and peace of mind, to preserve me from acts of folly.

From what I state, it will be obvious how improper for many patients any exposure, or any conduct likely to draw attention on them in particular, must be. Nature tells a man, who has any great grief, to be for a time secluded. Nature makes a man, sensible of any great infirmity, seek retirement, still more under such an awful infliction as insanity, when from the proud station of a reasonable being, he is degraded below the beasts of the field: fallen from his throne; bereft of his dominion. Nature, however, comes not into any part of the doctor's plans, but self-interest. He does not consider what is the sanest treatment for the sufferers, but what will attract most customers. They see the patients apparently unconscious to the shame of their situation; and that conduct, which really proceeds from an unacknowledged sense of it, they look upon as a sign of the specific disease they labour under. They act then according to that they find, instead of reflecting that want of sense is probably part of the disease, and that it is their duty to restore a sense of propriety by more regard on their part, not to harden the feelings by constant exposure. . . .

When I began to make remonstrances with my family, I complained of the absurdity of their having allowed me to be exposed in this manner, at the same time that the professed object of my being detained so far from home, was the desire pretended for my retirement, to save my feelings in not meeting my friends. . . . When the propriety of my being in retirement was again recurred to as an argument, to prevent my confinement in London, or in a neighbourhood where I hoped to meet those who would truly befriend me, since my relations, on pretence of duty, delicacy, or decency, abandoned me to the malice and economy of the doctor, I replied, that such an argument was sheer mockery; that not my pride, not my delicacy, not my modesty were being consulted, not my care for privacy, but my family's desire to hide me; for otherwise they would make my privacy effectual by placing me in a private family as I required; and whether was it better to have my griefs and infirmities exposed to friends who would enter into my feelings, respect, pity, and protect me, or to the strange tenantry, strange household, strange patients, and strange visitors of a doctor perfectly unknown to me, except through his stupid inhumanity.

These are long extracts. It would wrong the subject to which they invite attention, to suppress or abridge them.

Mr Percival finally made it a request to his family that Dr Fox should permit him to walk in the kitchen garden, where he was not liable to be gazed at by strangers. This was permitted; and his mother requested that, after his personal freedom had been restored, he might be allowed also to work in the garden. Later in the year he was employed, along with other two gentlemen and a keeper, in cutting a path in the shrubbery, and entrusted with a mattock and a spade. While at work, a troop of the dragoons called in to quell the Bristol riots, passed, exercising their horses on the road. The sight, and the oaths of the soldiers, excited him to tears and psalm-singing. "The sweet bells yet jangled;" but he was fast recovering, and was even sensible

to the jokes of the keepers at his expense and his general conduct was becoming rational.

One day, at this time, he met a doctor, who had bled him in the temporal artery, under circumstances of restraint and violence, which he remembered and resented. Some of the spirits whispered him to attack the doctor, but other impulses prompted him to forgive; and these prevailed. He shook hands with him, saying, "O sir, I have been in a dream—a fearful dream—but it is gone now!"

Mr Percival gives an account of the chief companions of his calamity, with singular minuteness and graphic power. Our readers have, we imagine, never before had so close and true a view of the interior of a lunatic asylum presented to them, but we cannot venture upon the group. Yet we may remark that if epileptic and nervous patients, through sympathy and imitation, affect each other, the insane, in all the varying stages and modifications of mental distemper, are surely equally liable to such influences; and hence a strong argument is derived against their intimate association, especially while idleness induces them to watch and imitate each others actions and words.

Mr Percival reasons upon the absurdity of a system of treatment which drives men, in self-defence, to conduct which looks like insanity; and inquires pertinently enough—

Do you expect from him, from him whom you confine expressly for his weakness and deficiency, an example of fortitude, a pattern of self-denial, perhaps not to be found in the annals of human nature? By reason of your own conduct, your judgment if honest and scrupulous must be in ambiguity; for you can never tell if the patient's eccentricities are the symptoms of his disorder, or the result of antipathy to the new circumstances in which you have placed him.

To prefer walking out in a cold drizzling rain, as one patient did, to sitting by a warm fire-side, may, in ordinary circumstances, look like madness; yet there are cases in which the sanest man would be driven to such a resource, to escape from his noisy lunatic companions into solitude and peace. Further, Mr Percival remarks, with some truth—

To halloo, to bawl, to romp, to play the fool, are, in ordinary life, signs of irregularity; but they become necessary to men placed in our position, to disguise or drown feelings for which we have no relief; too great for expression, too sacred for the prying eye of impertinent, impudent, and malevolent curiosity. *I will be bound to say, that the greatest part of the violence that occurs in lunatic asylums, is to be attributed to the conduct of those who are dealing with the disease, not to the disease itself; and that that behaviour which is usually pointed out by the doctor to the visitors, as the symptoms of the complaint for which the patient is confined, is generally more or less a reasonable, and certainly a natural result, of that confinement, and its particular refinements in cruelty; for all have their select and exquisite moral and mental, if not bodily, tortures.*

Mr Percival complains that the patients had no place in which to place their books and other effects, not so much as a single drawer, with a key to it, not even what boys have at school; and he repeatedly condemns the magistrates for the careless indifference with which they perform the duty of visitation and examination in

madhouses, remarking that if they plead that they walk by the statute, then must there be another statute that will aid humanity.

The case of one unfortunate gentleman is related, who seemed to have been so much in possession of his intellects, that one feels surprise why he remained longer in the asylum. We have noticed the disappointment and exasperation which followed Mr Percival's attempts at correspondence with his family. One of his brothers had visited him in the mean time, and certainly appearances were not favourable. Yet he was more sane than he appeared, for he was now scornful and full of resentment. His mother, whatever were her tenderness and anxiety, and they appear to have been great and incessant, was compelled to submit to the judgment of the doctors as to the propriety of the patient having a private apartment, so he became desperate about this time, struck at the servants, and vowed to murder some one of them if he was not removed from that madhouse ere three months were out. It was evidently no longer a place for him. Admitting that his complaints were often frivolous, the petty insults and indignities he received wore to him the real character of serious evils. While in the most exasperated state of mind, he again wrote, probably more coherently than before, and detailed some of the personal indignities to which he had been subjected.

This sad tale now hastens to a conclusion. When the magistrates visited the asylum, he appealed to them, and was gently put off as a lunatic. He complains that not one of them had the humanity or delicacy to listen to his statements in private.

I had to speak in presence of nine or ten magistrates, servants, and doctors. None had the delicacy to withdraw, no one had the gentlemanly feeling to desire to see me in private. They stared with impudent and unmeaning curiosity. Nay, I have one exception to make. Captain W., confined like me as a lunatic, left the room; he afterwards apologized to me for being in it, saying, he was unaware of what I was going to speak about, but that the moment he heard me he retired. I thanked him, and told him that I should have been glad, amongst so many unfeeling, stupid, and suspicious judges, to have had one honest, clever, and gentlemanly witness to my complaints and demeanour.

There was certainly both method and good sense in the measures he now took for his emancipation, and also to be revenged on his physician, for he openly avows the desire of revenge.

In order to succeed, I desired first legal assistance to set forth my case and to save my rights; secondly, to be taken to London to be for a short time under the care of a surgeon who had known me from a child, that he, witnessing my state of mind and body, and hearing my complaints, might be able to argue and to give evidence concerning the necessity of requiring me to use the cold bath, at that inclement season, the propriety of using force considering the degree of understanding I was restored to, and the danger to my health of body from the shock and cold, and to my mind from the needless excitement. These requests were denied.

To his mother, he wrote in this strain:—

Though I knew I was still lunatic, yet I knew, too, from sad experience, that I was capable of taking care of myself in a more reasonable manner than the wretched physicians she confided in; that I was not a lunatic incapable of con-

trolling myself, although I felt so sensible of my need of observation, that I would not accept my liberty if it were given to me, but should place myself immediately under the eye of some one I could rely upon; but that if she insisted on placing me where, under pretence of observation, I should be defenceless, open to violence, impertinent intrusion, indelicate treatment, and deprived of tranquillity, peace, rest, and security, I should claim my freedom, though lunatic, as one not mischievous, and hold her responsible for my future detention. In taking this resolution, I was actuated also by the desire of convincing the consciences of my mother and of my family, to see the sin they had been guilty of.

I might as well have appealed to the winds. I received letters from my elder brother and his wife, canting about submission, patience, and the Holy Spirit; to which I replied in mockery and disdain. I knew that my patience had been proved in a fire they could not have stood under for a moment; that it had not given way until they had neglected my representations, and made me desperate; and they talked to me of patience, ignorant of facts and circumstances, whose business it was to have humbled themselves, and to have applied patiently for information to me. They wrote to me of the Holy Ghost, they by whose conduct I was driven well nigh, and at last altogether to blaspheme the holy name of God, and to doubt his Providence. They talked to me of my Heavenly Father's will, who if they had allowed their stubborn stupidity, and hypocritical reliance on the doctor to have been pierced by one cry of agony, ought to have known that they were already guilty before my Heavenly Father of that perverse will by which I was abandoned, through which I was destroyed, and wander about the ruin of what I was, and to which I was still compelled to address threats, argument, and representation. Another wrote to me, actually defending the doctor in opening my letters, taking the part of my enemy, and reasoning against me. I was so disgusted at his indelicacy and presumption; for he always wrote to me as if he knew what lunacy was, not I who had endured it, therein proving the stubborn and innate lunacy of human nature, rushing to give an opinion where nothing is known to found a right opinion upon; that I wrote on the note a few laconic lines to say, that I returned him his note, and that until he changed his mind and expressed his sorrow to me for having written it, I could not have any communion of spirit with him, and therefore desired not to speak with him.

When, indeed, I desired my correspondence to be respected, it was from feelings of delicacy towards my family, as much as to myself. But I met with no delicacy in return. I wonder at their insensibility, how that intelligent and sensitive souls can become so besotted.

This is strong language, dictated by bitter and wrathful passions and vehement indignation, with which, nevertheless, the reader must in some sort sympathize. Sometimes Mr P. employs more intemperate language; and he may not, any more than the calmest and wisest of mankind, be the fittest

judge in his own cause, but at all events we hold him to be a fitter exponent of the feelings of a lunatic, than any physician who ever observed or wrote, unaided by personal experience of what a distempered mind really is. Here is a man of evident talent, able to say—"Thus I felt; such was the effect upon my mind of the conduct of those around me, who treated me, at best, as a stock or a stone." The formidable fact remains, that, under the alleged mistreatment, he recovered. He asserts, that it was in spite of it that his constitution triumphed over the distemper; and it is singular that, when he took his departure, one of his medical attendants pronounced him incurable.

My constitution triumphed over riot and severity, where peace and indulgence were required; and my mind, by its own efforts, shook off the appalling chains of delusion: these wise, clever, at least cunning men, heaped every obstacle in my way to health, in my return to sound society. Climbing out of the well into which they had thrown me, the stones fell down upon me, wounding and crushing me in my advance, or hurling me again to the bottom.

The clergymen of the established church ought to have the superintendence of the mental wants and infirmities of the deranged members of their communion, and the two offices of physician to the body and physician to the soul, distinct in nature, should be equally respected. Sovereigns in this country, their ministers, and the people, have been guilty of a great crime in neglecting this important distinction, and the hierarchy have betrayed their office. Yet who can wonder at that, who knows how they are appointed?

We must draw to a close with this singular case, and more remarkable narrative. We have treated it more at length than is our custom with topics of so grave a nature, but the original work is not likely to get into many hands; and we are at a loss to decide whether, at this existing crisis in the religious world, an exposition of the species of infatuation and wild fanaticism, which was, if not the original, yet certainly the exciting cause of Mr Percival's frenzy, be not as important, as his remarkable contribution to the existing scanty and imperfect knowledge of the moral treatment of mental derangement. Errors he has undoubtedly exposed in the existing system, which seems based upon the entire annihilation of the mental and even the sentient nature and powers of the patient; which seems to assume that the maniac is merely so much animated brute matter, to be taken to pieces and set agoing afresh by the plastic hand of the physician.

LITERARY REGISTER.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

The first covey of the annuals has taken wing; but as we wish to allow all of them the advantage of a fair start, we defer our customary notice till next month. The most novel circumstance that has yet transpired about them is, that Mrs Howitt succeeds Miss Landon as editor of the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book." Fisher and Sons have come forth in great force,

SERIAL WORKS.

A new work is added to the multitude which promises to surpass most of them in interest and entertainment. It is entitled the "Encyclopedia of Rural Sports"—a title not sufficiently comprehensive for the design which extends to all ages and nations. The author is D. P. Blaine, who is not new to the public in this walk of literature. The "History of Field Sports" is to be com-

pleted in ten parts. It is copiously illustrated with spirited and characteristic wood-engravings. It combines natural history with the chase; and displays a vast fund of reading and wealth of material. The only objection that can be brought to the work is a rather small type.

Yarrell's British Birds.

The last part we have seen is devoted to rooks, jackdaws, magpies, and their congeners; birds about which there is a good deal to tell in the way of delightful gossip. The engravings are as elegant as ever.

Rose's new General Biographical Dictionary.

A second Part has appeared. As the notices are generally, from the comprehensive nature of the plan, very brief, we consider that the value of the Dictionary might be greatly improved by occasionally referring the reader to more copious sources of information. This applies chiefly to the biography of learned or eminent foreigners, as the notices of the English worthies are pretty full.

Paul Periwinkle.

This is a lively bustling tale of the sea, in the manner of the Box school, appearing in Numbers, and illustrated with humorous designs—the pen being no longer able to stand, it would appear, without the support of the pencil. It is by the author of “Cavendish.”

Heads of the People.

The Head of the Heads announces a new series. This concludes with undiminished vigour and spirit, with a paper on the *Printer's Devil*, a functionary of old standing and great repute in the world of letters. The sketch is written by Jerrold in his happiest vein.

Life of Nelson.

A part or half volume of a reprint of Clarke and Macarthur's “Life of Nelson,” lavishly adorned with naval portraits, has been published by the Messrs Fishers, exactly in the style of their “Life of Wellington.”

The Voluntary System.

This is a Prize Essay, written in reply to Dr Chalmers' late Agitation Lectures on Church Establishments. The author is the Rev. Joseph Angus, the pastor of a Dissenting congregation in London. The prize, of one hundred guineas, was offered by The Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty, and was adjudged to the author of this treatise by the Rev. Dr Raffles, the Rev. Dr Pyle Smith, and William Tooke, Esq.—a sufficient proof, we conceive, of its merits.

From the notes and illustrations appended, we learn that the number of what are called Protestant Dissenting chapels in England and Wales is about 7,500; but if those of Catholics, Jews, Quakers, and Unitarians be included, then the number is 8,700, attended by at least three millions of persons. The money raised, *voluntarily*, for the support of the Dissenting clergy, averaging their salaries at £120 a-year each, is about a million; but the average of £120 is probably too low—certainly it would be much too low if applied even to poor Scotland. This is independently of what is spent in building and repairing chapels, &c. The Dissenting body raise upwards of another million yearly for missions, schools, Bible societies, and benevolent institutions. They pay from fifteen to twenty thousand a-year for the education of their ministers. The Quakers—a small body numerically—are compelled to pay £14,000 a-year to the State Church—are “spoiled of their goods” annually to that amount. The sums which the Dissenters must pay to the Church—the “millions” paid would, as here stated, soon cover the whole country with meetings. We must glean

a sample of the Essay, though it should only be a brief and mutilated one!—

Every country in Europe has had its Puritans—men bearing a closer resemblance to the early Christians—against whom the malice of the populace has been directed, by the same arts of calumny and detraction, and, in all instances, by the same church, the *endowed*. Catholics, Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters, have been alike guilty. Once vest them with State power, and, in self-defence, they become “Papists” and, if possible, crush every opposite sect. If they have influence with the legislature, and if the minds of men be “sleeping,” they impel it to persecute; or, if that expedient fail them, they try to stir up the popular mind by contrivance and management—a kind of persecution more serious, as it cripples the usefulness of the sufferers without awakening on their side the sympathies of the virtuous.

This animosity of the endowed we reckon among the *essentials* of an establishment, because its causes are permanent. The interests of the favourite sect, and the interests of the dissenter are ever opposed. That each man is *bound* to exercise his judgment in matters of religion, and to acknowledge no other guide; that the emoluments of Christian ministers should be confined to the voluntary contributions of the people; that the religion of the State is not necessarily the religion of the subject—are maxims so obviously consistent with reason and Scripture, so clearly involved in dissent, and so grossly violated by the existent system, that it cannot be but feared “The Church” will vanish before them. Under these circumstances, the worth and the devotedness of Dissenters serve only (we speak of tendencies) to make them more hated, because more formidable. Had they been immoral only—Papists in sentiment, Atheists in practice—they might still have been regarded as the sons of the Church; but now they are “worse than heathens.” Their dissent is a crime that must be abandoned before it can be forgiven. It will be observed that throughout we have looked upon Establishments, not so much as they are, but as they might be, if human nature were perfect, power never abused, injustice never resisted; and, even under this form, it has been found that they are eminently anti-Christian and unjust. By *patronising* one sect or opinion, they *punish* all others. They compel all to contribute, for the maintenance of the opinions of the endowed, money and influence; while they deny to the Dissenter, who believes his own faith to be the faith of the Bible, all share in them. In Italy the penalty of dissent is proscription or imprisonment; in Spain it is banishment or death; in England it is loss of influence, of property, of character; in all, men are punished for doing as God has commanded—searching the Scriptures, and judging for themselves—for exercising one of the most sacred prerogatives of our nature; a prerogative which it is both impiety and injustice to invade.

Following out this line of argument, the essayist shews that the influence of State churches is always unfavourable to the *liberties* of the People; that under tyrannical governments dissent is almost wholly unknown, and that in our own country the clergy have ever been the enemies of freedom—that High Church is the epithet applied to arbitrary maxims of State policy; and, lastly that Guizot has lately declared that unless Catholicism is *established* in France, the throne of the barricades, the “semi-despotism” of Louis Philippe, is insecure; “No Bishop, no King,” is indeed an old maxim. But the influence of State churches, also fosters the spirit of rebellion; for if Government be against its subjects, it must be expected that the subjects will be against the Government. Our author, after shewing the immense evil which the violation of the principles of toleration, or of full religious equality, has inflicted upon Christian countries, and upon mankind, by bloody wars and persecutions, proceeds to shew the injurious effects of established or dominating sects to Christianity; and then to the refutation of

the special arguments of Dr Chalmers, Mr Gladstone, and the other modern advocates of Establishment. His reasoning is throughout close and lucid—a great advantage which he possesses over some of his verbose and resounding opponents.

A Manual for Mechanics' Institutions.

This volume is published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful knowledge. It treats of those subjects most important to the successful establishment and prosperity of Mechanics' Institutions. It commences with a brief history of the origin of these useful associations, and deals at large with their various objects, internal regulations, and economy. Rules for government, outlines of lectures, and a catalogue of books (which we fully agree with the noble chairman and the secretary in thinking a very imperfect one) are given, and a great variety of miscellaneous information, and valuable hints are brought together. It appears the leading defect of nearly all these institutions, that but a small proportion of the whole members are either mechanics, or operatives of any class. Their main body appears to be shopmen and clerks. But it is good to have any class of young men brought within the reach, and under the influence of knowledge, and in the way of forming good habits.

We, for many concurring reasons, recommend this book to the attention of the promoters of early and adult education. There can be no question about the excellent intentions of those who put it forth; nor yet that a few months of wholesome agitation, personally carried on by them throughout the country, would do more to farther their object than all the volumes they can put forth. George Fox, John Wesley, John Howard, Thomas Clarkson, nay Mr Owen and Mr O'Connell, are all aware of this fact, and had they not acted upon it they had never, by all their written and published epistles, founded sects and effected grand reforms. The parts must be more strongly moved before they will respond to the central body. One proof is, that to a circular addressed by the Society to the various Mechanics' Institutions, and similar bodies in Great Britain, very few answers have been returned. If the schoolmaster would be greatly effective, the schoolmaster must come abroad.

An Inquiry into the Morbid Effects of the Deficiency of Food. By Baron Richard Howard, M. D.

We have here a powerful if indirect argument for the abolition of the Corn-Laws; and the taxes on meat, butter, cheese, &c., &c., by a medical practitioner in Manchester, and physician to some of its charitable institutions. No possible situation could afford the medical observer on the evil consequences of deficient food—whether moral, physical, or intellectual—a wider field of investigation. Among the consequences of deficient food, is the languor and final decay of appetite. Were the gnawings of hunger continued to be experienced with the same acuteness that they are felt upon incidental privation, by those who are at all times well fed, Dr Howard is of opinion that hunger would break through stone walls, and “that violations of the law would be much more frequent, during periods of general distress, than they are now.” The array of evils which he musters, as the consequence of deficiency of food among the working classes, is formidable and even appalling to humanity. This alone is the direct cause of many diseases; and, in particular, of nervous diseases, low fever, infant death, from various diseases, and of the death of old people,

and of poor women nursing their children too long. To deficiency of food Dr Howard imputes much of the listlessness and torpor of the mental faculties remarked among the labouring poor; and the moral effects are equally certain and deplorable. The ill-fed man “becomes gloomy and spiritless; his physical exhaustion so paralyzes the energies of his mind, that he has neither the disposition nor the power to make an effort to assist himself; and he would rather doze away his time, and perish, than rouse himself to any exertion.” Dr H. aptly illustrates the depressing influence of inadequate nutrition on the mind by several passages from Captain Franklin's narrative. Under our title of “An Able Medical Argument for the Instant Abolition of the Corn-Laws,” we commend this treatise on the prevalence of starvation among the working classes, to the especial attention of legislators and landowners.

Everett's Memoirs of the Rev. Daniel Isaac.

This book will be of considerable interest to the Wesleyan Methodists, among whom Mr Isaac, a man of strong character, was an eminent and influential preacher. It gives considerable insight into the domestic life of the lower and middle classes of England. With their flocks, the Methodist preachers come into more intimate contact, and interfere more in their personal and private affairs than any clergy, save the Romish priests. Mr Isaac did good service at one period in putting down, at considerable personal risk, a secret association of a dangerous nature, among the colliers. They were organized into “The Brotherhood,” as they termed it, about the same time as the Luddites, and for nearly the same objects. The single object of all combinations of colliers seems a rise of wages, or more pay and less work. It is idle to describe them as political. But though Mr Isaac acted the part of a Boanerges in putting down their unlawful and mischievous societies, he was the true friend of his flock. Once, while he was stationed at Leicester, a season of great commercial depression occurred, and the Rev. Robert Hall and Mr Isaac preached and made collections, in behalf of the sufferers, throughout the winter. Trade became brisk when the spring set in; and the masters now wished the men who had been starving for want of work to labour night and day: “No,” said Mr Isaac to the men, “twelve hours are sufficient for any man to work; proceed farther, and you will again glut the warehouses, and your masters will reduce you to seven shillings a-week, and place you where you were.” His sympathies were always on the side of the working-man, though his opinions were sometimes erroneous. He imagined—strange delusion!—that the Corn-Laws keep up wages. Mr Isaac was, notwithstanding, a man of strong common sense, and of rough John-Bullish humour. Among his antipathies was the modern system of female boarding-school education for the middle classes. “I have but a poor opinion,” he once said to a friend at Sheffield, “of the present mode of educating females. *Mackintosh* receives lessons in French, music, and dancing, at some £50 a-year, without any probability whatever of the said accomplishments being rendered available to any future advantage. It suits neither a rich nor yet a poor man's daughter;—too little is attained frequently in the former class, and too much in the latter. Oh, I quite forgot the hearth-rug and the bell-ropes! Half-a-year and £20 spent in fabricating bell-ropes! I tell thee, Friend Welch, for half the money, I could buy as much rope as will serve Newgate and the Old Bailey to the Millennium!” Among his many controversies,

Mr Isaac, "the polemic divine," had one with the provincial Phrenologists, where triumph was, perhaps, not difficult. He teased them by asking where, among the powers of the human mind, the Governor, the Regulator, *Reason*, was located?—and accounted for all the nonsense of the New Science from Reason having no local habitation, either in the creed or on the skull. Though not without some of the small blemishes, or rather distinctive marks of his sect and calling, Mr Isaac was both a good and an able man, full of life and energy; possessing and exercising the power of independent thought upon most subjects.

The Heavenly Doctrine.

Charles Louis Duke of Normandy, the son (soldier) of Louis XVI., taking the hint of Guizot, has come out upon the world in the character of the founder of a new faith! It is neither that of St Simon, of Baron Swedenborg, nor Joanna Southcott; but one specially revealed to this unfortunate scion of royalty, who, we suppose, is the same individual that was nearly assassinated a few months back, though he seems to bear a charmed life. The revelation of "The Heavenly Doctrine" was made to the Duke by three Angels. He put a variety of questions on points which troubled him, and received detailed explanations and new lights upon the whole New Testament, in a series of friendly familiar dialogues with the said angels. The revelation is literally translated from the French of the Duke, by one of the disciples of "The Heavenly Doctrine," Charles de Copan. We fear the angels are (doctrinally at least) not quite orthodox; and, indeed, their avowed object is "to expose the errors and impostures of the Church of Rome," on which they preach some clever short sermons. The angels seem to have very little faith in, or respect for, the revealed record of the Acts of the Apostles; and of the whole of the Epistles the angels give a new free translation. This divine revelation concludes with a scheme of ecclesiastical polity and internal church discipline which contains some excellent provisions, whoever suggested them. Though there are to be no dignitaries in "The Catholic Evangelical Church"—the only title being *Pastor*—its affairs are to be administered by a supreme Central Council, the members of which are to receive £2,000 a-year each for their labours. This curious summary of "The Heavenly Doctrine" is subscribed by two persons, formerly Roman Catholic priests: a lawyer, formerly a Catholic, and the Duke himself, as "PROTECTOR OF THE CATHOLIC AND EVANGELICAL CHURCH." It is right to say, that we have given this divine revelation of "The Heavenly Doctrine" but a very hasty and cursory perusal, though we do not misrepresent it. The Duke has had many more revelations. Some concerning the future state of the soul, and other obscure points; but his interpreter justly thinks that "The Heavenly Doctrine" should take precedence, and that one branch of the revelation is enough at a time.

The Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. Family Library, No LXIX. Tegg, London.

This life is written by Mr Hollings, whose memoir of Gustavus Adolphus lately struck us much, by the unexpected liberality and enlightened philosophy with which the memoirs of a military hero were treated.

The memoirs of the great Roman orator and statesman are comprehensive, and compiled with talent, pains, and judgment, and with that amiable prepossession for the hero, which always contributes to the agreeableness, if not always to the fidelity of biography. This is altogether a

volume which may well supply the place of more bulky and ambitious works.

Memoirs of George Fox. 12mo. Pp. 323.

Because, as we presume, the remarkable founder of the Quakers' Society never attended any University, and knew not a word of Greek or Latin, he has been regarded by nearly every writer on the history of religious sects in this country as far beneath Wesley and Whitefield. At best we can imagine no other reason; for in original power of mind, in flaming zeal, and indefatigable energy, he equalled, if he did not surpass either of those eminent men. That the sect which he founded in the face of far greater difficulties than those with which the first Methodists had to contend, has not become much more numerous, we take to be owing partly to the strictness of its social discipline, but in a much greater degree to the want of a regular and paid body of ministers. The experiment of George Fox was a bold one; but the world was not ripe for it, nor is it yet ripe. Quakerism was a religion too spiritualized for the multitude. It was the antipodes of Popery, a faith without a ritual; or, as its opponents have falsely said, without a worship. Hence the Society of Friends, though always a highly respectable body, has never increased its numbers. Nor are we certain but that there were numerically as many Friends, and Friends' meetings towards the close of the career of George Fox, as at this day. It is a small sect, and uses no means to extend itself; instead of which, the world says it has become apathetic and exclusive.

This memoir of Fox is not by any means a perfect work. It would appear to have been compiled by different writers, and a very long historical preface it would have been better to have abridged, and thrown part of it into the *Life*. The *Life* is properly an analysis, with very copious extracts from other memoirs, and from Fox's diaries and narratives. Probably, from reverential feelings, the writer has withheld nearly everything characteristic of the early years of Fox's ministry, when his enthusiasm often took the shape of extravagance or madness. Yet it was madness with method, and adopted to bring the doctrines which he taught into notice. He often travelled with a friend, and on coming into a town, his fellow apostle would preach in the streets, and be arrested before George had left the inn. "He would soon learn the fate of his friend, and by a bold remonstrance against this uncourteous treatment of strangers, obtain his release."—"Such occurrences gave opportunity for discourse with the principal men of the place, drew the people about them, and thus furnished opportunity to impress the doctrines of truth with good effect." The modern Quakers have apparently abjured all the eccentric practices of their Founder; that "bold soldier of Jesus Christ," who walked intrepidly into the steeple-houses, the courts of justice, or the chamber of the First Magistrate, denouncing all unrighteousness, and proclaiming the truth of the Gospel in its uncorrupted simplicity.

The volume contains an epitome of the doctrines and discipline of the Quakers, which are nearly the same as Fox left them. He started as a reforming apostle in the year 1645, at the age of twenty-one, with very slender attainments, but with a native force of character and ardour of temperament which hid the defects of his education until he had surmounted them. In the course of his incessant travels, George Fox visited the West Indies and America. He planted societies both in Ireland and Scotland, and frequently visited them. The first person that joined him, the second Quaker, was a woman named

Elizabeth Hooton in Nottinghamshire; and other members were received, whom the Friends would now, we imagine, feel some scruples about receiving. What meek, peaceful Friend of our days, would come forward testifying against the covetousness of the clergy, or deploring that merchandise was made of the Gospel, clergymen receiving pecuniary recompense for preaching, and leaving their flocks and places for a higher salary, pleading a call to the Lord "so to do." The first Friends were a strong-hearted and plain-spoken people. "Oh," says Fox, "the vast sums of money that are got by the trade they make of the Scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest! Which trade in the world is comparable to it, notwithstanding the Scriptures were given out freely?" Fox, in the course of his long ministrations, suffered many severe imprisonments, but no persecution could quell his zeal. When a young man, a clergyman, advised him to smoke tobacco and dance with the girls; or, as another account goes, to sing psalms, in order to banish his despondency. Once he had an interview with Cromwell, who seemed as if he desired to gain him over; and when he was discharged from one of his many imprisonments, ordered him to dine with the company at Court. But Fox would not "eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink." When the Protector was told this, he said—"Now, I see there is a people risen that I cannot win either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can." This was, indeed, a sect not likely to increase. Keeping on the hat, and refusing to take oaths, or pay tithes, were the cause of incessant persecution to the Friends, besides those other causes from which every class of Dissenters then suffered. Once, while Fox was in prison, a Friend went to Oliver Cromwell, and offered to lie in prison himself instead of Fox, if the Protector would accept him. Cromwell turned to his Council, and asked, "which of you would do as much for me, if I were in the same condition?" George Fox seemed to have real pleasure in posing and irritating the clergy at their frequent interviews, both by his questions and replies. As he advanced in life, his extravagances of conduct were corrected, but his zeal and piety never knew abatement. We could have wished for a better popular Life of this extraordinary man; but this, with all its imperfections and omissions, possesses great value.

Guide down the Danube from Paris to the Mediterranean, from Vienna to Constantinople, &c., &c., &c.; also, The Route to India by Egypt.
By R. T. Claridge, Esq. New Edition.

A useful book this, we make no question, to those who are about to take the journeys to which it affords a guide; but, though its descriptions are lively and comprehensive, they are, from its plan, too concise for stay-at-home people. This is no reproach, but rather a commendation to a Guide-Book. One most useful feature is tables of charges, which no Guide-Book should be without. As a specimen of the minute nature of the work, and a curiosity in its way, we copy out the nett disbursements of a journey from London to Constantinople, by different routes:—

DISBURSEMENTS.

In order to shew clearly how the journey sketched out in the following pages is to be made at the very moderate cost assumed as the *maximum*, viz. £100, it will be necessary, first, to fix a sum for daily hotel expenses; and next, to point out the cost of conveyance from one point to another.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for one person to deter-

mine the expenditure of another, for in travelling, as in all other things, that depends upon individual disposition and taste. The object of these remarks, therefore, is to direct those who wish to see a great deal, at the least possible cost, consistent with comfort and enjoyment, and who, having resolved upon a journey of this description, for the purpose of making themselves acquainted with the physical, domestic, and political state of the various countries embraced in it, are prepared to conform to the customs of their respective inhabitants; to join the public tables, where such are to be found; and, in fact, whilst at "Rome to do as Rome does."

This being assumed, the ordinary daily outlay, in most of the states through which the traveller will pass, may be estimated pretty accurately as follows:—

1.—*France*—excepting the capital—bed, 1s. 8d.; breakfast, 10d.; dinner, including wine, 2s. 6d.; tea, 10d.;—5s. 10d. a-day.

2.—*Switzerland and Lombardy*. At expensive hotels here, the bed is 2s. 6d.; the dinner, 3s. 4d.; other things being about the same as in France; making 7s. 6d. a-day.

3.—*Belgium, the Rhine, and Germany*. Here the expenses are 20 or 30 per cent. less. The steam-boats on the Danube are well served at the following charges:—breakfast, 9d.; dinner, 1s. 6d.; supper, 1s. 3d., wine included;—3s. 6d. a-day.

4.—*Orsova*, where two or three days are passed, bed, 10d.; breakfast, 4d.; dinner, 1s.; supper, 16d.; 3s. the day.

5.—*Galatz to Constantinople*. While on board the vessel, the cost will be one dollar a-day; in Constantinople, where articles are considered dear, the cost will be double this sum.

6.—*At Smyrna*, there are several excellent boarding-houses, the charge at which is one dollar a-day.

7.—*At Athens*, where there are several good hotels, the expenses, while remaining there, will not exceed two dollars a day. On the journey from Athens to Patras, and whilst there, provisions will not cost more than a dollar a-day.

8.—*From Patras to Marseilles, Trieste, or Ancona*, on board steamers, the charges are 5s. a-day; but if quarantine be finished on board an Austrian brig, then 2s. a-day is charged.

Thus, when the number of nights spent in travelling—the trifling daily expenses incurred in descending the Danube—the non-necessity for extra expenditure on board ship—and the absence of all occasion for excess in Greece and Turkey, are taken into account, an average of one dollar (4s. 2d.) a-day, will be seen to be the *maximum* of the cost for provisions, domiciles, &c.; and as parties are supposed to lose no time in reaching one of the places of embarkation, viz. Marseilles, Vienna, Ancona, or Trieste, three months will be ample time in which to complete the tour. But in order to provide for servants and other contingencies, 8s. per day is assumed as the amount of expense; and as every facility is now afforded for moving from one place to another, the calculation of time made will be found ample for the purposes of completing the journey. Thus, those who understand travelling, and who desire to undertake an economical journey, will be able to determine how far this may be effected; while those unaccustomed to it, will perceive that something is allowed for their inexperience.

Let us now sum up these separate expenses:—

	£	s.	d.
Provisions, &c. for three months, at 8s. per day,	36	0	0
The expense from London to either of the three places of embarkation differs but little, none exceeds	12	0	0
From Vienna to Orsova,	3	18	0
Carriage from thence to Mehadia and back,	0	8	0
From Orsova to Constantinople,	7	18	0
Guide for a week at Constantinople,	1	10	0
Horses for self and guide to Belgrade,	0	8	6
Visit to Broussa and back,	4	4	0
Horse to the Giant Mountains, from Scutari,	0	3	0

Carry forward, £66 9 6

Brought forward,	£66	9	6
Steam-boat from Constantinople to Smyrna,	3	7	2
Horses for self and guide from Smyrna to Ephesus and back,	1	5	0
Steamer from Smyrna to Syra,	1	16	0
Syra to Athens,	0	16	9
Guide two days in Athens,	0	8	0
Boat to Egina and Epidorus,	1	0	0
Two horses to Napoli di Romania,	0	8	6
Carriage from Napoli to Argos and back,	0	5	0
Horses for self and baggage to Corinth,	0	8	6
Boat from Corinth to Patras, touching at Salona, and horse from thence to Delphi and back,	2	18	0
Patras to Trieste, touching at Corfu,	7	10	0
From Trieste to England,	12	0	0
	£98	12	5

To this let us add a visit to Zante, and from thence to Corfu and Ancona, by the steam-boat, instead of going direct to Trieste; this would be an additional expense of, . . . 3 14 0

Making a total expenditure of, . . . £102 6 5

Thus, it will be seen, that a single traveller, (whose individual expenses are greater than they would be if he travelled with others,) though diverging from the direct route and taking the best place in the public conveyances, and denying himself nothing to make his journey of the most agreeable description, would find, upon his return home to England, a small balance remaining out of the £100 set apart for his tour; or if he made the additional trip to Zante, &c., the excess would be about £2.

COST ON THE USUAL ROUTES.

1.—London to Paris,	£	s.	d.
Paris to Marseilles,	2	2	0
	3	6	8
	£5	8	8
2.—London to Paris,	£2	2	0
Paris (by way of Geneva) to Milan, (140 francs,)	5	16	8
Milan (by way of Geneva) to Venice, (33½ francs,)	1	7	11
Venice to Trieste, by steam-boat, (22½ francs,)	0	18	9
	£10	5	4

There are three or four more routes to Vienna laid down, but these we need not notice. The estimated expense of travelling is about the same by each—about £10. The route by Paris and Strasburg is the most expensive—that by Frankfort and Munich the cheapest; for France is avoided.

History of the Campaign in France in 1814. Translated from the Russian of A. Mikhailofsky-Danielefsky.

It is a new and good thing under the sun to see English literature indebted, in any shape, to Russia. The author is not only a native Russian general, but a member of the Imperial Senate. He acted as an aid-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander in the campaign which he describes; and the reader may be tolerably well pre-assured that nothing will be found in his narrative that can by possibility offend any Russian Emperor, past, present, or to come. The narrative, indeed, glorifies the whole Russian army. We have not much space for extracts, but one must be given as a curiosity. The Russian general having elaborately shewn that the defeat of the Russians, with great loss, in the affair of Champaubert, was entirely owing to "the erroneous dispositions" of Old Blucher—and, if his statements are received at their

given value, to something more culpable than error of judgment in the veteran—he proceeds:—

Prussian writers, in their desire to justify Blucher, lay the blame of the disaster on Olsooffef, who, having received positive orders to take Champaubert, could not decline fighting. Blucher's glory will retain its lustre for ages, even if he made a few mistakes in the course of his brilliant military career. His laurels will not fade, and we do homage to them with the greater pleasure that they were mostly bought with Russian blood. Napoleon desiring to see Olsooffef, invited him to sup with him; but, as the general had difficulty in expressing himself in the French language, Napoleon sent for Poltorasky, and the following dialogue took place:—

"How many were you in the field to-day?"

"Three thousand and ninety men, and twenty-four guns."

"Nonsense!—that cannot be; you had at least 18,000 men."

"A Russian officer does not speak nonsense—I have told you the truth; besides there are other persons from whom you can learn the same thing; then, I hope, you will be convinced Russians do not lie."

Napoleon scowled, and, after a short silence, said—"If what you assert be true, it may be said, to your honour, that Russians alone can fight so desperately; I could have pledged my head you were at least 18,000."

"For all that, I am a prisoner."

"What does that signify; your Emperor has fifty of my generals prisoners, as good as you. But granting that, I have destroyed you without great honour, as my troops fought with yours a whole day!"

After a little boasting on the part of Napoleon, which we pass, he entered on his late disastrous campaigns; and ended by saying—

"Your old fox, Kutusof, deceived me by his march on our flanks."

He carried his playful humour so far, that Poltorasky now and then disputed with him, and said, among other things, that the *French had burned Moscow*. The expression seemed unpleasant to Napoleon, who answered—

"What! the French? that act of barbarism was the work of your Russians."

"When you took possession of Moscow, and when all order was at end, it may be said that both the French and the Russians burned it; but I must frankly tell you, the Russians, so far from regretting the catastrophe, reflect with pride on the burning of their ancient capital, and can soon build another."

Napoleon continued to grow warmer. "It was a barbarous deed, and a stain on the nation. I took Berlin, Madrid, and Vienna, and no such thing happened."

"The Russians don't regret it, and are delighted with the results." Napoleon stamped with his foot, and ordered the prisoner to leave the room.

But the Emperor recovered his temper, sent Flahaut after the Russian prisoner, and loaded him with compliments; and again began a train of interrogatories, to all of which Poltorasky had but one answer—"I don't know." Thus baffled, Napoleon said—"Why does your Emperor not everywhere employ his own excellent troops, and not the Germans, whom I could annihilate in half an hour; while I have been fighting with you for a whole day."

"You ask me about the position of our army—that is a secret. To us the will of the Emperor is sacred, send us where he may."

"A gallant soldier says everything that comes uppermost."

"Our oath to our Emperor forbids that."

Here Napoleon, displaying an intercepted order from Blucher to Olsooffef, desiring him on no account to retire from Champaubert, exclaimed—"Here is your drunkard Blucher! Did he know I was here? Where I am there are a hundred thousand more." The Russian was proof against all Napoleon's arts, the uniform answer being, "I don't know."

In this campaign the Russian Emperor is everything; and Prussians, English, and Austrians, sink into insignificance. The Parisians come forth to meet the Emperor with enthusiasm—"Here he is! Here is Alexander! How graciously he nods to us! With what kindness he speaks to us!"

The French, who had pictured to themselves the Russians worn out by long campaigns and hard fighting; as speaking a language altogether unknown to them, and dressed in a wild outlandish fashion, could scarce believe their eyes, when they saw the smart Russian uniforms, the glittering arms, the joyous expression of the men, their healthy countenances, and the kind deportment of the officers. The smart repartees of the latter in the French language completed their astonishment. "You are not Russians," said they to us, "you are surely emigrants." The report of the incredible accomplishments of the conquerors flew from mouth to mouth. The praises of the Russians knew no bounds; the women from the windows and balconies welcomed us, by waving their handkerchiefs; and from one end of Paris [to the other?] the cry of "Long live Alexander! Long live the Russians!" was uttered by a million voices. "Reign over us," said they, "or give us a monarch like yourself."

The ecstasy of the Parisians did not stop here, nor yet the glorification of the Russian Emperor. We never hear a word all the while of Lord Castlereagh, save to learn how the Emperor snubbed the British Plenipotentiary; and there seems to have been no such man then known as an Arthur Wellesley. This is all as it should be. Easter Sunday was the especial day of the Emperor's glory. Accompanied by many foreigners, among whom were French marshals and generals, the Emperor publicly performed his devotions on the Place Louis XV. where an altar was erected on the spot where Louis XVI. had been beheaded; and there the Emperor knelt down. "This was truly the day of the triumph of Alexander's piety. Both in ancient and modern times, have kingdoms been conquered, but never before was seen an example of a conqueror, in the midst of a foreign capital, naming himself the mere instrument of Providence, and giving the glory of his success to God. When prayers were over, the roar of the Russian cannon resounded throughout Paris." This Russian writer forgets that Suwaroff gave glory to God for the sack of Ismail, and for every other bloody atrocity that he committed. The Russians are all pious; and what a Charlatan was this Alexander. In England he tricked the saints, and even mystified the Quakers. From the narrative of his aid-de-camp, one might imagine that it was solely by his clemency that France was not treated like Poland, and Paris like Ismail and Warsaw. On the same day the pious Emperor decorated his old coxcomical tutor, La Harpe, with the ribbon of St Andrew, and Madame, surrounded by a large party, burst into tears! The Russian General proceeds very characteristically. "The newspapers were at this time almost exclusively filled with articles about the Emperor Alexander; indeed it seemed as if Paris had ceased to think of the other allies. The French, whose most celebrated writers had been preaching infidelity for a whole century, were much astonished to observe the piety of the Emperor and the Russians." They were all, like their religious Emperor, mere instruments in the hand of Providence; and a medal was worn by the soldiers as a reward of merit, with the eye of Providence on one side, and on the other—"Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name!" The magnanimity and piety of the Emperor was the burden of every journal, and the theatres rung nightly with "Long live the Russians!"

What pity that they were ever obliged to go away,

The English translator excuses himself from attempting the translation of some of the panegyrics and laudatory addresses pronounced by the Savans of Paris. Their "fustian phrases" could not be rendered into plain honest English. The vernacular speech wont bear such fulsome stuff, though we have seen the English language pretty hard tried of late in the same sort of service.

Haydon on Academies of Art.

Mr Haydon has been at war with that great self-elected corporation, the Royal Academy, for nearly thirty years, and yet the ardour of his hostility has not abated one jot. To the principle of nursery hot-beds, forcing houses for Art, he is decidedly opposed, and consequently, to Academies wheresoever found; but he has also a pet prejudice, a peculiar antipathy, a burning indignation, against that institution which, he argues, debases and crushes art in Britain, and which he has found personally injurious. Haslitt has argued the same question on broader grounds, and unbiased by personal irritation, and arrived at the same conclusion. Genius in art has uniformly risen to its greatest splendour before it was trammelled and suffocated by academies; and art has everywhere languished and decayed where the incorporated body has come to press like an incubus upon its native energies. Mr Haydon, as we think, is so thoroughly sound in the fundamental principle, that it is not worth while to cavil at the sweeping extent of some of his minute deductions. For the exceptions it matters little, while he can establish the rule,—and demonstrate the fact that

All over Europe, self-election, non-responsibility, exclusive monopoly, and state honours (in art) have had the same effect; all over Europe, men of the greatest talents and consequence have been destroyed, while men of moderate abilities, because they were members of such bodies, have lived in affluence and employment.

On this ground it was, that I commenced war with all academies which extend beyond the ordinary school, in other matters of education; and have not, I appeal to you, the disclosures before the committee of art justified hostilities?

It has taken twenty-six years to accomplish this desideratum, and it will take as long again, till the full intent of the principle of opposition can be reasonably worked to a conclusion: the country is advancing rapidly to enter into this question; and schools of design, which ought always to be the first step, are superseding exhibitions, which ought to be the last.

As the nobility get enlightened by lectures on art, and the people increase in knowledge and tact, do you think the fire will go out, when this generation has passed away? *Indeed it will not.* A race is gradually preparing itself, and will be doing it, whilst apparently the art may sink or stand still; and by and by some genius will arise, greater than any in our own times, who will carry the budding principles now alive to their full intensity and power. The time will come when Britain will shake off the local obstructions of the reformation, and its genius shine out on Europe, cleared of the superstitions of the Papists, of the idolatry of the Greeks; retaining the beauties of both without the absurdities of either, and carrying art on, on sounder moral principles than it has ever yet shewn itself to the world.

Every man will join in this prayer.

Mr Haydon has dilated upon the enormities of the Royal Academy from its birth-day. Its mean jealousies and paltry intrigues are certainly sufficiently contemptible, yet it is hard thus to visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children. Their vehement denouncer will say, that it is a righteous punishment, as the innate wickedness of the parent-head is displayed with equal virulence in the present generation. He therefore testifies against academi-

clans of every generation, like an old Covenanter; anathematizes, excommunicates them, for forcing Reynolds to resign, expelling Barry, and ill-using "Wilkie, Martin, Lough," and why not Haydon? He accuses them—

1. Because it is their acknowledged principle that the art is a *thing* they have a right to keep to themselves!*

2. From their opposing the advance of artists, by denying them the just privileges which other bodies grant.

3. I accuse them of not only wishing to keep back the nation, but of the selfish desire to mislead their taste, by sanctioning the publication of the infamous Catalogue Raisonné, in which all the greatest names were abused; and by which the liberal patrons were disgusted.

4. I accuse them of hating distinguished talent, by forcing Reynolds to resign, expelling Barry, and degrading Wilkie and Martin.

5. Of detesting high art, and of a mean fear of its ultimate triumph, by chilling the Government, and never as a body having come forward to influence the Government to assist it.

6. By their always giving portraits the best situations in their annual show, and never prominently bestowing rank on historical pictures by good places, unless till forced by shame and reproaches.

These are grave accusations—but now to another proof.

"And lastly, their interference in the School of Design for the mechanic, to prevent his knowing the figure—such a winding up of selfishness as would scarcely ever have been imagined but by myself."

Art was at the lowest ebb about 1805, when Wilkie appeared in London, and redeemed its disgrace. Mr Haydon assigns the rapid advance of art since that time to the perfection of Wilkie's early productions. This may be going a little too far. The long interval he specifies, has been one of rapid advancement in many things, and from a variety of causes. It is more to the point, that Wilkie was the fostered pupil of no academy. He had merely studied at Graham's school in this city, and went from Edinburgh to London "a finished painter."

It would appear that the Royal Academy now elect their Presidents upon the principle, that the want of genius is to be held a recommendation! The manner in which certain affairs are managed in England, and indeed everywhere else, is neatly told in the following passage. The academicians had, according to Mr Haydon, contrived to appropriate to themselves all the substantial benefits of the parliamentary vote for the National Gallery, and by their management, for we must not say intrigues, thus frustrated the public objects of that vote. In vain, Mr Haydon used his eloquence with Lord Grey and the other members of the Government, and told them facts which he was likely to understand fully as well as they. He predicted to them, he says, what has come to pass.—But we meant to shew the pointed style in which Mr Haydon describes the mode by which the Academy accomplished its object in establishing a new monopoly:—

Why did Mr Spring Rice carry the Academy under his paternal wings, "as a hen gathereth her chickens?" Why?—the old curse. The President† had successfully painted him, I believe! Was it for *this* he swore to carry their body, limbs, and head, through all the doors of the building? Was it for *this* he embarrassed the art of England for another fifty years—and staggered their taste? I, without rank, without fortune, without property, however undisputable my arguments, however self-evident my warnings—whatever were my talents, humble or powerful—I was no match for a first lord, against a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a president who had successfully painted him. The good I did one day, was overturned the next; and on my saying, "The

* From Northcote.—B. R. H.

† Sir Martin Shee.

president dines with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and they go and persuade Lord Grey." "That's the way it's done," said Yes, that's the way it was done.

Mr Haydon justly complains of the public being still excluded from those places, which their money has erected, and he proves from late instances, with what perfect safety to the objects of art in the gallery, this liberty or right may be granted:—

"Let in the coal-heaver—the pretty servant girl—the industrious mechanic—to give these wretches a taste for art! Abominable!" The Queen and Lord John were defied; and her Majesty and her Home Secretary bowed their heads in submission.

At Newcastle, the people were let in: nothing could exceed their proper behaviour; and what is more interesting, that historical subjects of the most interest and highest poetry, were the subjects about which the *brutal* coal-heaver and *ignorant* mechanic assembled in crowds. So much for the danger to works of art, if the people are treated like other human beings!

At the British Museum, 28,000 people passed in, in one day; and since Hampton Court and the Cartoons have been thrown open, 58,000 have been let in; and what injury has accrued to these sublime and fragile productions? "All this is very true," say the academicians; "but what loss would accrue to art, if the back of the Theseus or the dying Ananias were annihilated by the vulgar touchings of the mob: do you put these productions in comparison with the *shine* of his Majesty's boot by Sir Martin? Profanation!"

The Government say they do not mean to use force. But I say they ought: they had no such delicacy for Gaton or Old Sarum; and here is a borough for schedule A, more rotten, selfish, and corrupt in art than the dirtiest mud in Old Sarum's ditch.

Safely entrenched in their new castle, and the public grown sick of the subject, the Academicians, according to Mr Haydon, defy the *Radicals* in art. The Whig Government has become *Conservative* in art as in politics, and portrait-painting being now the chief object patronised, "high art, and sound taste, and schools of design," are voted the radicalism of art, and ought to be discountenanced and put down. According to Mr Haydon, the Royal Academy carries the horror of innovation to a prodigious height:—

To draw the skeleton, and master the muscles before you paint, is to render yourself suspected of being a *republican*; but nothing can be more loyal, nothing more *orthodox*, than to paint without knowing the one or the other. When you see a hand painted as it ought to be, avoid the monster who painted it, he is concerned in a conspiracy to overthrow the throne and the altar! Mr Haydon admits that he may be accused of anger, and suspected of the probability of being less opposed to those abuses had he profited by them. He hopes that his virtue would have been found proof, but even his fall would not have altered the facts; nor yet the circumstance that some who once were like him Reformers, are now vociferous R. A.'s. Mr Haydon vindicates his indignation by potent argument and clinching facts:—

Luther was angry, Knox was angry, Wickliffe was angry; but *their* anger and *their* discontent produced your present happiness, and past freedom and independence of conscience! Did my *just* discontent make the Academy spend £19,750 on dinners, and but £4,688 in sending students abroad in seventy years?

LORD BROUGHAM'S PAMPHLETS.

These pamphlets will be in every one's hands before we have had time to notice them. That on National Education, in the form of a letter to the Duke of Bedford, was probably written to correct the misapprehension—the pretended misapprehension we verily believe—of his

Lordship's speech at the close of the Session, when, in sorrow, he surrendered his bill to the discretion and mercy of Lord Melbourne. The argumentative part of the Letter is nearly a recapitulation of what Lord Brougham has been saying on the same topic in the last and former sessions; but, feeling this cause deeply and keenly, a glowing and vehement eloquence distinguishes the composition which is remarkable even among those of its author. Unless his Lordship, heading the friends of Education, shall now come forward like a primitive apostle, and go about from town to town planting voluntary schools—which, if not on the most stable foundation, will be better than none at all—we see nothing more that can be done. From the Whigs nothing is to be expected save a dribble of an annual or occasional grant, to be, in a 'great measure, jobbed for patronage. It is as little to be hoped that Lord Brougham will take the course which we have indicated, half in sport. We must, therefore, rest patient with the impulse given, and

to which his voice and pen have powerfully contributed, until, in some happy distant time, the country, become stronger in the popular principle—more Democratic, in plain terms—may find a Government strong enough to carry a scheme of National Education which shall really deserve the name. Meanwhile, we do not despair of the cause of Education, small as is our hope from either Whigs or Tories. The physical improvement of the condition of the people, by the abolition of the Food-Taxes and the restrictions on trade, will powerfully tend to promote popular education. Children must have sufficient food and clothes before they can be well taught. The cheap postage, which removes the trammels from mind as well as commerce, will hold out a liberal bounty on elementary education, and promote knowledge and improvement in a degree very imperfectly understood; and, as to our successive aristocratic Governments, the people must have farther instructed them before they are either capable or willing to educate the People.

DR LANG AND MR POLACK OF NEW ZEALAND.

A LONG letter has been addressed to us, by Mr Polack, complaining of the misrepresentations and calumnies of Dr Lang, regarding himself and the Missionaries, in the Letter lately addressed by the Reverend Doctor to the Earl of Durham, as Governor of the New-Zealand Land Company. This letter we reviewed, and extracted some of the passages offensive to Mr Polack. Our natural idea, on receiving Mr Polack's letter, was, if Dr Lang has really traduced and belied Mr Polack and the missionaries, (who have somehow acquired very large estates in New Zealand,) why do they not promptly confute him? We were not without a previous idea that our reverend countryman might not be the meekest of ministers, nor even the most charitable of Christians; but newly planted Colonies are not to be watered with rose-water; and the unquiet Doctor's qualities may be those most useful to a young and not altogether immaculate community, however ungraceful to the pastoral office and character. No one can have read his books without obtaining a notion that Dr Lang, partly from principle, and perhaps a good deal from temper, was a true son of the church militant; but he has had much rough pioneer work to perform, which is not to be got through without giving offence. We need not here advert to "Mr Polack the Jew's" very unfavourable opinion of "Dr Lang the Christian;" which opinion, according to Mr Polack, is entertained by the whole Colony, where the Presbyterian Minister would seem to be a kind of pious or political Ishmaelite, with his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. Moreover, we still consider the Reverend gentleman right in principle in the Letter which he has addressed to Lord Durham; but he seems far wrong in details; and he has, if not invented, adopted facts injurious to the character of Mr Polack and others, which, having extracted, we now feel bound in justice to contradict. After all, some may say we are only opposing Mr Polack's statements to Dr Lang's. The former gentleman ought, however, to be best acquainted with the facts of his own case; and he assures us, in substance, that instead of "the princely estate" in New Zealand, with which Dr Lang, by a malicious stroke of his pen, has endowed him, "the utmost extent of all his purchases does not exceed 1100 acres; and, for this, instead of buying it for a trifle, and perhaps cheating the natives in the payment," as Dr Lang alleges, he has paid for part at the rate of "£6:10s. an acre to the native chiefs, the proprietors of the soil." We are not going to moot the question of who are the proprietors of the soil; and we acknowledge that 1100 acres do not look very enormous as matters go in the colonies. That he has not cheated the natives in the payment Mr Polack solemnly avers. He possesses, he says, a document to which is affixed the mark, postmark, or signature of a certain George Mair, once the carpenter of a whaler, and afterwards a servant of the missionaries, authenticating the due payment of his lands. Now this said George Mair, (a Peterhead man,) having left his benefactors the missionaries, who taught him to read and write, is affirmed to be Dr Lang's principal if not sole authority for the calumnies contained in his Letter. Mr Polack alludes to another document in his possession which, as he thinks, establishes his own integrity in his transactions with the natives. It is a letter addressed to him by the Rev. Mr Williams, chairman of the Missionary Society, cautioning him to be careful as to what he gave for the acre of land, as his price would form a rule, and regulate the general price. But this does not much affect the question. It is more to the point, and, as we conceive, only the fulfilment of a duty, to cite the following passage from Mr Polack's letter, which we are sorry we cannot conveniently publish at greater length. We entirely omit his abuse of Dr Lang, to which the reverend gentleman has perhaps laid himself open:—

"As to myself, I only observe, DECIDEDLY and ENERGETICALLY, that now and hereafter, I challenge from any appointed authority the STRICTEST SCRUTINY as to the mode by which I acquired my 'princely estate' in New Zealand; the EQUITY of the value I GAVE for the said estate, at the time, to the absolute proprietors; and of the ENTIRE EQUITY OF THOSE PURCHASES I MADE."

This is enough as regards Mr Polack individually; and there we leave the matter to those who have interest in it, or inclination to sift it farther. Mr Polack cannot seriously imagine that we consider his conscientiously holding the faith of his fathers, any disparagement whatever; nor yet that we are likely to participate in Dr Lang's colonial or sectarian spleens and jealousies. We could wish that the state of colonial society, and his own temperament, allowed the Rev. Doctor to be a little more courteous and forbearing with all his brethren, whether Jews or Christians, publicans or sinners; but, in New South Wales, Dr Lang, whether as the rough exposé of iniquities in systems, or individuals, has been of great use. Had he been able to accomplish his task with more meekness of wisdom, it might certainly have been desirable both for his own sake and that of the religion of which he is a minister.

From the STEAM-PRESS of PETER BROWN, 19 St James' Square.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1839.

MEMOIRS OF HARRIOT, DUCHESS OF ST ALBANS.

THE world would seem, according to Mrs Baron-Wilson, the biographer of the Duchess, to have been, for nearly half a century, under the most grievous mistake about the true character of Miss Mellon and Mrs Coutts, whether as protegee, wife, or widow. Persons piquing themselves upon their morals, as well as the censorious and malicious, have united to do the Duchess of St Albans grievous wrong. Indeed, the more liberal and indulgent portion of the public—those who accepted of her invitations, or her gifts and her patronage—have been equally wrong. They have rarely done more than set down the enterprising adventuress of the stage—the bold, buxom, and ambitious widow—at her true value, as a shrewd, clever, and amusingly audacious personage; systematically and successfully elbowing her way to notoriety, while she aimed at distinction; and, possessed of some good points of character, though, farther than appearances went, not troubled with scruples of any sort; and, if politically studious of certain flimsy proprieties, quite untroubled with the ordinary feminine delicacies, or the misgivings of a modest nature. But this is all mistake. Instead of the character to which natural disposition, and her training from infancy as a strolling actress, cursed with a violent, vulgar, coarse-minded, loving, and scheming mother, must, in the ordinary course of experience, have formed her, Mrs Baron-Wilson's heroine comes forth a perfect paragon of the nobler virtues. The notions, in particular, which the evil-minded world formed of the long and intimate connexion of the sprightly and ambitious actress with old Mr Coutts, the millionaire, are not only untrue, but the very reverse of truth; for, if she had been foolish and naughty, and not followed the ruled precedent of Miss Farren with the Earl of Derby, and set the example for that other precedent to stage heroines, the engagement of “the much esteemed Miss Stephens” with the married Earl of Essex—if, in short, the platonic of old Coutts and Miss Mellon had not been a real *bona fide*

platonic, then had Mrs Baron-Wilson never condescended to write this biography. Nay, there were new features in this singular tie. Mr Coutts, though he had a living wife, in a condition to call forth all the tenderness and respect of a husband, and three nobly-married daughters with large families, the children of the wife of his youth, had become *paternally* attached to his “blessed Harriot,” as he fondly terms Miss Mellon; who again, from the extreme warmth and devotion of her filial feelings, so far surpassing those of his real daughters, was sometimes taken for his child! Even Lady Burdett, and the Ladies Bute and Guildford, it is here stated, imagined their doting papa's new favourite their sister! Had they really chosen to affect preferring their old father as an unfaithful husband, rather than a superannuated dotard, infatuated by an artful, complacent, and not very scrupulous woman, the countenance which they are said to have given her—the cordial, social habits in which they lived with her at the early period of her connexion with Mr Coutts—is not among the noblest features of what is imagined the aristocratic character. We are not going to be in the least uncharitable towards Miss Mellon. In captivating the affections of the millionaire, and riveting his chains by every art and wile, and, above all, by the impudent hypocrisy of unbounded personal affection and exclusive devotion, she was only labouring in her vocation; but we have much less indulgence for the ladies who, if this history be correct, stooped to maintain some influence over their father's mind, and some hold over his purse, through so degrading a medium as his “blessed Harriot.”

The fair biographer sets out by assuring her readers that, to those who were in habits of close intimacy with the Duchess, any vindication of her character must be superfluous. With this we entirely agree; but we are farther informed, “that, as the breath of malignity *has* endeavoured to taint her fame, it is a duty which the author owes to her memory, as well as one which she

owes to herself, to set before the reader a true account of the chief incident of her life." This chief incident is "the patronage" of Mr Coutts; and Mrs Baron-Wilson is astonished that a wicked and censorious world can see any harm in a connexion so natural and harmless as an old married man falling into a violent platonic or fatherly regard for a sprightly actress of twenty-eight, who perfectly adored him living, and worshipped him dead! who was his consoling angel—his ministering spirit—his solace against the indifferent or ungrateful daughters who sought to slight his "blessed Harriot," after she had legally obtained their mother's place. If there should be any remaining doubt about the immaculate nature of the early connexion, as there can be none whatever about the policy and prudence of the young lady, it is set to rest by the following facts and testimonials to character:—When, after the death of Mr Coutts, his managing widow was found to have the sole power of his enormous wealth, there was a very general burst of public indignation, at the gross injustice of the old man, whom dotage alone could excuse, and which, naturally, fell upon the mournful relief. The "profligate press" malignantly assailed "her fair fame;" and the lady, rich enough to be the bride of Mammon, but sadly in want of a few scraps of character, determined to prosecute the slanderers. She retained Mr Brougham and Sir James Scarlett, who were directed to consult with her friends, the Marquis of Bristol, the Earl of Lauderdale, and others, and to examine certain documents on which she rested her vindication. Those documents consisted of many friendly and cordial notes from Mr Coutts' daughters, shewing on what familiar and intimate terms they and their female children, had lived with their papa's "blessed Harriot;" and some letters from Mr Coutts himself to Miss Mellon. The preliminary court of honour, consisting of the noblemen we have named, rather shied the idea of the Court of King's Bench; but nevertheless pronounced an opinion to the effect that they had never entertained a doubt of the blameless nature of the patronage of Mr Coutts, or the strict propriety of Miss Mellon's conduct. This was no doubt highly satisfactory; and the prosecution was dropped. It is unfortunate that the author is not in a condition to lay even one of these documents before her readers; so that, instead of forming their opinion on the alleged Lauderdale report, they might form their own judgment. We are sorry to find that the author's materials for compiling the memoirs, are of the most general and flimsy sort: nor does she seem to possess one original letter. Old Coutts' epistles, we are led to conclude, would shew him a very different person from what the world imagines; full of romance and high-flown sentiment, and with such feelings! Yet we cannot perceive that the author has even seen one of them. The familiar letters of Lady Burdett, the Countess of Guildford, and the Marchioness of Bute, to their father's consoling angel, must

also be great curiosities—that is, if they now exist at all. These documents

Consisted of a great quantity of letters from the daughters of Mr Coutts to Miss Mellon, during many years, up to the time of her marriage; all couched in the most affectionate terms, making daily appointments for accompanying their father to Miss Mellon's house, or meeting him there; giving frequent details of their mother's health, or forming arrangements for bringing parties of their friends to Miss Mellon's villa at Highgate: all shewing, by their playful allusions, an almost sisterly intercourse between her and those admirably conducted persons. At that time they were all married to men of high rank, who likewise visited Miss Mellon, and received her among their youthful families.

In one of Miss Mellon's chambers there were four little white cribs set apart for the four daughters of Sir Francis Burdett. Where, indeed, could so fair an example of the union of virtues and graces have been found, for the improvement of young female children, as in the dwelling of Mrs Cornwell Baron-Wilson's paragon and Mr Coutts' protégée.

Having, in a general way, stated the claims of the virtues of the Duchess of St Albans upon her commemorative pen, Mrs Baron-Wilson enumerates and dwells upon each in a formal preliminary eulogy. And, first of the first, though, we fear, Hannah More and the then Bishop of London never guessed as much, "RELIGION was the most remarkable and striking quality of her mind." This foundation-virtue is elaborately made out to have been at all times a characteristic of Mrs Coutts. A cardinal virtue, eminently possessed and exercised by the Duchess, was CHARITY, in the sense of giving money—and a very good kind of charity it is. A third was GENEROSITY, (these leading virtues are all printed in epitaph characters in the original work,) and this was not merely generosity in giving, but in thought and conduct—as, for example, in bestowing large sums upon her husband's family, though she possessed letters from the imbecile old father,

In which he has commanded her, under pain of his displeasure, not to plead to him in the cause of his family, who (in his opinion) had spoken and acted unkindly respecting her, after the marriage; and conjuring his "blessed Harriot," by very forcible terms, not to share with them any part of the wealth after his decease which would be the cause of animosity towards her. Yet she had the generosity to persevere in pleading their cause, until she procured his forgiveness for the parties.

The forgiveness of the parties—but not any alteration of his testamentary dispositions: Mr Coutts claimed the right to do what he would with his own; and his whole fortune was but too little to mark his sense of what he owed to the endearments and affection of his "blessed Harriot." The other qualities for which the Duchess was remarkable, were cheerfulness, which never failed, and wit. She was also amiably considerate for those about her. Though not exactly celebrated for TRUTHFULNESS—a quality scarcely compatible with the proper management, for a dozen years, of a rich old gentleman who had his will to make—"a strong principle of truth pervaded the Duchess' conduct, and implicit reliance might be placed on her word:"—including, we may fairly presume, her enthusiastic

professions of attachment to old Coutts, living and dead, and her avowed extreme dislike of everything savouring of vanity, show, and ostentation; her genuine humility, and unobtrusive piety. Her "friendship" for Mr Coutts was the leading incident in her life; and, as Mrs Baron-Wilson justly remarks, "There can no friendship be permanent which is not based on similitude of religious feelings between the parties; and it is a valuable fact, *that all her favourite friends, and both her husbands, were known to be remarkable for their devotional feelings.*" Happy Mrs Coutts, and thrice happy Duchess of St Albans. Her mother was a religious character also, and early imbued her daughter's mind with the piety of eating pancakes at Shrove-tide, and goose at Michaelmas; while she watched as rigidly over her morals as ever did Mrs Peachum over those of poor Polly,—seemingly determined that she should never throw herself away on less than a lord or a rich old banker. "The actress's mother" is the gem of the work; the only piece of genuine truth and real life about it: we shall not lose sight of her, especially as Harriot, with a better natural understanding, and a much better education, was, in all points affecting her interests and destinies, quite mamma's own scheming daughter.

Though we demur to the unmeasured measure of the higher virtues which it has pleased Mrs Baron-Wilson to attribute to her gorgeous heroine, we do not mean to affect any extraordinary rigidity in judging of the moral character and conduct of a woman who, born and trained as we have noticed, in the most exposed condition in which a female can be placed, schemed to become the most prominent instance of the mean and sordid influences over the aristocratic, which modern times have afforded. We may have ten times more sympathy, and morally, if not prudentially, speaking, ten times more respect for many a frail and unfortunate member of the histrionic sisterhood, who has perished in shame and misery, than for the cool, wary, and prudent Miss Mellon—who, by the time she came to inveigle or cajole old Coutts, no longer, we apprehend, required the aid and tutelage of her watchful mother—than for the illustrious Duchess of St Albans; and this without slighting any one of her good points. There was a hearty audacity about her, a thinly veiled hypocrisy, a cool, unconscious, well-tempered, easy effrontery, which must have been really diverting; and a merry and frank humour, and apparent good-heartedness, which were even amiable.

Mrs Coutts is chiefly precious to the observer and the moralist, as a test of the omnipotence of Mammon in England in the nineteenth century. She was, at the worst, less base herself than the cause of bringing into light the latent baseness and poverty of spirit of those around her. What curious combinations of the insolent and the mean, the temporizing and the contemptuous, it must have been the fortune of the poor stroller, become the full-blown Widow Coutts, surrounded by a cortège of proud English no-

bility, to witness and to enjoy. A little adroit flattery, with fair interest and good security, might have sufficed from princes of the royal blood to the worldly banker; but his magnificent relict, the blazoned impersonation of *scrip* and *omnium*, exacted deeper homage. Her worshippers must perform their "ducking observance" in the face of day, and in the eye of Fashion. How this shrewd insolent woman—in her spirit ever impudent, whatever gloze her manners wore—must have been tickled with the performance of the part her merry nature assigned to her high-born companions! On them she took ample revenge for all the humiliations she had endured in her Couttonian bondage. Dr Johnson relates, as a fine trait in a gentleman living at Inverary Castle, that, when the Duke of Argyle rather unceremoniously ordered him to fetch something from another room, he obeyed, but whistled as he went, to shew his independence and social equality. The led noblemen, and young women of quality, bound to perform the hests of the Widow Coutts, durst not whistle.

The difference between the spirit of the age of bronze and bank paper, of chivalry and cotton-rags, was never more strikingly displayed than in the instance of the Widow Coutts. The cruel Saccharissas, and beautiful Parthenias, of past generations, presumed to be insolent, capricious, and haughty, in right of their indomitable and all-conquering charms, and to treat their lovers as Johnson said of his Widow Porter, with whom, however, he belled-the-cat "like dogs." But the well-endowed ladies of the Age of Gold, which is the direct antipodes of the Golden age, sometimes treat their noble suitors like turnspit curs.

The Widow Coutts, "buxom, blithe, and debonnaire" as she was, and always affected to be, must, however, have digested a competent share of chagrin and bitter mortification in her time. There were proud and high-minded members of the aristocracy, the gentry, and even of the commonalty, who would not fall down and worship Mammon in the newly painted and bedizened female image, and though disguised in the garb of Fashion. Whatever Mrs Baron-Wilson may believe, many besides the "profligate" portion of the London press, which attacked Mrs Coutts with an eye to her purse, despised the bustling and vulgar, vain and obtrusive dame, whom brassy honours and golden treasures, meanly acquired, only rendered more despicable in the estimation of the high-minded.

The long-suffering endurance and humiliations, by which this naturally passionate and violent woman acquired great notoriety and unbounded wealth, were never repaid to her in this life. Let every vain young actress, on or off the stage, similarly tempted, ponder her history. Miss Mellon herself was not without warning. The brilliant fortune of Miss Farren might have been understood by her at its true value, had she desired to profit by the lesson. It was probably the happiest period of her own life, when, having procured an engagement at Drury Lane,

she became popular with the manager and the company, by her cheerful good humour, and readiness to oblige. Nor were her indifferent talents for the stage of a kind to awaken rivalry. Miss Mellon, always prudent, never walked the high ropes, like the greater heroines. Her climbing was by creeping. About this time Miss Farren had disgusted the public by her airs and defiance of Kemble the manager, but had been compelled to give way, and to appear in a despised satin dress, which had been the mighty cause of the feud.

Miss Mellon being then just introduced to the principal green room, (through the amiability of Mrs Siddons,) very wisely thought it better to listen to the conversational style of the grand actresses, than to indulge her own *bavarderie*; and a great penance this silence must have been to her. Accordingly, when Lord Derby and other theatrical noblemen would assemble round Miss Farren, Miss Mellon used to stand near this glass of fashion. The great lady was very partial to the rustic belle, and, doubtless, she derived much professional benefit from her intercourse with the most elegant actress on the stage, whose refined readings of *Lady Teazle*, and the more elevated class of comedy, are to this day quoted as beyond attainment. Lord Derby was a very singular looking little man for a lover. Although at this time but forty-five, he looked fifteen years older. He had an excessively large head, surmounting his small spare figure, and wore his hair tied in a long thin pig-tail. This, with his attachment to short nankeen gaiters, made him an easily-recognized subject in the numerous caricatures of the day.

Miss Mellon was one evening standing near the green-room fire, and, while waiting for the play to begin, she was humming some popular dance, and just tracing the steps unconsciously. She was roused by the voice of Miss Farren, whispering, "You happy girl, I would give worlds to be like you!"

Poor Miss Mellon, recollecting her thirty shilling salary, thought she was ridiculed by "a lady with thirty guineas a week, who was to marry a lord;" and she replied, with some slight vexation, that "there certainly must be a vast deal to be envied in her position, by one who commanded what she pleased!"

Pressing her hand kindly, Miss Farren's eyes became full of tears as she replied, "I cannot command such a *light heart* as prompted your little song!"

If, instead of the *rank fudge* into which the author of this memoir has been betrayed, in attempting the apotheosis of her RELIGIOUS, CHARITABLE, GENEROUS heroine—who lived the life of the most amiable and virtuous of women, and died in the odour of sanctity—she had simply contended that Mrs Coutts was no worse in any respect than the majority of her compeers would have been, if placed in her position, while few of them would have displayed her genial qualities, we should cordially have gone along with her; and have considered, which we still do, the poor base-born girl, who, by dexterity, became the richest woman, and one of the highest-titled dames of England, a much nobler creature than hundreds of the lordly things that swelled her train or bowed at her footstool. But, to make an angel and a saint of her! The world will stand nothing so incongruous.

It can hardly longer endure "Fair Rosamond," or Bulwer's "La Valliere." Let us think no more of this, but take the clever, intriguing, and ambitious woman as she is. In her genuine cha-

acter, she will afford both entertainment and instruction.

Like some other great adventurers, whom the Christian public styles "fortunate," the origin of the enormously wealthy Widow Coutts—"ten pawnbroker's widows rolled into one"—was doubtful. Miss Mellon had a mother—a genuine "actress's mother"—often a much worse character than the actress herself; but, as to her father, history is either dumb or contradictory; and the parentage of the Most Noble the Duchess of St Albans, like that of some other goddesses must ever remain wrapped up in mystery. The mother was the handsome daughter of a peasant near Cork, who, when her parents died, became helper, or woman-of-all-work, to a little shop-keeper or milliner, where she acquired those accomplishments of scouring rusty silks, and dying gauzes and feathers, which, with a swift needle, rendered her, about the year 1775, invaluable to a strolling company of comedians. She had made "the tour of Wales" once, when the company was scattered, and she returned to Cork. Her illustrious daughter was the consequence of an amour with a gentleman who "lodged across the way." This person is described as "Lieutenant Mellon of the Madras Infantry, home on sick leave." He was never heard of more, though a rumour that a person of the name had died in the outward voyage did not prevent Miss Mellon's mother from electing a lord as her gallant, and boasting through life of the high blood in Harriot's veins. Extremes meet. The mother of the Duchess, who, though she could neither read nor write, acted with shrewdness and cunning, seems to have been, in half-mad violence and vulgarity, the exact counterpart of the far-descended heiress of Gight, Byron's unhappy mother, as she is described by the too faithful pen of Moore. In their treatment of their offspring, each displayed the same brutal ferocity, alternating with pride, tiger-like animal fondness. Such was the parentage of the illustrious Harriot. We look back with amazement to the times of jocund, good-natured Nelly Gwynne, one of the great-grandmothers of the Duke of St Albans. Our own times are as prolific of social wonders. Mrs Coutts was too shrewd to repeat her mother's ridiculous tales about her noble if illegitimate birth, without the saving clause of "My mother says so and so." This woman's dexterity, with her needle, and accomplishments in dressing up old silks and gauzes made her so valuable to the strollers, that she made a second excursion into England, where her daughter was born. Shortly afterwards she married a lad of eighteen, named Entwisle, the sole musician of the company. The Irishwoman was, at least, ten years older than her husband, whom she ruled with a rod of iron. This was about the year 1778, and Harriot was now a year old. But her real age is as problematical as her parentage. She was, as a child, "remarkably tall of her age."

The incidental glimpses of the strollers' wretched life, found in these volumes, is much more inter-

esting than those sketches of the Duchess' doings which have been found recorded in Sunday newspapers and old play-bills. The Entwisle family was notorious for *rows*, the wife claiming to keep the purse, and the young husband being a person of vicious habits and low tastes, exposed to great temptation by his vagrant profession. Though fond of his little step-daughter, he was unable to comprehend the grand projects of her scheming Irish mother, who was thus early calculating upon the advantages which were to arise to her from the beauty and fascinations of her well-tutored daughter displayed on the London boards! Entwisle did not grudge that part of his earnings—over which, however, he had no control—should be expended on the child's education, of which the expense was not great.

At first, while they were too poor to hire any conveyance during their tours, Mr and Mrs Entwisle used to carry Harriot and his celebrated Cremona violin alternately; and afterwards, when their means were increased so as to allow of payment for one of the group to be conveyed from one town to another, it was always Harriot who was thus sent, and wrapped up in some rather finer habiliments than the pedestrian pair.

Mr Entwisle, in the first year of their marriage, being obliged to seek another engagement, it was considered that Lancashire, his native county, would afford the best prospect. Accordingly, having packed up his famous Cremona, they set out, carrying Harriot alternately; and near Preston they encountered the Lancashire strolling manager, Bibby, who being then in want of a musician, was very glad to engage so excellent a performer. . . . Notwithstanding their slender means, however, Mrs Entwisle devoted a portion of them to sending her little Harriot to a day-school.

The child is mother to the woman. Little Harriot, fond of frolic and play, and idle at her book,

Used to relate, her custom was to enter the school room with a *face of importance*, as though conscious of being well prepared with her learning; and then, after making a knot of little creatures giggle by her nonsense, she would creep behind the open door, where, reading her lesson, she could defy the world and its cares.

Miss Mellon, we imagine, knew, through life, when to assume the *face of importance*. She was full of fun and childish mischief, yet, according to her own account, a great favourite with her schoolmistress. One of her early repartees, if genuine, shews blood:—

Miss Calvert one day endeavouring to check the invincible love of chattering which was inherent in her pupil, said—"O Harriot! does your tongue never lie?" And her companion, who knew thoroughly she meant "lie quiet," slyly answered—"No, ma'am, it never *lies*: that is so naughty!"

She was already on the stage in parts fitted to her age, or required by the exigencies of the manager; and she could also recite and sing to her step-father's violin, and was initiated very early into stage-begging and other minor arts and mysteries of the craft.

Mr Entwisle used to carry her to different houses, to dance hornpipes to his playing; and after executing the dance on the same elevated stage, she used to run round its edge to levy contributions for her avaricious relatives.

She could already dance neatly, and sing glees; and, what is more remarkable, somehow acquired a "diction remarkable for purity," and deep knowledge of the erudite beauties of Shakspeare!

She never was *blue* in any shade, nor even a reader of romances; and she very early began to "bode the silk gown," of which she got not merely the proverbial sleeve, but the full and ample garment—"When I am a fine London player," was already her style. She was constantly performing all sorts of parts, and had a salary of something less than four and sixpence a-week. About this time, she saw at Harrogate, in her strolling excursions, Mrs Jordan, and some of the lesser London stars. The refusal of the manager to raise Harriot's salary above 4s. 6d., made the virago mother revolt; and the daughter and husband, after a period of starvation, found another engagement, where the musician's salary was one guinea weekly, and the daughter's was raised, by degrees, to fifteen shillings. Wherever they went, the mother was dresser, and found scope for her millinery and feather-dyeing genius. They were now in Stafford, in the troop of a Mr Stanton, who strolled in the midland counties, and was respectable in his private character. While hanging on, waiting for this engagement, the future Duchess made her first brilliant appearance in some small town, where no less than a Baronet and his Lady had commanded the "bespeak" of the Country Girl. The play was then in high fame from Mrs Jordan's Peggy—and Miss Mellon was to take the same part! One of the wandering Thespians had to walk as far as Leeds to procure a copy of the play! There were great difficulties about Peggy's dresses; but Mrs Entwisle was as pushing a mother as a young debutante could have desired; and neither daughter nor mother appears ever to have lacked anything they wished from false delicacy.

Half-past six arrived, and the one musician (Mr Entwisle) led off with "Rule Britannia," "Britons Strike Home," and "The Bonny Pitman," an air then, and perhaps now, a favourite in the north. Up went the curtain, and the play commenced. The house, or barn, was crowded to excess. The *élite* of the neighbourhood all attended—being more anxious to testify their respect to the baronet who patronized the performance, than their admiration of the dramatic company.

The play, hurriedly as it had been produced, went on capitally. The family whose "bespeak" had proved so attractive were in what, out of courtesy, must be termed the *stage-box*; and, at an early part of the evening, they singled out Miss Mellon (probably from her extreme youth and talent) as the principal object of their applause.

Those who look at plays through the medium of metropolitan performances, can scarcely conceive what a young aspiring actor or actress feels, when making their incipient steps in a place scarcely the size of a dining-room, where they can hear every murmur of applause or displeasure, and catch a glance of hope from the "Very well indeed" of a fashionable party on one side, or be depressed by the adverse "Oh, dear!" of another. . . . Miss Mellon sung between play and farce, (accompanied by the single fiddle,) and was encored; and finished her evening's exertions by performing Miss Biddy, in "Miss in her Teens." All succeeded capitally, so that the mother and daughter retired to rest, congratulating themselves on the result of the evening's entertainments.

The Duchess of St Albans never could have been so triumphant in the royal drawing-room, to which she pushed her way, as in this barn theatre. But the great family had discovered that some of Peggy's clothes had come

from their own wardrobe. The Baronet was furious—his father's marriage-suit worn by Peggy as her boy-dress! The housekeeper was found the delinquent, and the eloquence of Mrs Entwisle and her daughter disarmed the resentment of the angry gentleman. The family came to Miss Mellon's benefit, and the lady gave her the first good frock she ever possessed. Her luck was begun.

On first coming to Stafford, the vagrant family had lodgings at only 2s. 6d. a-week; but Harriot was sent to learn writing and arithmetic, for which her step-father paid by lessons on the violin. She was thrown back in her parts, as there were several respectable performers in the company. "It is," says her biographer, known at Stafford, that her morning dress was too shabby for her to appear at the churches there, and her mother used to send her regularly to Ingestrie Church, (built by Lord Talbot, and adjoining his mansion,) because she was less liable there to incur remark on the poverty of her appearance.

The vale between Lord Talbot's estate and the town was a great gathering place for the children to play; and Harriot, whose love of amusement was unconquerable, used to steal out perpetually from her close room to this pretty spot, where she was unrivalled among the "young ladies" as a player at ball. Numbers of her playmates are now living, and well remember the disagreeable interruption which Mrs Entwisle would cause in her daughter's athletic amusements, by driving her home with heavy blows, (some of which occasionally fell on the associates,) and, amidst dreadful reproaches, the perpetual taunt that she was "a disgrace to the high blood in her veins."

The wondering children, who were all better dressed than the vagrant member of the aristocracy, used to torment poor Harriot dreadfully respecting the visionary grandeur. She bore it all in perfect good humour, if they would only play at ball with her; and their assemblies were delightful, until the light-footed Mrs Entwisle would slip in amongst them, and disperse the terrified mockers of high blood like chaff before the wind.

Miss Mellon had always "a winning way," and could joke and wheedle herself into favour from a very early age. She became a favourite in the manager's family, and was invited to join their little parties. There was then a much less strict line of demarcation between the town's people in provincial towns and the players than now exists. The ladies lent Miss Mellon stage-dresses; and every kindness and mark of attention was punctually and gratefully acknowledged. She was at no time careless of her good fortune, or of the smallest means of advancing it.

Giddy as she was, nothing could exceed her care of articles lent to her; if it were not too late, it is said, they were always returned on the same evening after the party, or, at the furthest, early next morning. Her attention was frequently rewarded by a present of the dress which she had so punctually restored; and she began now to have a wardrobe of her own.

There was hope of a girl of this shrewd thoughtful sort, "riding in her coach." Her mother had already begun to exercise the strictest vigilance over her movements. The padlock was in hourly use, but it was not clapped upon the mind.—The violence of the furious mother, and the sufferings and terror of the poor girl, are illustrated by the following anecdote:—After one of those *rows* in which Miss Harriot, at last, learned to hold her own part, the poor girl

having received many blows, ran away, and spent the cold night in the fields; nor did she venture to creep to the manager's until twilight on the next day, when she was famishing with hunger, and blue with cold:—

Mr and Mrs Entwisle, by an unfortunate chance, entered the room. Like a startled hare, Harriot flew into a corner behind the chairs to avoid her mother, who exclaimed—"Let me reach her—I will be the death of her!" All violence was, however, prevented, by the family of the manager, except the violence of a tongue which nothing could allay. "Where have you passed the night, you young hussy? You, a high-born person's child, to go away from your mother—yes, you are a great person's daughter, though you behave so ill to me—but we little guessed the wretch you would turn out!"

Such was the amiable mother of Miss Mellon, whose ambition and low cunning had yet no other object than her daughter's aggrandizement. As the mother did not obtrude herself into society—which would have spoiled all—but shewed herself grateful and proud of any attention shewn to her daughter, the shrewd and lively girl obtained a footing in several respectable families in Burton-on-Trent and Stafford, and was even patronised by ladies of fashion in those places. And where she found an opening, she never failed to improve the advantage. Her poor mother strove to keep her neatly dressed; and she made a rule both to take her to the door of the houses at which she was invited, and to fetch her home. The old ladies of Stafford gave her a high character as a well-conducted, industrious girl; highly-amusing, a pleasant singer, and a good dancer, and the most punctual person in returning whatever she borrowed neat and unspoiled.

In Mr and Mrs Entwisle's *rows*, they frequently broke all the crockery and glasses, and Miss Harriot had often to attend the rehearsals without her breakfast. Her miseries at home procured her sympathy and consideration abroad. She was received as a guest in a clergyman's family, and, finally, was patronised by the family of a banker in Stafford, named Wright. That town was, at this period, represented by Mr Sheridan, who, on one of his electioneering visits, saw Miss Mellon (a handsome girl of seventeen) play in the "*Belle's Stratagem*," and the "*Romp*." In his usual hyperbolical style, he praised the talents of the dramatic favourite of Stafford, and held out some vague hope of a London engagement, which he was, afterwards, dunned into confirming by a positive promise.

Thus making her happy at the moderate expense of a compliment and a promise, he departed, after his week of acting popularity. Mrs Entwisle was enraptured, and saw visions of benefits and coronets. Mr Entwisle dreamt of the bliss of perfect idleness; and as for Harriot, she was not sane enough even to think or dream. She did nothing but watch the post which was to bring news of the engagement. But all her friends doubted whether their volatile member would give the matter a second thought; and they were right.

No letter ever came; and when Miss Mellon applied once more to Mr Wright the banker, entreating him to jog the great manager's memory, an evasive answer was returned—"It was not worth Miss Mellon's while, with her talents,

to appear at the end of a season." But Mrs Entwisle and Miss Mellon were not thus to be baffled without another trial. Her benefit had produced fifty pounds and presents, and the family moved to London, to push Harriot's fortune. With the Wrights, her *grandest* friends, who had been very kind to her, she renewed her intimacy after she became a great woman; and, on her departure, When Miss Mellon went to take farewell of her best friends, Mr Wright, sen., with a care almost paternal, gave her a small sum of money for her own use, and uttered the gratifying prophetic words (remembered by his descendants,) "Farewell, Harriot; heaven bless you, child. If you conduct yourself as well as you have done ever since you have been known to our family, I shall see or hear of you riding in your own carriage!"

Mrs Baron-Wilson does not admire Sheridan: neither do we. It is scarcely possible to imagine a character more vicious and debased, in a man who escaped open disgrace. One rejoices to find opinion righting itself about the individual whose convivial wit, and, to say the least, unscrupulousness, for a time threw a false and mischievous glare around him. The following extract illustrates the character of both Sheridan and our much more respectable heroine:—

The family party reached the metropolis in June, without friend or acquaintance, trusting solely to the promise of a manager almost unknown to them, and with a very slender stock of money to support them, in case of any delay respecting an engagement.

The theatre had closed during the preceding month; therefore they considered that Mr Sheridan was likely to be disengaged, and able at once to inform them of his decision. Accordingly, Miss Mellon, accompanied to the door by her mother, waited on him the day succeeding her arrival, to state the hopes which had brought her to London. After much hesitation, she was received by the great manager in the most slovenly of morning costumes, unshaven, and bearing the exhausted, dull look of the overnight's conviviality.

Mr Sheridan had not only forgotten his promise to Mr Wright, but even Miss Mellon's name and appearance; nor was it until the production of his own letter to Mr Wright, (in which he had desired Miss Mellon to come to London,) that he could recall any recollection of the circumstance.

He then became prodigal of fine speeches to the mortified young creature, who was nearly fainting from this her first experience of worldly sincerity. He praised her mode of speaking, her effective personal appearance for her profession, and sent her away with an indefinite promise about "keeping her in his mind," which she could not very clearly understand, nor, perhaps, had he any intention that she should!

On Miss Mellon rejoining Mrs Entwisle, the latter overwhelmed her with reproaches for "not having made Mr Sheridan give her an engagement for the opening season!" and, on the next day, the matron resolved to try her own skill for her daughter. But the diplomacy of the manager (whom Mrs Gore has lately defined as "*the arch master of finesse*!") far exceeded the arts of his untutored countrywoman; and she returned home from her fruitless errand, saying, "I saw he was telling me lies all the time, yet I could not catch him out with a direct one!"

The proverb of "Fair words cost nothing" (which must have originated in Ireland) seems to have been Mr Sheridan's motto; for instead of stating at once the unwelcome truth, that "there was no vacancy for another actress at Drury Lane," *he kept these poor people in uncertainty during three months*, by his unmeaning promises, thereby preventing them from returning to the country, or accepting engagements from minor companies.

At first they had taken lodgings near the Strand, in

order to have a respectable address for the manager's expected communications; but as their means gradually melted, the provident Mrs Entwisle considered the situation to be too dear, and accordingly they removed to a small house in New Street.

We are treated to some town adventures of the simple rustic Miss Mellon, (who had only trode the boards for above a dozen years,) which really look overdone, admitting the difference between London and the provincial towns. Her best feat was wheedling and coaxing a coachman into driving her over half the town without hire—"Would not dear old Mr Coachman put her on just another street?" This was something to be proud of, though neither her greatest nor last conquest over the proverbial niggardliness and prejudices of old gentlemen. In Staffordshire, a Mr Jervis, a magistrate, had so strong a prejudice to "vagrant players" that he would never grant them a license in his jurisdiction. Miss Mellon came, however, according to the story, favourably under the notice of Mr Jervis, from having behaved with proper spirit when unceremoniously treated by his nephew and another London dandy, who did her the honour of requesting that she would descend from her rural chamber in a miller's house, with whose sister she was staying, and receive their visit.

The amiable old pair took a great fancy to the *artless*, animated Miss Mellon, or, as she was always called there, "Little Harriot the player." She managed so well as to remove the prejudice of the magistrate; and actually, by her ingenuous grace, *wheedled* him into granting a license for the obnoxious performances, besides patronising them afterwards.

The authoress remarks:—

There must have been something unusually winning and genuine in the disposition and manner of Miss Mellon; for it would be tedious to enumerate the number of instances in which the money-making mind of tradespeople seemed to take a higher tone of generosity in her favour.

Miss Mellon had come from the provinces heart-whole. Indeed, save her *grand* passion, sentimental or platonic, for old Mr Coutts, which came on by very small degrees, she never appears to have had any love-attachment. Her vanity was, at one time, somewhat interested by the attentions of a half-swindler, a West Indian, named Barry, who gave himself out as the heir of a very rich lady; but the fraud was discovered, and the fact of the real object of admiration being Miss Mellon's salary, Mr Barry was cast off with becoming spirit, and without any injury to the peace of mind of the young lady. Her mother often saw or suspected "detrimentals" in poor young men who got acquainted with Harriot, and was violent against such connexions; but no "actress's mother" could have desired a more prudent child. There was no sentiment, no romance in Miss Harriot; and, besides, her mother's watchfulness never abated. When her daughter was enjoying the valuable patronage of Mr Coutts, a Belgian colonel, introduced by Mr Coutts, visited in Little Russell Street, where the *millionaire* now regularly lunched. Mrs Entwisle heard of this suspicious guest, and hurried up from Cheltenham, where she was settled with her husband, who, through her

daughter's influence with Colonel Macmahon, "the Prince's friend," had been appointed postmaster there,—in virtue of her solicitation and his utter unfitness for the office. He was soon dismissed, in spite of his useful connexions. Mrs Entwisle travelled by the night coach, and entered her daughter's house just after breakfast.

She threw herself on the sofa—her countenance darkened with rage; and, after various strong interjections, screamed forth, "That starving black fellow, I'll be the death of him!"

Miss Mellon vainly endeavoured to ascertain who was the subject of so much vituperation; guessing it was another version of the old anti-matrimonial lecture, yet never imagining that "the starving black fellow" could allude to Colonel Raguet, whose means were apparently ample, and who, moreover, was a fair, light-haired person.

She was at length enlightened by her mother saying, "He shan't marry you, Harriot—I'd kill him first! his very name proves him a beggar. *Mr Raggy*, indeed! Just think of your being called *Mrs Raggy*; a nasty, black, deceiving, fortune-hunting, foreign fellow; if you marry him, I'll be the death of you both!"

Argument was vain with the furious woman, so Miss Mellon did not attempt an explanation; and, in the midst of the storm, Colonel Raguet and a friend entered unannounced, for probably the old landlady was either baking muffins or measuring out milk at the time.

Colonel Raguet spoke excellent English; and, finding a seat next to Mrs Entwisle, rendered himself so agreeable that she was delighted with his conversation. After staying some time, the visitors departed, and she was enchanted with "that nice fair-haired man, who must be a gentleman of fortune, from his dress and his horses; and if Harriot was going to make a fool of herself by marrying anybody, why did she not fancy that real fine gentleman, who treated her with such respect, instead of that penniless, worthless, ugly, black, ragged vagabond, *Miss Raggy*, who was sure to beat her!"

We return to the amiable Entwises and their daughter, in a cottage rented at less than £10 a-year, somewhere about what is now the Surrey Zoological Gardens. For this dwelling the shrewd and active old lady, aware of the expense of furnished lodgings, and always trying to pay her way, purchased a table and three cane-chairs, with other household gear on the same moderate scale; and, while waiting Mr Sheridan's awful fiat, mother and daughter gratified their tastes by fatiguing Sunday walks to see the fine people in the far distant Park. Their shabby finery and country habiliments drew impertinent remarks upon them, and offended Miss Mellon's sense of dignity as a householder.

She would make her mother return to their little Surrey cage, (with its sitting-room about two yards square, holding a table and three rush-chairs only,) and, in a fever of vexation, she would burst out crying, and say, "Perhaps those impudent people have not a *nice place with furniture of their own* like ours!"

The summer passed, and Sheridan continued obdurate, after Miss Mellon had applied to him much oftener than could be pleasant to the feelings of either a lodger or householder. The banker at Stafford was again applied to; and, at long last, having obtained an interview and reading, and, probably, flattering Sherry into good humour, Miss Mellon obtained an engagement at thirty shillings a-week, and came out in Lydia Languish. Her success in this character was very moderate; and Sheridan remanded her

to a sort of probation for a time, that she might get familiarized with theatrical business upon the gigantic metropolitan scale. Michaelmas Day came round, and we have this illustration of some points of Miss Mellon's religion:—

Mrs Entwisle had brought her up with a firm belief in the necessity of complying with the superstitious customs attached to certain days, the omission of which would infallibly be followed by ill luck; and, therefore, the Christmas mince-pie, Shrove-Tuesday pancakes, Easter tansy-pudding, or Michaelmas goose, must be tasted, though in ever so small a quantity—nay, even though disagreeable to the partaker, as was her own case respecting the Michaelmas dainty. An anecdote regarding the latter has been sent us by an individual who collects her in New Street. To him she regretted bitterly that, on her first metropolitan 29th of September, she should not be able to purchase a goose, for the sake of tasting a small portion to bring good luck. He adds, that the girlish delight she felt was excessive, on being informed that at some cook-shop near Drury Lane, she might purchase even *one quarter*, from the dish she only desired for its consequent good fortune. The little portion was accordingly procured, and Miss Mellon and her relatives were quite satisfied in having thus fulfilled a superstitious duty at the appointed season.

It must be admitted, even by us "doubters" concerning luck, that, if we are to judge by the event, Miss Mellon's system of tempting the smiles of Dame Fortune, was more successful than any which "reasoning people" can recommend!

The first five golden guineas that Countts gave her at her benefit at Cheltenham, the largest present—as players call the charities which degrade their profession—she had ever received, she kept ever sacred as "*luck-money*." Those guineas were certainly attractive of gold. A good deal of mere book-making is executed with an account of Miss Mellon's performances in London and the provinces, and green-room anecdotes. It may be dismissed in one word. She had no genius for the drama; she could not feel, nor simulate feeling. She had no genius for anything; but she was industrious, persevering, shrewd in every way, and always desirous to make herself useful; and thus she won her way to better parts and a higher salary, by imperceptible degrees. In summer, she procured country engagements, and was a great favourite at Liverpool. This was about the year 1795. Mrs Siddons was gracious to her; and, next winter, during the absence of Mrs Jordan, she obtained some of this great actress's parts, and filled them respectably. Her provincial benefits and other emoluments now enabled the family to take better lodgings, and to come nearer the theatre; and they, finally, removed to Little Russell Street, to which poor lane the most noble Duchess long made an annual pilgrimage on foot, to view the spot, and "shed tears of pleasure." When Miss Farren came to her promotion by the death of the Countess of Derby, the funeral of the Duke of Hamilton's unfortunate daughter being immediately followed by the marriage of her rival, the admired actress, a further opening was made for the display of Miss Mellon's talents. She was, however, getting on so slowly at Drury Lane, that at one period she ruminated upon accepting a more lucrative engagement from Astley; but calculation and far-sighted ambition

prevailed. *Luckily*; for, observes Mrs Baron-Wilson,

It is curious to reflect what change in the complexion of her fortunes might have resulted from her acceptance of Astley's offer. In all human probability she would in that case never have become Mrs Coutts.

After Miss Mellon had got her mother and Entwisle settled at Cheltenham, she frequently visited them, and performed at the theatre there. The place was then rapidly rising; and the scheming Mrs Entwisle proposed laying out her daughter's savings in building. One house was accordingly erected, and let at a high rent, and Mrs Entwisle contemplated a whole row. Meanwhile, Mr King, the master of the ceremonies, had the audacity to build on vacant ground immediately opposite Miss Mellon's house, and, by intercepting the view, lessened the value of her property. The angry and clamorous mother urged her daughter to come down to Cheltenham, to perform and take a benefit, and overwhelm the master of the ceremonies; and now, at last, we get fairly to the golden dawn of Miss Mellon's brilliant day, and to old Coutts:—

Mrs Entwisle, by her frank lively manner, and love of gossip, was very popular among the middle classes; so that, with her innate skill, she had always the power of "making good her own story" to a large majority, who, in their turn, spread the story further; and, therefore, when she detailed how "hardly the master of ceremonies had behaved to the dutiful child, who had relinquished every shilling of her earnings for her mother's support," there were few residents in Cheltenham who did not hear of and sympathize in the tale.

Miss Mellon accordingly came down to gather a golden harvest from such well-prepared ground. Her female friend, of course, accompanied her; and when these two handsome and ladylike young women, guarded by the Argus parent, Mrs Entwisle, went round to request patronage, it may be supposed that few were inclined to refuse them: in short, Miss Mellon's benefit was such a dazzling triumph over the mortified master of ceremonies, that it is said he never forgave it.

At that time there was, among the visitors at Cheltenham, an elderly invalid gentleman, who did not join in society, but passed many hours daily taking exercise in the Long Walk. Mrs Entwisle soon discovered, from hints dropped by his servant to the lodging people, who, however, did not know his name, that "his master, notwithstanding his penurious appearance, was considered one of the richest people in London; but that he was very unhappy in consequence of thinking that his wife, also advanced in years, was going out of her mind, which preyed on his spirits so much that he had been ill, and was now trying Cheltenham for a change."

Her immediate reflection was, that the richest gentleman in London might take a box at the theatre for the benefit night, though he were ever so sad; and this idea was communicated to her daughter. A respectful note of solicitation to that effect was given to the attendant at the pump-room, a few days before the performance, to present to "the remarkable-looking old gentleman;" but as no answer was returned, the three females decided that "the moping, thin, old creature, was too full of his own troubles to care about those of other people."

On the day but one after sending their note, Miss Mellon and her friend were sauntering very early in the Long Walk, when they were overtaken by the old gentleman.

He introduced himself to Miss Mellon, whom he said he knew by sight in Drury Lane green-room, to apologize for not having sooner answered the application, for which he accounted by a great pressure of London correspondence; but he trusted his silence had been considered an assent to patronising her laudable filial efforts,

of which he had heard admirable accounts at every turn in Cheltenham.

The young ladies tendered their best thanks and brightest smiles; their new friend mentioned that he had had the pleasure that morning of sending to the post office his answer respecting the box; and, after a conversation of some length, they separated, mutually pleased.

On hastening home, they found Mrs Entwisle in ecstasies. There is no knowing what grand visions had been conjured up in her wild brain; but the tangible circumstance was, that she held in her hand an open letter from the old gentleman, "the richest person in London," who had enclosed five guineas for a box, which he desired should be kept for Mr Coutts! Mr Coutts! —THE Mr Coutts!—well might the servant hint that his master was "the richest person in London," a man whose name was a proverb of wealth even in country towns. Thus Mrs Entwisle raved, wondering at her husband's stupidity, that when any one had called for letters to Mr Coutts, he had not directly guessed he was the thin old gentleman, and told her so! But the young friends defended Mr Entwisle, by exclaiming against the idea of any one supposing that the *great* Mr Coutts, who managed the royal family, and commanded everything he liked, could be an old, pallid, sickly, thin gentleman, in a shabby coat and brown scratch wig.

Peace was soon restored, as Mrs Entwisle was in a sunny humour after the day's adventure. The new acquaintance met generally in their early promenade in the Long Walk; and when the day of the benefit performance arrived, Mr Coutts paid Miss Mellon the compliment of promising to occupy the box, although he had only taken it to patronise her, without intending to go.

As a mark of Miss Mellon's strong superstition regarding good luck, may be given the following pendant to the foregoing facts.

The story of the golden *luck-money* follows. On her wedding day, Mrs Coutts shewed the five guineas, and they were again produced on the day that she honoured the young Duke of St Albans with her hand. The happy acquaintance which ensured her the "blameless patronage," and ultimately the fortune of Coutts, commenced in 1805.

From the period of the first introduction of Mr Coutts to Miss Mellon at Cheltenham, a constant and friendly intercourse was kept up between them in London. There is little reason to doubt that this friendship was promoted by the scheming Mrs Entwisle, by every expedient she could devise.

But Miss Mellon was now separated from her mother, and perfectly adequate to the management of her own affairs, and throve better perhaps without the old lady. The biographer gives her own ideas regarding the conduct of mother and daughter towards the rich banker.

On this principle, then, we shall give here our ideas regarding the conduct of Mrs Entwisle and her daughter towards Mr Coutts.

Numbers of their warm advocates assert, that they had no idea of Mr Coutts becoming attached to and marrying Miss Mellon; but that they merely sought to take advantage of a weak and rich old man's patronage as long as it would last.

From this opinion we differ totally. Let it be remembered how ambitious Mrs Entwisle was, how unceasingly watchful to advance her child's position in the world, how careful (even ostentatiously so) regarding her daughter's moral conduct, never allowing her to be out alone, even when in humble life; so that she might bring with her a thoroughly good reputation. In addition to her ambition, Mrs Entwisle was selfish, and inordinately fond of money. Hence, she had prevented her daughter from marrying through affection; because the former would derive no improvement in situation by it. She was clever, artful, and scheming, like the generality of

the Irish peasantry; and, considering all her qualities together, we have little hesitation in expressing an opinion that, *from this first introduction to the old banker, she had marked him for her daughter's husband.*

But it was only the "blessed Harriot" herself who could accomplish this wish.

We see and hear of such plans daily in the higher circles, where the system is for young innocent girls to try and barter their hands for rank and wealth, no matter how revolting the possessor of these advantages may be; and, in these nefarious schemes, we know that jewelled matrons lend the most incessant aid to their beautiful daughters, by plots to "take in" any one they mark down as fair game.

Why not, then, an humble edition of Almack's practices in Mrs Entwisle and Miss Mellon? A legal gentleman, long in the busy world, has assured the writer that there existed a bond between Mr Coutts and Miss Mellon, that if she would remain unmarried while his invalid wife survived, he would marry her whenever his hand was free to offer.

For such bonds there is the great precedent of Miss Farren and the Earl of Derby; and, in our own times, the engagement of the "much esteemed Miss Stephens." Notwithstanding these high and virtuous examples, we have yet to learn that such engagements have come to be generally considered reputable. To continue:—

On their return to London, the conduct of Mr Coutts shews clearly that he intended to place Miss Mellon at the head of his house; for one of his earliest proceedings was to *present her to his three daughters*, the Marchioness of Bute, the Countess of Guildford, and Lady Burdett. From the time of Mr Coutts' first acquaintance with Miss Mellon, until his wife's death, these three irreproachable ladies were on the most sister-like habits of intimacy with Miss Mellon. They were at her house in Little Russell Street continually, the shopkeepers there recollecting their wonder at such grand carriages waiting for hours at so poor a place. They used to meet their father there by appointment, to call to take him home. These ladies were married to men of the world, and had daughters grown up; therefore there was every reason why they should have looked with rigid scrutiny at the stranger whom they invited to their houses, and at whose house they allowed their children to stay. They used frequently to make parties to lunch with Miss Mellon. The Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, with Lord Dudley Stuart and his sister, Lady Frances Sandon, did so several times.

Miss Mellon's manner towards Mr Coutts, which was totally different to her careless style, was doubtless the result of her mother's tutorage, and certainly was politic in the extreme. It was steady and respectful, like a daughter, perfectly free from any levity, (every one who knew the parties states this,) and, to prove her respect, no office was too humble; for instance, she never allowed a servant to open the door when he knocked, but either went down herself or requested the young lady living with her to do so.

From her steady demeanour, she was generally considered by her friends to be an *unacknowledged daughter of Mr Coutts*; and, from the friendship shewn to her by his daughters, they had possibly formed a similar conclusion.

The Ladies Bute, Guildford, and Burdett, would probably have repudiated the *sisterhood*; nor were they likely to believe in the "unacknowledged daughter." For the rest, the existence of their mother gave them security against that folly in their father, which, when he did marry, so strongly excited the indignation of the whole connexion. But it seems that the eccentricity and the "strong vein of romance—the high-flown romance" of the shrewd banker's character—laid him particularly open to the designs of Mrs

Entwisle. There is little doubt that the mother filled her subordinate part well when she had anything to do; but the winning Harriot—now twenty-eight years of age, even by the lowest estimate—must have ably backed her. The daughter soon became all in all to the vain, and lonely, and dotting old man, who seems to have lived friendless and joyless in the midst of his enormous riches and numerous descendants. How he must have been caressed and flattered, and how gratified by the unremitted devotion—the entire dedication—to him of his "blessed Harriot," we incidentally gather from his widow's subsequent freaks and affectations, which were not even given up after she married the Duke of St Albans. If at first she might have been content to "burn old Simon" to warm her newer suitor, she afterwards took vehemently to "the dear old bit of wood;" and her last respectfully worded request, on feeling the approach of her own dissolution, was, that she might be removed to die in the room "where Tom Coutts had died." At that awful hour there may have been sincerity in her grateful feelings for the infatuated old man who had worshipped her; though, in imputing affectation, if not insincerity, we do her no injustice. We are told here that

The name of Mr Coutts was continually on her lips, his virtues magnified by the exaggerating power of affection—his statue the only ornament of her state room—his portrait decorating her favourite boudoir. The pillow on which he died was always placed in her carriage while travelling, as she never slept on any other.

"The blameless patronage of Mr Coutts" was, at first, of great use to Miss Mellon in her profession, and

Besides a great accession of theatrical "friends," the extreme probability of her eventual, and, perhaps not distant, union with Mr Coutts occasioned Miss Mellon to be courted by a highly respectable and increasing acquaintance; and all ranks, from his Royal Highness the Duke of York to individuals of much humbler class, were daily making interest to inspect the interior arena of the new theatre.

She was now often, from good-natured impulses, liberal in money, and her friends took the liberty of guessing whence came the funds that were expended with a rather ostentatious charity or munificence; she was also become mistress of Holly Lodge and a carriage, and ventured on considerable insolence of manners where it was safe to do so. Yet she remembered the days of poverty, and, among other good deeds, was the secret benefactress of Kean, when he was waiting, in the utmost distress, the fiat of the Drury Lane manager, as she had done that of Sheridan many years before. Miss Tidswell, his aunt, (and, by some probable accounts, his mother,) had long been her intimate friend, which might have moved her sympathy for poor Kean. By some perverse accident or other, her secret deeds of charity always found fame, and we do not imagine that she blushed very distressingly upon such occasions. But there was more than money given, there was really good-heartedness shewn by one of the grand dames of Old Drury.

On the morning of Kean's first appearance she was introduced to him during the rehearsal, at her own re-

quest; of her motive there can be no doubt. He appeared distressed. Oxberry, who knew Kean, introduced them; Kean, perhaps, guessed her intention—be this as it may, his manner was such, that, it is believed, she feared she might rather wound than soothe his feelings. Kean always spoke of her in terms of admiration, and he was so truly a democrat, that he could seldom be brought to utter a word in favour of the rich, be they who they might. Her kindness (for in the forlorn situation in which a poor, ill-used, and ill-dressed provincial actor stands at our national theatres, even to speak to him is a kindness) was strongly contrasted to, and not improbably caused by, the cruel and uncalled for observations of an actress of great histrionic merit, who “wondered where the little wretch had been picked up!” and even went the length of advising him “to return to the country; for, amid such actors as surrounded him he could have no chance.”

Miss Mellon's retirement had been speculated upon since her Cheltenham conquest, many years before; but she performed for several years, and, in 1815, left the stage abruptly. She had previously showed more of her mamma's temper than was agreeable to her theatrical companions, and, for some time, Mr Coutts had taken offence at some of the theatrical persons who appeared at her dinners. “Her success in life,” we are told, or, in other words, the generosity of her friend, “had excited the envious malignity of the less fortunate.” Our main debate with Mrs Baron-Wilson is, that she will affirm the “good fortune” the great luck of her heroine. Mr Coutts, though generally so munificent to her, was apt to take miserly fits, or whims and caprices of stinginess in paltry matters.

In brief, Miss Mellon was on ticklish ground, and Mrs Coutts was dying. This was not unknown to her, and theatrical quarrels and squabbles got to a height which Coutts could not always tolerate. Mr Coutts was also liable to little jealous or pettish fits, and the following scene, it is said, led to his protégée's retirement:—

On the 7th of February, Miss Mellon was announced to perform *Audrey*, in “*As you Like it*.” On repairing to her dressing room she found the door locked; but as she had brought her costume, she dressed in the ante-room of the private box.

Mr Coutts, whose great delight was to attend the theatre, fancied himself to be sufficiently well to be present at the performance; and he arrived soon after the play had commenced. Miss Mellon was considered the handsomest *Audrey* on the stage, the French peasant costume suiting her style. On this evening her dress was extremely fanciful and pretty, being a peculiar shaped black velvet hat, a yellow jacket, laced with black velvet, and a gold cross and heart on her throat: while the striped, full, and rather short petticoat, revealed very neat feet and ankles, in little buckled shoes, and yellow silk stockings, with black clocks.

She was greeted with much applause, as being a favourite of the audience, and one who had not lately been much before them; so that, when the early scenes were over, she went to speak to Mr Coutts, flushed with success, and hoping for his compliment also.

She was, however, disappointed in finding his kind countenance wearing a serious expression, as, taking her hand, he said that he could not allow her to appear thus again.

In dismay she inquired what was his meaning, and he explained that he could not bear to see her “made up” for the stage, and in such an absurd costume. He therefore hoped this would be her last appearance.

His requests were so few, and she always had attended to them with such deference for his better judgment,

that the matter of her retirement was settled from that moment: all originating perhaps in the “smart little yellow stockings with black clocks.” She returned to the stage for her final scene, and at its close, having whispered to the astonished *Touchstone*, that “she should never again be his *Audrey*,” she stepped rather in advance of the other performers, curtsied profoundly several times to the applauding audience, not as *Audrey*, but as Miss Mellon, and such was the sole intimation and leave taking of her last appearance.

What did not Papa Coutts owe in requital for this prompt obedience, this entire devotion, in his adopted child!

Her biographer allows that her paragon of all the virtues had some little faults. She was reported to be profuse in the expenses of her table, even while Miss Mellon; but, with Coutts' bank at her beck, that, we submit, was a trifle. She was, also, somewhat ostentatious with her liberalities, but then she was liberal; and Dibdin bears testimony to her kindness, which it is fair and pleasant to repeat. “While many highly-respected actors have become extremely rich, and many virtuous and deserving actresses have been espoused by nobility and men of large possessions, *very few if any have had the kind retrospection to assist or patronise their former professional associates.*” In an actor's eye, this neglect must be a deadly sin. One of her leading faults was blind ignorant fits of passion, in the style of her mother, directed against any one in whom she imagined offence against her state and dignity. She gave way to very furious outbreaks of rage. “At times the veriest trifle would cause such displeasure, that all dreaded where it might chance to fall; and, under this excitement, nothing that could be said or done at the moment could subdue it.” . . . “She had been too long accustomed to command not to be extremely wilful; and nothing turned her determination from a point on which she had fixed, except her own altered resolution.” . . . “Many persons include fickleness among her defects;” and, “finally, if a degree of pride or *hauteur* belonged to her disposition, it must not excite wonder, considering her rapid elevation, and the mixture of mortifications forced into her enjoyments in some few instances, against which a naturally high spirit would rebel.” In brief, the old proverb held—“Set a beggar on horseback,” &c. Miss Mellon did not ride out the race, but she often indulged in a canter on that road, and delighted to splash the poor plodding pedestrians, her old compeers.

Coutts must have been seventy-three, but as probably seventy-five, when he was first subjected to the fascinations of the experienced actress, who had been scrambling about the world for twenty-eight years. In 1815, his wife died, at a very advanced age. The unhappy lady (happy so far in being unconscious of her husband's folly and her own condition) had accidentally scalded herself to death. Her husband, then upwards of fourscore, chanced to be ill at the time; but the tragi-comedy which follows deserves to be given in the author's own words. On Twelfth Day, Miss Mellon, who must have

been well aware of the dying condition of Mrs Coutts, who languished for some time after her accident, saw her amiable mother depart for Cheltenham.

After her departure, Miss Mellon, (who was always superstitious, and had, moreover, an especial dread of any occurrence on Twelfth Day) described to those around her, that "she was oppressed with an overwhelming presentiment that she and her beloved mother might never meet again, and that her sensations were beyond description miserable." Her kind old benefactor also had been confined to his bed for some days; she had received no accounts of him; and fancying that he might be dying also, her excitable spirits gave way, and burying her face in the sofa pillow, she wept bitterly for a length of time.

At last she heard her name feebly uttered, and, on looking up, beheld the figure of Mr Coutts, holding by the door at which he had entered unheard. The early hour was quite unusual for his visits, which were always about two o'clock. His look was so ghastly, his tall miserable figure so attenuated by illness, his sunken eyes and faint voice were altogether so unearthly, that Miss Mellon, (who had not seen him for some days during his illness) thought he had died on the fatal Twelfth Day, and now reappeared to her. The poor man, indeed, was but little removed from death; he tottered to a chair, and saying, "*Harriot, she is dead,*" covered his face, and wept heavily.

Miss Mellon's superstitious impression was, that her mother had been killed by an accident; and the wild scene of grief which ensued was highly painful. Mr Coutts at last had strength to explain that Mrs Coutts was that morning released from her frightful sufferings; and, though she had long been incapable of companionship for any one, yet, being the mother of his family, he was overcome by the shock, though long expected, and, since her incurable accident, less to be regretted.

After making this communication, which he would not entrust to another, the invalid was carried down stairs by his servants, lifted into the carriage, and taken home to his bed.

One of the most wicked of the falsehoods told against Miss Mellon was, the statement that she was married to Mr Coutts within a few days after his first wife's death.

Surely "most wicked" is a strong phrase. With the long-understood engagement of the very suitable parties, considering the whole preliminary proceedings, a few days, or even weeks, could be of no earthly consequence. But the invalid, Mr Coutts, was not quite ready to go through the ceremony, though the delay, as it might affect his "blessed Harriot," pressed heavily on his conscience! "Miss Mellon's youth was passing away,"!

And although he had given ample fortunes to his daughters, yet in his dying hours he could not bequeath a reward for Miss Mellon's attention and excellent conduct, without leaving grounds of alander which would turn his kindness into poison for her proud mind.

We hope the reader will preserve his gravity, if possible. Coutts sent for Raymond, the manager, "the great friend" of Miss Mellon, and requested his advice! Less than marriage would not save Miss Mellon's fair fame if he left her money by his will; just as if he had not been all along giving her money. Let the reader be grave and read on.

Mr Coutts then suggested the only alternative, namely, that they might be privately married, to give her a just claim to the sum he wished to bequeath, in case of his sudden demise; but he expressed a dread that Miss Mellon, with her superstitious feelings, and ideas of propriety, would not be brought to consent to an early marriage,

although his extreme illness should be sufficient warning against procrastination.

Mr Raymond had as little hope, knowing her wilful character and veneration for death; and Mr Coutts was in despair, at his inability to justify one who had suffered much annoyance for his sake. He knew Miss Mellon placed more reliance on Mr Raymond's advice than on that of any other professional acquaintance, and therefore the invalid offered him one thousand pounds if he obtained her consent.

Mrs Entwisle, with her bold and impudent inventions, could never have played her cards half so well. She wanted skill, if not will. There can be no doubt that Coutts must have been in absolute dotage. One of his brothers died, after having been confined in a lunatic asylum for thirty years: another had fallen into mental imbecility as he advanced in life. He also must, at this time, have been a monomaniac in the hands of artful unprincipled people. Never else could he have so disgraced himself, and offered such gross insult to his daughters and his grown-up granddaughters, as that sudden marriage. We continue the narrative:—

The physicians had given their opinion, that their patient required incessant and careful watching in his dangerous state; therefore there was no falsehood in the plea used by the ambassador.

When he went on his awkward mission, Miss Mellon—who was in great distress at the illness of her friend—received the account of his increased suffering with deep anxiety. Lengthened reference was made to all his kindness to her and his family; then "the irreparable loss his demise would be to so many persons; the physicians' report, that the sole chance of his recovery depended on the incessant attention of some one interested for him; and, finally, that the sufferer had fixed his mind on having that attendance from her only, beseeching her thus to save his life!"

Miss Mellon, agonized at the thought of losing one who had supplied the place of an indulgent father to her, saw, however, that even in case of his increased danger, she could not with propriety go to his house. Then Mr Raymond proposed the alternative of matrimony; but she refused, with a decision which even startled one who well knew her violent impetuosity.

They were several hours together; and, from the angry bursts of voice, a friend who waited for Mr Raymond, thought some unpleasant dispute had arisen which his interference might quell; but, on entering the room, he saw poor old Mr Raymond actually kneeling in entreaty before Miss Mellon, and the latter standing in such a state of excitement, that the unnoticed witness was glad to retire hastily from a scene which seemed past his influence.

Mr Raymond, skilled in human nature, allowed this violence to exhaust itself; and, when it changed to hysterical weeping, he taxed her with ingratitude to the only friend she ever possessed, in caring for the world's opinion of a delay more than for the chance of saving her benefactor's life; and he worked on her sympathies by every plea in the power of his eloquence to urge. He quoted the example of Miss Farren, whom she had admired so much; who, for a length of time, was publicly known to have been engaged to the Earl of Derby during even the lifetime of his first Countess; after whose decease, Miss Farren was married to the widower within six weeks, without having a plea of his dangerous illness urged as the cause of such promptitude; and yet no one had been more respected or better received in society than the second Lady Derby. Why not the second Mrs Coutts likewise? as the first Mrs Coutts had been morally "dead" to the world for years! At last, worn out, if not convinced, Miss Mellon agreed that, if her benefactor still continued dangerously ill, by a given time she would obtain, by a private marriage, the privilege of going to

his house to nurse him, should an increase of danger require it.*

Admirable, blessed, single-minded, devoted Harriot! It was to tender pity and affection that she yielded at last! We do not pretend to believe one word of all this—even as an acted drama, it must have been better managed—and yet own that Mr Raymond fairly earned his thousand pounds; and we hope Mrs Coutts, when she read her husband's will, made it at least two. She was always liberal to Raymond. That "most wicked falsehood," that the marriage took place in a few days after the first wife's death, which so "shocks and revolts" Mrs Baron-Wilson, is triumphantly rebutted; for it was *fourteen* days—each no doubt an age to the parties—before Mr Coutts was able to smuggle himself out to St Pancras' Church; where he received that long-coveted blessing, the hand of his adored Harriot, and Mr Raymond, in a snuff-box, of what metal is not said, his one thousand pounds.

The marriage was kept a dead secret, and Miss Mellon every day drove to her husband's door to receive the physician's bulletin of health. Perhaps Mr Coutts had not yet made his will; but, however that might be, or if the devoted Harriot was now prepared for the eclaireissement, or for braving and defying the indignation of the family—

In about a month from the time of the marriage she drove one morning to the door in Stratton Street, and one of the physicians came down with great concern, to tell her Mr Coutts was considerably worse. Alarmed out of all her caution, she clasped her hands and cried, "Good heavens, tell me all! I am his wife!" The astonished physician then very forcibly described the danger of Mr Coutts; and it was resolved that she must at once assume her place in the house of her husband, the crisis of his illness requiring unremitting care.

Such was, in reality, the "gay honeymoon" of the poor dying old man of eighty-six, and the greatly afflicted object of his regard!

The afflicted bride! we must sympathize with her! But Mr Coutts rallied, and the marriage was afterwards publicly celebrated "by a numerous assemblage of high distinction."

Poor Mrs Entwistle! how she must have exulted in the great match of her well-tutored, high-blooded daughter, for whom "Tom Coutts in point of birth was really no match." It is not likely that she ever saw the Lady of Woodham Walters in her married life, for she died in the sixty-third year of her age, in the following May, of gossip and drinking fat ale. Her funeral, by order of her daughter, was on the most splendid scale. It was discovered that, while ever crying out poverty, she had hoarded seven

hundred guineas in specie. Entwistle with this wind-fall, ate and drank, but was not very merry, for four more years, when Mrs Coutts erected a monument over him and her mother; which was afterwards succeeded by another, bearing the name and title of their affectionate, and humble-minded daughter HARRIOT, DUCHESS OF ST ALBANS. What a fortunate woman was Mrs Coutts now; yet the attacks of the "profligate press," and the coldness of the Coutts family, and of those who adopted their opinions, made her life a burden to her. To preserve Mr Coutts alive was now her earnest endeavour; but she was unfortunate in her choice of physicians. We may imagine how Mr Coutts' daughters took the singular scene here described—

While Mr Coutts was at Salt Hill, he fell and broke three of his ribs, an accident which caused serious alarm at his time of life. His sufferings were extreme; Mrs Coutts sat up continually with the nurses at night, and his daughters assembled at the inn, under an impression that their father could not survive. About three o'clock one morning, the invalid seemed to breathe with such difficulty, that Mrs Coutts and the nurses roused all the party, with the exception of the doctor, who had retired for the night. At length it was decided that his presence was absolutely requisite, and one of the group went to request he would rise. While dressing, it would appear that he must have worked himself up to that state of excitement which is often observed in highly nervous persons whose rest is interrupted after taking opiates; for, on making his appearance, instead of going to the patient, he levelled a torrent of anger at Mrs Coutts in presence of the assembled party; he taunted her with a violation of the promise that he should never be called up at night; he referred contemptuously to her origin, her early poverty and profession; he ridiculed the infatuation of Mr Coutts in his dotage, (the poor invalid lying insensible to praise or sarcasm); in short, it is stated that there never was a more extraordinary or unprovoked outburst of rage. . . . The hasty violence of Miss Mellon's temper had been so often shewn in the course of this work, that her deep anxiety and alarm about Mr Coutts may be inferred from the fact, that she made no reply to the torrent of undeserved violence of the doctor.

But she afterwards forgave the doctor; old Coutts became convalescent, resumed his place in the Bank, and lived for several years; and the villa of Holly Lodge became the chosen resort of grandees and princes. *Lucky* Mrs Coutts was always superstitious, of which this is a diverting instance.

The steps at Holly Lodge, from the lawn to the hall-door, are composed of beautiful blocks of white marble, that a statuary might envy; but the highest step is disfigured by two rusty, old, broken horse-shoes fastened to it, which she and Mr Coutts (who was likewise superstitious) had found in the road, and they had caused these hideous bits of rusty iron to be nailed on the threshold to avert evil and bring good luck.

She was also a believer in *dreams*, and once dreamed she was tried, sentenced, and hung. Her hairdresser at the theatre interpreted the dream that she was to become a grand lady, and to hold her head very high, and perhaps attend the Court! And, twenty years afterwards, this expounder was summoned from Worthing, to dress the Duchess' hair for the drawing-room, according to her promise at the time. For this he received thirty pounds. The Duchess always loved to "elevate and surprise." She had another awful dream of encountering black lions

* She had always the pardonable whim of a much-flattered person, viz. that whatever came from her hand must be most acceptable to the invalid, and that her presence would bring comparative ease to those she loved. Thus, it is said, when the Duke of St Albans took the small-pox, during its preliminary shiverings, the Duchess thought nothing could be so efficacious as a cashmere shawl from her neck; and one after another of those hundred-guinea articles was just worn by her for a few minutes and transferred to the chilled sufferer, although she knew her own dread of infection would never allow her to resume their use.—*Memoirs*.

that guarded a castle full of gold and diamonds, and of escaping from them by plunging into a river. The dream-expounder, who was a coach-builder, predicted that she would encounter temptation, and suffer from malignity; but, ultimately, pass through all dangers in purity and safety, and have such *good luck*, that she should keep "her coach." "You shall be the builder of it then," cried Miss Mellon; and the gracious Duchess, who piqued herself on being the spoiled child of fortune, afterwards frequently declared—"My good old oracle shall build my carriages as long as I can afford to keep one."

Allusion has been already made to her dread of some sad fatality on Twelfth Day, of which she used to cite numerous instances. She was a great observer of fortunate dates, birth-days, wedding-days, and the old festival days of the calendar, with the proper appliances for each; obliging her guests, half in earnest, to taste mince-pies on New-year's Day, tansy-pudding at Easter; to wear hawthorn on May Day, holly at Christmas; in fact, such obsolete customs as would have suited Bracebridge Hall and Irving's charming descriptions.

Many of the trifling customs of prejudice which Miss Mellon observed were followed, no doubt, for the purpose of making her friends laugh—such as, the lecture she used to bestow on the fire when the impatient gas would mutter as it escaped from its black prison, which sounds had the honour of being considered the voices of evil genii uttering maledictions on the parties around the fireplace, and the injurious effects can only be conquered by outscolding the fuming coal. Another was, on eating an egg, she always made an aperture at both ends of the shell, so that the witches might not find shelter there, otherwise they were permitted to haunt with an incubus the luckless wight who had eaten the contents without taking the salutary precaution.

But there was one point of her superstitions which no argument could shake—namely, the idea that if thirteen individuals sat down at table, one of the doomed number would die within a year. So strongly was this absurd conviction impressed on Mrs Coutts' mind, that she has been often known to send invitations to intimate friends just at dinner time, that her guests might outnumber the fatal thirteen.

And, when thirteen was the inevitable number, instead of making the butler sit down, or sending for the cook to make a fourteenth, she arranged that all should rise and sit down again at once, that Death or the Devil might be perplexed in the choice of his victim. She was kind to the children of her friends, and often had them at Holly Lodge. She must, we presume, have been the legal Mrs Coutts before old Queen Charlotte, in subservience to the Regent's tastes or necessities, gave occasion to this notice.

On the occasion of her grand guests arriving, the troop of children were deposited with the Highgate schoolmistress, now a very aged woman, residing there, bed-ridden, yet acutely retaining all her faculties; and she relates how great was the wonder caused among her usual scholars by the exaggerated declaration of the new comers, that "Harriot was going to have the Prince Regent and old Queen Charlotte to eat bread and jam, and peaches, and blanched almonds, for luncheon on that day!"

Mrs Baron-Wilson tells a great many anecdotes, shewing how the shabby dress or sordid habits of the old banker, Coutts, made him frequently be taken, if not for a beggar, yet for a person in very distressed circumstances, to relieve whom was a charity; and how the wealthy man enjoyed the humour of such scenes. Mrs Baron-

Wilson has, no doubt, heard all these marvellous stories, and some of them may be true; but spontaneous charity to strangers, making no appeal to the feelings, is not constantly the habit of the benevolent English. Mr Coutts died at the great age of ninety-one, by the account of his early acquaintance, the Earl of Dundonald—at the age of eighty-seven, by the belief of his family. His children were all assembled round his death-bed. What they said or felt when it was learned that the whole of his immense fortune had been bequeathed to his wife, our author does not venture to guess.

On the anniversary of her wedding, his grateful widow always visited the bank, and pressed her lips to the spot where he habitually wrote; generally remaining alone for an hour or so in the drawing-room, and on coming forth, it is said, her eyes bore witness that her feelings had been deeply affected.

The disconsolate widow, ever studious of the decencies, did not mingle in public amusements for above a year; and it was not for two or three years afterwards that, having rejected the addresses of the Duke of York, as is hinted, and also those of the presumptuous Mr Elliston, she listened to the suit of the young Duke of St Albans.

The "progress of the attachment" between the widow and the Duke was greatly facilitated, we are told, by their "mutual admiration of Shakspeare."

One of the Duke's youthful and motherless sisters became a frequent guest at Holly Lodge, and travelled in state with the desponding widow; and a few months after the Duke came to his title, he and his sister accompanied her in a grand progress in Scotland.

They visited all the principal towns, and stayed some days with each of Mrs Coutts' friends—the Earl and Countess Breadalbane, at Taymouth Castle; the Earl and Countess Lauderdale, at Dunbar Castle; Chief Commissioner Baron Adam, (the great friend of George the Fourth,) at Blair Adam; Sir James and Lady Stuart, at Caithness; (?) Sir J. and Lady Marjoribanks; Sir John and Lady Stuart of Allanbank, (first cousins of Mr Coutts;) Mr and Lady Eleanor Balfour; and many others. But the visit of most interest was that to Abbotsford. It is thus recorded in the journal of its gifted host, "The Wizard of the North," under date November 25, 1825.

"Mrs Coutts, with the Duke of St Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauchamp, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford his suit thrived but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity; she had refused him twice, and decidedly; he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love; she allowed she might marry the Duke, only she had at present not the least inclination that way.

"Is this frank admission more favourable for the Duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not.

"If the Duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune; if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty [thirty] years, he marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune; he seems good and gentle. I do not think she will abuse his softness of disposition—shall I say, or of—head? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry if they can get each other's. Just as this is written, enter my Lord of St Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion; recommended Logan's. One poet should always speak

for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs Coutts of authority over her high aristocratic suitor. I did not suspect her of turning *devotée*; and retract my consent as given above, unless she remains 'burly, brisk, and jolly.'

The Duchess did not need to turn *devotée*; she was always eminently pious. The first day on which, as a peeress of the realm, she was to attend the opening of Parliament, so occupied had she been all the morning with the pomps and vanities of the toilette, and other matters of ducal state etiquette, that she had forgotten to say her prayers. Just when stepping into the carriage, the tender-conscienced Duchess remembered the sin of omission—dismissed the carriages—returned into her house—laid aside her diamonds and satins—and did penance, or made amends to heaven for some hours, in plain gingham! She, so favoured of heaven, to forget the gratitude she owed in return! It must have been quite a scene. Can there be any question of the enlightened Christianity and moral principles of so pious and self-denying a Duchess; who, moreover, ranked the then Bishop of Derry and his lady among her dear friends?

The skittish widow was as capricious, and hesitated as much about accepting the addresses of her noble and youthful suitor, as she had done about marrying her octogenarian "patron." First, the Duke was sentenced to a year's probation, which trial, we presume, he had stood with courage and firmness; and then she accepted and then refused, and then again repented her stern refusal; and, as there was this time no convenient Mr Raymond, sent a messenger post-haste after the groom, who carried her cruel missive, and who *luckily*—the Duchess was always lucky—overtook him.

The world would say that "she had tried for a Duke and failed!" for who would credit the folly she had just committed? On regaining the ungraceful answer, she wrote another from the natural dictates of her first intention. This acceptance of his offer brought the Duke to Holly Lodge,

No time was now to be lost; the Duke behaved nobly "respecting settlements," leaving all to the generosity of the bride; and Mrs Baron-Wilson is of the belief that those who imagine that the Duke married solely from mercenary motives are greatly mistaken. It is certainly greatly to his honour that she did not make him her heir. The Duchess' wedding-gift to her young lord was thirty thousand pounds! or about a thousand for each year she was older than her husband. We do not notice here, though we recollect seeing in the newspapers at the time, that the happy pair claimed and obtained the *Dunmow Flitch* at the end of their first year of wedded felicity.

The magnificent doings of the Duchess of St Albans in London, Brighton, Cheltenham, &c. &c., are they not blazoned in Sunday newspapers, and immortalised in fashionable magazines? so we leave them in their glory. To the greatest riches, she had now added the highest rank; but the thing did not work well. The lucky woman never seems to have been the happy woman. Her

life would appear to have been a series of heart-burnings, bravado, and mortification. She cut Cheltenham in a rage. She discarded ungrateful Brighton in disgust; nor, though the public authorities entreated almost, on their official knees, that she would come back and shine upon their eclipsed town, could she be moved to relent.

We may safely leave the moral of this lucky woman's story to the dispassionate reflection of the reader. We trust that, instead of indulging in malignant and envious feelings of her great good fortune, readers will see that there was much to pity in her life, and little to envy. Her only substantial distinction was enormous wealth, and it failed to acquire for her either love, reverence, esteem, or true enjoyment. And does her conduct merit no blame? When she formed the scheme of securing Old Coutts, she had not even the poor actress's plea of poverty to palliate disreputable artifices and sordid ambition. She was already in good and improving circumstances—rich for Harriot Mellon, and at this time honourably so. From the first hour of that connexion, every step was retrograde from respectability and from happiness. We are not going to debate the exact nature of the connexion; it is enough that the world will ever believe that it was quite as pure and platonic as suited Mr Coutts' principles and tastes, and neither more nor less so.

A pitiable drudge in the galling harness of fashion, the poor Duchess became at last; striving, with failing health and sinking spirits, against the heavy load; and bitterly feeling that all was vanity and vexation of spirit! A gentleman at Brighton, who seems grateful and well-disposed to her, relates a good deal about her private life in her latter years.

From the crowd and heat of those festivities, both of which were very apt to be oppressive, her Grace would sometimes seek a respite by taking me aside, and chatting about olden times, green-room jokes, popular actors, plays, and play-writers; her beaming features and melodious laugh attesting the delight she took in these reminiscences.

Twice, in instances of this nature, and nearly in the same words, has her Grace exclaimed—"Ah, those were pleasant days!—those were pleasant days! Few persons have seen so much of the various aspects—I may say of the two extremes of life—as myself; and few persons, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not, by any means, constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and low states. No; the signal, the striking contrast is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite *minds* of the two classes, as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic, and vivacity; they cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasures of the present hour, and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move; can anything be more 'weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,' than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the treadmill, as toiling in the stupid monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, is declared to be vulgar."

Sometimes she was obliged to retire at a very early

neur, or not appear at all, being confined by indisposition to her couch in her own room, while the whole mansion, echoing to the sound of bands of music, and the merriment of the dancing crowd, was at the same time pervaded by the fumes of the preparing banquet; accompaniments to which no other invalid would have willingly exposed herself for the sake of gratifying her acquaintance.

The gratification of her vanity had now become a habit, and her passion for *eclat* might be at least equally interested with the desire to oblige. The Duchess of St Albans, when Dr Brewster, one evening, sent his pretty toy, the kaleidoscope, to the universal patroness of the arts and sciences, related an anecdote of her childhood. The shrewd girl had been wont to exhibit some such thing to her childish companions, at the rate of a couple of pins for a peep; with which pins she forthwith hastened to an old woman to exchange them for lolly-pops. The story is illustrative of her life of restless, unsatisfying grandeur; with this material difference, that the lolly-pops of fashion and luxury, bought with her cleverly acquired hoards, were no longer sweet to the taste, though the appetite for them had not abated.

Her biographer must pardon us for saying that she kept up her affectations of sentiment to the last, or that they had become part of her nature. Mr Coutts, who, in his dotage, was as romantic, superstitious, and sentimental as herself, or as she chose to make him, had on his death-bed promised to revisit her as a *little singing bird*—of all the poetical incarnations of connubial love. She was always looking out for him from her boudoir window in Stratton Street; and if a bird (ten to a hundred a sparrow) did enter her room, tempted by the offered food, the artless Duchess “would, for the remainder of the morning, be as happy as a child whose playmate had returned.” Now, some hard-natured persons may be tempted, Mrs Baron-Wilson fears, to believe that “this is all very well acted;” but no—“a deeper insight into her character always brought the conviction, that at all times there was not a sufficiency of acting in her *artless nature* even to procure from the world common justice, much less a false reputation for sentiment.” This passes! Our mouths are shut, and we take leave of our author in the hope that, before she writes another biography, with better and fuller materials, she may also have seriously inquired, in what good fortune in life should really be held to con-

sist. Mrs Siddons, with splendid genius in her profession, was an instance of true good fortune; for she was beloved and respected for her virtues. Mrs Inchbald, a woman of much higher genius, industrious, frugal, charitable, unselfish, devoted to her relatives, maintaining her integrity in the face of great temptation, we also consider an eminent instance of true good fortune. From her obscure lodging, blessed with competence, and even with moderate wealth, honourably acquired, she could afford to look serenely down and pity the rich banker’s favourite, or the uneasy Duchess driving to Court in her blazing equipage. No, no, we are well content to take Mrs Coutts as she was, with all her faults and failings, “burly, brisk, and jolly:” but we repudiate the artificial puffed-up personage presented to us in these volumes. This may be Mrs Coutts’ funeral sermon, but it is not her memoirs. And the simple truth would have made a much more popular and interesting book.

The will of this celebrated lady was quite in keeping with her character. She seems to have regularly kept an account of the large sums she generously disbursed among Mr Coutts’ daughters during her life, which she was in the habit of shewing to her friends and visiters. Instead of devoting any part of the great wealth, of which she had obtained the command, to public objects, or to some purpose of humanity; instead of even dividing it fairly and judiciously among the numerous descendants of Mr Coutts, she chose, like the dying old man in St Leon, to transmit her perilous gift to one young lady, who, we should hope, may have the virtue to feel humbled at being preferred, by the mere caprice of this vulgar woman, to all her own family, and the other grandchildren of Mr Coutts. This is the only way in which enlightened morality and common sense must regard the extraordinary will, by which the Duchess must have intended to create, with an enormously rich heiress, a prodigious posthumous sensation.

Let us conclude by inquiring, if there be any one wise or feeling woman, who can envy her prosperity; or, looking to her whole life, any one man of honour and sense who would calmly desire for his daughter or his sister the brilliant lot of the unfathered beggar-child, and poor strolling actress, who died at last the richest woman in England, and the most noble Duchess of St Albans?

TO DR RAFFLES, WITH MY AUTOGRAPH:

WHAT IS RELIGION? “Speak the truth in love:”
Doubting, inquire—nor dictate, till thou prove:
Reject no good: Mend, if thou canst, thy lot:
Enjoy thy own—exceed not, trespass not:
Pity the scornors of earth’s meanest thing:
If wrong’d, forgive—that hate may lose his sting:
Think, speak, work, yet bestow! or wisely keep:
So live, that thou may’st smile, and no one weep.

Like woodblines, cluster’d o’er the linnet’s nest,
Or birds, that sing because they love, be blest;
And bless, like rivers, never asking why,
Or soft-voiced showers, to which cool’d wooda reply,
When cloudy wings are wide in heaven display’d,
And blessings brighten o’er the freshen’d sod,
Till earth is like the countenance of God.
This is Religion! Saith the Bard of Trade.

EDMUND ELLIOTT.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL COURTS.

' My Lords, we must reform these consistory laws,
Whose great defame above the heaven blaws.
I knew a man in sowing for a cow,
Ere he had done he spent full half a bow :
So that the King's honour we may advance
We will conclude as they have done in France ;
*Let spiritual matters pass to spiritualitie,
And temporal matters unto temporalitie.*"

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

ONE of the most odious features of the ecclesiastical system of England and Ireland, is presented in what, by perversion of language, are called *spiritual* or ecclesiastical courts. Extensive jurisdiction is exercised by these tribunals in every diocese, and in many archdeaconries, parishes, and manors ; and this jurisdiction affects causes of a civil and a temporal nature ; involving our properties and rights and gives an enormous power into the hands of men, more than any others, liable to abuse it, which may, at the caprice of an individual, be used most unfavourably to civil and religious liberty. So far as civil cases are concerned, it is found that their proceedings are expensive, tedious, and bungling. We find courts with ignorant judges and unqualified practitioners, with power to make them formidable, and knowledge enough to make them mischievous—engines of local tyranny, ready to pinch and oppress those who have the unpardonable effrontery to think for themselves, and resist the encroachments of the church establishment.

Why is not the land purged of these local abominations? Why should the property of the country be placed in priestly custody? Why is this system tolerated, that tramples on the rights of conscience, and strangles civil and religious liberty in detail? We put these questions for the serious attention of the country. These ecclesiastical courts are held by the People in general abhorrence ; they have been tried, convicted, and sentenced by royal commission ; they have been branded with a condemnatory resolution of the House of Commons ; denounced by the highest ecclesiastical law authorities in England ; yet here we are, at the close of the session of 1839—seven weary years and more since the report of the ecclesiastical commissioners was laid on the table of the House of Commons—and the ecclesiastical courts are yet blistering the patient population. It will perhaps be suggested that, shamed by scrutiny, and awed by the power of Parliament, they have, in later years, conducted themselves with meekness, and have not provoked fresh chastisement. But it is not so. We are too well acquainted with the vices essential to the system to fall into the error of supposing, that the conduct of its administrators, however wary, could deprive it of its sting—"make wrong right, or consecrate a crime." And it is to be borne in mind, that an evil so extensive in its ramifications is not to be judged of by the number of positive and flagrant cases of oppression detected by the public eye, but

by the silent influence of its operation—the heart-burning and the wrong inflicted and created in these secluded localities of the country. Yet the conduct of these courts has not been equivocal. They have defied public opinion ; and, supposing themselves secure by reason of the incomprehensible listlessness of their victims, have assumed an arrogance of bearing, and exhibited a spirit of domination and intolerance, worthy of the palmiest days of their power. True, our noses cannot be slit, nor our ears be cut off, for writing against the divine right of prelacy, as in the days of that worthy ecclesiastic, Laud ; and Dr Wardlaw can speak his mind as to apostolical succession without the fear of the cat-o'-nine-tails, the pillory, or the stocks. But cases of oppression and hardship have, during the last twelve months, transpired, which challenge us fairly to grapple with the evils of the system.

The Protestant society for the protection of civil and religious liberty, in their address of February last, state that, out of sixty-two cases in which application had been made to that body for assistance, several were cases of oppression in ecclesiastical courts in various parts of the country. And who forgets the case of Widow Woolfrey? This poor woman resided in the parish of Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, and, in memory of her deceased husband, placed a tomb or head-stone in the parish churchyard, above his ashes, on which, according to the custom of persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion—to which they both belonged—the widow had graven the words, "Pray for the soul of J. Woolfrey," and beneath them, from the book of Maccabees, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." Shakspeare, who with a happy alchemy, extracted good from everything, saw "books in the running brooks," and discovered "*sermons in stones* ;" so did the Rev. John Breeks, vicar of Carisbrooke. The tomb-stone preached flat heresy, and he cited the widow into the diocesan court of Winchester ; from whence, by letters of request from the Vicar-General on the voluntary promotion of Mr Breeks (who had no regard for the *pelliccoat*,) the case was carried to the Arches court in London. On the 19th of November the case was decided ; and the judge, Sir Herbert Jenner, declared, that praying for the dead was not prohibited by the articles of the Established Church, and decided that the vicar could not punish the widow.

In March last, a man named Israel Brown, a poor cordwainer of Broadway in Worcestershire, with a wife and six children depending on his

daily labour for support, was cited before the consistorial court, to answer the demand of 3s. for Easter offerings. It appeared that he had not been called on to pay those "offerings," for three years previously; in consequence of which he refused payment. And what does his spiritual pastor, who fancies that he has a good claim to be a successor of Peter and Paul? He drags Israel Brown to the spiritual court; and Israel was not freed from the hands of priest and proctor, till payment of THREE GUINEAS was made. This may be law in Worcestershire; nay, it may be just, according to ecclesiastical law; but Christian! believer in a Gospel of mercy, loving kindness, and compassion to the poor, do you not call the vile system that sanctions this act of remorseless rigour, nominally and professedly for the good and support of RELIGION, a blot upon the Christian name, and a reproach to the cross? We are perfectly aware that, in the case of *Carthew v. Edwards*, T. 1748, it was decreed, by the Court of Exchequer, that Easter offerings, or oblations and obventions as they are also styled, were due the plaintiff of common right, after the rate of 2d. a-head for every person in the defendant's family of sixteen years of age and upward; and we do not charge the Vicar of Broadway with violating the law: like Shylock, he can point to the bond; but we remind him that a book with which he ought to be familiar, declares:—"He that giveth to the poor shall not lack; but he that hideth his face shall have many a curse."

A third case which excited a general feeling of disgust and indignation, was that of David Jones, a weaver at Llanon in Wales, who was cast into prison at the suit of the Rev. Ebenezer Morris. Jones was a Unitarian; and, in 1837, was elected church-warden of his parish. After his appointment he called a vestry to make a church-rate; but, at the meeting, an adjournment was moved and carried. On the 25th May, 1838, he received, from the vicar, a notice, requiring him to *provide bread and wine for the sacrament*. Jones, on the 11th of June, replied that he had no funds out of which to procure them, and was too poor to provide them at his own cost. The man was cited before the ecclesiastical court—was pronounced contumacious—and by a process issued by the court of Queen's Bench, was cast into Carmarthen Jail! Churchmen can see no hardship in this—no scandal—no outrage on freedom—no violation of civil and religious liberty!! Let it be granted that Mr Ebenezer Morris did no more than "the law" allowed him to do; cannot the man see that such a transaction, on the face of it, is a sarcasm on religion; that it leads people to ask in what page of the new Testament it is warranted, and renders the Church offensive to the nostrils of the country? Yet doctors differ as to the legality of the proceeding. Dr Adame, one of the most eminent civilians in England, gave it as his opinion, as Jones had called a vestry, which vestry had refused a rate, "that the pronement's case was untenable, and his proceeding unwarrantable;" and he added, "unless

the case is mismanaged on behalf of the defendant, the final issue must, I think, be the dismissal of the defendant with his full costs." Dr Haggard, another conspicuous ecclesiastical advocate, gave a similar opinion. He said, "The proceeding is but little calculated to assist the question of diocesan jurisdiction, and will, in my opinion, on an appeal, make but a very sorry figure." Sir J. Lushington, also one profoundly conversant with canonical law, declared it as his belief, that if the proceeding had been commenced in one of the superior courts, it would at once have been rejected.

Well, from this case, we turn to one still more arbitrary. Mr James, a farmer, of the Independent denomination, was, in 1837, elected church-warden of the parish of Llanelly. Mr James did not absent himself from his usual place of worship; and the result was, that, at the expiration of his term of office, he was cited before the ecclesiastical court of St David's, by the above-named Rev. E. Morris, who luckily happens to be vicar of both places, on the charge of having absented himself for several Sundays from Church! It is to be noted too, that the elections of 1837 took place at this time, and that Mr James voted for the Liberal candidate, Sir J. Williams, while the vicar was a conspicuous partisan of the Tory. How far this fact influenced the conduct of Ebenezer—this Welsh help-stone of Church and State—is a matter of conjecture. Mr James was cited. And who sat in judgment upon him? The Rev. J. O. Williams, a surrogate, who is avowedly the editor or chief contributor to a Carmarthen Tory paper—a parson-judge and a partisan. Mr James was condemned for contumacy; and a process having, as previously, been issued by the court of Queen's Bench; in the face of England, in the face of Europe, in the face of a Protestant people boasting their enlightenment, toleration, and justice, a man was cast into prison FOR NOT ATTENDING WORSHIP IN THE LAW CHURCH. Impious and audacious usurpation! Abominable despotism! And are these things, and is a system which produces them, to be borne by a free People? We tell the ecclesiastical marauders, that this black fabric shall be dashed down and ground to powder, and scattered to the four winds of heaven. It cannot be tolerated by free-men and Christians. It was the creation of priestcraft, and is now the fortress of imposture, corruption, and tyranny. Without entering at length into the historical origin of courts ecclesiastical, we may observe that the British ecclesiastical laws have, for the most part, been derived from that system of canonical law which prevailed, during the dark ages, in nearly every country in Europe; and that, before the Conquest, these courts exercised jurisdiction in England. The pontifical law, Lord Stair observes, in his work on the law of Scotland, "extended to all persons and things belonging to the Romish Church, and separate from the laity; to all things relating to pious uses; to the guardianship of orphans; the wills of defuncts; and mat-

ters of marriage and divorce ; all of which were exempted from the civil authority of the sovereigns who were devoted to the see of Rome." Our present business is not, however, with historical investigation, but with an exhibition of these courts now in operation ; their numbers, their jurisdiction, and their constitution. The ordinary ecclesiastical courts, we are informed by the ecclesiastical commission of 1832, are—the *provincial courts*, being in the province of Canterbury, the court of Arches or the supreme court of appeal,* the prerogative or testamentary court, and the court of peculiars ; and, in the province of York, the prerogative or testamentary court, and the chancery court: the *diocesan courts*, being the consistorial court of every diocese exercising general jurisdiction ; the court or courts of one or more *commissaries*, appointed by the bishop, in certain dioceses, to exercise general jurisdiction within the prescribed limits ; and the court or courts of one or more *archdeacons*, or their officials, exercising general or limited jurisdiction, according to the term of their patents, or to local custom. There are also *peculiars* of various descriptions in most dioceses, and in some they are very numerous—royal, archiepiscopal, episcopal, decanal, sub-decanal, prebendal, rectorial, vicarial ; and there are also some manorial courts ! Now who can deny that John Bull is a priest-ridden man ? In England and Wales there are no less than THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-TWO of these engines of despotism. These courts are diffused all over the country, like poisoned streams, irrigating the whole face of the land. In the diocese of Bath and Wells, there are twenty-seven of these sentinels over the Establishment, so many restraints upon liberty of conscience ; in Lichfield, thirty-eight ; in Lincoln, forty-two ; in Winchester, forty-nine ; and, not to enumerate more, in York, fifty-eight ! The jurisdiction of these courts comprehends testamentary causes ; matrimonial causes for separation, and for nullity of marriage ; suits for tithes, church-rates, seats, and faculties ; criminal suits *pro salute animæ*, embracing offences committed by the clergy themselves—such as, neglect of duty, immoral conduct, advancing doctrines not conformable to the articles of the church, suffering dilapidations, and the like ; also by laymen—such as, brawling, laying violent hands, and other such irreverent conduct in the church or churchyard, violating churchyards, neglecting to repair ecclesiastical buildings, incest, incontinence, defamation, &c. With respect to the 300 courts peculiar, the report of the commission bears witness :—"The jurisdiction to be exercised in these different courts is not defined by any general law. It is often extremely difficult to ascertain over what description of causes the jurisdiction of any particular court operates ; and much inconvenience results from this uncertainty."

There is something monstrously absurd in the

* The report omits to state that there is no appeal from the provincial court of York, except to the Privy Council.

idea of placing in the hands of men whose office relates to *eternity* and the *soul*, power over property belonging to the body in this temporal state of existence. No man, we dare hazard the assertion, can offer one reason for the existence of such an anomaly as this ; except unfaithfulness to ministerial trust, and a grasping and aggrandizing spirit of ambition, which is fatal alike to civil liberty and to pure and undefiled religion. "Clerical peers and clerical legislators," William Howitt justly says, "are anomalous enough : but clerical taxers of orphans, and clerical guardians of testamentary documents, are still more anomalous." And then we have clerical *judges*, in questions affecting property. Ezra Jones leaves John Brown, the medical man who attended him in his last illness, and William Robinson who read the news, and told him the gossip of the town, the bulk of his property—say £8,000, while Thomas Jones, his brother's son, is alive, and respectable in his conduct. The testator's sanity is questioned ; the validity of the will is disputed ; who is to be judge in the case ?—A parson ; unless, indeed, the bishop's commissary should preside in court, as sometimes, in some courts, he does. There are many reasons why a clergyman should not be a judge in such cases, while we have never seen a reason why he should exercise judicial functions.

I. *It is inconsistent with the character of a minister of the Gospel.* It is recorded by St Luke, chap. xii., that when one of the company said to Christ, "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." The Saviour replied, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you ?" Yet now we see the servant greater than his lord ; claiming literally to be both a "judge" and a "divider."

II. *A clergyman is not fitted by education for the office of a judge.* Knowledge of the Old and New Testaments does not necessarily qualify a man to sit in judgment upon the last will and testament of John A'Noakes or John A'Styles. What would "the Church" say if a linen-draper were to make himself a pair of lawn sleeves, and take his seat on the bishops' bench ? What would be said, if a sailor or a grazier were to commence the practice of medicine, or a soldier to set up as chirurgeon ? if a butcher or a cutler were to push the Lord-Chief-Justice from his stool ; or if a hatter were to put on the black cap, and assume the execution of the law ? Would not the whole world exclaim—Every man to his proper station—*ne sutor ultra crepidam* ? It is equally absurd to see a man fresh from study upon election, predestination, original sin, prophecy, sprinkling or immersion, the Greek article and the millennial state, judging of evidence, fact, and law ; especially where a case may depend upon the circumstance, whether a name begins on the parchment with a B or an H. The incompetent cry of the clergy as judges is fully established by the report of the ecclesiastical commission.

III. *A clergyman is liable to be affected by undue influence.* Squire William is appellant in

a will cause. This squire is the patron of a half dozen good livings. He has presented the judge's nephew, or has a vacancy for his son; or, perhaps something worth while for the judge himself! A parson always looks for promotion; and here he is a judge adjudicating in cases of property, where those who have promotion in their hands are parties concerned.

IV. *The clergy are unfitted by sectarian feeling from being judges.* A sum of money is left for a religious purpose to a Wesleyan, Unitarian, Baptist, Roman Catholic, or Independent. The case comes to trial: Can a parson possibly be an unbiassed judge? Or again, a man leaves £5 per annum to the church-wardens of St Michael's, to be expended in bread for the poor. A dissenter or Catholic, after worshipping at his own place, solicits a share. He is refused because he does not attend church. Who is to try this case? Shame, where is thy blush—a parson!

V. The jurisdiction exercised by these mongrel judges tends to uphold a supremacy over other ministers of religion, which is based upon falsehood and injustice.

And if a cleric be an unfit judge, in questions affecting property, how much more unfit is he in *criminal cases*! He is a judge unaided or uncontrolled by a jury; his power is defined by no certain law: he sits, as it were, an absolute monarch in his petty court. In the name of common sense and justice, if ecclesiastical offences are to be punished, let us have a properly constituted tribunal, and let Englishmen be found guilty by a jury of their countrymen before they are cast into jail. A man tried, found guilty, sentenced and imprisoned, without a trial by his peers! this is a thing so scandalous and objectionable, that it is a wonder that these ecclesiastical inquisitions should be permitted to exist for a day. Further, *the judge is directly and positively interested in the cases in which he so adjudicates.* His own power, and privileges, and interest, are concerned in nearly every question which comes before him. The criminal is a delinquent against the clerical order; and the cause of the minutest particle of that order is the cause of the whole; nay, if a woman, getting "churched,"* forgets the "dues" of the sexton, it is an insult to the altar! Now, if it be true that a man who conducts his own case has, as the adage goes, a fool for his client, must not the man who tries a cause in which he is concerned, have a knave for the judge?

We have seen, in the instances of Mr Jones and Mr James, exhibitions of the power which those courts have over *church-wardens*; and if we associate this power with the laws which regulate the election and duties of these parish officers, of which the public, generally speaking, are not at all aware, we shall see the injustice of the system in, perhaps, a still stronger light. The duties of a church-warden are numerous:

* A ceremonial of purification by which Mother Church comes at a *half-crown* from every church mother who has given birth to a child, independent of baptismal fees!

Every letter in the alphabet, from *alms* to *visitation*, are embraced in the catalogue; and for neglect or violation of them, or any one of them, he is liable to be cited before the *spiritual* court. Church-wardens are bound by law to present to the ordinary, at the visitations, all such persons as do not come to the parish church, (Canon 90; 5 and 6 Edward VI., c. 1; Eliz. c. 2; 2 James I. c. 1,) or do not frequent some other place of assembly for religious worship, tolerated by the act of toleration, (1 Will. and Mary, c. 18;) and they are required not only to observe who are absent from church, but also to see and take care that all persons thereto, do, in the time of divine service and sermon, behave themselves orderly, soberly, and reverently—kneeling at the prayers, standing at the belief, and sitting or standing quietly and attentively at the reading of the Scriptures and the preaching of God's Word, (Can. 18, iii.,) that none walk, or talk, or make a noise in the church, to disturb duty which is performing there, *Ibid*; that none sit there with their hats on, (except they have some infirmity, and then with a cap,) or in any other indecent or irreverent manner. (1 Eliz. c. 2, 0, 14; Can. 18;) that none contend or quarrel about place, or on any other occasion make a broil or brawling there, (5 and 6 Edw. VI., c. 4;) that no idle person alide in the church-porch or churchyard during divine service or sermon, but that he or she either comes or departs, (Can. 19.) And then fidgetty little boys who slip out of church upon sundry pretences, are to be spied out, and caught, and, if necessary, put into the parochial prison; for the church-warden is

"A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the Stocks."

Again, it is his duty to see that no excommunicate person comes into the church. (Can. 19.)! Now, to neglect these duties is to render yourself liable to imprisonment by the process of the ecclesiastical court; for it is to be noted that in no instance whatever can the *property* of an individual be attached by the authority of these courts, or by the assistance of any other tribunal.* When we state, therefore, that the parish-priest has the power of appointing annually one church-warden,† and can influence generally the election of the second; and, in addition to this, that if a person, properly elected to the office, refuses to take the prescribed oath,‡ he can be *excommunicated*;* ("Gibson's Code," 194.) it is apparent that the clergyman has it in his power to compel the attendance of any individual at

* See Report of Eccl. Com. p. 67.

† By the canons of the Church, (Canons, 89 and 90.) church-wardens are chosen by the joint consent of the minister and parishioners; but by custom or prescription—that is, prior to the first year of Richard I., anno 1189, or, in legal phraseology, "time which is beyond the memory of man," the minister may choose one and the parishioners the other.

‡ The oath is as follows:—"You shall swear truly and faithfully to execute the office of church-warden within your parish, and according to the best of your skill and knowledge, present such things and persons as to your knowledge are presentable by the laws ecclesiastical of this realm. So help you God and the contents of this book."

his church on pain of imprisonment! The law amounts to this: If a man is in the habit of attending a Dissenting Chapel, the parson makes him church-warden, and he is compelled to attend the parson's ministry or go to jail! It is difficult to speak with patience of things so vile as these; more difficult when we are told that they are useful and necessary for the maintenance of religion.

The jurisdiction of these courts affecting suits for *defamation*, also operates most mischievously. It gives them power and consequence, and affords litigious and spiteful persons an opportunity of readily gratifying their vindictive feelings; but, considering the constitution of the courts, it must at once be confessed, that this jurisdiction is unnecessary, inadequate, and unsuited for the ends of justice. The commissioners express the opinion, "that the benefit which may sometimes arise from this mode of correcting the offence in question, and its subsequent prevention, is not commensurate with the evils resulting from the present exercise of this jurisdiction; and, therefore, we recommend that the cognizance of such cases should be wholly withdrawn from ecclesiastical courts." Suits for *defamation* are unfrequent in the superior courts; but they often come before the diocesan and minor courts: from the first of January 1827, to the end of 1829, there were twenty-one cases in the court of Carlisle; and, during the same period, sixty cases in the consistory court of Chester.

Let us now pause, and request the public to contemplate this vast system of wrong. Let them look at men ignorant of law, sitting as judges of law; men who have sworn to devote themselves to the concerns of the soul and the hereafter, meddling with things temporal: let them, again, see clergy sitting in judgment on cases where their feelings, their interests, and their privileges are involved: let them see the shameful and unjust things that are done, under colour of law, in violation of civil and religious freedom, in these courts; all to support the power and the supremacy of a State priesthood, and to bind them firmly, by aid of the secular arm, on the necks of the People; let it be recollected that there are 372 of these courts in England and Wales; and then let men imagine the fantastic tricks played in the villages and small towns by these inquisitions of the nineteenth century. Be it further remembered, that the lord of a manor can appoint, remove, or suspend a judge on his own manor—which judge has extensive jurisdiction; that there is no TRIAL BY JURY in any of these tribunals; that the men who practise law therein are often entirely ignorant of that mystery. Let these things be examined into, and we defy any man not to feel

ashamed that such an institution as that from whence they arise, should be permitted to disgrace this kingdom.

It is true that the practitioners in these courts are generally described as incompetent and unskilful.* But we must not overstate our case. All proctors are not necessarily sharks and dunces; nor is every surrogate a runagate. The proctor, when fingering the fees, may use the words of Falstaff, accused of cutting purses—"Tis my vocation, Hal, and a man may labour honestly in his vocation;" and to say that a cleric is a bad judge in his own case, does not insinuate that he could not perform his duty at the dinner-table, in the ball-room, or the pulpit. Generally speaking, the proctor is an ill-used creature. It is to be recollected in his favour, that he occupies a position analogous to that of camp-followers, who *never kill* with their own hands, but perform the duty of rifling the bodies prepared for them by the troops, and giving them decent burial. A proctor never imprisons a man: he only makes out a bill of costs; and if one does not pay it he must go to prison. Indeed, we could never fathom the motives of the managers of the Vagrant Office in Canterbury, who put up the sly notice—"All travellers relieved here, *except rogues and proctors!*" The proctors in the provincial courts too, it is only fair to say, are qualified by a course of study in canonical law, and preliminary exercises in ecclesiastical gunnery, although that study and the examination are objectionable; nor do we assert that we never saw one of the proctor species smoke his pipe, take his beverage, walk, talk, and bear an amiable character like any proper man, strange as the notion may be of an amiable proctor—

"Dove-feathered raven! wolfish-ravener lamb!"

In the foregoing remarks we have passed over the *delays* and *expenses* of these courts, and we have dismissed other topics affecting their jurisdiction. We desired to avoid wearying the reader with details which may be considered tedious; and we refer inquirers on the question to the Report of the Commission, and the valuable body of evidence forming its appendix. We have said enough, however, to prove the necessity of immediately carrying out the recommendation of the Commissioners,† and the resolution of the House of Commons, on the 25th of April last, both amounting to this—that all the diocesan, peculiar, and minor courts should forthwith be **ABOLISHED**; and, after that, of materially altering the constitution of the two provincial tribunals.

If the Bishop of Exeter demands, What then becomes of "Church discipline?" we reply, in the words of a judicious writer on church reform, "we desire that civil matters may be brought before civil tribunals, criminal cases before temporal judges, and spiritual delinquencies left to the decision of the religious bodies to which the offenders may belong."

* See Report, page 23.

† The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London being among the number.

* Excommunication is no joke even yet. By an Act of 53 Geo. III. c. 127, in all cases where excommunication is pronounced as part of the sentence, the ecclesiastical court is empowered to assign any term of imprisonment not exceeding six months, all other consequences of excommunication being taken away, and the imprisonment to be enforced by certifying the sentence to the Court of Chancery.

THE REBEL CHIEF.

A SCENE IN THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, 1803.

"WELL, sir, are you still disposed to proceed on the secret service which you volunteered?"

(This question was put by the late Colonel A——, adjutant-general in Ireland at the period above stated, to a lieutenant of the ——th regiment, then on Dublin duty, who attended for the great man's orders.)

"I am ready, sir, at any moment, to proceed on my hazardous mission," respectfully answered the lieutenant; "but, considering the risks of such a service, I trust it may not be deemed unreasonable on me to request some pledge or guarantee from the Government, for the fulfilment of the terms on which I venture to undertake it—namely, promotion, and the proclaimed reward, for the death or apprehension of the Rebel Chief; or, in the event of loss of life, a competent provision for my family."

The cold and cautious A—— attempted to parry off any direct pledge on the part of Government, not from any sinister views, but solely from official jealousy, which fired at the base idea of an inferior officer presuming to dictate terms. He suggested to the subaltern, "whether he did not risk the favour of Government by doubting the strict performance of any promise made by it?"

"With the utmost deference, colonel," replied the subaltern, "to you and the Government, I beg to refer to the case of the officer who lost his life on a similar service some months back, on the failure of his attempt, but without the slightest reproach on his courage or discretion; and whose widow is now dependent on the precarious charity of the benevolent—all parties in the State shifting the blame from themselves. The Treasury required the vice-regal order to pay the compensation promised:—the Lord Lieutenant, humanely disposed to yield, referred the claim for the recommendation of the Commander of the Forces; but that distinguished officer (who has assumed the command since the transaction occurred, and knows not the critical circumstances under which the deceased officer undertook this dangerous service) sets his face against the claim altogether, as offering a precedent for officers stipulating for personal reward for services which it is only their duty to perform. Thus, for a point of etiquette between public departments, the compensation to this hour remains in arrear. With this picture before me, sir, I trust you will deem me excusable in requiring some specific pledge, if merely an official letter, which would leave my mind at ease with respect to my family, whatever fate awaited me."

A frown on the brow of the man of office, and a cold bow of dismissal, with orders to await further instructions, sent the poor subaltern away in no very enviable mood.

Of all public functionaries, your high military chiefs are surely the most intractable and cold-hearted; they seem to feel as if their *dignity*

would be compromised, should they, for a moment, descend to the level of common sense and kindness. It would really appear as if those heads of department had been chosen for those unamiable qualities alone, to fill stations, abroad and at home, where the nicest spirit of discrimination, the most humane and liberal consideration for the feelings and remonstrances of all those (particularly of inferior rank) who claim their protection and justice, should form their chief qualifications for office. It would be an invidious and ungrateful task to refer to particular instances within our own times; but a glance at the list of those high functionaries, (*colonial and domestic*.) for the last half century, would establish the fact. The inferior officer would be for ever ruined in his profession, who should convict his superior of oppression or injustice. The lecture just read to an adjutant-general by a poor lieutenant of the line, about to proceed on a perilous and yet inglorious enterprise, curled the blood of the man of power, with momentary hatred of the humble subaltern. And this was A——, a brave and honourable soldier, who at Vimeira signalized his valour, and who perished, on the retreat to Corunna in 1809, amidst the general regret of his gallant companions in arms! Surely there must be some hidden curse in office, which withers and dries up the nobler fountains of the heart, or freezes them into a cold forgetfulness of the fine and generous feelings of our nature! an opinion which, of course, will be denounced by the *officials* of all ranks; but let that pass; so long as man is the painter, the lion will be drawn as prostrate at his feet.

The capture or death of Holt, the Rebel Chief of the Wicklow Mountains, had long been an object of deep anxiety with the Irish Government. This extraordinary man, of whom little was previously known, save that he had been a farmer in comfortable circumstances, took the field in 1798, as chief of a formidable body of rebels; over whom he held a separate and uncontrolled command. Participating in the short-lived triumphs which the early successes of the insurgent army afforded, he subsequently shared in its defeat; but, being a man of uncommon vigour of body, great mental resources, and a master of that kind of vulgar oratory and persuasive address which is so effectual with the Irish, he succeeded in attaching to his green standard, under all his reverses, a tolerably large force of those desperate outlaws—the scattered remnants of the late formidable rebel army. With these he withdrew, at the close of the above year, to the fastnesses of the Wicklow Mountains, the wild scene of his nativity; with every glen and valley of which he had been familiarized from infancy. Within the mazes of this untravelled region, Holt found means to elude all the efforts of military skill and enterprise,

to seize him by force or ensnare him by stratagem. The utmost ingenuity was exercised to mislead and harass the King's troops in this mountain warfare. The rapidity of the rebel's movements, and his apparent ubiquity, baffled all the plans of the professional soldier: military science was put to shame by the superior tactics of the mountain chieftain. In this manner he held all the powers of Government at defiance for upwards of four years.

On the breaking out of the ill-concerted and feeble insurrection of 1803, Holt once more descended from the mountains, in all his former terrors, to join a large body of rebels from the adjacent counties of Kildare, Wexford, and Meath, which, to the number of ten or twelve thousand, were to rendezvous in the vicinity of Dublin, and be ready to pour in their force in aid of the metropolitan outbreak, on a given signal. Holt had actually advanced, on the evening of the 23d July, so near to the scene of action as Rathfarnham, (a village only a league from Dublin,) when his further progress was suspended by the intelligence of the defeat and dispersion of the disorganized rabble which attacked Dublin; and which, although contemptible in numbers and array, and without any known or ostensible leaders, took the Government so much by surprise, that their precipitancy alone averted the most lamentable mischief. The atrocious although unpremeditated murder of the Lord Chief Justice Kilwarden in the streets, when on his way to attend a council, would have proved but the prelude to more extensive butcheries, had the rebellious crew had any one man of talent and sufficient daring to direct their excited energies. The insurgents, to the amount of some thousands, had proceeded within musket-shot of the Castle of Dublin (the seat of Government) ere their mad career received a check, by the appearance of a body of cavalry and infantry, called suddenly to arms. Had such a man as Holt been at their head, there can be little doubt that the Lord Lieutenant, and the officers of the State, would have become the prize of this desperate attack; but in vain the rebels looked for a leader. They stood a volley from the infantry, and a charge from the cavalry, with desperate resolution; but, unled and unsupported, they fled in all directions through the numerous streets and alleys; and, under cover of the falling twilight, escaped with comparatively small loss. The fate of this body decided Holt's movements. He saw the chance was lost by the rashness of this premature attack—which, happily for the tranquillity of the country, was so speedily put down—and withdrawing his own followers from their allies of the hour, he made an instant retrograde movement, anticipating that every effort would be made to cut off his retreat to the mountains. His march was unceasingly pursued while the darkness of night afforded him an escape from observation; and the morning's light saw him and his band of rebels safe within their old positions, unbroken in numbers and unsubdued in spirit.

The proclamation of martial law, the calling out of the yeomanry for permanent duty, and the reinforcement of all the military posts in the districts bounding on Dublin, in a few days restored some show of tranquillity to the lately alarmed and still agitated city. But the insurrection, though checked, had not been entirely crushed; but few prisoners were taken in the night's action of the 23d, and of these not one person of note or respectability: the reputed leaders and promoters of the movement were yet at large.

Holt, once more secure within his chain of posts, unknown and inaccessible to all but the experienced mountaineer, defied all the powers of the executive. Various expeditions were undertaken to bring him to action; but not one met with even partial success. His superior knowledge of the scene of warfare enabled him to anticipate and defeat every movement of the troops. His scouts were numerous and faithful: nothing in the garb of soldier or stranger could enter the mountain district without Holt being immediately apprized of the circumstance. Itinerant beggars, sham cripples, even children, were on the look-out to guard his haunts, and make some signal on the approach of danger. His depredations were latterly confined to midnight attacks on the small parties of troops scattered along the extensive line of military roads which had for some years been in progress through the mountains. In the course of one night, his parties had been known to sweep away all vestige of the labour of weeks—plunder the provision magazines—demolish the guard-houses—disperse and drive in the picquets, pursuing them, pike in hand, to the very gates of their stockaded barracks—then disappear, as if by magic, before the morning's dawn, leaving neither trace nor clew to their mountain retreat; while, on the very next night, a similar and equally vigorous attack would be made on a post thirty miles distant. "Holt," the Rebel Chief, was at once a word of terror and reproach. Five hundred guineas of reward were offered by Government for his apprehension; yet, amongst the shoeless, ragged, half-starved outlaws he commanded, not one could be found to betray his chief! Was this a virtue or a crime? Posterity will answer the question!

The officer whom we have introduced to the reader, as a volunteer for this dangerous enterprise, was a young Scotchman, of the humblest fortunes. He had served in Holland and in Egypt with much credit; and was esteemed by his corps as a man of distinguished courage, fortitude, and perseverance. With a young wife and two children to support on his humble pay, his enjoyments, it may be supposed, were but few. Life he held at nought, except for the sake of his family, to whom he was fondly attached, and for whose benefit he volunteered this present hazard. The excellence of his character in his regiment gained for him favourable consideration at headquarters; and the pledge he so earnestly requested having been unreservedly given,

he prepared for his departure with his characteristic zeal and alacrity.

Whatever plans he might originally have contemplated to effect his purpose, they were forced to yield to one arranged by a conclave of official dignitaries, before whom he appeared, to receive his instructions. He was directed to select a non-commissioned officer, and twenty of the most active, intelligent, and trustworthy men from his own regiment, to accompany him as the expeditionary force. The soldiers were to be disguised in the uniform of the drivers of the commissariat waggon train, himself wearing that of a sergeant-conductor of that corps. Thus equipped, the whole were to be incorporated, and march with a detachment of the commissariat train conveying the monthly supply of provisions and stores to the several dépôts established in the new line of road in the mountains, (in the progress of which the officer was to collect all the information he could obtain of the rebel chief and his parties.) This duty performed, the whole party was directed to take the short route across the mountains on their return towards Dublin; on which track it was supposed they might fall in with some of the parties of the rebel chief, and, by possibility, himself. This *ruse* was suggested, it was said, by the then Commissary General, as a bait for the rebels—several small bodies of whom had, on former occasions, intercepted detachments of the waggon train on this route; and to whom they offered no molestation, (that corps being an unarmed body,) except a rigid examination for concealed arms or ammunition. Several of the drivers attached to the present expedition alleged that, on some of these occasions, they had seen the *General*; but subsequent events proved that his precautions to conceal or disguise himself were so effectual, that, of the various descriptions published of his person, appearance, and equipment, not one was found to be correct.

Plunder, beyond the means of subsistence for his daily diminishing force, no longer appeared to be the object of the rebel chief, whose hopes of a successful rising had all been abandoned, when he learned the capture and execution of that ill-fated youth, Robert Emmett; and, as a last resource, he contemplated an escape to America; previously to which, he sought to reduce his followers, and eventually disband them, as opportunities offered for their return to their distant homes with safety. They had stuck by him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and he determined to share their perils until he alone was left to encounter the last danger. This state of the rebel chief's affairs was in part, known to the Government, and it was imagined he might be captured by a *coup de main* in some unguarded moment of fancied security: such was the object of the present expedition.

The convoy marched from Dublin about forty strong, including the military whose arms were concealed on the carriages. After a march of four days, during which the whole line of posts were supplied, the party proceeded on their re-

turn with the empty cars, taking (as previously arranged) the old mountain track—a road so little used, since the year 1798, as to be scarcely distinguishable from the naked face of the barren mountain. On leaving behind them the last military post, the party halted at noon to water and feed the cattle, forming their bivouac beside a mountain stream. The lieutenant took that opportunity of distributing the arms and ammunition, and giving his final instructions. Each soldier was directed to seat himself beside his musket on a car, to be ready for instant action, but on no account to make any display of the arms until the moment for using them arrived.

An idiot boy, (who either was, or assumed to be dumb,) in a state of destitution, had attached himself to the party the first day it entered the mountains; and who, for the reward of a biscuit, and fragments of the men's rations, had rendered service by fetching water, and cutting heather, for cooking, on the three preceding days' marches. Of this wretched object no suspicions whatever were entertained; but his sudden disappearance, during this short halt—no one could tell how or where—raised a momentary alarm; and although it was accounted for, by some, as the boy's terror at the sight of the fire-arms, the lieutenant could not divest himself of the suspicion of treachery, and therefore drew together his party in as compact a body as the long line of cars admitted, enjoining the strictest silence, and concealment of the arms. The party proceeded unmolested, and, apparently, unobserved, for two or three hours, gradually surmounting a long range of hills, which they had been ascending since morning; when, on rounding a projecting knoll which lay in their route, the cars of the lieutenant, who had ridden a few yards in front, were saluted with the whizz of a ball, which passed within a few inches of his head. The order—"Halt! stand by your arms," brought in an instant twenty fine light-infantry men into rank, and ready for action. As yet, however, no enemy appeared. The party then cautiously advanced, until, having left the knoll a couple of hundred yards in their rear, the lieutenant once more halted them and prepared for action. Feeling satisfied that they were in the presence of an unseen foe, he made a keen reconnoissance of the position, and more particularly of that part over which the thin blue smoke of the lately discharged fire-arms still lightly floated. Orders were given to the sergeant of the drivers' corps to form his cars in a hollow square, into which the party might retire and sustain the battle, in the event of an attack from superior numbers. This precaution taken, the officer dismounted, and, armed with his double-barrelled gun, proceeded to take a nearer view of the localities of his ground. In front, and about a mile distant, was the towering summit of the Ram's Head; beneath the craggy base of which stupendous cliff, lay their scarcely discernible route: on the right, an open and partly broken range of sterile mountains for many miles, extended towards Blessinton: be-

tween which and their present position, and not above three miles distant, a small military party was stationed during the day. The left presented the rough and tangled side of the mountain, sweeping with a continuous descent far as the eye could reach into the deep and lonely valley. The chief object in their rear was the knoll they had so lately passed, between which and the party nothing could approach unobserved. There was not a tree or shrub of sufficient size to form an ambuscade for any number of men within the whole range of his vision; but the lieutenant's ready eye saw that the low brakes of furze and tufts of fern, as well as the detached pieces of rock, which lay scattered about, afforded a secure shelter for a single lurking foe. The afternoon was overcast and sultry; that awful stillness which is only to be found on the mountain or in the desert, reigned around, unbroken by a single sound from the lips of the well-disciplined soldiers. Silence and the most intense anxiety prevailed for a quarter of an hour, without a move, without a whisper, when the lieutenant fancied he perceived a slight motion in a brake of furze about fifty yards on his left. He stealthily approached the spot, with a keen and fixed gaze, when his suspicions were confirmed by seeing a human face cautiously rise from the furze, and, after casting a wary look upon him, again bury itself in the brake. He had just time to send a bullet in that direction, when he beheld the idiot boy rolling and scrambling down the slanting mountain side, as he conceived, wounded; he soon, however, sprang to his feet, bounding off like a deer, and, before the lieutenant could discharge his other barrel, his figure disappeared, as if the earth had opened to receive him. With greater caution the officer rushed forward to secure the traitor, shouting to the sergeant to send a file of men to his aid; but just at that moment a body of rebels, to the number of fifty or upwards, sprung up from every brake and tuft, like tigers from their lair, roused by the lieutenant's fire, and commenced their attack on the party with a savage fury, sufficient to appall more gallant hearts. Their assault was met by a steady volley, which checked their advance, and sent some of the assailants, writhing in agony, down the mountain's side. Nor was the rebels' volley ineffectual. Three soldiers fell wounded by the first discharge; after which several attempts were made to storm the position into which the soldiers had taken shelter, but each attack was met with vigour. Several of the rebels were bayoneted while scaling the cars which formed the temporary safeguard; but against such a superiority in numbers, a much longer resistance was hopeless; particularly as the drivers' corps were entirely useless from want of arms. Fortunately the rebels seemed to be but scantily supplied with ammunition; they had therefore to depend chiefly on their pikes—a weapon which the troops could not have contended against, but for the protection afforded by their barrier of cars. An effort, however, became necessary to

extricate themselves from this unequal contest. Availing himself of a momentary cessation of hostilities on his front, the sergeant despatched two of the drivers from the rear, unobserved, to search for the officer, for whose safety he now entertained the deepest apprehensions. Perceiving the rebels concentrating their force to make one desperate attack on his little party, the sergeant, with a degree of skill and gallantry which would have done honour to a higher grade in the service, instantly determined to give the assault, rather than wait to receive it. One of the cars having been removed, the party made a vigorous sally on the besiegers of their position: forming a line, they poured a volley upon the rebel ranks, and then charged bayonets at the top of their speed for half a minute. The rebels, panic struck for the moment, dispersed and fled; while the sergeant and his party, taking advantage of their confusion, suddenly wheeled round, and were three or four hundred yards beyond the rebels' fire ere the latter had collected and reformed. Directing his retreat towards the nearest military position, the sergeant maintained his party unbroken, and kept his pursuers at a distance for some time, by the active fire of his covering party. But it was not in human nature to hold out much longer; the rebels were gaining ground each moment; every effort which skill and courage could suggest were made, but the odds were overwhelming. At length, seeing themselves within one hundred yards of the deadly pike, the gallant soul, with his panting and almost exhausted party, turned on their pursuers, and standing, like lions at bay, determined to sell their lives dearly. At this awful moment, the distant cheer of friendly voices (so different from the rebels' wild "Hurra!") broke on their ears, and revived their sinking but unsubdued hearts. Another, and a nearer cheer, followed by a random volley at the rebels, assured them that succour was at hand. In another minute, or came a party of fresh troops, headed by an officer, at a running pace, whose appearance soon turned the tide of battle. The sound of the musketry had fortunately reached the ears of the advanced sentinel of this picquet nearly an hour before; and the whole line having been placed on the alert, on the march of the party across the mountain, the officer, following the direction of the sound, lost no time in hastening to the rescue, and happily arrived in time to save a handful of gallant men from massacre. The retreat now became an advance, with fresh courage and renewed hopes. But the wary rebels, on the first appearance of the red-coats, had relaxed their pursuit, and having gained a rising ground, they discharged a few shots; then, with a simultaneous shout, fled like a flock of affrighted birds in every direction, leaving the bewildered military at a loss what course to pursue. A few bullets were sent after the fugitives, but with what effect could not be known.

The former position regained, the drivers, the horses, and carriages, were found uninjured. The rebels had disappeared at the same time

with the troops, and no fresh party had approached. Having, in their united parties, thirty effective men, the officer directed his attention to a search for the missing lieutenant—a task which the sergeant, with half-a-dozen of his own men, anxiously undertook; but, after an hour's absence, they returned unsuccessful; and, to add to their fears for their officer's safety, the two drivers, who had been sent in pursuit of him during the action, returned about dusk, exhausted with fatigue, and in utter despair at what all now considered the certain loss of the gallant lieutenant. They had traversed miles in various directions without seeing a human being, or any trace of footsteps, save in the immediate vicinity of the position; and also the impress of the bodies of the rebels in the clumps of furze and fern. It was evident that they had withdrawn from that side of the mountain for the present. The wounded soldiers were despatched, on a car, to the nearest military post, for surgical aid, and with a demand for a reinforcement. The united party made their arrangements to bivouac for the night in their present position, placing sentinels at all points, and lighting a fire to attract the attention of the absent lieutenant, should he still linger in their vicinity.

We must now return to that luckless adventurer whom we left in full chase of the traitorous impostor, and whose sudden disappearance so astonished his pursuer. In the ardour of his pursuit, and with eyes intently fixed on the spot where the boy had so unaccountably vanished, the lieutenant fell headlong into a narrow but deep ravine, or mountain gully, with a grassy bottom, the edges of which were so thickly fringed with a border of luxuriant fern, as to be almost entirely concealed. In his rapid descent along its slippery bed, he became entangled with some living object, which clung to him with such desperate tenacity, that he felt it impossible to disengage himself: a further descent, accelerated by their mutual struggles, brought him on the green sward of a level patch of the mountain, clutched in the deadly grasp of the idiot boy, who now evinced a degree of strength far beyond that which his former apparently feeble and imbecile appearance indicated. The lieutenant had but a moment left for reflection: to use his gun were impossible, gripped and encircled as he was; but one dreadful alternative was left him, either to shake off his assailant, or perish in his grasp by the pikes of the rebel party. On setting out on this expedition, he had secreted in his breast pocket a short dagger, which he intended to use only in the last extremity, in the event of a close encounter with the rebels. This weapon he found means to disengage: in one moment it flashed before the starting eyes of the pretended idiot; in the next it was buried to the hilt in the nape of his neck. The long and piercing shriek of the wounded wretch, who, relaxing his hold, now lay rolling and bleeding on the earth, attracted a small party of the rebels to the spot. The lieutenant, surrounded and hemmed in by at least a dozen of pikes, was com-

pelled to surrender. He was seized, disarmed, and hurried or rather dragged away, he knew not whither, by four of the party; while the distant shouts of the enfuried rebels, then engaged in close action with his party, mixing with the heartening cheers of his own men, as they sent in their steady volleys, rung on his distracted ear. Each moment hurried him still farther from the scene of action; but the regularity of the British fire, which he could recognise and distinguish from the hurried and only occasional discharges from the rebel arms, cheered him with the hope that they had not materially suffered, but would maintain their ground until succour arrived. To him this was but a melancholy consolation—his fate seemed fixed. After a harassing march or rather run of two or three miles, within the mazes of the trackless mountain, the prisoner and his escort descended into a wild and savage glen, which presented no other token of human habitation save a faint stream of dusky smoke, which stole along the heather, scarcely rising above its surface, as it issued from a low heath-covered hovel, towards which the lieutenant was conducted by his guard. After challenging these within, in the Irish language, and receiving their answer, one of the escort proceeded to blindfold his prisoner, by tying his handkerchief over his eyes. The first and most natural suspicion in the poor lieutenant's mind was, that his last moments in this mortal life had arrived; and he prepared to meet his fate in uncomplaining silence; but after the lapse of a few minutes, the bandage was removed; the party who had been within the hovel on his arrival, having, as he presumed, retired during his temporary darkness. He was led inside. The floor of this wretched hut was some feet below the level of the surrounding turf, and had evidently been hollowed out to form a cavern of retreat. Here he was deprived of his watch, money, pocketbook, and his instructions from headquarters: and it was intimated to him, that no further removal was intended until they received the *General's* orders. The poor prisoner, with a heart overwhelmed by grief and disappointment, gave way to the most poignant feelings of self-reproach, at his indiscretion in allowing himself to be betrayed to such a distance from his party. The thoughts of his own death, which he looked upon as the inevitable consequence of his capture, did not affect him with one half the bitterness of sorrow which his reflections on his failure and disgrace brought to his agonized mind. He knew not whether the traitor boy had perished by his hand or not; but the certainty, that to his treachery he owed his misfortune, stifled all feelings of remorse at the summary vengeance he had inflicted. The evening, already lowered; the dark clouds rolled down the mountainside in gloomy masses; the sun for a moment appeared, and, shedding the blood-red tinge of its departing rays on the peak of the lofty Sugar Loaf, sunk beneath the dark and distant hills. An awful gloom hung over the dreary scene! The lieutenant, overpowered by chagrin, and worn out

by fatigue, sunk on his rude couch of fern and heather, to seek a brief repose, when his second hour's unsettled slumbers were disturbed by the tramp of many feet outside the hovel, and the piteous groans of some persons, whom he concluded to be the wounded of that day's action. One of the two men who had been left to guard him, repaired to the opening of the hut, and, after holding some converse with a party outside, whose tone (although in a language not understood by the lieutenant) seemed to imply command, the guard returned to the side of the rough bed of the captive, intimating, that the shelter of the hovel was required for some of their wounded comrades. Misery levels all distinctions! The poor lieutenant was preparing to resign his humble berth; but this the guard refused, and even, in respectful terms, expressed his concern at the inconvenience the officer would be exposed to in that miserable place. Four unhappy wretches, with gun-shot wounds, were borne in, and a rude litter of heather spread for their repose. But a night of horror ensued. Distant thunders rolled along the desolate range of mountains which surrounded their dismal glen, through which the moaning wind swept, in sad accordance with the piercing moans of the unfortunate unattended sufferers within this narrow prison. As the night advanced, the elements seemed to be engaged in horrid conflict; the awful peals of thunder following each other in rapid succession, united in wild reverberation, while the vivid lightning seemed to bestow permanent illumination on this contracted scene of human suffering and terror! The wounded wretches, agonized by pain, and tormented by a burning thirst, cried aloud for *water*! or a bullet to end their miseries! But it was not until after midnight that the torrent, rushing from the mountains by a thousand rills, afforded a supply of the grateful fluid, to the parched lips of the almost expiring sufferers. Nor was it less acceptable to that silent sufferer, the captive lieutenant, into whose portion of the welcome draught one of his guards insisted on pouring a drop of whisky, while the other prevailed on him to accept a piece of biscuit, the slender remains of their last plunder. The officer received these proofs of kindness with an expression of gratitude; and was then taught the lesson, that pity and humanity had yet a resting-place within the rebel's bosom.

The night was one of unmitigated horror within the wretched hovel, and with the detachment on the distant mountain almost equally so. After a night of care and anxious watchfulness, their morning broke without tale or tidings of the respected and now lamented officer. The Dublin party proceeded on their march to headquarters, with the painful conviction on their mind that their gallant lieutenant had fallen a victim to the savage vengeance of the rebel Holt.

When the first beams of the morning's light broke through the crevices of the hovel's roof, it disclosed a horrid scene. Two of the unhappy wretches had yielded up their guilty spirits during the

night, and the others lay senseless to all but the torment of their festering wounds. The lieutenant implored his guard to allow him to enjoy the invigorating air of the early morn, if only for a few minutes. His jaded senses required that relief: he had awoke from feverish dreams only to the keener reality of his error and misfortune. Great was his surprise and gratitude at finding his request complied with; and his guard was in the act of assisting him to rise, when some voice of authority suspended the movement until the bandage was placed over his eyes: this done, he was led forth. Some person appeared to enter as he departed; and he fancied he heard a prayer, in the Latin tongue, uttered in a low tone of voice. By the time he had reached, according to his calculation, a dozen yards from the hovel's entrance, he was halted, as if for the inspection of some, to him invisible, spectator; after which an order was given, in a tone of authority, (but in the Irish language,) which, after a few moments preparation, set the captive and his guard once more on the march. More than half an hour elapsed, during which period they were constantly ascending, ere the bandage was removed from the eyes of the lieutenant, when he was invited to repose by the guard, which had been increased to *four*. He cast his eyes around, but sought in vain the scene of the last night's horrors: all about him breathed peace and tranquillity. They had reached a verdant and sheltered spot, where the blooming heather, refreshed by the late rain, scented the air with its grateful perfume. The morning breeze, playing over his burning cheek, revived, with almost magical effect, his physical powers; while the painful certainty of his hopeless captivity, and probable execution before that glorious sun which now rose in splendour over the glistening mountain top should again set in darkness, weighed heavily on his heart. All his attempts to stifle the thoughts of wife, of children, and of home, were vain; they predominated over all others, and could not, for a moment, be banished from his tortured breast. He could not but believe that his doom had that morning been pronounced. The party whose arrival at the hovel caused such a stir, and before whom he was led, blindfolded, for inspection, was, perhaps, the Rebel Chief, into whose power he had so unguardedly thrown himself; or, if not the chief, some second in authority, whose sanguinary decree would meet with prompt obedience. Would the Government consider his destitute family entitled to provision under all the circumstances of his failure? Stunned by these reflections, he resumed the march, passively, almost listlessly, moving beside his guard, wrapt in deep and gloomy meditation. After a silent march of two or three hours, they gradually wound their footsteps down the mountain side, and at length reached a secluded valley, through which a narrow rivulet flowed. On the bank of this stream stood a solitary cabin, of rude formation, two sides being afforded by nature, in the projecting points of a moss-covered rock; the

others by walls of mud and straw ; the roof securely thatched with the rough produce of the soil. There was an air of security in this romantic spot, (which appeared to be shut out from human observation,) that rendered it a most fitting place of retreat. A few domesticated goats browsed about, undisturbed in this peaceful little valley ; all beyond and around which was wildness and desolation. As the party approached the cabin, three half-clad but robust children ran forth, as if to greet with their embraces some anxiously-expected visitors. The sight of these little ones kindled all the father's feelings in the heart of the poor captive ; and when, on nearer approach, they accepted his proffered hands, he took the little savages one by one to his arms, while tears of fond recollection poured down his manly cheeks. The mother of these children, who appeared for a moment at the door of the cabin to answer the inquiry of one of the guard, beheld this affecting sight with all a mother's tenderness ; and, retiring within the cabin, she returned in another minute with a large bason of milk and a piece of girdle-bread, which was respectfully presented to the lieutenant by one of his guards. Seated on the rivulet's bank, a short distance from the lowly dwelling, and surrounded by the children, he enjoyed in thankfulness his humble and, as he imagined, his last repast. During this period of repose and refreshment, he perceived, as he thought, a degree of restless anxiety in the countenance of his guards, who had evidently expected to see some superior in that lonely valley. One of the two men who had so kindly relieved his wants the night before, ascended the mountain's brow, at the desire of the woman ; but returned to express, as the lieutenant supposed, (for the conversation was carried on in Irish,) his disappointment. A long consultation took place, the woman apparently urging delay, in which she was seconded by the guard who had passed the night at the hut, while the two strangers who had that morning joined seemed much disinclined for any. The lieutenant heard the word *general* mentioned as, on each occasion, one or other of the party looked up the mountain track. After a racking suspense of nearly an hour's duration, the guard moved slowly from the cabin, encircling their prisoner, who moved his hands in grateful thanks to the woman as he cast his last look on her and the children. Leaving the rivulet's side, the party proceeded through the valley, which darkened to the view as the impending rocks rose in awful and abrupt masses on either side, screening from sight the noonday sun. Suspicious looks, and low whispers, passed between the guards. The impatience of those who had that morning joined, and the undisguised reluctance of the others, to execute some important order, of which he was, of course, the object, left no doubt on the lieutenant's mind as to his approaching fate. Not more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed since they left the cabin, the direct distance from which could not have exceeded a furlong, when, after a brief

altercation between his guards, one of those of the preceding night approached to his side, and, with evident emotion, announced that "*their march had ended !*" a sentence which struck on the ear of the captive as the signal for immediate death. His heart for a moment sank under the shock ; the colour forsook his manly countenance as the thoughts of all most dear to him rushed on his distracted memory ; he cast his eyes towards the blue unclouded heavens, which shone like a narrow streak of light above the horrid chasm, and on his knees resigned himself to silent prayer ! With his face buried in his hands, he remained undisturbed for several minutes, and almost unconscious of existence, when he felt himself gently enfolded in the arms of some kind benevolent being. On opening his eyes, he beheld, kneeling beside him, a venerable looking man, in soiled and faded black clothes, who, with all the fervency of the priestly profession, entreated him to accept the consolations of religion in these his last moments of life !

The guards, on the approach of the priest, had withdrawn to some short distance ; but as the doomed one cast his bewildered glance around, he perceived one of them armed with his own double-barrelled gun. Hitherto he had anticipated a horrid and ignominious death by the pike or the halter ; it was therefore a relief to the gallant soldier's mind, to think (as appearances indicated) that he would at least meet a soldier's death ! Even that thought brought its consolation. Grateful for the attentions of the reverend Father, he felt all the difficulty of declining, without offence, his spiritual aid ; but the kind pastor, availing himself of the privilege of his sacred office, to extend the respite between life and death to the latest possible moment, listened to those communications on his worldly affairs which the afflicted lieutenant thought fit to confide to him. He was requested to write to his wife (whom her devoted husband already considered a forlorn widow) all the circumstances of his capture, his sufferings, and ultimate fate ! Then taking a kind farewell of the deeply-affected priest, he declared to his approaching executioners his readiness to meet his fate. With trembling hands and palpitating heart, the good pastor took on himself the last sad office of placing the bandage over the eyes of the victim ; and, with a fervent benediction and invocation to divine mercy, was about to hurry from the horrid scene, when the shriek of a female voice—the cries of "*Stor ! Stor !*"—the sound of fast approaching footsteps—fixed him to the spot. Standing, with uplifted arms and exposed breast, in front of the kneeling lieutenant, he suspended the execution. In another minute, the bandage was torn from the captive's eyes by that generous woman who had so lately and kindly relieved his necessities. She was followed by a stern but care-worn looking man, in plain attire, but armed at all points, whose angry chidings could not, for a moment, arrest her humane purpose. After him crept the children, with fearful step ; and when they saw their

mother raise the drooping lieutenant from his kneeling posture, they instantly ran towards him and renewed their caresses.

"O spare his life, husband of my heart!" cried the woman. "O father of my children, have mercy upon him! On my bare knees, I ask it."

The poor children, seeing their mother on her knees, in the attitude of supplication, happily unconscious of the awful cause, knelt beside her; and, catching the infection of her tears, put up their little hands, and cried aloud—"O father, father!"

The husband advanced towards his captive with haughty stride and scornful brow, while his quivering lip and moistened eye betrayed his better feelings.

"Look!" said he, while his varied passions almost choked his utterance—"Look upon that poor woman! now pleading, on her knees, for the life of him who came, under a mean disguise, into the last wretched retreat your cruel Government has left us—our wild and desolate mountains—to destroy the life of her husband! her only support or protection on earth! and throw these poor innocents, destitute and despised, on a hard, unfeeling world. Behold the REBEL CHIEF! the proscribed, the hated HOLZ, whose blood you were sworn to shed, now before you! These"—pointing to the papers of which the lieutenant had been despoiled the previous day—"inform me of all your plans; and this proclamation shews for *what* you sought my blood. Oh," added the rebel, in a subdued and melancholy tone, "one half of this reward would have transported me and mine to a far distant land of liberty; but nothing but my blood will satisfy your rulers. You see, sir," said the chief, scornfully, "that we can yet defend ourselves!"

The lieutenant would not condescend to offer a word in vindication of his share in the expedition; and, scorning to supplicate for life with such an enemy, he folded his arms, and coolly said—"I am in your power, chief—take your revenge!"

The peculiarly broad Scotch accent in which these words were uttered, seemed to startle the rebel; who hastily called one of the guards to his side, who received from his chief some angry rebuke, and a command to order the others to fall back. Turning to the lieutenant, he again addressed him, saying—

"No, sir—your life is now safe! but had you been an *Irishman*, as your name implies,* by Him who died for us on the Cross, you should have been shot like a dog, and your bones left to bleach on the wildest crag of our naked mountain! As it is, your life is no longer in danger. Thank that broken-hearted woman for the delay that saved it. She saw you caress her children; she felt that you were a father; and for the sake of *that* father, who, God knows how soon, may stand in need of all their prayers, she pleaded for your life; and it is now granted."

* The lieutenant bore the name of a family peculiarly obnoxious to the Irish in those days.

The rebel chief then raised his still kneeling wife, and pressed her fondly to his heart; then, turning once more to the captive, said—

"You must be content to remain our prisoner, and share our mountain misery for a few days. The same men who have been your guards shall remain with you, as well to prevent escape as to protect you against the vengeance of others. The blood of five poor souls lies on your head, and those who sent you; but fear nothing from me."

Then, taking up a child in each arm, whom he alternately kissed, he strode away towards the solitary cabin, closely followed by his wife. The good priest, with tears of joy in his eyes, took an arm of the lieutenant in kind support, who on the other bore the youngest child of this ill-fated pair, whose little arm was entwined round his neck. In this order, followed by the guard, the whole party reached the miserable cabin, into an inner apartment of which the lieutenant was led; the interior consisting of three comfortless chambers, presented a melancholy picture of that state of danger and privation to which this once respectable family had been reduced. Here, left to his reflections, the poor captive found leisure to contemplate his strange and anomalous situation. But, half an hour before, the doomed and detested enemy—now the pardoned and protected *guest* of the rebel chief. While pondering on the strange events of the last twenty-four hours, and still half doubtful of his ultimate fate, one of the men left to guard him broke in on his reveries, to intimate that the priest was about to take his departure, and had obtained the chief's leave to receive the lieutenant's commands. The worthy man entered; and, having expressed his joy at the happy termination of the captive's late heavy trial, renewed his promise to write to the wife of the officer. But *how* to announce the glad tidings of his safety?

"My mission," said the priest, "into these wild scenes is now accomplished. I am permitted to communicate to your family your personal safety—more I know not. Led into these dreary regions in the darkness of the blind, even so I must return on quitting this valley. Miles must be traversed ere I gain my well-known road, and then the light of heaven will be restored to me. Though death and danger stand in our path, the ministers of our religion dare not deny the Christian's right whenever 'tis demanded—even to the guilty outlaw. Farewell, stranger! Your bidding shall be faithfully performed. And, O may the mercy of the rebel teach *your* heart the lesson of pity and forgiveness! Heaven prosper you!"

In a few minutes, the noise of a horse's footsteps called the attention of the lieutenant, who, peeping from the single pane which formed the window of his prison, beheld the good pastor depart with bandaged eyes, taking the route up the mountain's side by which he had himself that morning descended. The horse was led by one of the ragged crew, while another walked

beside it, each armed with a pike and pistol. Exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, the prisoner sought that repose which his late sufferings demanded. And here we must leave him—secure at least of life—to take a view of what was passing in the capital.

On the evening of that eventful day, the defeated party reached Dublin. The sergeant who took the command, on the supposed massacre of his officer, was next day examined before a privy council, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of all the events of their brief but calamitous expedition. Rendered furious by fresh defeat, and disappointed vengeance, that sanguinary party, to whose dominion the destinies of unhappy Ireland had been too long committed, were loud in their demand for fresh sacrifices. All moderate measures, all invitations to concession and surrender, were denounced; and vengeance was their cry! Alas! against whom? A poor unfortunate outcast, who scorned their power; but yet one whom a word of kind promise would have brought a voluntary captive within the castle gates. Blood had already been profusely shed—accursed martial law, with all its horrors, had contaminated and despoiled the land. Executions, attended with all the brutalizing and disgusting butcheries consequent to a conviction for high treason—the *hangings, beheading, and embowelling*, (*literally performed*,) had stained and polluted every leading street of the metropolis. Yet there was one party unsated, whose cry was still—“More blood!” A fresh expedition to the mountains, consisting of one thousand light troops, was recommended; a renewed proclamation issued, increasing the reward for Holt's body, dead or alive, to ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS!!! and a free pardon to his betrayer or assassin. These had scarcely been posted on the walls of the city, when intelligence reached the family of the lieutenant of his perfect safety, with the addition that he owed his life to the clemency of the generous Holt! The letter, written by the priest to the lieutenant's wife, appeared in all the papers; many of the proclamations were, in the course of that night, torn down or defaced, and songs and placards in praise of the brave Holt substituted. All this was wormwood to that odious party whose names will descend to posterity with merited execration.

The untalented, but merciful and humane Earl Hardwicke, was the Viceroy of that day; who, following the counsels of the British Cabinet, had hitherto resigned himself to the guidance of the dominant party, but now called to his confidence and aid the few enlightened patriots who boldly withstood their country's degradation, and proudly maintained their independent station, untainted by bigotry, unsubdued by corruption, and unawed by those terrors which sent to exile or the grave so many of the friends of freedom and of law. Under their advice, the plan of a general amnesty was drawn up, in order to be submitted to the British Government, and one which would embrace the greater number of the deluded rebel party that

yet remained in arms. This measure was, of course, warmly opposed by those whose trade was discord, who lived on the distractions of their common country; but was hailed by the more humane and politic as a coming blessing to the long-distracted nation.

In the course of a week the lieutenant himself arrived at the headquarters of his regiment, having been unconditionally released. He reported that, within the last few days of his captivity, an important change in his treatment had taken place: his gun had been restored to him, together with his watch and other property; he had been allowed the range of the mountains, with only one man as his escort, and him he considered more as a protector than a guard. The chieftain's band had been dissolved, and had retired by numbers each night to their different destinations; but few remained of the once powerful Holt's rebel party; and those apparently his own relations or dependents.

The chief himself disappeared for a few days; but, on his return to his lonely cabin, he hastily removed his family, and, within a few minutes from their departure, the humble fabric was consigned to the flames! Holt, seizing the arm of the lieutenant, and pointing to the blaze, exclaimed—“Behold, sir, the last poor shelter of the Rebel Chief is now destroyed! You are free! Your guard shall guide you to within a short distance of a military post. We have now nothing to conceal; and you will travel with open eyes. Farewell!”

The lieutenant expressed his sense of this generous conduct; and, taking the chieftain's hand, bestowed a grateful pressure, as he bade him farewell, wishing him happier days.

“One week more, sir,” replied Holt, “and I shall be happier, or in my grave!” then, pressing the officer's hand, he hastily withdrew.

A few days subsequent to the lieutenant's return, an unusual bustle and whispering, in the castle and its purlieus, indicated that some important event had occurred. The preparation for the march of the battalion of light infantry for the Wicklow Mountains, were all at once suspended; and, to add to the surprise of speculators, a regiment of Highlanders, which had long occupied the position on the new line of road in that district, for the defence of the works, was called in. The usual conjectures—a French fleet off Bantry Bay, or Loughswilly, or Galway, formed the gossip of the passing hour; but, in another day, the mystery was cleared up, by the public announcement, that the rebel general, Holt, was a prisoner in Dublin Castle!

The lovers of military law, and of the atrocities which that law sanctioned, were rejoicing in the prospect of another victim, when their hopes and expectations were suddenly checked, by a piece of intelligence, which set the “loyal” in a frenzy: no less than that Holt had made his peace with Government, and was to be allowed to depart, himself and family, to the colonies, under his Majesty's pardon, and at the expense of the Crown!

It was not until the lapse of some weeks that all the circumstances of the surrender of this extraordinary character became known; and, as they were of a romantic, and rather heroic description, the name of Holt obtained a degree of honourable celebrity for the while, which his former fortunes could not have promised; while they threw a veil of pity over his past errors.

On the dispersion of his followers, he collected, from the various places of concealment in which they had for years been secreted, whatever remained of his once respectable property; and having released the officer, and restored those articles, of which he had been deprived, he removed his family to some place of safety; then, assuming the plain dress of the ordinary farmers of that county, found means of eluding all the military posts and patrols during a rapid night march, and arrived in the suburbs of Dublin, unobserved and unknown. Here, it would appear, he must have remained a day or two in secret, collecting such information as the newspapers afforded, or as his private friends in the city could convey. He learned the safe arrival of the lieutenant, and saw the fresh proclamation for his apprehension or death, in which his person was (fortunately for him) most inaccurately described: a copy of which he found no difficulty in obtaining. With that in his pocket, and a paper, written by a friend, in the name of Fitzpatrick, addressed to Mr H——, a magistrate of the county of Wicklow, (and a gentlemen holding a confidential office under the Crown,) in which offers were made to give some important intelligence respecting the rebel Holt, he boldly rode off for that gentleman's residence, situated about fifteen miles from Dublin. This was a daring proceeding of Holt, in his native county too; but he had set his life upon the hazard.

Arriving at an early hour in the forenoon, he found, paraded in front of the mansion, the corps of yeomanry, which the magistrate commanded, many of whom had been within the length of the rebel's pike in the hour of action; but before whose gaze their late formidable chief now quietly passed unheeded, to present his credentials to the servant in waiting.

In a few minutes he was summoned to the study of Mr H——, whom he found at his table, amidst a mass of papers, the most prominent of which was the new proclamation. The chimney-rack was filled with arms of all descriptions; and the captain's holster pistols, which he had just finished loading, lay beside him on his table. He eyed Holt with a scrutinizing glance as he entered, but could perceive nothing in his calm and quiet appearance to excite fear or suspicion; however, to shew that he was not to be taken by surprise, he took up one of his pistols, as if examining the priming, remarking that, "in these times, it behoved every one to be on his guard; and now, Mr Fitzpatrick, be seated." Holt drew his chair close to the magistrate's table, whose hand still rested on his pistol, and who thus continued—"You tell me in this letter that the person of Holt is known to you?"

"Perfectly, sir, as well as my own brother's! I have known him from childhood," answered the rebel.

"Look, then, at this description," said the magistrate, offering the proclamation to Holt.

"I have one, sir," (unfolding that which he had brought from town,) "and certainly see some slight difference; but to me all descriptions are unnecessary; and, furthermore, sir, I can now give you a solemn assurance that I have the means of placing the rebel in *your* hands!"

"Then the reward shall, in that case, be yours; but why not have given information at the castle? when a sufficient force might have been sent with you to ensure his capture."

"Force, captain! ah, no! Holt never can be taken by force! You shall shortly know my reasons for making *you* the instrument of his capture; but for myself, it is not the temptation of the high reward that leads me to surrender him; for, O God! 'tis hard to give up a fellow-creature to an ignominious death, for the sake of paltry gold! to sacrifice a broken-hearted, and, perhaps, penitent man and his innocent family, for the lucre of money; not a guinea of which could ever bring luck or grace on the betrayer. No, sir, there are higher and better motives for my appearance here—the peace and tranquillity of the country I love."

"Whatever are your motives, Mr Fitzpatrick, I trust you do not mean to deceive or baffle us; if you do, sir, we have our remedy, you know. You should recollect that this rebel has been for years the terror of our country, the enemy of his King and his Government."

"No, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Holt, with an energy that rather startled the magistrate; "of the *Government* only—not of the *King*! It is my belief, that were the Lord Lieutenant to offer the poor man his life and liberty, he would withdraw for ever from the scene of his past crimes, and from the country, in which he has now neither house nor home, friend nor protector."

"That may be your opinion, sir; but no terms will ever be made with the rebel until he is in the power of Government; for what security could he offer for his compliance, even supposing that the Lord Lieutenant humanely consented to accept of his submission on these terms?"

"*His honour*, sir!" replied the rebel, with an emphasis which in an instant raised a feeling of suspicion in the magistrate's mind that he was conversing, if not with Holt himself, with some one of his band in the immediate confidence of the chief. He grasped his pistol, while he alternately glanced at the description given in the proclamation and the form and features of his visitor; then fixing his full dark eye on the yet unmoved and firm countenance of the stranger, authoritatively demanded—

"And pray, sir, who are *you* that thus so confidently vouch for the *honour* of the rebel chief?"

"*Himself!*—the unfortunate Holt!"

The magistrate attempted to raise the pistol, on which his hand had for some time rested; but ere he could accomplish the movement, one was close to his head, in the firm grasp of the rebel's hand, who, in a tone of humility and supplication, cried—

"Easy, easy, captain! Your hand, sir, must not be soiled by my poor blood; or, if it must be so, *we die together!* Hear me, sir. I promised to explain why I made *you* the instrument of the rebel's capture. You have been a blessing to our poor country under all its misfortunes, and often arrested the hand of the murderer from the throat of his unresisting victim. Unable to check the atrocities you hourly witnessed, without compromising your own character for *loyalty*, (that hackneyed cant-word of the tyrants of our island,) you have seen our poor houses in flames—our herds destroyed or plundered, our crops trampled upon—and ourselves hunted like wild beasts, by a brutal foreign soldiery, or the still *more* savage native yomanry let loose upon us to drive us to that rebellion which the Government itself provoked. You have seen all this; but *you*, sir, never wantonly oppressed us. Not a stick of your plantations, not a hair of your cattle, nor a sheaf of your crops, have ever been injured or plundered by me or mine. Whilst others were the firebrands to keep alive the flame of the rebellion, you, sir, were always the peace-maker to mediate between the weak misguided rebel and the all-powerful Government. To *you*, sir, I surrender myself!—do all you can to protect my poor wife and children, then dispose of me as you please."

Then, drawing from beneath his coat another pistol, he placed the muzzles of both towards his *own* breast, while he thrust them forward to the hands of the magistrate, saying, "*Now, sir, the Rebel Holt is your defenceless prisoner.*"

A thousand conflicting feelings agitated the breast of the magistrate, a man whose humanity was equal to his courage, (and both were unquestionable.) All that rancorous feeling which, a few moments before, he entertained towards the daring rebel gradually yielded to sentiments of pity for his misfortunes, and admiration at his magnanimity. Ardently did he long to save him; but there was a bigoted council, and justly exasperated Government, to be won over to the side of mercy. His chief hope rested on the well-known humanity of the Lord Lieutenant. To see his Excellency—to make the *first* impression—was the great object of the magistrate's solicitude. A pledge once given by the humane Hardwicke, would ensure the safety of the rebel's life. His resolve was instantaneous. Ringing his bell, he ordered four horses for Dublin, without a moment's delay; and intimated to Holt the necessity for his being confined to the house till his return; assuring him that his name should not be divulged, and that no restraint,

beyond confinement to the house, would be imposed on him. The officer next in command of the troops was called in, and informed that the *stranger* had made some important disclosures, and had still further communications to make to Government, and must not be lost sight of for one instant; but no questions were to be asked or answered, except as to his personal wants, which the servants were ordered to attend to. With a mind oppressed by anxiety, but still not wholly divested of hope, the worthy magistrate set off for Dublin Castle; and, in the course of a long and secret audience with the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, he rendered a full and, of course, the most favourable account of his most extraordinary interview that morning with the Rebel Chief, concluding with the announcement of his unconditional submission to his Excellency's clemency. Pity, mercy, and sound policy prevailed over all narrow or vengeful feelings. The pledge *was* given; and Mr H—— that evening returned to his mansion, the joyful messenger of pardon and of peace.

Next morning, without any parade, or even an escort of troops, the magistrate conveyed Holt in his carriage to Dublin Castle, where, for safety, he was lodged in the apartments appropriated for State prisoners.

Every information which the grateful Holt could afford was given with fidelity, and with no ordinary show of talent, shrewdness, and good sense, during his several examinations before the Privy Council. He acted as guide to the band of general and engineer officers who proceeded to the Wicklow Mountains to examine the various positions in which the rebel chief for so many years had sustained himself. Passes through apparently unfathomable gulphs, (the mere existence of which rested but on traditional accounts)—by means of which, communications were held with distant posts with a rapidity which baffled all professional calculation—were explored under his guidance. New lines of road, branching off from the great military way then in progress, were suggested and marked out by the intelligent Holt, as opening a ready access to the very heart of the mountain recesses. These, and every other service he could render, were his peace-offering and atonement for past offences, and an humble testimony of gratitude for Royal clemency.

In another month the fallen chieftain, from the deck of the vessel which conveyed this wretched family to a far distant shore, cast a long and lingering look on the blue hills of romantic Wicklow, the scene of his triumph and of his sorrows; and, pressing to his bosom the faithful partner of his past perils and future fortunes, he bestowed a tear and a blessing on the country of his heart.

O. M.

A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

"Ma'am, I vow I loved you dearly,
Truly, fondly, and sincerely—
Smile, then, on me, prithee, cheerly."
"What, sir? I can't hear you."

"Hem! sweet girl, I'm all affection,
Penchant, ardour, predilection:
Take me, if you've no objection."
"What, sir? I can't hear you."

"Ma'am, ahem! I'm faint with screaming—
Surely, love, you must be dreaming;
Yet those eyes are brightly beaming."
"What, sir? I can't hear you."

"Can't you, really? well, how funny;
If it wasn't for her money
I'd ne'er think of matrimony."
"Thank you, sir; I hear you."

MOTLEY.

BURSCHEN MELODIES.—No I.

"*Ubi sunt gaudia?*
Nirgends mehr denn da,
Wo die Burschen singen
Selecta cantica,
Und die Gläser klingen
In villae curia
Eia! wären wir da!"

BURSCHEN SONG.

"Dicam noctemque continuare potando nulli probrum."

TACITUS *de Mor. Germanorum*.

NEXT to Shakspeareian hilarity, and Rabelaisian joviality, there is nothing of the hale hearty kind in nature which we are inclined to look upon with more favour than genuine German Burschikosity. Rabelais, indeed, is somewhat questionable; at least, it is not every man's affair to walk up to the neck in mire, and straightway bound up heavenwards with a step as light as winged Mercury, and a vestment as pure as Dian. But the German Bursch is no such portentous Behemoth of rude jollity: he is merely a roving rolloping young man, instinct with the strong tide of fresh vitality, flapping his wings triumphantly, and rejoicing in his strength.

"Der Jungling soll die Flügel regen
In Lieb und Hass gewaltig sich bewegen."

as Göethe says; in all times, and in all places, a most orthodox rule; but applicable especially to Germany, where the Bursch has long been accustomed to look upon himself as the impersonated beam-ideal of juvenile freedom, and the very pink and pattern of all that a well-conditioned young man is and ought to be. No doubt, on this side the channel, we are accustomed to look on this matter with other eyes; and next to a Neologic Doctor, capped by Strauss or Gesenius, there is perhaps no genus of German men whom the uninitiated Englishman is apt to look upon with more suspicion than the Bursch. But those who have lived in Germany, and spoken face to face with these good fellows, know better things. The German Bursch has his follies and absurdities, doubtless; but what *young man* has not? Are there no deep potations, no noisy revelries, no long-drawn midnight orgies, within the cloistered walls of Oxford and Cambridge? We do not think it is

any man's duty to sow wild oats, as the phrase is; but young men are second children, trying to stand on their legs; and many an awkward flounder they make before they learn to walk. Besides, what an unreasonable fool is he who will demand luxuriance and restraint, inspiration and moderation, from the same thing at the same time! He who handles the pruning knife, rejoices that there is something to prune; for it is a sign of lusty vegetation; and a boy who cannot give and return a blow at school, on the great theatre of life will peep and creep among the back scenes, and no man care to ask what he is about.

But the German Bursch has one great and characteristic advantage above all other manifestations of the lusty young man: he splashes and dashes, and cuts his capers in an element to which, by a defective and perverse system of education, our British youth, as a body, are total strangers—we mean the element of Music. This is the true ether for the spiritual man to swim in: so Plato and the Greeks taught long ago; so the jovial Burschen daily and hourly practise; so the wisdom of Oxford and Cambridge, and the mighty god Mammon in this country, have not decided. Or do we wrong our country? Shall we attempt to answer the much disputed question—Are the English a musical people? We answer that *all* people are musical. God gave this gift to man, as he gave song to the birds—a part of the universal voice of joy, which is merely another name for existence triumphing in itself. But we Britons have, for the last two centuries, shamefully neglected the cultivation of this highest talent; and not only have we not advanced in the general culture of music, but we have retrograded far back into primitive barbarism. Of course we do not speak

here of Italian operas, musical festivals, philharmonic concerts, choral societies, *et id genus omne*. These things (and we are thankful for it) have increased of late years, and will continue to increase; but they all partake too much of the character of *exhibitions*, to warrant our assuming, on such pretensions, the designation of a musical people. If music is not the intellectual atmosphere in which a people enjoys its daily existence, and habitually expresses its commonest feelings, that people is not musical. Make now the trial. Take an Oxonian Greek man and a Göttinger Bursch, and, in nineteen cases out of twenty, while the German not only enjoys music, but is a practical musician, the Englishman is altogether *αμουσος*, scarcely discerning a crotchet from a quaver. In the remaining twentieth case, you may possibly find, that our countryman is a more expert violinist or flutist than the foreigner; but, even when it is so, it is only a few amateurs and virtuosos against a nation of singers; and this seems to us pretty accurately to express the relation of the two nations, as regards the practice of music. We stop not here to inquire into the gross inconsistency of the Oxonian who studies Greek, and, at the same time, habitually neglects that which the wisdom of the Greeks declared to be the soul of all study; neither shall we trouble ourselves with investigating more minutely how it comes to pass, that what was necessary, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, to constitute the inward substance of a gentleman, should now, by many, be thought sufficiently honoured when treated as the outward adornment of a girl. We content ourselves with stating the fact: the German Bursch is an essentially musical young man; the English or the Scottish student essentially unmusical. The reason may lie here or it may lie there—*non omnia possumus omnes*; we make no unreasonable demands; but the fact is undeniable.

A very sensible and well-informed writer* has said, that to know England is to know English politics; to know Germany is to know German literature. In the one country the House of Commons, in the other the Universities, are the arena of the greatest intellectual activity. We concur entirely in this remark; and as it is not the dead learning, but the life of the universities, with which we have to do, the Englishman who desires really to know and love Germany will consider the Burschen no less worthy objects of his attention than the professors. The peculiarities of the Burschen life have, indeed, in these latter days, been shorn of their public glories by the state-scissors of the meddling Bureaucrats at Frankfort; but scissors can only clip and pare; and there is a soul in German university life (as, among other things, the recent demonstrations of independent spirit at Göttingen have shewn) that no Prussian police-packthread can strangle. The men who drove out Napoleon are gagged, but

they are not asleep. The Burschen are a peculiar people; like the Israelites in Egypt, and the genuine Irish in Ireland, they cannot be annihilated. If the King of Prussia could remodel Bonn and Berlin upon the slavish monastic plan of Oxford and Cambridge, these institutions would be much more of a piece, doubtless, with his political system of paternal government. But the King of Prussia can no more annihilate the living spirit of freedom in the German universities, than the House of Commons in this country, were it composed altogether of the most systematic Tories, could annihilate the liberty of the British press. Notwithstanding Frankfort Decrees and Hanover ordinances, the German universities still live and flourish; and while they live, LIBERTY lives with them. There is much talk in the Burschen songs about *FREYHEIT*; and they look very superficially into the matter who see here talk only. True, the Bursch, as he himself sings, "must go home and be a Philistine," like other decent respectable people. To become a Philistine is the termination just as certain of the Burschen career, as death is of mortality. But the Bursch is not all dead; his arm only is paralyzed for a season. Besides, there are a few select Burschen always, who never leave the university: these, in after life, become professors; and, among this class, we are to look for the true prophets of German liberty; here are realized, in intellectual conquest at least, all the most rosy fancies of the liberty-intoxicated Bursch. We must be allowed to connect the free speculations of Wolf and Niebuhr, Kant and Schelling, in some not very remote degree, with the freedom of the Burschen life, and its noblest manifestation—the free outpourings of song; just as in the case of an English intellect, like that of Whewell for instance—masculine and broad in the main, but, on certain subjects, pitifully narrow, we are justified in attributing that narrowness to the contracted system of education of which the English universities are so obstinately enamoured. A newspaper is a mighty engine; but a manual of the history of philosophy is mighty also. The English universities send forth a host of goodly champions, panoplied in Greek, to preach legitimate Church and State bigotry in newspapers and reviews; the German universities send forth their infinitely greater host of honest inquiring thinkers, who own no Church but Charity, whose State is Science, and their citizenship Truth. In the one case, a free country sends forth bigots to preach despotism; in the other case, an enslaved country sends forth philosophers to preach freedom. Thus a wise Providence out of evil brings good, and converts good into evil; here neutralizing the bad, and there making the good nugatory, according to a system of kindly-devised compensations. The German universities are the great many-paged volume that contains the charter of intellectual freedom in Europe. From them sprung Martin Luther; and though the leap from him to a modern Bacchanalian Bursch, roaring a rude song and drinking bad beer, must

* The author of the article on "The Character and Manners of the German Students."—*London and Westminster Review*, vol. II., 1836.—6.

appear ludicrous, and even disrespectful to the memory of the great champion of religious liberty, yet it is a leap only to English associations. Brother Martin himself was a Bursch, and a jovial one. After theology, he accounted music the most divine of the sciences; and the tuneful Burschen have adopted one of his stanzas as their most familiar motto:—

“Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weiber, und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.”

“Whosoever loves not wine, women, and song, that man is a fool, and remains so to the end of the chapter.” This is the first and the last article of the Burschen creed; and the man who embraces it with an honest and hearty faith, that man is a genuine Bursch, though he should never have either fought a duel or smoked a pipe in his life. Let no man, however, imagine that the admission ticket into this worthy fraternity is easy. To be hearty (*flott*) is not every man's business; and to love sincerely is always a Christian virtue. It looks, indeed, a little strange when the invitation runs:—

“Such good Christian chums we lack, sir,
Who will drink their latest plack, sir,
Shoes and stockings, and barefoot run
Post to the devil when all is done.”*

But this, like other expressions of the same kind, must be interpreted esoterically; and it only means that a true Bursch will follow his friend penniless to the devil out of sheer love and kindness; which doctrine may possibly not be altogether orthodox, but it certainly does not savour of selfishness or worldly-mindedness. A man who loves wine only, and *per se*, may be a sot; a man who loves women only, and *per se*, may be himself a woman; but a man who loves wine, and women, and song, is, in all likelihood, a good fellow—a faithful companion, (*ein fideler kerl*), a genuine Bursch. The test here is song:—

“Wo man singt, da lass dich ruhig nieder,
Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder.”

“BAD MEN HAVE NO SONGS.” So the motto on the title page of one of our Burschen books runs; a most momentous truth, as old, no doubt, as Jubal, the son of Lamech, the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ: and fully proved in after ages by King David, when an evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul. “*Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder.*” Malignity, under any shape or character, envy, jealousy, greed, selfishness, cannot sing; the voice of these things is essential discord. A good man only whose pulses beat and whose lungs play cheerfully, can bring forth music. Young men are naturally good-hearted, and youth is naturally full of songs. The German Bursch being *καρ εὖλογον*, a young man is also *καρ εὖλογον*, a singer. His drinking and duelling extravagances may force a laugh, perhaps a tear; but in his own

truly German region of sweet sounds, he calls forth our most unqualified admiration.

A Burschen song is like the Bursch himself—a thing that every “Philistine” will not understand; but music has this charm above all the sister arts—that they who do not understand it, are nevertheless pleased with it, whether they will or no. By understanding music, we mean here, not the scientific comprehension of sounds, and the laws which guide their succession and combination—for a learned contrapuntist does no more necessarily understand a song, than a learned theologian necessarily understands Christianity: but we mean the practical knowledge and living sympathy with the organic principle of spiritual life, out of which a song is generated—the *idea* of the song, as the Germans are fond of phrasing it. Now it is manifest that the idea of church music, for instance, exists only in the soul of a devout person, who is prompted by the inspiration of genuine feeling, to this particular method of utterance; and for the true relish and understanding of such music, a pure flow of devotional feeling in the soul is, of course, the first requisite. So, also, in regard to Burschen songs. Here the first condition is that the singer be himself, at least *pro hac vice*, a genuine Bursch. Free from the Lilliput hamperings of public life, the stilted dignities of office, the small proprieties of place, and the thousand nice pedantries of prim people, he must regenerate the young man again in his soul, (happy if he *can* do so!) with the full gush of generous sentiment, and the mellow roar of unaffected glee. He must be capable of that most engaging virtue of an honest, healthy heart, which the French call *abandon*. He must have a sort of mad pleasure in naked truth, even so as to rejoice in it, when slung rudely in his own face. He must sincerely rejoice in *downrightness* for the sheer sake of *downrightness*. He must have no leisure for ornament; he must tear in pieces all idle flosculosities; every feeling must at the same time be an action; every thought a blow. Above all things, he must be vigorous and energetic; no *sotto voce* whisperings, no delicate “treading upon eggs” is tolerated by a Bursch; every sort of noise is legitimate that is not (as sometimes happens) the sign of weakness, not of strength. Delicacy, grace, beauty, taste, are all to be regarded; but in subordination. Even among the Greeks, Aphrodite was not the Queen of Olympus; and with the genuine Bursch, muscle is the first, and the second, and the third thing. It is thus manifest that a Burschen song is a thing of all things in the world most unlike to the great mass of songs, with which our British ears have, of late, been familiarized. These productions are mostly made with a view either to the drawing-room or the concert-saloon; and he who should attempt to adapt anything very stirring or bracing for that atmosphere, would sadly miscalculate. Not even Dibdin's admirable sea songs (though the British tar exemplifies the best qualities of the Bursch) will supply a parallel here. The German Burschen songs,

* “Solche Brüder wollen wir haben,
Die versaufen was sie haben,
Die versaufen strumpf und schuh,
Und laufen baarfüss dem Teufel zu.”

Burschen Song.

both as to words and music, are natural productions perfectly *sui generis*. They possess a pith and a substantiality, a breadth, mass, and volume; a vigour and a vivacity, a depth also, and sometimes a solemnity peculiar to themselves: but the carving, though bold and spirited, is often rude; their most Cyclopean architecture is still the architecture of young men—yea, mere boys
 “To the top of GREAT How did it please them to climb,
 And there they built up, *without mortar or lime*,
 A man on the peak of the crag.”

So their sublime frequently borders on the ridiculous; and yet, like Gargantua, even in their most mad exploits, there is always something about them that may not unfitly be denominated great; and as the wise poet of the lakes learned wisdom from those juvenile architects, so must we also address the German Bursch, when we wish to enjoy his music

“Come, light-hearted boys! to the top of the crag,
 And I'll build up a giant with you.”

In this spirit, we may venture to join the chorus of a jocund Commers-Lied;—quite dramatically, as Murray plays Newman Noggs, without a shirt on his back; and altogether unconscious that such persons as Boileau, or Blair, or Mrs Hannah More ever existed in the world.

We presume that such of our readers as may take any interest in Burschen melodies know already what a Bursch is, and have some general ideas on the habits and manners of the German students. The subject of German universities has been frequently before the public of late; and the peculiarities of the Burschen life have not escaped the observation of English travellers, whose known patriotism is never slow to seize upon the ludicrous side of all that is foreign. Mr Russell has been severe enough on the swaggering “renowners” of Jena. He allows, however, that they are hard students as well as hard drinkers, and fails not (with Mephistopheles in Faust) to commend the conscientious diligence with which they are wont to take down the Professor's

“words in writing,
 As if the Holy Spirit were inditing.”

A laugh, so qualified, may be tolerated by the most enthusiastic friend of the Burschen; while he who wishes to see the portrait drawn by more kindly hands, may consult the admirable article of *The London and Westminster Review*, above quoted. Had it not been for that article, we should have thought it our duty on the present occasion to enter at some length into the details of Burschen life; but *actum agere* is our detestation. The songs, moreover, are, for the most part, the best comment to themselves; and, when any special explanation may seem necessary, we shall not fail to supply it.

One observation we must prefix, that the songs are, for the most part, sung with the accompaniment of a full vocal chorus; the want of which no music-craft can fully supply. It is the praise of Germany, indeed, in all departments of music, to have cultivated choral singing with

peculiar care. Luther was a singing boy at Eisleben; and Professor Zelter's “Sing-Academie” at Berlin was famous over Europe. The Burschen have few songs without a chorus; this accompaniment lies, indeed, in the very nature of social music; and, besides this, there is often a dramatic distribution of parts, with a freshness and raciness thence resulting, that no tame singing, however sweet, and no formal singing, however grand, can compensate.

Another remark we have to make is this:—We wish for no mere readers. The custom of reading songs is a piece of modern Vandalism which Æschylus and Pindar could not have understood; it is the melody specially that we have to do with, and the living triumph of the spirit of glee in the soul of a Bursch. The Burschen songs present very little of what is commonly called poetry. We, individually, maintain that they are instinct with the soul of true poetry—health, and vigour, and cheerfulness; they are, moreover, real and natural—a living growth, and inestimably precious, as Carlyle somewhere preaches, because they are true. So also Goethe said—“Of poetry snapped out of the air, (*aus der Luft gegriffen*,) I make no account.”—(See *Eckermann*.) But the old French ideas still haunt us in some things; and the Burschen songs can expect no great commendation from critics of the kid-glove school. This, however, is a matter of small moment. We do not swear by the *word* of any of these loose effusions. If we can introduce the airs into English currency, we shall consider ourselves sufficiently happy. There are not wanting men of pith and vigour in merry England to make words for them, more suited to the genius of John Bull, and overflowing with genuine English hilarity and fun. The beauty of German songs, generally, consists more in their honesty than in their brilliancy; and we suspect that even in the rough romping line, Dr M'Ginn will beat any Bursch that ever penned stanza. But their natural words belong to them, in the first place. No lover of things German, no admirer of nature and consistency, would like to see a divorce; and for what we shall attempt to do in the delicate department of “oversetting,” we shall claim every legitimate indulgence.

We commence, most properly, with a fine *allegro* air, in which the Bursch draws his own portrait at full length, with the inliest and most comfortable self-satisfaction. The outer man is described in that full flicker of Burschen glory, now, alas! seen no more. The huge hat with waving plume is now exchanged for an humble cap or bonnet (*Mütze*;) which, however, in 1829, when the present reporter was a Bursch, still shewed in appropriate lace and tassil the colours of the Landsmannschaft. The sword also, the Burschen's pride, is now never seen publicly; it is, however, (or was, at the period referred to,) as active as ever in “the house of honour,” on the worthy “fighting floor;” perhaps, like other things both bad and good, the more rigorously it is interdicted, the more vigorously it vegetates.

DER BURSCH VON AECHEM SCHROT UND KORN.—*Melody I.*

Solo. *Tutti.*

The Ger-man Bursch of ge-nu-ine cut, A rov-ing boy is he; Val-le-ri! A

rov-ing boy is he. Val-le-ra! His boot is spurred, and on his hat A

wav-ing plume you see, Val-le-ri, A wav-ing plume you see.

The German Bursch, of genuine cut,
A roving boy is he;
His boot 's well spurred, and on his hat
The plume waves merrily.

Upon his swashing hat he wears
The colours of his clan;*
And whoso scoffs his colours, dares
The spirit of a man.

The German Bursch, where'er he goes,
He wears the Burschen's pride,
The sword that swings, against all foes,
In terror from his side.

His heavy boot rings merrily,
While through the street he goes;
And from his heel, in majesty,
A shower of fire he sows.

What though his elbow bare you spy?
What though a rent appear?
He's still the roving roystering boy,
The Bursch whom all revere.

What prig precise may cross his way,
What prim and perfumed beau—
Beware, lest with his stick he lay
Thy paint and paper low!

For friends his honest heart beats warm—
A friend in need is he;
For friends he wields the brawny arm,
And faces death with glee.

Who ever saw him turn and flee
From battle of the brave?
The Bursch will scorn the kingdom's fee
That buys a traitor knave.

He thunders through the battle's shock;
His shining sword he shews;
And, stroke on stroke, he drives, like smoke,
The blank confounded foes.

Cheerly he meets the evil day;
He fears nor threat nor ban;
He fronts the host of hell, and they
Retreat before a Man!

And when he hears of Hermann's fame,
His German blood doth burn;
Be worthy, German, of the name
That made proud Cæsar mourn!

And while the Rhenish cup he drains,
A German soul feels he;
A giant's strength leaps in his veins—
The German Bursch is free!

And when he feels the weight of woes,
He takes his pipe so rare;
And, as the knaster fumes and glows,
He puffs away dull care.

The German Bursch lives *sans façon*;
Though you may think him rude,
'Tis but the bark the tree puts on:
Trust me his heart is good.

He wishes to all maidens gay
Long life and happy days;
He praises them in every lay
As much as he can praise.

* The German students club themselves into companies called "*Landmannschaften*," according to the district from which they come, and the races to which they belong; so our Scottish students divide themselves into "nations" for the election of a Rector. The word "*clan*," though by no means an accurate translation of "*Landmannschaft*," seems, for poetical purposes at least, as good a word as our language presents.

He praises every German man
Who speaks the truth he feels ;
And may he know the Devil's ban
Who glozes or conceals.

Now, all the mugs are empty, boys,
The flagons all are full ;
Then let us crown this cup, brave boys,
To Bursch and Burschen rule.

Now pour the merry Bacchus-blood
Into the empty can ;
Drink to our noble brotherhood,
Drink every man his clan.

N—— is my fatherland,
The ribbon *** I wear ;
I will defend it, sword in hand,
Blaspheme the name who dare !

Our next specimen brims over with brilliant Burschikosity ; and the beer-bottle lords it away.

AUF BRUEDER ! LASST UNS LUSTIG LEBEN !—Melody II.

Energico.

Prases. unis. Chor. Prases.

Come, Breth-ren, now for mirth and laugh-ter ! Vi-val-ler-al-ler-al-ler - a !

unis. Chor. Prases.

till loud e-cho shake the raf-ter ! Vi-val-ler-al-ler-al-ler - a ! With beer, ta-

Chor.

back, and not with wine, The Ger-man re-vel cheer-ly join. Vi-val-ler-al-ler-

ff. f. f. f.

al-ler - a, vi-val-ler-al-ler-al-ler - a, vi-val-ler-al-ler-al-ler - a !

Come, brethren, now for mirth and laughter !
Vivallerallerallera !
Sing, till loud echo shake the rafter !
Vivallerallerallera !
With beer, taback, and not with wine,
The German revel cheerly join,
Vivallerallerallera ! Vivallerallerallera ! !
Vivallerallerallera ! ! !

A wise man will not always study ;
Vivallerallerallera !
The eye grows dim, the brain grows muddy ;
Vivallerallerallera !
One must be merry now and then ;
Come, fill your jugs, and drink like men !
Vivallerallerallera ! &c. ...

Away, dull law, and lawyer's wrangling!
 Vivallerallallera!
 Away, vain theologic jangling!
 Vivallerallallera!
 Dark Medicine's priests that flee the day—
 Ye hags! ye ghosts of truth, away!
 Vivallerallallera! &c.

Fill to the maid whom thy heart chooses!
 Vivallerallallera!
 A glass to all that love the Muses!
 Vivallerallallera!
 To Fatherland! her rights uphold,
 'Gainst Gallic guile, and English gold!
 Vivallerallallera! &c.

The third air, "*Gaudeamus igitur*," is pretty generally known. It is the same that is sung to the famous robber song in Schiller—"Ein freies Leben führen wir." The song is of genuine University cut; and with the expectation that it may be often sung both in Edinburgh and Oxford, we give also, in this case, the original words, which are Latin. The honest denunciation of the last verse is inimitable:

PEREAT DIABOLUS!

Martin Luther might have said it! We have, in our English version, put an additional syllable into the last bar of each part; this may cover, in some degree, the want of full vocality in the English language, as compared with the Latin; but as the music has a double note, the variation is of no consequence.

GAUDEAMUS Igitur.—Melody III.

Andante.

Gau-de-a-mus, Burs-chen brave! Gau-de-a-mus while we may! When bright youth no more jo-cose is, When dull age no more mo-rose is, We shall sleep be-neath the clay, We shall sleep be-neath the clay.

Gaudeamus, Burschen brave,
Gaudeamus, while we may;
 When bright youth no more jocose is,
 When dull age no more morose is,
 We shall sleep beneath the clay!
 Where be they who lived of yore,
 Greeting, as we greet, the day?
 Ask great Jove, on throne supernal—
 Pluto ask, in caves infernal—
 Where be they? O where be they?
 Short is life; how fleet the past!
 Future time more fleet will flow!
 When the Fates command our flitting,
 Least expected, most unfitting,
 Old and young must walk below.
 Then here 's to the University!
 Fill a bright cup brimming o'er!
 Here 's to all the learned Professors,
 Chancellors, Rectors, and Assessors,
 May they flourish evermore!

Here 's to maidens fair and frank!
 Pour the bright wine, freely pour!
 Here 's to matrons, easy, cheerful,
 Mothers good, and housewives careful,
 Wise to gather, wise to store.
 Here 's to Freedom!—holy name!
 Hermann! Freedom! Fatherland!
 Here 's to the man whose blood is up high,
 Here 's to the Bursch who crowns his cup high,
 For his German Fatherland!
 Here 's to all the good and great!
 Every rank, and every class;
 Here 's to every true Mænas
 Shielding poets soaring *tenuis*
 To the proud peak of Parnass!
 Perish triste and gloomy looks!
 Perish all who blame the Bursch!
 Perish the ancient old black Devil!
 Perish each base thought uncivil
 To the noble name of Bursch!

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus!

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mora velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat Academia!
Vivant Professores!

Vivat membrum quodlibet!
Vivant membra quælibet!
Semper sint in flore!

Vivant omnes Virgines
Faciles, formosæ!
Vivant et mulieres
Teneræ, amabiles,
Bonæ, laboriosæ!

Vivat et Respublica,
Et qui illam regit!
Vivat nostra civitas!
Mecænatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit!

Pereat Tristitia!
Pereant Osores!
Pereat Diabolus!
Quivis Anti-Burschius,
Atque irrisores!

In our next number we shall give something of a more solemn cast, and among others, the

famous *Landesvater*, or Burschen Consecration Song.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS, FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

(Continued from our September No.)

THE SARACEN'S HEAD.

My first visit to the Wordsworths had been made in November, 1807; but, on that occasion, from the necessity of saving the Michaelmas term at Oxford, for which I had barely left myself time, I stayed only one week. On the last day, I witnessed a scene, the first and the last of its kind that ever I *did* witness, almost too trivial to mention, except for the sake of shewing what things occur in the realities of experience which a novelist could not venture to imagine. Wordsworth and his sister were under an engagement of some standing to dine on that day with a literary lady about four miles distant; and, as the southern mail, which I was to catch at a distance of eighteen miles, would not pass that point until long after midnight, Miss Wordsworth proposed that, rather than pass my time at an inn, I should join the dinner party; a proposal rather more suitable to her own fervent and hospitable temper, than to the habits of our hostess, who must (from what I came to know of her in after years) have looked upon me as an intruder. Something *had* reached Miss Wordsworth of her penurious *ménage*, but nothing that approached the truth. I was presented to the lady, whom we found a perfect *bas bleu* of a very commonplace order, but having some other accomplishments beyond her slender acquaintance with literature. Our party consisted of six—our hostess, who might be fifty years of age; a pretty timid young woman, who was there in the character of a humble friend; some stranger or other, the Wordsworths, and myself. The dinner was the very humblest and simplest I had ever seen—in that there was nothing to

offend—I did not then know that the lady was very rich—but also it was flagrantly insufficient in quantity. Dinner, however, proceeded; when, without any removals, in came a kind of second course, in the shape of a solitary pheasant. This, in a cold manner, she asked me to try; but we, in our humility, declined for the present; and also in mere good-nature, not wishing to expose too palpably the insufficiency of her dinner. May I die the death of a traitor, if she did not proceed, without further question to any one of us, (and as to the poor young companion, no form of even invitation was conceded to her,) and, in the eyes of us all, ate up the whole bird, from alpha to omega. Upon my honour, I thought to myself, this is a scene I would not have missed. It is well to know the possibilities of human nature. Could she have a bet depending on the issue, and would she explain all to us as soon as she had won her wager? Alas! no explanation ever came, except, indeed, that afterwards her character, put *en evidence* upon a score of occasions, too satisfactorily explained everything. No; it was, as Mr Coleridge expresses it, a psychological curiosity—a hollow thing—and only once matched in all the course of my reading, in or out of romances; but that once, I grieve to say it, was by a king, and a sort of hero. The Duchess of Marlborough it is, who reports the shocking anecdote of William III., that actually Prince Anne, his future wife, durst not take any of the green peas brought to the dinner table, when that vegetable happened to be as yet scarce and premature. There was a gentleman! And such a lady had

we for our hostess. However, we all observed a suitable gravity; but afterwards, when we left the house, the remembrance affected us differently: Miss Wordsworth laughed with undissembled glee; but Wordsworth thought it too grave a matter for laughing—he was thoroughly disgusted; and said repeatedly, a person cannot be honest, positively not honest, who is capable of such an act. The lady is dead, and I shall not mention her name: she lived only to gratify her selfish propensities; and two little anecdotes may shew the outrageous character of her meanness. I was now on the debtor side of her dinner account, and, therefore, in a future year she readily accepted an invitation to come and dine with me at my cottage. But, on a subsequent occasion, when I was to have a few literary people at dinner, whom I knew that she greatly wished to meet, she positively replied thus:—"No; I have already come with my young lady to dine with you; that puts me on the wrong side by one; now if I were to come again, as I cannot leave Miss —— behind, I shall then be on the wrong side by three; and that is more than I could find opportunities to repay before I go up to London for the winter."—"Very well," I said, "give me 3s., and that will settle the account." She laughed, but positively persisted in not coming until after dinner, notwithstanding she had to drive a distance of ten miles. The other anecdote is worse. She was exceedingly careful of her health; and not thinking it healthy to drive about in a close carriage, which, besides, could not have suited the narrow mountain tracks, to which her sketching habits attracted her, she shut up her town carriage for the summer, and jobbed some little open car. Being a very large woman, and, moreover, a masculine woman, with a bronzed complexion, and always choosing to wear, at night, a turban, round hair that was as black as that of the "Moors of Malabar," she presented an exact likeness of a Saracen's Head, as painted over inn doors; whilst the timid and delicate young lady, by her side, looked like "dejected Pity" at the side of "Revenge," when assuming the war-denouncing trumpet. Some Oxonians and Cantabæ, who, at different times, were in the habit of meeting this oddly assorted party in all nooks of the country, used to move the question, whether the poor horse or the young lady had the worst of it. At length the matter was decided: the horse was fast going off this sublunary stage; and the Saracen's Head was told as much, and with this little addition—that his death was owing *inter alia* to starvation. Her answer was remarkable:—"But, my dear madam, that is his master's fault; I pay so much a-day—he is to keep the horse." That might be, but still the horse was dying—and dying in the way stated. The Saracen's Head persisted in using him under those circumstances—such was her "bond"—and, in a short time, the horse actually died. Yes, the horse died—and died of starvation—or at least of an illness caused originally by starvation; for so said, not merely the whole population of the little neighbouring town, but also the

surgeon. Not long after, however, the lady, the Saracen's Head, died herself; but, I fear, *not* of starvation; for, though something like it did prevail at her table, she prudently reserved it all for her guests; in fact, I never heard of such vigilant care, and so much laudable exertion, applied to the promotion of health: yet all failed, and in a degree which confounded people's speculations upon the subject—for she did not live much beyond sixty; whereas everybody supposed that the management of her physical system entitled her to outwear a century. Perhaps the prayers of horses might avail to order it otherwise. But the singular thing about this lady's mixed and contradictory character was—that, in London and Bath, where her peculiar habits of life were naturally less accurately known, she maintained the reputation of one who united the accomplishments of literature and art with a remarkable depth of sensibility, and a most amiable readiness to enter into the distresses of her friends, by sympathy the most cordial, and consolation the most delicate. More than once I have seen her name recorded in printed books, and attended with praises that tended to this effect. I have seen letters also, from a lady in deep affliction, which spoke of the Saracen's Head as having paid her the first visit from which she drew any effectual consolation. Such are the erroneous impressions conveyed by biographical memoirs; or, which is a more charitable construction of the case, such are the inconsistencies of the human heart! And certainly there was one fact, even in her Westmoreland life, that *did* lend some countenance to the southern picture of her amiableness—and this lay in the cheerfulness with which she gave up her time (*time*, but not much of her redundant money) to the promotion of the charitable schemes set on foot by the neighbouring ladies; sometimes for the education of poor children, sometimes for the visiting of the sick, &c., &c. I have heard several of those ladies express their gratitude for her exertions, and declare that she was about their best member. But their horror was undisguised when the weekly committee came, by rotation, to hold its sittings at her little villa; for, as the business occupied them frequently from eleven o'clock in the forenoon to a late dinner hour, and as many of them had a fifteen or twenty miles' drive, they needed some refreshments: but these were, of course, a "great idea" at the Saracen's Head; since, according to the epigram which illustrates the maxim of Tacitus, that *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and, applying it to the case of a miser's horse, terminates by saying, "What vast ideas must he have of oats!"—upon the same principle, these poor ladies, on these fatal committee days, never failed to form most exaggerated ideas of bread, butter, and wine. And at length, some more intrepid than the rest, began to carry biscuits in their muffs, and, with the conscious tremors of school girls, (profiting by the absence of the mistress, but momentarily expecting detection,) they employed some casual absence of their unhostly hostess in distributing

and eating their hidden "viaticum." However, it must be acknowledged, that time and exertion, and the sacrifice of more selfish pleasures during the penance at the school, were, after all, real indications of kindness to her fellow-creatures; and, as I wish to part in peace, even with the Saracen's Head, I have reserved this anecdote to the last; for it is painful to have lived on terms of good nature, and exchanging civilities, with any human being, of whom one can report absolutely no good thing: and I sympathize heartily with that indulgent person of whom it is somewhere recorded, that upon an occasion when the death of a man happened to be mentioned, who was unanimously pronounced a wretch without one good quality, "*monstrum nullâ virtute redemptum*," he ventured, however, at last, in a deprecatory tone to say—"Well, he did *whistle* beautifully, at any rate."

Talking of "whistling," reminds me to return from my digression; for on that night, the 12th of November, 1807, and the last of my visits to the Wordsworths, I took leave of them in the inn at Ambleside, about ten at night; and the post-chaise in which I crossed the country to catch the mail, was driven by a postillion who whistled so delightfully, that, for the first time in my life, I became aware of the prodigious powers which are lodged potentially in so despised a function of the vocal organs. For the whole of the long ascent up Orrest Head, which obliged him to walk his horses for a full half-mile, he made the woods of Windermere ring with the canorous sweetness of his half flute half clarionet music; but, in fact, the subtle melody of the effect placed it in power far beyond either flute or clarionet. A year or two afterwards, I heard a fellow-servant of this same postillion's, a black, play with equal superiority of effect upon the jew's harp; making that, which in most hands is a mere monotonous jarring, a dull reverberating vibration, into a delightful lyre of no inconsiderable compass. We have since heard of, some of us have heard, the chinchopper. Within the last hundred years, we have had the Æolian harp, (first mentioned and described in the "Castle of Indolence," which I think was first published entire about 1738;) then the musical glasses; then the *celestina*, to represent the music of the spheres, introduced by Mr Walker, or some other lecturing astronomer; and many another fine effect obtained from trivial means. But, at this moment, I recollect a performance perhaps more astonishing than any of them: a Mr Worgman, who had very good introductions, and very general ones, (for he was to be met within a few months in every part of the island,) used to accompany himself on the piano, weaving *extempore* long tissues of impassioned music, that were called his own, but which, in fact, were all the better for not being such, or at least for continually embodying passages from Handel and Pergolesi. To this substratum of the instrumental music, he contrived to adapt some unaccountable and indescribable choral accompaniment, a pomp of sound, a tempestuous blair of

harmony ascending in clouds, not from any one, but apparently from a band of Mr Worgman's; for sometimes it was a trumpet, sometimes a kettle-drum, sometimes a cymbal, sometimes a bassoon, and sometimes it was all of these at once.

"And now 'twas like all instruments;
And now it was a flute;
And now it was an angel's voice,
That maketh the heavens be mute."

In this case, I presume, that ventriloquism must have had something to do with the effect; but whatever it were, the power varied greatly with the state of his spirits, or with some other fluctuating causes in the animal economy. However, the result of all these experiences is, that I shall never more be surprised at any musical effects, the very greatest, drawn from whatever inconsiderable or apparently inadequate means; not even if the butcher's instrument, the marrow-bones and cleaver, or any of those culinary instruments so pleasantly treated by Addison in the "Spectator," such as the kitchen dresser and thumb, the tongs and shovel, the pepper and-salt box, should be exalted, by some immortal butcher or inspired scullion, into a sublime harp, dulcimer, or lute, capable of wooing St Cecilia to listen, able even

"To raise a mortal to the skies,
Or draw an angel down."

That night, as I was passing under the grounds of Elleray, then belonging to a Westmoreland "statesman," a thought struck me, that I was now traversing a road with which, as yet, I was scarcely at all acquainted, but which, in years to come, might perhaps be as familiar to my eye as the rooms of my own house; and possibly that I might traverse them in company with faces as yet not even seen by me, but in those future years dearer than any which I had yet known. In this prophetic glimpse there was nothing very marvellous; for what could be more natural than that I should come to reside in the neighbourhood of the Wordsworths, and that this might lead to my forming connexions in a country which I should consequently come to know so well? I did not, however, anticipate so definitely and circumstantially as all this; but generally I had a dim presentiment that here, on this very road, I should often pass, and in company that now, not even conjecturally delineated or drawn out of the utter darkness in which they were as yet reposing, would hereafter plant memories in my heart, the last that will fade from it in the hour of death. Here, afterwards, at this very spot, or a little above it, but on this very estate, which, from local peculiarities of ground, and of sudden angles, was peculiarly *kenspeck*, i. e. easy of recognition, and could have been challenged and identified at any distance of years—here afterwards lived Professor Wilson, the only very intimate male friend I have had—here, too, it was, my M., that, in long years afterwards, through many a score of nights—nights often dark as Erebus, and amidst thunders and lightnings the most sublime—we descended at twelve, one, and two

o'clock at night, speeding from Kendal to our distant home, twenty miles away. Thou wert at present a child not nine years old, nor had I seen thy face, nor heard thy name. But within nine years from that same night, thou wert seated by my side ;—and, thenceforwards, through a period of fourteen years, how often did we two descend, hand locked in hand, and thinking of things to come, at a pace of hurricane ; whilst all the sleeping woods about us re-echoed the uproar of trampling hoofs and groaning wheels. Duly as we mounted the crest of Orrest Head, mechanically and of themselves almost, and spontaneously, without need of voice or spur, according to Westmoreland usage, the horses flew off into a gallop, like the pace of a swallow :^{*} it was a rail-road pace that we ever maintained ; objects were descried far a-head in one moment, and in the next were crowding into the rear. Three miles and a-half did this storm-flight continue, for so long the descent lasted. Then for many a mile, over undulating ground, did we ultimately creep and fly, until again a long precipitous movement, again a storm-gallop, that hardly suffered the feet to touch the ground, gave warning that we drew near to that beloved cottage ; warning to us, warning to them—

——— “ the silence that is here
Is of the grave, and of austere
But happy feelings of the dead.”

Sometimes the nights were bright with cloudless moonlight, and of that awful breathless quiet which often broods over vales that are peculiarly landlocked, and which is, or seems to^{*} be, so much more expressive of a solemn hush and a Sabbath-like rest from the labours of nature, than I remember to have experienced in flat countries :—

“ It is not quiet—is not peace—
But something deeper far than these.”

And on such nights it was no sentimental refinement, but a sincere and hearty feeling, that, in wheeling past the village churchyard of Stavely, something like an outrage seemed offered to the sanctity of its graves, by the uproar of our career. Sometimes the nights were of that pitchy darkness which is more palpable and unfathomable wherever hills intercept the gleaming of light which otherwise is usually seen to linger about the horizon in the northern quarter ; and then arose in perfection that striking effect, when the glare of lamps searches for one moment every dark recess of the thickest, forces them into sudden, almost

^{*} It may be supposed not literally, for the swallow (or at least that species called the Swift,) has been known to fly at the rate of 300 miles an hour. Very probably, however, this pace was not deduced from an entire hour's performance, but estimated by proportion from a flight of one or two minutes. An interesting anecdote is told by the gentleman (I believe the Rev. E. Stanley) who described in *Blackwood's Magazine* the opening of the earliest English railway—viz. that a bird (snipe was it, or field-fare, or plover ?) ran, or rather flew, a race with the engine for three or four miles, until finding itself likely to be beaten, it then suddenly wheeled away into the moors.

day-light revelation, only to leave them within the twinkling of the eye in darkness more profound ; making them, like the snow-flakes falling upon a cataract, “ one moment bright, then gone for ever.” But, dark or moonlight alike, in every instance throughout so long a course of years, the road was entirely our own for the whole twenty miles. After nine o'clock, not many people are abroad ; after ten, absolutely none, upon the roads of Westmoreland ; a circumstance which gives a peculiar solemnity to a traveller's route amongst these quiet valleys upon a summer evening of latter May, of June, or early July ; since, in a latitude so much higher than that of London, broad day light prevails to an hour long after nine. Nowhere is the holiness of vesper hours more deeply felt. And now, in 1839, from all these flying journeys and their stinging remembrances, hardly a wreck survives of what composed their living equipage : the men who chiefly drove in those days (for I have ascertained it) are gone ; the horses are gone ; darkness rests upon all, except myself. I, who is me ! am the solitary survivor from scenes that now seem to me as fugitive as the flying lights from our lamps as they shot into the forest recesses. God forbid that on such a theme I should seem to affect sentimentalism. It is from overmastering recollections that I look back on those distant days ; and chiefly I have suffered myself to give way before the impulse that haunts me, of reverting to those bitter, bitter thoughts, in order to notice one singular waywardness or caprice (as it might seem) incident to the situation, which, I doubt not, besieges many more people than myself : it is, that I find a more poignant suffering, a pang more searching, in going back, not to those enjoyments themselves, and the days when they were within my power, but to times anterior, when as yet they did not exist ; nay, when some who were chiefly concerned in them as parties, had not even been born. No night, I might almost say, of my whole life, remains so profoundly, painfully, and pathetically imprinted upon my remembrance, as this very one, on which I tried, prelusively, as it were, that same road in solitude, and lulled by the sweet carolings of the postillion, which, *after* an interval of ten years, and *through* a period of more than equal duration, it was destined that I should so often traverse in circumstances of happiness too radiant, that for me are burned out for ever. Coleridge told me of a similar case that had fallen within his knowledge, and the impassioned expression which the feelings belonging to it drew from a servant woman at Keswick :—She had nursed some boy, either of his or of Mr Southey's ; the boy had lived apart from the rest of the family, secluded with his nurse in her cottage ; she was doatingly fond of him ; lived, in short, by him as well as for him ; and nearly ten years of her life had been exalted into one golden dream by his companionship. At length came the day which severed the connexion ; and she, in the anguish of the separation, be-

wailing her future loneliness, and knowing too well that education and the world, if it left him some kind remembrances of her, never could restore him to her arms the same fond loving boy that felt no shame in surrendering his whole heart to caressing and being caressed, did not revert to any day or season of her ten years' happiness, but went back to the very day of his arrival, a particular Thursday, and to an hour when, as yet, she had not seen him, exclaiming—

“O that Thursday! O that it could come back! that Thursday when the chaise-wheels were ringing in the streets of Keswick; when yet I had not seen his bonny face; but when *he* was coming!”

Ay, reader, all this may sound foolishness to you, that perhaps never had a heartach, or that may have all your blessings to come. But now let me return to my narrative:—After about twelve months' interval, and therefore again in November, but November of the year 1808, I repeated my visit to Wordsworth, and upon a longer scale. I found him removed from his cottage to a house of considerable size, about three-quarters of a mile distant, called Allan Bank. This house had been very recently erected, at an expense of about £1500, by a gentleman from Liverpool, a merchant, and also a lawyer in some department or other. It was not yet completely finished; and an odd accident was reported to me as having befallen it in its earliest stage. The walls had been finished, and this event was to be celebrated at the village inn with an *ovation*, previously to the *triumph* that would follow on the roof-raising. The workmen had all housed themselves at the *Red Lion*, and were beginning their carouse, when up rode a traveller, who brought them the unseasonable news, that, whilst riding along the vale, he had beheld the downfall of the whole building. Out the men rushed, hoping that this might be a hoax; but too surely they found his report true, and their own festival premature. A little malice mingled

unavoidably with the laughter of the Dalesmen; for it happened that the Liverpool gentleman had offered a sort of insult to the native artists, by bringing down both masons and carpenters from his own town: an unwise plan, for they were necessarily unacquainted with many points of local skill; and it was to some ignorance in their mode of laying the stones that the accident was due. The house had one or two capital defects—it was cold, damp, and, to all appearance, incurably smoky. Upon this latter defect, by the way, Wordsworth founded a claim, not for diminution of rent, but absolutely for entire immunity from any rent at all. It was truly comical to hear him argue the point with the Liverpool proprietor, Mr C. He went on dilating on the hardship of living in such a house; of the injury, or suffering at least, sustained by the eyes; until, at last, he had drawn a picture of himself as a very ill-used man; and I seriously expected to hear him sum up by demanding a round sum for damages. Mr C. was a very good-natured man, calm, and gentlemanlike in his manners. He had also a considerable respect for Wordsworth, derived, it may be supposed, not from his writings, but from the authority (which many more besides him could not resist) of his conversation. However, he looked grave and perplexed. Nor do I know how the matter ended; but I mention it as an illustration of Wordsworth's keen spirit of business. Whilst foolish people supposed him a mere honeyed sentimentalist, speaking only in zephyrs and bucolics, he was in fact a somewhat hard pursuer of what he thought fair advantages.

In the February which followed, I left Allan Bank; but upon Miss Wordsworth's happening to volunteer the task of furnishing for my use the cottage so recently occupied by her brother's family, I took it upon a seven years' lease. And thus it happened—this I mean was the mode of it, (for, at any rate, I should have settled somewhere in the country,) that I became a resident in Grasmere.

ARTISANS' OUT-DOOR HYMN

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

WHEN Stuart reign'd, God's people fled,
Chased like the helpless hunted hare;
But, kneeling on the mountain's head,
There sought the Lord, and found him there.

Lord! we too suffer; we too pray
That thou wilt guide our steps aright;
And bless this day—till'd Labour's day—
And fill our souls with heavenly light.

For failing bread, six days in seven
We till the black town's dust and gloom;
But here we drink the breath of heaven,
And here to pray the poor have room.

The stately temple, built with hands,
Throws wide its doors to pomp and pride;
But in the porch their beadle staid,
And thrusts the child of toil aside.

Therefore we seek the daisied plain,
Or climb thy hills to touch thy feet;
There, far from splendour's heartless fane,
Thy weary sons and daughters meet.

Is it a crime to tell thee here,
That here the sorely-tried are met;
To seek thy face, and find thee near;
And on thy rock our feet to set?

Where, wheeling wide, the plover flies;
Where sings the woodlark on the tree.
Beneath the silence of thy skies,
Is it a crime to worship thee?

We waited long, and sought thee, Lord,
Content to toil, but not to pine;
And with the weapons of thy Word
Alone assail'd our foes and thine.

Thy truth and thee we bade them fear:
They spurn thy truth, and mock our moan!
Thy counsels, Lord, they will not hear,
And thou hast left them to their own.*

* See Rebecca's Hymn in “Ivanhoe.”

THEOPHRASTUS REDIVIVUS.

BY TOBY ALISPY.

NO. I.—THE CABINET MINISTRESS.

A POPULAR periodical, of which we have had occasion to speak elsewhere,* and a novelist whose works we have also found occasion to consider, have recently attempted the delineation of a character common to all civilized ages and countries, and differing in each—the Cabinet Minister; and if their sketches are good for anything, there is certainly as much difference to be quoted between the Wolseys, Burleighs, Walpoles, Chathams of other times, and their successors of the nineteenth century, as between Sully, Richelieu, and Monsieur Thiers.

But there is one portion of the Cabinet Minister—I. e., his better-half—that still remains to be delineated; an anomalous individual, to whom the nation supplies “a local habitation,” and for whom henceforward we shall supply “a name.” Since there is no more reason why “Ambassador” should have its feminine in the vernacular than “Minister,” we propose henceforward to follow the example of the Germans, in whose provincial towns you may hear announced, “Mrs Deputy Sub-Inspectress of the Royal and Imperial Mines and Forests;” or “Mrs Upper Land-Stewardess of the Parochial District of so-and-so.”

The Cabinet Ministress is, in our opinion, an ill-used person, considering the large portion of the business of the State gratuitously harnessed upon her fair shoulders. The Cabinet Ministress is, in fact, the great unpaid—*sans* salary, *sans* perquisites, *sans* patronage, *sans* everything—yet expected to be the obedient humble servant of the throne and the public every hour of the day—every day in the year, from eight o'clock in the morning till six the morning following—from the 1st of January to the 31st of December. The Cabinet Ministress has no quarter, and no quarter-day. She works like a slave; and, if refractory, is reminded, like other slaves, that the hour of emancipation will be the hour of her ruin; that it is Lombard Street to a China orange—that she must either be the Cabinet Ministress and a drudge, or plain Lady Titmouse and a nothing.

We might have hesitated to draw public attention towards a character apparently of a private nature, were it not that our present Premier and his predecessor are widowers. No personality can be imputed. The kind-hearted being who should be now enjoying the honours and exercising the labours of Premièreship is at rest. “After life’s fitful fever she sleeps well;” and the female history of Downing Street, for once, presents a blank. The interregnum is, at least,

favourable to the delineation of this unnatural taskwork.

“Grief and pain,

That has been, and may be again.”

In the first place, the Cabinet Ministress has to endure, by *ricochet*, all the ill-humour of the throne. Whenever the Premier has shewn himself stubborn with the King, his master, concerning a new war, new tax, new favourite, new antipathy—concerning secret supplies or public animosities—suggested by the voice of royalty, (not the less absolute for being still and small,) the queen-consort thinks it necessary to mark her resentment to the *Première*. It is amazing in how many modes this may be effected! The French have taught us three hundred and sixty-five ways to dress eggs. The number of fashions in which sovereignty can trick up its displeasures is more than double! It speaks volumes in a single glance, and libraries in a curtsy; or, by omitting either, can “Kill, kill, kill, kill,” as ruthlessly as Lear. When the Cabinet Ministress makes her appearance at Court, to perform her official ko-too, the aspect of royalty is watched by all present, to ascertain the temperature of her welcome; and, according as that august countenance freezes or thaws, those of the titled mob are bright or sinister. The stability of the administration is opined upon, according to the indications of the barometer of that variable atmosphere, the breath of kings. The Cabinet Ministress is invited to share the bread and salt of the royal table; and those who know not what duplicity is in Courts, predict that all must be safe: or she is coldly looked upon; and not a civil syllable is uttered of inquiry after her sick children or gouty father; and people go and sell out of the stocks, not dreaming how many masks are assumed to lead astray the surmises of political antagonism.

Another of the *peines fortes et dures* sustained by Cabinet Ministresses, is that of doing the honours of the country to illustrious foreigners, not quite grand enough to be inmates of the palace, and too grand to be the guests of the commonality. These great unknowns, usually speaking no language but their own, must be chaperoned to St Paul’s, the Abbey, the Tower, like other country cousins; they must be escorted to the opera, accompanied to Almacks, presented at Court. No matter whether the august visitor, flung with other burthens on the shoulders of the Foreign Office, be the Duchess of Hesse Schweinburg Pigstyhausen, or Quam Sham Heblez Fudgeroo, Princess Royal of the Sandwich Islands. Lady Downing Street must take care that her Royal or Serene Highness’s Sauerkraut, or Sandwich of raw veal, is suitably adjusted;

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* “Heads of the People.”

that her Royal or Serene Highness's Court plume, or jacket of peacock's feathers, come home in due time from the plumasier; and should her Royal or Serene Highness be summoned to Bow Street, for fustigating her maids of honour, or carbonadoing a child for luncheon, the Cabinet Ministress is required to explain to her that she is in the wrong box, and that nothing enormous can be done in England without "an order from the magistrates."

The Cabinet Ministress must possess a half-horse, half-alligator constitution. She must be untirable as the pen of Mr Historiographer James—elastic as the conscience of Lord Somebody, who shall be nameless. She must be ready to rattle in an hour and twenty minutes to Windsor—hail, rain, or shine—whether on the eve of her confinement, or just recovering from the same—whenever honoured with a summons to eat a slice of the royal mutton, or take up a stitch in the royal chain-stitch. She must be insensible to the perils and dangers of damp beds or smokey chimneys, when following the Court; and, should the Pavilion be the favourite toy of the reign, must on no account find the searching air of Brighton too keen for her. Its rough visiting, like that of custom-house officers on landing from France, is a sacrifice due to the interests of Government.

Her appetite must be as untirable as her limbs. However squeamish by nature, she must be ready to swallow turtle and venison *à discrétion*, whenever invited to figure at public dinners. "The Cabinet Ministers and their ladies" are required to be in readiness whenever the city of London feasts the city of Westminster, cramming its aldermen and custards down the throats of the dainty dames of May Fair. Wherever new bridges, railroads, or docks are opened to the public, hundred-and-twenty gun ships launched, statues inaugurated, or other grand national events solemnized with eating and drinking, the Cabinet Ministress must hob and nob with the local authorities, in order to have it supposed by the rest of the world that Government has had a finger in the pie. If a tall showy woman, doing honour to her vocation, ten to one but the Cabinet Ministress will be asked to lay the first stone of a church, bridge, arch, college, lunatic asylum, or other national monument—or to christen the ship with a bottle of pale sherry—or to hazard her life by being the first to skim along the new railroad, or by supporting, for three consecutive hours, the weighty politeness of the Lord Mayor. But all this she must endure with smiling amenity. Whatever solemnities may take place during her husband's administration—whether the thermometer be three degrees below freezing point, or at ninety-two degrees in the shade—she must be able to stand half-a-dozen hours on a chilly pavement without a sneeze, or in the broiling sunshine without fainting or a *coup de soleil*. A parasol, fleecy hosiery, and the inborn strength of a Cabinet Ministress, will get her through her miseries. A bilious fever, caught at the Mansion House, would be

an insult to the Chief Magistrate of the city of London; and were she to complain of a fit of the rheumatism as the result of some royal funeral, or banquet in a barge, the attention of Parliament might, perhaps, be called to her delinquency by some factious Opposition Member.

But it is not alone to the festivals of the home department poor Lady Downing Street is required to do justice. Besides eating slices of a raw baron of beef in the Egyptian Hall, or an unctuous matelotte of eels, that look like segments of a boa constrictor, swanhoping at eel-pie island, the Cabinet Ministress is expected to assist in the celebration of all the birthdays of all the sovereigns in Europe—from the youthful Queen of the Peninsula to the undying one, the veteran King of Sweden. She must not only have the almanac of Saxe Gotha at her fingers' ends, but be prepared to munch her way through it, as a promising child eats through its gingerbread alphabet. She must imbibe furlongs of maccaroni with the Ambassador of the Two Sicilies on the 12th of January; and swallow six ounces of caviar without wincing, with their Muscovite Excellencies on the 6th of July; nay, now that all Mussulman prejudices are abolished, it is probable that she may hereafter have to pull a pillau to pieces with her fingers at the Ottoman Embassy, or sup on "treacle, green figs, and garlic" with the representative of the Nawaub of Oude. All this is very well, (*i.e.*, if it do not make her very ill,) for these are duties of routine common to her predecessors, destined to her successors, and to be learned by questioning the very stones of the pavement of Downing Street. The grand difficulty of her vocation consists in a case of emergency, such as when the wife of the abdicated editor of the *Comet* or *Times*, or some other "leading journal," is to be presented at Court, and the Cabinet Ministresses begin to shift the disagreeable duty from one to another: or when there is a split in the Royal Family, and those favoured by the King are expected to be ungracious to the Queen; or those petted by the Queen are required to be disrespectful towards some other member of the Royal Family. Nothing so difficult to hit as the exact medium due to the exigencies of royal taskmasters or mistresses. There must not be a scruple too much of bitterness or of conscience, lest party newspapers take up the defence of the injured party. If the Sovereign turn his or her back upon any individuals, the Cabinet Minister or Ministress may just glance at them over one shoulder. If the Sovereign refuse them an audience, the Cabinet Minister or Ministress must receive them standing. But if the Sovereign expressly direct that their memorials, letters, or other molestations, be left unanswered, the Cabinet Minister or Ministress may ignore their existence altogether for the rest of their natural lives.

All this (and a great deal more, which we purpose to concentrate, at some future time, in a little volume, called the "Manual of Cabinet

Ministers," to be bound in green tabby, with gilt edges, as a companion to "Bob Short on Whist," and other popular Vade-Mecums) is duly impressed upon the mind of the Cabinet Ministress, from the moment her husband takes office. She is taught her lesson as a bullfinch is taught to pipe; and nothing can be more curious than the occasional breaking forth of her natural notes, when her little official song escapes her memory; or the skill with which she falls back again into "Marlbrook," or the "Duke of York's March," when she finds herself growing too natural. Her voice has a tone in talking about Ireland, the Corn-Laws, the Royal Marriage Bill, and other delicate questions, which could only have been instilled by a bird fancier.

Cabinet Ministresses, like captains, are casual things. The virulence of certain Tory countesses, whenever they have an opportunity of giving tongue, is a proof how irritating are the effects of a fall from their high official estate, which, like other perils, leaves them, if not with broken bones, at least floundering in the mud. We all know what a foolish-looking thing was the gilt grasshopper—to which we had looked up with reverence so long as it glittered at the top of the Royal Exchange—when, brought down to the level of the earth, it lay, with other rubbish, in a tinman's yard. So is it with the Cabinet Ministresses who, during the ascendancy of their party, were painted by the presidents of the Royal Academy; engraved by Doo or Cousins; made frontispieces to annuals; sung by the Countess of Blessington, or some other equally fashionable laureate; and humbly implored to give their names and subscriptions to all the new works, all the new charities, all the new institutions; to patronize charity balls or breakfasts in favour of asylums for every disease having a bustling Esculapius to maintain its importance and be maintained by it in return; to attest the virtues of the American soothing syrup, and of the interesting object of "a case of extreme distress," at the risk of having a vote of censure passed upon their credulity by the College of Physicians, and the Mendicity Society. After enjoying all this onerous popularity—after being invited for the holidays to the best villas, and made to sink under a weight of tokens of fashionable regard—the wresting the seals of office from the hands of their lords and masters, (or slaves,) has sealed their destiny. They have become nothing, and *ex nihilo nihil fit*. People who used to besiege their doors with visits, send cards of condolence by their footmen; and, the following season, forget to send them at all. If they have formerly figured as beauties, the fickle voice of fashion now proclaims that they are "pretty, certainly, but silly and vacant looking;" or if, when in office, applauded as wits, they are now discovered to be "ugly beyond permission," or

"peevish as a sick parrot." From the day of vacating their place in Downing Street, their feet and hands grow large, their eyes and understandings small; and, both figuratively and materially, they lose a cubit of their stature.

And of all these miseries, the Cabinet Ministress is kept in hourly apprehension by the threats of the opposition journals, and the utter dependance of her spouse upon the breath of kings and buffetings of Parliament. Like the senior captain of a marching regiment, she lives only in the hope of "getting the majority." At the political rubber she remembers only the cards that are *out*, and trembles for the odd trick which is to secure her game. To her, life is a speculation. There are always odds for or against her being something or nothing that day six months; and, as a Cabinet Ministress is sure to have a host of indigent nephews or cousins to provide for, she grows feverishly anxious concerning divisions and adjournments; and, after a year or two's administration, makes a pet of the whipper-in, and troubles the under secretary for his opinions and prognostications almost as often as for his franks. While protesting that she is sick to death of the cares of place, and that all she wants is to get down to her country seat, instead of being fogged into an ague in London in the month of November, (when nothing is open in town but the patent theatres and the catacombs of the national cemetery,) she is in fact trembling lest she should have to pack her traps and be off. If turned out, she knows that, like other ejected animals, she shall receive a kick from every one at parting; or, if required to bid "farewell, a long farewell to all her greatness," by the demise of her right honourable lord, she feels that she shall be required to eat thrice as much diet as other dowagers; that the country will always be flinging in her teeth the pension which is to enable her to put something between them; and should she incline to second wedlock, let her remember the abuse heaped on Mrs Perceval, and tremble. Even though knocked off her pedestal, she must evermore deport herself as if still figuring thereon.

Such are the destinies of the Cabinet Ministress. Ladies! are you tempted? The Treasury—the Foreign Office—the Colonies—are all vacant. Who bids? A royal marriage, and a second coronation, may be at hand. Think of the precedence awaiting you. Who knows but one of you, if allowed to reach the footstool of the throne, may be destined to become a Duchess Sarah? At all events, it will smooth down a thousand difficulties, and silence a million of impertinent cavillings, if, in the course of the session, our instances should be the means of supplying the missing moiety to one or other of our Cabinet Ministers.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

The Drawing-Room Scrap Book.

WITH how many mingling feelings of mournful regret and rekindling interest will the new volume be opened, of a work identified with the name of L. E. L., and which so decidedly bears the characteristics of her genius and its remarkable idiosyncrasies. Year after year, we have in its pages noted her ever onward course; marked the gradual softening of the brilliant bravura singer into one whose finest tones were naturally attuned to the "still, sad music of humanity." Miss Landon, we venture to think, was only beginning to sound the unsuspected depths of her own heart, and to profit largely by the silent discipline of time and circumstance on an intellect like her's. Her spirit was soaring above the noxious atmosphere in which her powers had originally been developed. From the growing change, the gradual ripening and mellowing of thought, and the accumulations of real experience, we were indulging the fond hope, that her future literary achievements were far to surpass, in vigour and solidity, whatever she had accomplished; nor to fall short in brilliancy of her early efforts. Her tone was becoming more natural and healthy, and not less passionate; she was outgrowing the pernicious influences which had beset her path in young authorship, and was beginning to be herself. These dreams are for ever at an end.

A successor has been found to Miss Landon in Mrs Howitt, who, without her gorgeous fancy, romantic enthusiasm, and passionate vehemence, possesses poetical powers exquisite in their kind, and which, as soon as she has fairly entered upon her duties, cannot fail to be appreciated. The sweet liquid trill of the linnet is quite as delightful, to healthy natural taste, as the brilliant song of the nightingale. Mrs Howitt enters upon her office in a spirit of anxious deprecation, which damps and represses her real powers. Her strains have hitherto generally been pitched for the cottage hearth, and the snug and affectionate parlour fireside circle; and there she shone without a rival. She must now take courage, nor stumble at the threshold of the drawing-room, where she has only to enter to be quite at home,—if it be a drawing-room worthy of her presence and her abilities. In imitating, or even emulating L. E. L., she would only, in all probability, lose herself; and she has her own part to sustain, and powers quite equal to the attempt. In her care, the "Scrap-Book" must be a work widely different from what it has been, but one certainly not less worthy of the patronage of the maidhood and matronage of England.

The volume for 1840 is still enriched by the contributions of Miss Landon; by pieces either left with the publishers, or transmitted to them from Cape Coast Castle. Mrs Howitt values these fragments highly; but, with all our aptitude to admire, we must regard the new poems rather as additions to the prodigious number of L. E. L.'s verses, than as fresh proofs of her genius and of that onward progress which we have marked in her performances for several previous years. We have now to select a few specimens of the work in its old and in its new management. To a sweet and natural, and exquisitely finished print of the *Gipsy Mother*, Mrs Howitt has appended the following pretty little song:—

The merry miller's rosy dame
Hath not a wish her heart to tame;

The baron's lady, young and fair,
Hath gold to spend and gold to wear;
The Queen of England, richer still,
Hath all the world to do her will!

But England's Queen, with all her state,
Nor baron's wife, nor miller's mate,
With all their wealth, are blest as we,
Within the tent, beneath the tree;
As thou and I, my bright-eyed dove,
And he, the father, whom we love!

Verses on a bold and fine portrait of Cromwell, and others on a beautiful architectural view in the town of Newcastle, are those most characteristic of Mrs Howitt's sober and earnest cast of thought and considerate feelings. Among the reflections suggested to her benevolent mind by a city street are these:—

I see, within the city street,
Life's most severe estates:
The gorgeous domes of palaces;
The prison's doleful grates;
The hearths by household virtues blest;
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed
And richly clothed, pass by;
I see the shivering homeless wretch
With hunger in his eye;
For life's severest contrasts meet
For ever in the city street!

Miss Landon's longest poem is upon Westall's portrait of Byron at Newstead Abbey, and the next on the portrait of Clarkson; which prints are among the most attractive of the portraits—not so much from their artistical superiority, as the character and fame of the originals. Our brief specimen shall, however, be from what we may call the rational anti-Catholicism of L. E. L. The verses illustrate a charming view of the shrine and grotto of St Rosalia, near Palermo:—

Her's must have been a life of dreams,
Exalted and sustained
By that enthusiastic faith
Which such a victory gained.
Yet hold I not such sacrifice
Is for the Christian's creed;
I question of its happiness,
I question of its need.

God never made a world so fair,
To leave that world a void;
Nor scattered blessings o'er our path,
Unless to be enjoyed.
Look round, the vales are sweet with flowers,
The woods are sweet with song;
The soul, uplifted with their joy,
Says such joy is not wrong.

Divine its origin—divine
The faith it keeps alive;
Not with the beautiful and true
Should human nature strive.
Each fine sense, gifted with delight,
Was to the spirit given,
That, conscious of a better state,
It might believe in heaven.

Too much this weary world of ours
Hath fallen since the fall;
And low desires, and care, and crime,
Hold empire over all;
Yet not the less it is our part
To do the best we can;
A better faith, a better fate,
Man yet may work for man.

Into how many graceful forms has Miss Landon cast the leading thoughts which pervade these lines on Byron's portrait?

The youthful poet! here his mind
Was in its boyhood nurst;
All that impatient soul enshrined
Was here developed first.
What feelings and what thoughts have grown
Amid those cloisters deep and lone?
Life's best and yet its worst;
For fiery elements are they
That mould and make such dangerous clay.

Such minds are like the heated earth
Of southern soils and skies:
Care calls not to laborious birth
The lavish wealth that lies
Close to the surface; some bright flower
And inward wonders rise;
A thousand colours glitter round;
The golden harvest lights the ground.

But, not the less, there lurks below
The lava's burning wave;
The red rose and the myrtle grow
Above a hidden grave.
The life within earth's panting veins
Is fire, which silently remains
In each volcanic cave;
Fire that gives loveliness and breath,
But giveth, in one moment, death.

So framed is such a mind; it works
With dangerous thoughts and things;
Beneath, the fiery lava lurks,
But, on the surface, springs
A prodigality of bloom—
A thousand hues, that might illumine
Even an angel's wings!
Thrice beautiful the outward show—
Still the volcano is below.

It is the curse of such a mind
That it can never rest:
Ever its wings upon the wind
In some pursuit are prest;
And either the pursuit is vain,
Or, if its object it attain,
It was not worth the quest;
Yet from the chase it cannot cease,
And fold its wings and be at peace.

These, though powerful, are not the best verses of L. E. L.; but they are hallowed as the last. An engraving of a beautifully executed portrait of Miss Landon, delicately painted by MacIise, forms the appropriate and interesting frontispiece to this volume of the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book." The other embellishments are numerous and choice, and judiciously varied. *Crazy Kate*, from a painting by Jenkins, is a gem of art; the *Rajah's Daughter*, by Stephanoff, a vision of Oriental loveliness. One of the portraits is that of Lord Holland; a bland and kindly-looking, comfortable old gentleman. It was, if we remember right, not customary to say much about the portraits, unless they were those of very eminent or historical personages; but this year the "Scrap-Book" has a good word to say for everybody. Mrs Howitt should have absolutely rejected the dramatic scene, entitled *The Arrival*, and told us something about those two beautiful sisters herself, that would have been worth listening to. This illustration is "silly sooth."

Finden's Dramatic Tableaux; or, the Iris of Prose, Poetry, and Art.

How enchanting a combination—Prose, Poetry, and Art! Over the three united graces, Miss Mitford presides, as in former years, imparting to the TABLEAUX

whatever is most charming and characteristic in her peculiar style of thought, invention, and expression. One is glad to find that the ennobling genius of old romance—rudely exorcised from the three volume fictions of the day, whose elements are either wild and extravagant passion, or the stern and coarse realities of vulgar life—obtains refuge in the *Annals*. Miss Barrett is once more the tuneful auxiliary of her friend, the Editor. And among her allies of the nobler sex, as they call themselves, are Barry Cornwall, H. Chorley, and R. H. Horne. The latter contributes a slight dramatic sketch *The Death-Fetch*, imbued with poetry. Miss Mitford, however, as well beseems her, plays the principal part in her own entertainment. The nature of her five prose tales (each brief, though graceful and felicitous) may be divined from the prints they illustrate. *The King's Page* is a pretty picture, illustrated by a pretty dramatic incident, the personages of which are Frederick the Great, and the page and his sister. It turns upon sisterly affection, though a little incidental *true love* gives zest to the narrative. *The Proud Ladye*—of which the scene is also Germany, though in the olden time—and *The Round-head's Daughter* are both love stories; the latter the gem of the volume. Miss Mitford is much more at home on the wolds and among the villages of Kent, Hampshire, and Berkshire, than in the Highlands of Scotland; and so her *Woodcutter* much excels *The Death of Luath*, though it is a neatly-turned clan fragment. A great deal of the poetry of the *Tableaux* is legendary—a style which is peculiarly suited to the work. Miss Barrett's supernatural legend of the *Brown Rosarie*, is inferior to her beautiful and pathetic poem of last year, but still a wildly imaginative performance. Our only extract must be this graceful opening of Part Third; as it is difficult, within moderate bounds, to convey any idea of how passionate love, and the fear of death tempted Leonora to the deadly sin of sorcery, and how love and faith finally redeemed her from the power of the fiends:—

"'Tis a morn for bridal. The merry bride-bell
Ringeth clear through the greenwood that skirts the
chapelle,
And the priest at the altar awaiteth the bride,
And the grave young sacristans jest slyly aside,
At the work shall be doing;
When down through the wood rides that fair companie—
The youths with the courtship, the maids with the glee—
Till the chapel-cross opens to sight, and at once
All the maids sigh demurely, and think for the nonce.
So endeth the wooing!

And the bride and the bridegroom are leading the way,
With his hand on her rein, and a word yet to say;
Her dropped lids suggest the replying beneath,
And the little quick smiles come and go with her breath,
If she sigheth or speaketh.

And the tender bride-mother breaks off unaware
From an Ave, to trow that her daughter is fair;
But in nearing the chapel, and glancing before,
She seeth her little son stand at the door;

Is it play that he seeketh?

Is it play when his eyes wander innocent, wild,
Yet sublimed with a sadness unfitting a child;
He trembles not, weeps not, his passion is done,
And meekly he kneels in their midst, with the sun

On his head like a glory.

"O merry fair maids! ye are many," he cried;
"But in fairness and vileness who matcheth the bride?"
O merry brave youths! ye are many, but whom
For courage and we can ye match with the groom,
As ye see them before ye?"

The pure-minded and pious child is aware of the dark dealings of his sister with the Fiend. But we cannot follow

the legend, which, without its poetical dress, were comparatively tame. In the opening poem, *The Dream*, Miss Barrett, as many ladies have, wittingly or unwittingly, done before her, chooses to mistake a Sleeping Cupid—a very palpable boy-god—for a dreaming child. This plate, which forms the frontispiece to “*The Tableaux*,” is peculiarly rich and delicate, and also gorgeous in those necessary embellishments which this year give a new feature to the prints. These are a series of smaller groups, which “illustrate some point of the story”—according to Miss Mitford—and are so arranged as to form a frame-work round the central figures. Those who see “*Knight’s Illustrated Shakspeare*,” and other works of the same nature, will be already familiar with the plan. The execution of those dainty, Ariel-like groups is fanciful and delicate. The designs are all by J. Browne; and if somewhat theatrical in character, we may presume the artist meant it so, as the style best adapted to the “*Tableaux*,” such groups always consisting of stage-dressed or masquerading figures. Although it greatly impairs the effect of Mr Kenyon’s elegant verses, not to present them with Miss Mitford’s ingenious dramatic introduction, as found in the tale of the *Roundhead’s Daughter*, we venture this poem in its simple state.

TO AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

O breezy harp! that, with thy fond complaining,
Hast held my willing ear this whole night long,
Mourning, as one might deem, yon moon, slow waning,
Sole listener oft of thy melodious song;
Sweet harp! if hushed awhile thy tuneful sorrow,
Which may not flow uninterrupted still;
A lover’s prayer one strain less sad may borrow,
Of all thou pourest at thine own sweet will.

Now, when her forehead in that pale moon gleaming—
Yon dark-tressed maid beneath the softening hour,
As fain to lose no touch of thy sad streaming,
Leans to the night from forth her latticed bower;
And the low whispering air, and thy lone ditty,
Around her heart their mingled spells have wove;
Now cease those notes awhile that plain for pity,
And wake thy bolder song, and ask for love.

“*The Iris of Prose, Poetry, and Art*” has this year changed its green and gold livery, for one of richly embossed deep blue and gold, which will help to give a pleasant variety to the appearance of those modern tulip-beds—drawing-room tables.

The Oriental Annual.

Captain Bacon, who last year gallantly assumed the care and responsibility of this annual, comes forth a second time, aided by Captain Meadows Taylor, who has assisted the editor with both notes and drawings, connected with those parts of India which he has not himself visited.

India, its scenery, antiquities, legends, and romantic history, afford boundless scope to the editor; for, if European readers can once be fairly interested in a country so remote from their ordinary associations and habits, the subject-matter is inexhaustible. Fortunately for the *Oriental Annualist*, there is now a very large and intelligent class of British adventurers, (as well as their home connexions,) to whom the land of their long sojourn, if not of their adoption, has become a second fatherland, so that this work commands both a particular and a general class of readers. Captain Bacon has, in his table of contents, propitiated all tastes. History and picturesque description rather predominate over legends and tales; and, in the compass of this one volume, there is a good account of several important places and cities in India. Among these are Penkonda, Delhi,

Boorhanpoor, Nassuk, and the Nizams’ territory, and capital of Hyderabad, with many other places. A portrait of Akbur Shah, the late Emperor of Delhi, forms the frontispiece to the volume. The painting is by a Persian, “his glorious Majesty’s portrait-painter extraordinary;” but, if the physiognomy is consequently flat and dull, the costume is faithfully preserved, of this shadow of faded royalty. Captain Bacon enjoyed the felicity of an interview with this descendant of Timour in 1834, when he was seventy-nine years of age. With flowing beard, and hair bleached to the whiteness of silver, he then looked singularly venerable. He was greatly respected by the inhabitants of Delhi, and revered by the Mahommedans throughout all India, who never failed to do him homage, when opportunity offered. He had eight wives and many children; his eldest son, Aboo Zaffir, being, as our author severely says, heir-apparent to the *musnud* at the period of his visit to Delhi. The Emperor was long kept a strict prisoner, by his British conquerors, within the walls of his own palace. This regal abode—“*The Paradise of Earth*,” as its boastful inscriptions bore—is now falling into ruin and neglect, from the poverty of the royal owners. While the Emperor dragged out life, a state prisoner of the British, he was permitted to exercise despotic power within the walls of his prison, and enjoyed the flattering if empty power of bestowing titles and dresses of honour. He was provided with a civil list, “amply sufficient to save himself and his retainers from starvation;” and, wherever he went, this remnant of an illustrious line was attended by an English *guard of honour*, which served a double purpose. It is rather astonishing that the kings of Europe, so quick in their sympathies with each other, have shewn so little care for their dethroned and imprisoned Asiatic brethren. This poor old Emperor, stripped of all substantial power, was only the more tenacious of preserving its signs. Lord Amherst was the first governor-general that ever visited the court of Delhi, as the Emperor could not brook any representative of the British Monarch to be seated in his royal presence; and when this indignity was first put upon him, the old man could not restrain his tears. On Lord Combermere he afterwards heaped honours and titles: the dignity of the Fish and Kettle Drum, and illustrious names, which would fill a whole column in the *Peerage Register*. Captain Bacon is merry on the occasion; but one cannot easily perceive why the Fish and Kettle Drum of the Great Mogul should be less worthy of reverence than the Golden Fleece or the Garter.

With the account of Delhi is interwoven that romantic story on which Mr Quin has founded the interest of his late Oriental romance, “*Nourmahal*.” In the description of Elichpoor and Mungrool, an account of the *Thugs* is introduced; and the confessions of one of those atrocious monsters is given in a free translation. Some of the anecdotes introduced in the descriptive parts are connected with the brilliant Indian campaigns of Sir Arthur Wellesley. As a specimen of the work, passing all wild legends, daring adventures, and deeds of arms, we copy out this pleasant and fresh description of the Neilgherri Mountains, in the province of Koimbatoor, in Southern India. The altitude of the highest peaks of the range is something less than nine thousand feet, which, though contemptible in comparison with the Himalaya range, is still, to Europeans, a rather respectable height; and,

Here, amid the raging heats of the tropics, scarcely twelve degrees north of the equator,

The breezy spring
Stands loosely floating on the mountain's top,
And deals her sweets around.

Hither, from the scorched and panting soil of the plains, from the smiting breath of the pestilential jungles, the traveller may be transported, almost as speedily as the reader, to regions of perpetual vernal freshness and health; and here the wandering European meets a thousand fairy friends in the "langsyne" flowers that crowd his path. The violet, the primrose, the buttercup, and wild anemone, with countless varieties of the orchis tribe, throng every bank; the wild thyme, and the tall feathery fern, clothe the mountain side; while here the dogrose, there the flowering woodbine, come peering through the clustering shrubs to seek the genial sunshine. The woods are carpeted with familiar mosses and lichens, in endless variety of tints, down to the very edge of the prattling streamlet, which, dashing through the downward glen, gathers a thousand springs in its devious chase, until it plunges, a gushing torrent of foam, over some hanging precipice. . . . How unlike INDIA! In all these scenes, in every light, in every shadow, a host of airy tongues whisper the names of places and of people which all dissolve into that one word—*Home*. Yet soon the vision fades, as the eye follows the course of the swelling stream. Away it glides, in a soft murmuring current, more broad, more smooth, more slow—through darkening shores, through sultry forests, and the desert wild, down to the basking plains. But a hasty glance, a hasty thought of perils past and miseries escaped, repels the measure of delight; and the imagination weaves once more the happier picture of "Sweet Home," from the large aggregate of little things which crowd upon the memory, and speak of bygone times. Whence came these pleasant scenes? is the natural question of the admiring traveller; and if a well-informed Koimbatoori be within earshot, he will be answered—"From the moon."

From the moon, according to the Hindoo legend, which we cannot quote, though we must not omit the arguments by which its truth is enforced upon the sceptical European, who is told to look at the moon when she is three or four days old, and he will see, upon her unequal disc, the very spot from which the Neilgherries were cut out. The horns are then seen to present the appearance of what is called "the old moon in the young moon's arms;" and what is wanting to complete the circumference is the quarry from whence the mountains descended. They are inhabited by three distinct races, who each claim to be the aborigines. The Burgas are the tenants of the soil, which is vested in the Thodas; and the Kotas, a wretched, degraded race, are represented as little above the brute creation. The superior race, the Thodas, Captain Bacon imagines to be of Roman origin, but upon what appears very slender evidence. They are, however, like other tribes of Indian mountaineers, a much finer people than the inhabitants of the plains. They are equal in stature to Europeans, and nearly as muscular; have hardy constitutions, regular handsome Roman features, with fine clear brown complexions, and full beards. They possess great intelligence, and their manners are frank and easy: their dispositions generous. They believe themselves aborigines of the mountains; and have no history of their remote forefathers, nor knowledge of written characters, and their language has no affinity to any other Oriental tongue. This we should think doubtful. Their upper dress (and, perhaps, it is their under dress also) resembles the Roman toga, or rather, we should say, from the description, the plaid of the Scottish Highlanders. They are a pastoral people, subsisting upon the produce of their buffaloes, which they keep in great herds, moving from place to place for the sake of fresh pasture. Their dwellings and villages are superior to those of their tenants or vassals, the Burgas.

One large hut in every village serves for the double purpose of a temple and a public dairy; though they have no religion, save a few vague superstitions, borrowed from the Hindoos. The Thoda women are comely in countenance, and have graceful figures. During the season when they are roaming in quest of fresh pastures, they visit Ootakmund, and other European settlements, offering mountain fruit for sale; and, like other mountaineers, are lively, curious, and inquisitive. [The Burgas are the husbandmen; and the rich soil of the low lands, with little or no cultivation, yields them abundant crops.

The plates in this work are more interesting for what they represent than as specimens of high art, though the engraving is by Finden; but some of the designs are of splendid character. They are generally architectural views. The *binding* (an important feature in your Annual) is handsome and substantial.

The Forget-me-Not.

Of the graceful mother of all the *Annals*, we may say, as did Milton of the general mother,

"Fairest of her daughters, Eve."

"The Forget-me-Not" opens with a gorgeous picture of Queen Victoria, in her most royal, her coronation robes—crown, sceptre, orb, &c. &c. But this attractive print is not the best of the plates, of which three or four, taken from celebrated pictures by modern artists, are truly beautiful. In literature, the Mother of the *Annals* musters strong in something better than mere names. Its poetry is above par; and its tales are better than the poetry. A very sweet little tale is *Spike Island*, by Miss M. A. Bowne; and, in a very opposite line, Dr Shelton Mackenzie has contributed an exceedingly clever sketch, entitled *Le Millionaire Malgré Lui*. Mary Howitt has a pleasing, natural, and truth-like domestic tragedy in *Willesby Old Hall*. Charles Swain has addressed the departed contributors of "The Forget-me-not," and especially L. E. L., in *A Vision of the Tombs*, which contains some pathetic stanzas; and James Montgomery has paid grave tuneful tribute to the young Queen.

Our slender specimen shall be in a lighter vein. Miss Lawrence is the author of the following pretty legend of *The Dappled Doe*; or, more correctly, the versifier. Yet if the legend be her own, the invention of this graceful incident is of merit superior to the metrical execution.

There are fifty thanes in King Egbert's hall,
Quaffing the sparkling mead;
There are fifty knights at King Egbert's call,
Each on his prancing steed,
Serving the meat, pouring the wine,
Right royally doth King Egbert dine;
And there is wassail, and revel, and din,
Our sweet Lady saith her who entereth in!

For, lo! untended by squire or page,
'Mid this rude company,
Cometh a maiden of tender age,
Of beauty most rare to see;
Wimpled in white; in her soft right hand,
Leading a doe in a silken band;
And the revel is hushed as she passeth on,
And she standeth before King Egbert's throne.

"Justice, King Egbert, for heaven's sweet grace,
All friendless I've flown to thee."
He set down the cup, and, amazed, in her face
Gazed long and eagerly.
For lovely was she as the lily's flower,
Fed by the dew, baptized by the shower;
I trow he half deemed her a saint from heaven,
So he roynlly answered—"Now ask, and 'tis given."

"Oh, erst I was lady of yonder lands,
And none durst my right gainsay;
But manors and lordships, by violent hands,
Have been wrested all away.
And he who hath done this cruel deed,
Now quaffs at thy right hand the sparkling mead,
While helpless and homeless alone I go,
Having no friend save my Dappled Doe."

The shield-bearer rose with a salvage frown—
"Young minion, thou liest!" cried he;
"Bid thy champion come forth, cast thy gauntlet
down,
And the battel wage with me."
"No champion have I," maid Bertha said—
"Father, protector, and friend are dead;
But heaven, by ways human skill ne'er could guess,
Will take part with the lowly and fatherless."

"Now heaven be thine aid, since no champion
On earth hast thou but thy Dappled Doe;
Lead her straight to yon hill, and bid her go forth
Thy lordships and lands to shew.
And if she the boundary traceth aright,
I yield up my claim."—"So be it, Sir Knight,"
Cried the King—"Come, my thanes, to the hill let
us go,
A brave champion, forsooth, is yon Dappled Doe."
On the brow of the hill maid Bertha stands,
One prayer to heaven she prayed,
Then, stooping, unloosed the silken band:
"Fair Doe, thou must be mine aid,
And may He who knoweth the right is mine,
Who in weakest things sheweth the power divine,
Trace out the path wherein thou shouldst go,
To win me my lands, my Dappled Doe."

Straight with a bound from the maiden's side,
Out springeth the graceful doe;
She skimmeth, like falcon, the meadows wide,
Like arrow from hunter's bow;
O'er the plain, through the copse, right gallantly,
Holding her course o'er the daisied lea;
Swifter than arrow she on doth go:
Our sweet Lady speed the Dappled Doe!

And on and on, over moor and plain,
Valley and hill she flies;
The hunter's horn is ringing, in vain
It soundeth; right on she hies,
Threading the greenwood, and then away
She speedeth, now lost in the distance gray;
Swifter than arrow on she doth go—
O Heaven! watch o'er thee, fleetest Doe!

One bound—the Rother rolls deep and wide—
One bound, fair creature most fleet;
'Tis crost—o'er the plain, up the green hill's side,
And now at maid Bertha's feet
She kneeleth. "Gramerry, gramercy, sweet heaven!"
The shield-bearer cried, "may my crimes be forgiven;
For well as the abbey's own books could shew,
Hath the boundary been traced by the Dappled Doe."

List! list! for the even-song bell is ringing
In the convent of Wavenley;
And sweetly the holy nuns are singing
"Laudate Domine,"
And there, with her crozier, maid Bertha stands,
Lifting to heaven her gentle hands;
While the convent seal, to this day, doth shew
The tale of the maid and her Dappled Doe.

The Juvenile Annual.

Mrs Ellis, formerly Sarah Stickney, this year edits the "Juvenile Annual." If somewhat more grave and earnest than in previous years, its value and even its interest to the young is no whit diminished. We like to see the attention of young persons fixed upon such stirring realities as the story about Luther attached to the plate of the Cathedral of Worms; and we are persuaded that even very young children are capable of appreciating such things. *Day Dreams* is a fiction of that sober character which is calculated to instruct while it amuses. A few pieces, in verse, are sprinkled through the volume; and the prints are *gems*, though perhaps not in their first setting.

Friendship's Offering for 1840.

We can only repeat what we have already said half-a-dozen times, at least, of this pretty gift-book. All the prints are not first-rate—cannot indeed be; and our maxim is, few and choice—but the literature is, we think, improving instead of falling off. *The Doctor's Two Patients* is a tale of a high and pure cast; *The Girl of Bulgaria*, a pretty romance; and there is a sprinkling of very fair *Annual* poetry.

Constantinople, and the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor Illustrated.

This work may be received as a continuation of the Messrs Fisher's "Views in Syria and the Holy Land," &c. The designs, taken from nature by Allom, are of the same character as those illustrative of Palestine; but the letter-press is more systematic. It is written by the chaplain to the British Embassy at Constantinople, the Rev. Dr Robert Walsh, who appears amply qualified for the task he has assumed. The historical notices, and descriptions of all the views, are full and interesting, and recent events in the history of the Turkish empire give interest to his account of the capital and its environs. This is a period of rapid transition in Turkey, and especially in Constantinople; and both the draughtsman and the author are just in time to depict its original features unchanged for so many centuries, before they are confounded with European forms and usages, and disappear for ever. The plates are numerous, and the volume in every respect elegant.

Character and Costume in Turkey and Italy; by Thomas Allom. With Descriptive Letter-press, by Emma Reeve.

This splendid volume, if not exactly an Annual, may be classed with the more ambitious of the decorative table-books of the day. The sketches are in the new style of tinted lithography, which, with the spirit and durability of engraving, combines the softness and delicacy of pencil drawings. Twelve of the subjects are Italian, the remainder Turkish. The whole are sketched with spirit and freedom; and, besides forming an elegant work, give the untravelled a vivid idea of the manners, forms, and costumes of the countries to which they refer. The letter-press consists of brief explanatory notices of the plates, with the garnishing of a few middling verses.

CATALOGUE OF POETRY PUBLISHED DURING 1838 AND 1839.

A DRY, meagre catalogue is all that we can pretend to give of the floods of verse poured out upon the dull, reluctant ear of the public within so brief a period as the last two years. Dramatic compositions have, within the specified

time, been equally abundant and neglected. With the exception of the dramas of Knowles, and one piece by Bulwer, very little has been heard of any one of them; while the majority have fallen still-born from the press.

Italy ; A Poem in Six Parts ; by John Edmund Reade,

Is entitled to take precedence in our catalogue, were it merely from its bulk and pretensions as a classic composition. Mr Reade is fluent, resonant, and reverberatory, and he has a well-tuned ear. Had Byron not unhappily forestalled him, he might have enjoyed for a season a respectable, and even a flattering reputation; but this tells two ways, for if Byron had not preceded him, there would have been no "Italy." Did our catalogue admit of specimens, we have several marked which are worthy of admiration; and one in particular—*The Musings of the Poet in the Forum*—which might convey to the reader a higher, and, probably, a truer notion of his powers, than our slight announcement of the title of his poem.

Vedder's Poetical Remains, and Memoir of Robert Fraser.

The benevolent purpose of this publication gives it a relative importance to which it might otherwise hardly be entitled. *The profits arising from the sale are to be exclusively devoted to the benefit of the widow of Mr Fraser and her numerous family.* While we place this fact prominently in view, we would not be understood to underrate the merit of the poems. They are the production of a man of refined taste, who, placed in what may be considered not the most favourable circumstances, made very respectable attainments in literature:

From the memoir, which is affectionately written by the friend of the poet, Mr David Vedder, we learn that Mr Fraser was the son of persons in very humble life near Dysart; who, however, with the noble ambition which distinguishes the Scottish poor, contrived to give their son a good elementary education. He even made some progress in Latin, which must have laid the foundation of that proficiency in Italian, Spanish, French, and German which he afterwards attained. That Mr Fraser was a critical scholar in all, or in any one of those languages, is not probable; but there are few critical linguists even among the leisurely class of scholars. And the competent knowledge of modern languages which he acquired, at least opened to him the contemporary poetry of France and Germany. Hence most of the verses in the volume are translations. It was during his leisure hours, while an apprentice and clerk to a merchant in Kirkaldy, that he acquired a knowledge of French, and some acquaintance with general literature; and he had scraped together a respectable small library at the early age of seventeen. Mr Fraser afterwards commenced business as an ironmonger in Kirkaldy, married, and to the study of languages added that of politics; unless, indeed, this last branch of Whig science comes, like reading and writing, by nature and studying *The Scotsman*. He became, we are told, a Whig and something more. What is more to the point, his poetical translations appeared, from time to time, within the last ten or twelve years, in *The Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and in sundry newspapers. Mr Fraser was elected a member of the first Reformed Town Council of Kirkaldy, and, finally, gave up business—in which, from various causes, he had not succeeded—on being appointed editor of *The Fife Herald*. His health, long delicate, now failed fast, and he died early in the last summer, under the age of forty; and, according to his warm-hearted biographer, unfeignedly and universally lamented. He cannot yet be for-

gotten; and poetical, political, and purely literary friends and admirers, have now a fit opportunity of demonstrating their regard for his memory, and esteem for his poetical abilities.

Upon the whole, we should imagine that Mr Fraser's original pieces will be more admired, even by the few, than his translations. One or two very sweet Scottish songs lead us to wish that he had worked this vein more diligently. A stirring ballad on the daring attempt of Paul Jones, who steered his small piratical fleet into the Frith of Forth, and openly menaced the capital and its port, leaves a favourable impression of the abilities of the writer. It was upon a Sabbath day that the bold rover appeared in the Frith; and the poet makes felicitous use of the incident of a venerable dissenting clergyman, who left his meeting-house with his whole congregation, and, kneeling down on the sandy beach of Kirkaldy, prayed fervently that the designs of the sea robber might be disconcerted. The wind immediately rose, and shifted into the teeth of Paul Jones, who prudently sheered off. When this primitive pastor was afterwards complimented on the efficacy of his prayer, which had raised the west wind, he was wont modestly to reply—"Na, na; I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

Nansie Bell, the Witch of the Gallatown, one of Fraser's most original poems, though rather long drawn-out to be completely effective, is a piece of rich comic diablerie. In *Schir Andro Wood of Largo*, we have a spirited imitation of the old narrative ballad of Scotland. Of all his verses, we may freely adopt the opinion of his friend, critic, and biographer:—"No one can peruse them without feeling that they are at least the emanations of a pure and cultivated mind, and a gentle and kindly disposition." Mr Fraser has written some flowing Hebrew melodies; and his translations—if the delicate original spirit may have evaporated in the trying process of transference—lack no elegance of versification; but still we prefer, to all that he has written, his few simple Scottish songs. Our respect for the generous motives of the editor, and warm wishes for the success of the publication, enjoin a more elaborate notice of this posthumous work than we can at present overtake; but we must give a brief specimen of the Fife Poet, sole Laureate of "The Kingdom," so far as we are aware, for the last generation. And if Liverpool be justly proud of its Roscoe, who, from the humble stool of a counting-house clerk, became, by native talent and unaided exertion, its literary boast—Kirkaldy will surely prize the memory of Fraser.

SONG.

Ye ken na ye've been born yet.

Yestreen, at gray o' gloamin—
The sweetest hour o' a' to me—
Wat ye where I was roamin?
Wat ye wha I forgathered wi'?
O lassie, lassie! gin ye ne'er
Wi' some kind winsome laddie met,
'Neath the star o' e'en, 'mong the birks sas green,
Ye ken na ye've been born yet!

Ilk wee bird ceased its sweet sang;
The daisy shut its drowsy e'e—
But his words their warblings a' dang,
His bloom was what nae flowers might bel
O luckless lassie! gin ye ne'er
Wi' some kind winsome laddie met,
'Neath the star o' e'en, 'mong the birks sas green,
Ye ken na ye've been born yet!

Let wha will seek the gay toun,
 Wi' a' its flauntin' show and glee;
 Let wha will dance the night down,
 'Mong fops that fancy a' they see.
 But, lovin' lassie, gin ye ne'er
 Alane wi' ae leal laddie met,
 'Neath the star o' e'en, 'mong the birks sae green,
 Ye ken na ye've been born yet!

A still finer song than the above—one more tender and delicate in sentiment—is entitled, “Oh, I lo'ed my lassie weel!” Did our space, or the patience of our southern readers permit, we could wish to dwell longer upon these purely Doric rhymes. We have been tempted to select, as a specimen of the translated poetry, the Spanish verses of Don Jorge Manrique upon the death of his father. The composition is replete with elevated sentiment and moral dignity. We must, however, be contented with Fraser's translation of Goëthe's lines to Byron:—

Some kindly greeting, ever and anon,
 From the far South falls grateful on my ear,
 And calls me hence to “Harold” wandering lone—
 Nor calls in vain, though fixed my footsteps here.

And how shall I to him, with whom so long
 I've journey'd, now some cheering truth impart?
 To him who, with himself in warfare strong,
 Has striven to still a deeply wounded heart.

O that he but himself could comprehend!
 No vulgar bliss his bosom then would own;
 O that the Muse her soothing power could lend!
 And he himself should know, as to me he is known.

Attila, the King of the Huns. By the Hon. and
 Rev. William Herbert.

We have here an epic poem in twelve books, the subject of which is the triumph of Christianity; a poem which has cost a learned and ingenious man the labour of nearly a lifetime, and which it is but too probable has not yet found as many readers as it has pages. This neglect we cannot help considering grievous injustice, even were the poem possessed of no other merit than its learning, fidelity to history, and the almost Miltonic beauty of the versification. *The Edinburgh Review* probably overrated its excellences, and the precipitate portion of the press was thus provoked to make a ribald or inconsiderate onslaught *en masse*. We consider Attila more worthy of the perusal of the artistical student of poetry than any of our recent poetical compositions; not more from the grandeur of its proportions, and massiveness of its structure, than from the classic finishing of its minute parts.

Poems. By Henry Monkton Milnes, M.P.
 2 vols.

These “poems of many years,” and memorials of a residence on the Continent, are copies of brief occasional verses, arising from the mood or impulse of the moment, or from any outward accident, or sudden thought. They are flung forth freely and gracefully, though with little of either depth or force. In Rome and Venice, the local habitation of the remains of high art, and full of the recollection of past glories, the very atmosphere must have imparted to the poet somewhat of their own passion and dignity. The Memorials of these Remains are, therefore, his best performances.

Fra Cipolla, and other Poems. By Sir John
 Hanmer, Bart.

Why Fra Cipolla—Anglice, *Father Onion*; or, Scottice, *Father Sybo*—should give the title to a miscellaneous volume, of which his tricks fill so limited a space, we do

not pretend to guess: but so it is. *Father Onion* is entitled to consideration as a lively and not inelegant satire, intended to expose the pious frauds of the begging friars of modern Italy. *The Friar and the Ass* is in the same vein. The shorter pieces are very gentlemanly amateur compositions; no mighty nor even continuous effort, but one felicitous thought neatly and fitly expressed.

The Pilgrim. A Poem. By the Rev. Alexander
 Henderson, Dunblane.

An allegorical religious poem, or kind of Bunyan done into rhyme. “The Pilgrim” is not yet far advanced on his journey—he has only reached Conviction Gate; and we can discern no symptom of anything to cheer him on. Mr Henderson's spirit appears so right, that we wish we could conscientiously say anything for his poetical abilities.

Touches on the Harp of Nature. By Henry
 Ellison.

Brief sermons or discourses in verse these *Touches*, upon topics interesting to humanity, and written in an affectionate and pious spirit. But as for poetry!—Yet sometimes the writer does almost fall upon the key of Burns, in which he says his *Touches* are played.

Association; or, the Progress of Feeling. By
 the Rev. George Garioch, Minister of Meldrum.
 In Four Books.

A poem in blank verse, less metaphysical, and more descriptive, than the title would imply; composed to advance the cause of religion, and not in the least likely to set the poetical world on fire.

Poetic Fragments. By Dr D. Ross Lietch.

A whole garland of fugitive pieces, among which the songs are the most to our liking. From the Vale of Yarrow and St Mary's Loch, the writer has caught a transient gleam of poetic inspiration.

Hades; or, the Transit. By W. B. Scott.

This perplexing composition is a perfect Will o' the Wisp, or Jack o' Lantern. The moment we imagine we have caught a clew to some intelligible purpose, off it slips, and we are left in mist and mire. With this we must, we suppose, be content, as the author, in the preface, informs his readers that the poem is addressed only to persons of a peculiar idiosyncrasy, and would not engage the popular attention, even in an age much more poetical than the present. This is consolation to both parties—the writer and the reader.

The Reward and Curse of Perseverance. By
 John King, Advocate.

What connexion this title has with the subject of this long flat-rhymed account of the discovery and conquest of America, we cannot make out; but such is one of the poems of 1839.

The Bishop's Burial. A Legend.

The author of this poem assigns a curious reason for putting his rhymes in print. It was “to obtain a clearer judgment of his powers.” We hope he is now convinced.

A Day in May. A Poem, in Six Books.
 By Thomas Clarke.

A rather pleasing descriptive poem, in blank verse; though certainly not likely to mark 1838 as a poetical era.

The Age of Chivalry, and other Poems. By Alexander Macleod.

"The Age of Chivalry" was a Glasgow University Prize poem, and obtained the annual prize offered by the Professor of Logic. Had the author suffered it to lie embalmed in that high fame, he would, as we think, in the meanwhile, have done wisely, though there is nothing of which the prize-winner—however it may fare with the prize-awards—need be ashamed of in his first crude attempt. Among the secondary pieces, "The Spell-bound Beggar" displays some power of fancy. Perhaps we should congratulate the University upon emancipating itself from classic trammels, and on becoming as free and frisky in its tastes as the young blood it nourishes. The next subject for a University prize-poem ought to be the Eglinton Tournament. A poem in this volume, entitled "The Chant of Immortality," was read in the Ethic class; but, unless they were forced upon unwilling auditors, we must say that those things would not pass in the little boys' schools—certainly not in Mechanics' Institutions—which succeed in the great boys' colleges; and that the Glasgow students have profited little by the addresses of their chancellors—Brougham, Campbell, Peel, and Stanley.

Short Essays in Verse, on Foreknowledge and Predestination. By Robert Bartley of West Hackney.

Awful themes these for poetical essays! Mr Bartley had been born, bred, and lived, as a Calvinist, until his prime of manhood, when he fell in with the Commentary of Dr Adam Clarke, and a treatise on Prescience, by the Rev. James Jones; and was converted, as we presume, to the tenets of the Arminians. We must candidly confess that we have not read his poetical essays with any care, finding but little encouragement to do so. The volumes contain a number of short pieces, all upon religious subjects.

Tubal.

This Oriental tale, in rhyme, is the production of a lady, the author of "Waldenberg," which some of our readers may have read, though we know nothing of it. We hope it may have even greater poetical merit than "Tubal."

Blindness; or the Second Sense Restored and Lost: a Poem, in Three Parts. By Andrew Park.

It would take more time and space to describe the nature of this elaborate poem, upon a highly interesting and original subject, than we can at present spare. The publication is but recent; so it can afford to wait.

The Reign of Lochrin.

This is an anonymous heroic poem in five cantos, so sublimely unintelligible that we can say nothing about it, farther than that Lochrin, the son of Brutus, a Trojan prince, was one of those fabulous British kings who flourish in the Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and that "The Reign of Lochrin" is published by Whitaker. The notes supply an apt description of it.

"O sublime wonders!
O glorious blunders!
They must do
Something new!
Very fine,
Bard divine."

Mad Moments. By A Born Idiot;

An endless string of tolerably fair sonnets, queerly

printed in Italy. But the author must not be taken altogether at his word: he is not quite A Born Idiot. No one who formed the desire, and could so deftly imitate Wordsworth, can be properly so described. Besides, a born idiot is always an original, not an imitator.

The Gaberlunzie.

We cannot close our poor account with the Rhymers of 1839 without some notice, however slight, of a genuine and racy Scottish burletta, which indicates something like a revival of the genius of Allan Ramsay. Scottish folks of the olden time, and in those distant climes where the fond memories of fatherland annihilate time and space, will relish "The Gaberlunzie." Many pretty Scottish songs are interspersed with the little drama, which, we dare say, our shepherd lads and ewe-milkers will soon be lithering.

Poems. By Eliza Cook.

Here are verses, beautifully printed, and charmingly embellished, on every conceivable subject, heaped up till they fill nearly a goodly three hundred pages. Among such variety, the selection of a specimen, which we court-cously intended, should not be difficult, and yet we find it so. *Summer's Farewell*, and *Spring's Return*, and *The Land of our Birth*, and *The Star in the West*, and *The Gipsy Tent*, and *the Wrath*—we are so tired of them all long, long ago—which may be no fault of their's, though a sad misfortune to us. But our choice is fortunately not narrowed to those; for this volume contains many poems possessing that sprinkling of ideas and reflective sentiment, which we consider, if not altogether indispensable, yet greatly to be desired even in ladies' verses. We have found this quality in the verses entitled *The Quiet Eye*—which eye is, for aught we know, of no particular colour, shape, nor brilliancy, but merely the organ, or the sleeping place of a soul.

There's meaning in its steady glance
Of gentle blame or praising love,
That makes me tremble to advance
A word that memory might reprove.
The haughty threat, the fiery look,
My spirit proudly can defy;
But never yet could meet and brook
The upbraiding of the quiet eye.

There's firmness in its even light,
That augurs of a breast sincere.
And, O take heed how ye excite
That firmness till it yield a tear!
Some bosoms give an easy sigh;
Some drops of grief will freely start;
But that which sere the quiet eye,
Hath its deep fountain in the heart.

These verses should give our readers a fair augury of this elegant collection. Many of the verses will be more popular with readers of poetry than the above; and many which we admire, as racy and hearty old English-like effusions, are on such endeared and household themes as *Old Pincher*, and *Gyp the Pony*, and *Dobbin*, and *The Old Farm Gate*. There are some very pretty songs also, and one or two of them are Scotch, not altogether pure Doric, perhaps, and rather erring in *costume*; but we may be fastidious. All the songs, whether Scotch or English, would sing well, which is the main end of a song; and some are spirited and truly lyrical. This collection has one more beauty—it is embellished with *Rogerial* elegance—we must coin a word—and the subjects of the dainty and delicate engravings, are the more remarkable of the songs and poems. Some of them are truly lovely, and the book is altogether a handsome and desirable one.

The Covenanters, and other Poems. By H. Brown, Ayrshire.*

This little poem ought to have great success among the people of Scotland. Wallace, the Reformation, and the Covenanters, are almost the sole great epic subjects of the national annals. What to these august themes are the achievements or disasters of the Stuarts, which form so prominent a feature in our poetry, painting, and fictions? Hazlitt has somewhere said that all poets are Tories. He might have added, and all painters were Tories. But the tense is now changed, and the highest order of poetry and painting is rising from the factitious and conventional to the true and the universal. What symbolizes the exalted sentiment of a whole nation, is felt to be more poetical, as well as more grand, than the woes or the triumphs of princes, whether real or fictitious. Thus the most poetical circumstances in the annals of Switzerland and the Tyrol are the characters and adventures of Tell and of Hofer, because they are the most morally grand.

The poem which records the deeds and sufferings of that glorious martyr-band whose memory forms the pride of the Scottish peasant, is written in rhymed couplets, and in its versification gives out occasionally a faint echo of the "Pleasures of Hope." It opens well with an animated general description of the bravery in the field, and the more heroic passive endurance of those who raised the banner inscribed with

"Christ and his crown—our country and our right."

Grahame and Pollok have sung the requiem of the martyrs, whose only monument is in the hearts of their countrymen; and this new poet follows their steps, giving his whole soul to the theme.

What though no trophied columns proudly rise
To grace the wild where many a martyr lies!
What though no sepulchre of pomp and pride
Points, to the stranger, where they nobly died!
'Tis love too deep, and worship too divine,
To waste itself upon a marble shrine:
Graved on the records of the living heart,
Heirs of immortal fame, they ne'er depart.
The child can lip their names with reverence deep,
And tell the moorlands where their ashes sleep;
The female heart the martyr's name recalls,
And beauty's tear o'er flower-clad ashes falls;
The virtuous tear that Scotland's daughters shed,
Reflects the glories of her noble dead.

The humble youth, when thirst of honour burns,
To the red altars of his fathers turns;
The field, the scaffold of his murdered sires,
Give a new pulse and kindle all his fires;
He feels the patriot's generous virtue glow,
And seeks a name against his country's foe.

The simple peasant, in his evening prayer,
Thanks God for those who made him Freedom's heir;
His little ones, devoutly kneeling round,
Have their first feelings roused on holy ground.
This hallowed lesson in their humble cot,
The first impressed, the last to be forgot.

Such were the heroes Scottish mothers bore,
Who proffered life their birthright to restore.
Unknown, unheard of, they had passed away
The shade and sunshine of their humble day;
Gay as the breezes o'er the mountains roam,
With Freedom smiling round their cottage home;
But when Oppression scowled along the sky,
An injured country threw her slumbers by—
The peasant burst the cerements of fate,
And stood revealed the saviour of the state.
No selfish feeling strung the peasant's arm;
His country was the talisman could charm!

Thoughts born in heaven, and glowing from the sky,
Fixed every heart, and lighted every eye!
Nobler than Rome's first Cæsar ever knew,
When round the world her conquering eagles flew;
Nobler than Cæsar from the field of war,
With captive monarchs fettered to his car.

This we consider no mean poetry, independently of the moral dignity and national interest of the theme. A fine succeeding passage contrasts the fame of aristocratic ancestry with the proud descent of the Scottish peasant, from patriot and martyred sires; and then the poet thus reverts to that noble band:—

I lov'd them from my youth; the lonely grave
Where sleep the relics of the martyred brave;
The moss-clad stone which piety had placed,
With rude inscription time had half defaced;
Where the lone curlew builds her lonely nest,
'Mid wild flowers springing o'er the sleeper's breast
Where the lark's music opens the gates of heaven,
And hush silence waves her wing at even;
The bright rays lingering round her humble bed,
As loath to part from the unhonoured dead:—
The summer breezes wafting odours round
On holier far than consecrated ground—
Night's first pale starlight twinkling o'er the scene—
All had a language whispering what had been.
I kissed the wild flowers, in their summer bloom,
That Nature nursed above the martyr's tomb;
And trembled lest some ruder step than mine,
That chance might lead into my mountain shrine,
Should crush them blooming on the lonely heath,
And ruthless tread o'er him that sleeps beneath.
I wept above his wrongs—the burning tear
Fell with a pang, as o'er a parent's bier;
Earth's best and bravest! Scotland's boast and pride!
Chased like the wild bird on the mountain side.

An animated and solemn passage celebrates the swearing of the National Covenant by the People and their Delegates upon a Sabbath day, in the High Church of Edinburgh; and another, the martyrdom of M'Kail, of whose enthusiastic character Scott has made such felicitous use in his *Macbrair* in "Old Mortality." *Macbrair* is, indeed, a literal transcript from the annals of the persecution, as they are given in the "Cloud of Witnesses," and the other records of that dark and yet unspeakably glorious period of Scottish history.

The celebration of worship in the moorland wilds, and of the Sacrament, affords scope to the poet.—Thus *Cargill* presides:—

The great *Cargill*, with years and sufferings crowned,
Stood with his white locks streaming in the blast,
Like some prophetic being of the past;
With inspiration's voice denouncing wo
Against the arm that laid his country low.
Spread on the flower-clad table of the moss,
Behold the sacred symbols of the cross!
All shed a heaven-like sanctity around,
And stamped it holier yet than classic ground.
And with the Promise calmed the troubled breast,
Pointing the spirit to the land of rest.

With this solemnity and its many poetical and picturesque accessories, are contrasted the licentious revels of the cavaliers, and those apostate clergy who shared in them. The character of Sharp, in whose death the poet cannot see the black enormous crime alleged, the Battle of Drumclog and Loudon Hill, (which appears this poet's *Parnassus*;) the heroes of the Covenant, and Claverhouse and his ruthless associates and sanguinary minions, come in for their appropriate share of warm praise or stern denunciation. The well-known cold-blooded murder of John Brown, by the troopers of Graham, in the presence of his heroic wife, forms a beautiful episode; one of those extracts which we like to meet with in the reading-books of our parish schools; although in this one case verse fails,

* Glasgow: Symington & Co.

and the homeliest prose of the narrative becomes the most pathetic poetry. This is a fine subject for painting.

The fourth and concluding canto of the *Covenanters* contains, we venture to say, some very noble poetry, A rapid view is taken of the revelation and progress of Christianity; the sufferings of the primitive Christians and Martyrs; the corruption and darkness of the Middle Ages; the dawn of the Reformation, and the attempts of the papal power to suppress knowledge and to prostrate and enchain the minds and souls of men. An apostrophe to Huss and Wickliffe, is followed by this more extractable, if less high-toned apostrophe to printing.

The living voice has but a narrow sphere—
Its tones must die upon the listening ear;
The burning periods eloquence might roll
Forth from the glowing lips to fire the soul;
The truths sublime which elevate the heart,
Might come, like hope, to mock us and depart.
Hail, Printing! hail! the saving light of earth!
Hail to the heaven-born mind that gave thee birth!
The pillared thrones, deep-based and built on crime,
May feel the blasts of battle and of time,
The tyrant tremble for his power when Thou
Circlest with lightning thy indignant brow.

Source of a thousand blessings! on thy page
There live the blush of youth and strength of age.
Immortal registrar! around thee cast
Are all the mighty empires of the past;
Whatever science has from nature wrung—
Whatever lofty strains the muse has sung—
Nature's great truths, the living page of heaven,
To thy immortal record has been given.
The poor man feels thy sweet and softening smile,
Pores o'er thy treasures and forgets his toil;
Triumphs with thee above his scanty store—
Give him his book alone he asks no more;
He knows that life is not alone to live,
And feels a transport gold can never give.
The moral lever that must lift our race
To thy proud sphere, and keep them in their place;
The hundred lands that yet in darkness sleep,
Where crimes are done that make the world to weep,
Thou yet shalt startle from their slumbers, when
They will gird on the attributes of men;
Strike out the latent energies of soul
From Afric's deserts to the icy Pole;
And, angel-like, pursue thy glad career,
Till hymns of knowledge ring around our sphere.

The miscellaneous pieces—all of a grave character—which fill above half the volume, increase our esteem for the writer's powers. Though entirely unknown to us, he deserves to be known to his countrymen, and we hope that his work is already not unnoticed.

With our small tribute of admiration we therefore offer an apology for this tardy and imperfect notice of "*The Covenanters*," and our best wishes for its success.

From a copy of verses on *John Knox preaching in the old baronial town of Galston*, we shall copy out a few stanzas.

Rude fragment of a former age—
A breath on history's fleeting page—
Thy day of glories gone;
Where the bard's strains were proud and high,
Where valour knelt 'neath beauty's eye,
Now tenantless and lone.

Along thy battlements the tread
Of mail-clad men to battle wed—
The soldier and the slave;
When life was chivalrous and brief—
The worthless vassal of a chief,
Who held it for the grave.

But with the tide of change there came
Another sound, another name,
That made even monarchs bow;
No soldier's steel begirt his breast,
No waving plume or helmet crest
Was on his fearless brow.

The burning eloquence that rolled,
Like thunder on the mountain wold,
In mercy's hallowed home,
Awoke strange echoes as it rung,
Where nought but deeds of blood were sung,
Beneath thy time-worn dome.

The stormy period of the past,
The trumpet's voice, the clarion's blast,
Thy proud baronial power;
Thy thousand flashing, sheathless swords,
Are nothing when a Knox's words
Have hallowed thee, lone tower!

And now we are proud to enrol H. Brown, wherever he may sojourn, or whatever may be his profession, among the poets of the New Era.

LITERARY REGISTER.

Martin Doyle's Cyclopaedia of Practical Husbandry, and of Rural Affairs in general.

THIS must be a good farmer's book, were it only that it contains the highly concentrated essence of hundreds of good books on agriculture, the breeding and rearing of cattle, the management of stock, and all the lesser matters of rural domestic economy. Bees figure at large, but *bees* are not neglected; and Martin Doyle, from his past experience, is entirely at home about pigs, poultry, the dairy, the garden, and the various comforts of the cottage and the farm-house. The *Cyclopaedia* is, in short, an ample and really valuable compendium of the knowledge directly useful to a very large proportion of the public, and interesting to everybody. It is written with the author's customary lively good humour and genial feeling. We should conceive the work an admirable companion to the British emigrant, turning farmer,

and also to his helpmate; for much, though not the whole, is peculiarly applicable to their new circumstances.

Let us hope that Irish gentlemen will listen when Martin lectures them about the necessity of granting leases, for their own sakes, as well as the well-being and independence of their tenantry—if "independent tenantry" be a phrase to be tolerated in Ireland, any more than the state which it signifies. He quotes Curwen on this head:—"What has advanced Roxburghshire, Northumberland, and Durham above the rest of Great Britain for agriculture and value of land? No doubt the spirit of the farmer, under the security of long leases." There can, indeed, be little spirit shewn by an Irish farmer of ordinary prudence, who, without a lease in his pocket, sets about improving his farm in the face of what Martin Doyle facetiously terms "an Irish premium"—i. e., an immediate advance of the rent in proportion, at least, to the amelioration the tenant has effected on the soil. We

wish we could give full credence to the reports cited of the condition of Scottish farm-servants. By one hypothesis, (and it is no more,) the average income of a married hind and his family is made up to £51:9:4 in money value, exclusive of his cottage and garden—as if hinds had gardens. The utmost that Martin Doyle can make out for the Irish married labourer and his family is £17:10s.; and it also is, we fear, too high an average, for it assumes 10d. a-day as the labourer's wages. The income of the English married labourer would appear to range from £27:13s. to £36:0:3. Nor do we imagine that the Scottish farm-labourer's emoluments can exceed this last sum, save in the case of shepherds, or persons having a charge. The dietary of the English and Scottish farm-servant, as described by Martin Doyle, might make the Irishman's mouth water, if habit had not made the potato sweeter to him than bread of wheaten flour thrice bolted. The humane-spirited Martin Doyle tells nothing of the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry which is new to the readers of this Magazine; but he deserves great praise for not entirely blinking the question, as is the usual custom with many of the vapouring talkers about the "finest pisantry in the world."

The Colony of Western Australasia: a Manual for Emigrants to that Settlement and its Dependencies. By Nathaniel Ogle.

For the settlement familiarly known as the Swan River Colony, Mr Ogle does here what so many different writers have of late attempted to do for South Australia and New Zealand; and his work is more systematic and complete than those relating to these colonies. We must not say, as we have done of some other books of this sort, that it is a puff of the settlement on the Swan River; but we may fairly describe it as an attempt to place that hitherto unfortunate colony in the best light. Mr Ogle is loud in complaint of the colonial system of the British Government, if system it may be called; nor is he satisfied with the principle which, for want of a better name, goes by that of Mr Wakefield. Among the objections to the Wakefield or self-supporting principle, are the following, urged by Sir James Stirling, late Governor of Western Australia:—

It takes the management of land questions entirely out of the control of the colonists; it appropriates the proceeds of sales to other than colonial purposes; it favours the speculator in land, and imposes a heavy restriction on the actual cultivator; it destroys equality of condition, and discourages industry; and it forces capital and labour into pastoral pursuits, by imposing burdens on agricultural occupations, which they cannot bear; and, lastly, it contains no provision, as in the case of America, for the protection of the actual cultivator, by the power of burdening unoccupied land for local purposes.

Mr Ogle, however, admits that the Wakefield principle has not been strictly acted upon, and consequently is not fairly tested. His own project seems an improvement on Mr Wakefield's. This is his practical deduction:—

Under existing circumstances, there can be no doubt of its being far more advantageous for an emigrant to purchase for £25, from the Government, (probably for much less, of some proprietor,) one hundred acres of land in Western Australia, than to pay £100 for it in South Australia, with the right of an expenditure of £75 in the transit of labourers. In the latter colony the pasture is not limited, and the Government expend the £25 received for the land in the transit of emigrants; leaving him £75 to expend in labour and improvement, as best suits the nature of the land, and intended occupations;

thus causing a positive expenditure in the district, which is more productive of benefit than if spent in the passage and outfit of workmen in England, and is certain to draw labourers from the mother country, in addition to the supply arising from the Government resources. This fact, clearly understood, would draw the intended emigrant to Western Australia instead of to South, where these regulations are in force.

This is sound reasoning. Other circumstances being equal—such as, the quality of the land and the moral state of the colony—we know not who would not rather purchase his 100 acres for £25, and have £75 to expend on their improvement at his own discretion, instead of that being done for him by a body of commissioners, over whom he has no control, or taken to pay the interest of debts they may have contracted; and if from "Augusta to Henly's plains an emigrant may find hundreds of thousands of acres fit for every use," we cannot imagine why he does not purchase these, and thus save £75 out of every £100 to improve his purchase, or do with it what best suits him. To the small capitalist desiring independence, or to him whose principal capital is in the bones, and sinews, and persevering industry of his sons and daughters, and in his own intelligence, all the colonies appear to us to possess advantages over South Australia. In the meanwhile, the capital attracted by one means and another to that settlement, may make it, for a time, of superior advantage to the mere labourer, and the common artisan.

In matters of economy and detail, this book affords some useful information to Australian emigrants, which, familiar as we fancy ourselves with the subject, we have not met with elsewhere. One hint is of the newly discovered defence against the ravages of those minute pests, the white ants. It is *Margary's Patent*, or the sulphate of copper, rendered applicable to wood, cloth, cordage, &c., &c., which, by its use, are rendered invulnerable to mildew, damp, heat; and, above all, to the attacks of the *termities*.

With encouragements, Mr Ogle gives cautions to emigrants; warning them, that though the country is beautiful, and the future prospects cheering, they should remember that it is "a difficult, hard-working, matter-of-fact life," until the emigrant has established himself, built his house, and put his land under proper cultivation, and his cattle and flocks under the care of faithful and experienced men: no easy matters these. After this warning, the author makes the utmost possible of the superior advantages of the colony of Western Australia over all the other colonies. His advice to emigrants on minute affairs is, as we have said, valuable, and includes many minute particulars which ought to be known. The work, at its conclusion, leaves us at a loss what to think of the prospects of this colony, which is at present very much at the mercy of the Colonial Secretary. That it, and all these colonies, must ultimately succeed, there is no possible doubt; but, which is best in the meanwhile?

A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity. By I. Ray, M.D.

This is a reprint of an American work of considerable merit. At least we imagine it is a reprint, as it is evidently an American production, and nothing is said of this being the original publication. A preliminary essay, written with clearness and ability, is from the pen of Dr Spillan. Though the work is substantially a compilation from the "Trials of Lunatics," and the writings of French, English, and German physicians—in which, indeed, its principal merit consists—it is executed by an

ingenious man, who has a good understanding of the subject, and generally sound views, though they may occasionally be pushed too far in one direction, from the author's evident bias to the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim. In them he appears, indeed, a confirmed believer. Bearing this tendency in mind, much useful information may be gleaned by the student of legal medicine from the volume; were it only, as we said, from the facts brought together, whether as illustrations of the sound or of the fallacious reasoning. Incorrect printing is becoming so notorious in the London press that it should be rebuked. This book is an example, among others, of a flagrant kind.

Chemistry no Mystery ; or, a Lecturer's Bequest.

By John Scoffern, Surgeon, and Lecturer on Medicine.

This is a charming little work, leading on the juvenile student gradually and pleasantly, smoothing for him the path of science, and, we may almost say, bordering it with flowers. The engravings illustrating the numerous popular experiments are neatly executed; but the great merit of the work belongs to the lecturer, who has a happy knack in selecting his materials and setting them in attractive order. This little book will form a desirable acquisition for the parlour school or the public school, and for young ladies as well as boys.

Researches on the Physical and Social State of London, Ancient and Modern. By A. M. Buread Riofrey.

This work is written in French, and printed in Paris. The author has diligently studied the peculiarities of the medical art as it is practised in England; and, having thus acquired a second medical education, he reasons like a liberal philosopher upon the striking differences in London and Parisian practice. Though at first astonished, he now finds a rational cause for modes of curative treatment apparently so opposed as those of the French and English physicians. So many French and Continental persons are now to be found in London, and so very many English in Paris, and other towns of France, that he conceives his work may be found useful to physicians in both countries. The second part is to contain the Social and Medical History of London, during the eighteenth century; the third that of the Last Forty Years of a Metropolis, "la plus peuplée, la plus puissante, la plus riche du monde." The book is curious, in a literary as well as in a scientific view.

Essay on the Versification of Homer ; and his Digamma. By James M'Ivor, of Trinity College, Dublin.

This work will mainly interest those who either believe in, or boldly question the classic or rather Grecian infallibility of Professor Dunbar of the Edinburgh Uni-

versity. This Mr M'Ivor ventures to do roundly and boldly. Content with merely directing attention to his audacious attempt, we leave the learned controversy to the judgment of the learned.

The Fatalist ; or, the Fortunes of Godolphin.

By an Essayist on the Passions. 3 vols.

On this mixture or combination of the romance and the novel of character, a man of talent has bestowed considerable pains, and produced a clever and entertaining book. The ground is, as we imagine, fresh in fiction. It is Cornwall, sixty years since, with its fine bold scenery, and primitive squires, peasants, and miners. A good deal of original character, and unchanged manners are still to be found, we imagine, in that province, among its Trelawneys, Trevanions, and the many other *Pens* and *Tres*. The author appears to have a good knowledge of the habits of the miners, though his dialect sometimes looks more mongrel than purely Cornish. The rope of his story consists of three strands, and he sometimes becomes rather embarrassed in getting them up in equal time; nor are they always skilfully interwoven, after they are brought up. But he has produced a readable and amusing novel, with interest sufficient to keep the reader always alive and moving; and this is no mean praise. Some of the characters and occurrences, perhaps, outrage probability; but what of that? They tell well, and that is enough to the novel reader.

Abraham Bagman, or the Adventures of a Bailiff.

By Waterton Jones.

Another this, of the prolific Boz family, with the familiar family features, and occasionally "the trick of the eye." In the first Number the author, who seems to know the Town well, and who has hit upon a capital theme, merely marshalls the personages of his bustling drama, and gives the stage directions, and the Induction, in which Abraham makes his *debut* as a first-rate bum-bailiff—a master of his craft—and works up a few lively and quickly-shifting scenes. If the series prosper, which it deserves to do, we shall have more to say in the way of criticism. Lowness of price may prove a detriment. Waterton Jones gives about the ordinary shilling quantum—pictures and all—for a groat.

The Reverend William Innes' Excitement.

This little Annual for the juveniles—the "NEW EXCITEMENT"—is for the year 1840, even more entertaining and varied than formerly. The stories are generally shorter, and consequently more numerous. Travels, adventures, natural history, personal enterprise, perilous deeds, and traits of hardihood, and "moving accidents by flood and field," are mingled in excellent proportions, so as to compose a volume of instructive and highly amusing reading for young persons, and consequently a desirable and proper gift for them.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

THE effect of the great success of the Attorney-General—and of which he boasted at the breakfast lately given him in Edinburgh—in obtaining, without a single exception, verdicts of guilty against Chartist operatives by middle-class juries, has been to increase the dislike of the operatives to their existing political condition, and to drive the Welsh into open insurrection. On the morn-

ing of the 4th of November, Newport, in South Wales, was attacked by many thousands of armed men from the mines and iron works in the adjoining country. The magistrates had no notice of the deep-laid and extensive conspiracy, which had, for some weeks at least, been in operation; and only heard of it a few hours before the outbreak. The only troops in the town consisted of half

a company of the 45th foot. It was the avowed object of the insurgents to attack, in the first place, the military; and fortunate it was that the soldiers were placed under cover, in a position which, while it commanded the street, rendered the fire-arms of the Chartists, which were loaded only with slugs, useless; otherwise we might now have to record events of much greater importance than have actually occurred. John Frost, the well-known ex-magistrate and delegate, appears to have acted as commander-in-chief, and probably organized the movement; but the actual leader in the attack on the inn, where the mayor with the other magistrates and the soldiers were placed, seems to have been Lovell, a gardener, and a man in comparatively easy circumstances. Notwithstanding the cowardice of the Chartists in being defeated by a handful of soldiers has been so much commented on, we must express our opinion that they behaved with great bravery. Without any means of retaliating efficiently—for very few indeed of them were possessed of muskets and bullets—they exposed themselves, without the slightest protection, to a brisk fire of the soldiery, for fifteen minutes, and did not retreat until twenty or twenty-five of them were killed on the spot, and, as is said, from fifty to sixty, but more probably from one hundred to one hundred and fifty of them were wounded. In the recent “most glorious achievement” of the British army in India, only seventeen were killed, and one hundred and ninety-one were wounded. A special commission has been issued to try the prisoners; eleven of whom, including Frost, have been committed under a charge of high treason. The Tories are, of course, howling for their blood; but, considering how much has been already spilt, Botany Bay may, we hope, be substituted for the block, even in the cases of Frost and Lovell. Meanwhile, South Wales has been filled with horse and foot and dragoons; and ammunition waggons and cannon have been sent from Woolwich, to keep the Chartists from rising in open rebellion. All this may do for a short time, but, unless the grievances under which the body of the People labour be investigated and removed, tranquillity will be of short duration. One of the most alarming symptoms of the late insurrection, is the successful tampering with the soldiery; two of whom actually deserted, though one of them returned to his duty before the attack on Newport was made. If one in fifteen of the army be prepared to join the Chartists, it is time Ministers were bestirring themselves. And so they are, we believe, in as far as physical force is concerned. We are informed, on good authority, that the army is to be greatly increased—the home regiments are each raised to 1000 strong—and that the greatest activity prevails in the manufacturing of military accoutrements. Where the money is to come from to pay for all this, is more than we know.

LOCAL LEGISLATURES.—We are glad that this subject—to which we were the first to direct attention—is attracting notice; for we are convinced it only requires to be carefully considered to secure public approbation. A local legislature, sitting in Dublin for the despatch of business exclusively Irish, would be of the utmost advantage to Ireland; while it would not be at all liable to the most serious objection to a Repeal of the Union, the danger of a complete separation of Ireland from the British Crown. We have much satisfaction in observing that Mr Sharman Crawford has, in a great measure, adopted our views; and we hope he will use his eminent talents, and great influence, to enforce them on the notice of the Irish nation. Under any circumstances, the legislature of Great Britain is utterly unfit for the despatch of the continually increasing business before it. The local and private bills now occupy more of the time and attention of Parliament than the whole business altogether did, half a century ago. Another imperative reason for the establishment of local legislatures, not only in Ireland and Scotland, but in various places in England, is the state of parties. The warfare between the two sections of the aristocracy has, for some years, been carried on in an unprecedented manner. The chief tactics of the Opposition are to destroy the measures introduced by the Ministry; and then, at the end of the ses-

sion, to hold up the party in power to ridicule and contempt, on account of the small quantity of business got through during the session. The Ministerial party assuredly shew no great alacrity in bringing forward business, and postpone everything that can possibly be postponed; but the other boasts of its prowess in “smashing” the Ministerial bills when they come within its reach. Meanwhile, the country suffers the greatest inconvenience. How many useful bills regarding Scotland, for example, have been introduced, of late years, and either thrown out on account of mere party motives, or postponed, because it was seen to be impossible to get them through Parliament? The “smashing” power, as Sir John Campbell calls it, of the Tories, and the lockfast of the present legislature, may be judged of from the following facts:—In 1814 Parliament passed 190 public acts; in 1815, 196; in 1837, the number was only 91; and, in 1838, 120. We believe that the number of such acts passed last session, did not exceed 97. Had we not been long accustomed to it, nothing would appear more absurd than to apply to a legislature sitting in London for a bill to make a road or railway at our own door, and to carry all the witnesses, engineers, and men of business, at a great expenditure of money as well as of time, four or five hundred miles off. As to getting rid of local prejudices by making the application to a distant legislature, we do not see any such effect. Local prejudices—witness, for example, the improvements on Leith Harbour, and the appointment of Sheriff-Substitute in Leith—appear to travel as easily to London as they would do to Edinburgh.

We have, in former numbers, gone so fully into the details of this measure, that we feel it unnecessary at present to resume them; and we only notice the subject at present in order to direct public attention to it, now that it has been advocated by one whose opinions are so highly and justly esteemed.

SCOTLAND.

SHERIFFS-SUBSTITUTE.—We are glad to observe that Mr Wallace of Kelly has taken up the subject of the inadequate remuneration of these Judges, who are by far the most useful, as well as hard wrought, we possess. We have frequently attempted to direct public attention to this matter, and have, for years, advocated an increase of the salaries of Sheriffs-Substitute; but neither any portion of the press, so far as we have observed, nor even the Substitutes themselves, seemed inclined to give us any assistance. Whether this apparent indifference to their own interest arose from the dependent condition of the Substitutes, who were liable to be dismissed at the pleasure of the Deputies under whom they act, we know not; but, if that were the reason, it is in part obviated by an act passed last year, which renders the consent of the Lord President and Lord Justice Clerk, expressed in writing, necessary for their removal. At all events, we are glad to find that they are stirring in their own defence; for, while we are decidedly of opinion that the over payment of public functionaries is ruinous to their efficiency, we believe that their inadequate payment is very injurious to the public. Why these Judges should not, like all others, hold their appointments, *ad vitam aut culpam*, it is difficult to discover; for if an appointment in such terms has been found essential for the maintenance of the independence of Judges receiving salaries of £3000 or £4000 a-year, it seems still more necessary in the case of those who are only allowed from £150 to £400. Of the fifty-three Sheriffs-Substitute in Scotland, two—those for Edinburgh and Glasgow—have salaries of £400, which is the highest allowed; twelve have £200; and four only £150 a-year. One of the latter—the Sheriff of Skye—has between 20,000 and 25,000 people under his jurisdiction, and a territory of nearly fifty miles in length, by thirty in breadth, intersected by lochs, arms of the sea, and mountains, and exceeding, in extent and population, some German principalities, which have given Kings and Queens to Great Britain. Sheriffs-Substitute must not be absent from their district more than two weeks at a time, nor six weeks altogether in any one year. They are prohibited from acting as agents in legal, banking, or

other business, or as conveyancers, factors, or chamberlains, or from holding any other office than Sheriff-Substitute. They must, in short, abstain from every means of eking out their paltry allowance—must live in the style of gentlemen; to command respect—associate, occasionally at least, with the nobility and gentry of the district—during summer are liable to be *torned* on to a grievous extent by inconsiderate tourists—must be well educated, and acquainted with all branches of the law, at their peril; discharge numerous duties, not only as judges, criminal and civil, but preserve the peace of their districts, and perform a great variety of ministerial offices—and all for £150 a-year—a sum little more than the emoluments of a Macer of the Court of Session, for 14 days service, per annum, and for two or three hours a-day—a service which does not prevent him from carrying on any business he pleases, and whose only essential qualification is being able to read. If we compare the qualifications, duties, and salaries of Sheriff-Substitutes, with those of the Clerks of our Supreme or even inferior Courts, we will see how inadequately they are paid. The principal Clerks of Session—some of whom have the greatest difficulty in drawing up the simplest judgment of the Court—have £1000 a-year; and they have been in the practice of drawing, without any legal warrant, a retired allowance of £666 a-year, when ill health forced, or their convenience suited them, to retire. Their year's work does not occupy in all 228 hours. They require little, if any, knowledge of the law, though it has no doubt happened that the ease and respectability of the situation, and the high salary, have attracted one or two eminent lawyers, who were not calculated for, or had not the influence necessary to raise them, to the Bench. The Depute Clerks of Session, who, like their principals, hold all but a sinecure situation, though they may have a few hours longer attendance in Court per annum, have £400 a-year; their Substitutes have £350, with a fee they have contrived to raise for themselves—without any warrant—of 4d. on each interlocutor, amounting to £80, or £80 more. The private Clerks of the Judges have from £500 to £300 a-year, and some of them also draw compensations for loss of fees. All these numerous clerks have little or no responsibility, and, with the exception of the principal clerks, none of them have gone through a course of legal study, or education, or apprenticeship, or pretend to any knowledge of the law. Their duties are capable of being effectually performed by a person of the most ordinary capacity, and are indeed mere routine, which any one, however innocent of legal attainments or aptitude, may, by ordinary industry, acquire in the course of a few months' practice. In the inferior courts, again, such as the Sheriff and Burgh Courts, the Clerks are very generally much better paid than the Sheriff-Substitutes of their respective districts, the Clerk, in many instances, drawing three or four times the income of his master the Judge. It is plain that such a state of matters cannot be allowed longer to continue. It only requires to be taken up by the public generally, as it has been in Renfrewshire, to put an end to it. There is only one objection that can be urged against the increasing of the salaries of Sheriff-Substitutes, and that is, that the Treasury have no money for the purpose. We will dispose of this objection very shortly, after giving a few more statistical details. In the years, 1834, 1835, and 1836, 53,551 causes of all sorts—civil, criminal, consistorial, actions ordinary and summary, and small debt cases—were disposed of by the Sheriff-Substitute, of which only 2,344 were appealed to and decided by the Sheriff-Depute. *This is less than five per cent.* The interlocutors pronounced by Sheriff-Substitutes during the same period, exclusive, it is believed, of small debt causes and criminal trials, were 37,443, by Sheriff-Depute 3,816, or little more than ten per cent. The judgments of the Sheriff-Substitute were affirmed in the proportion of fifteen to one reversed; so that, assuming the Deputes were right in all their reversals—and the Court of Session certainly does not always agree with the Deputes in their judgments—there were fifteen frivolous and vexatious appeals for one which ought to have been made. *It is difficult to shew the nuisance of the office of Sheriff-Depute in a stronger view.* It thus appears that nine-

tenths of the duties of the office of Sheriff are performed by the Substitutes, and one tenth, and this is a liberal allowance, by the Deputes. Let us see how the emoluments are divided.—The total emoluments of the Sheriffs Depute and Substitute of Scotland, arising from all sources, on the average of the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, were £21,890, of which the thirty Deputes, senechal and non-resident, drew the lion's share, £15,720—and the 53 working and resident Substitutes, £15,562. But it must also be kept in view that the Substitutes, as already mentioned, are prohibited from doing anything to increase their income; while the Deputes are enjoined by a statute, not yet fifteen months old, "to be in habitual attendance in the Court of Session, during the sittings thereof," (that is to say, carrying on their business as lawyers in Edinburgh, and drawing, if they can, by their private business, to the utter neglect of their official duties, thousands a-year,) "and if any such Sheriff shall not hold courts within his sheriffdom, or shall not attend the Court of Session as before provided, it shall be competent for her Majesty's Advocate to present a summary petition or complaint to the Court of Session, complaining of such Sheriff not holding courts, or of such non-attendance; and the same being thereupon duly investigated and established, upon a summary trial before the said Court, such Sheriff shall be admonished for the first offence, and for the second shall be deprived of his office." The Sheriff-Depute of Edinburghshire and Lanarkshire, are alone excluded from habitual attendance on the Court of Session. Although, however, it is notorious that a great many of the Sheriff-Depute do not attend the Court of Session at all, we have heard of no trials or admonitions. Why? we may ask the Lord Advocate. Perhaps, in next number we may furnish him with a list for "admonition," if he does not bethink himself.

Our proposal, then, for obtaining an efficient body of Sheriff-Substitute in every part of the kingdom, without increasing the burdens on the People, is simply as follows—and we would not have ventured to have made it, had we not had in our perfect recollection, that, when the Whigs got office in 1831, they professed, through Lord Althorpe, that "the principle of their Government was to rule without patronage;" that the vacancies which occur in the office of Sheriff-Depute shall not be filled up; and then that all the absentees from the Court of Session, in session time, be first admonished, and, if refractory, dismissed. If this be done, we will venture to prophesy, that, in two or three years, there will be an ample fund for raising the salaries of all the Sheriff-Substitute, who are now inadequately paid, to a proper amount. To improve still further the system, no appeal should be allowed to be made from the Substitute to the Depute, but from the Substitute to the Court of Session, whereby an intermediate step—whole, as is evident from what we have already stated, is, in nine cases out of ten, resorted to merely to increase delay and expense—would be rendered unnecessary. It is evident that, if higher salaries were given to Sheriff-Substitute, a higher class of lawyers than have hitherto occupied that office would consider it an object of ambition; that the business both of the Supreme, Civil, and Criminal Courts would thus be diminished; that the time and money of litigants would be saved; while litigation and crime, which are fostered by nothing more than the "law's delay," would sustain a serious check.

MORE FREQUENT CIRCUITS.—This is another excellent suggestion for the improvement of the law which Mr Wallace has brought forward within the month. Circuits, except in Glasgow, being at present held only twice a-year, a person accused, however innocent, may remain many months in jail, if the crime of which he is accused be not bailable, or if he have not the fortune to possess friends who will become surety for him. During all this time the law regards him innocent, whatever may be the result of his trial; but he must associate with felons—for our prisons do not afford the means of separating the accused from the convicted—and he must content himself with the jail allowance of convicts; because his hands are tied, and he is kept in idleness, until

it suit the convenience of the magnates of the law "the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary," to inquire into his case. Here let not our readers suppose we are ignorant of what has been called the Scotch Habeas Corpus Act—viz., 1701, c. 6. But we are aware that, if the provisions of that act are properly worked, an innocent man accused, will have to endure some months' imprisonment before he can extricate himself from jail. Now, keeping an innocent man in jail—and every one is to be held innocent who has not been tried—is nothing else than an outrage, justifiable only by the necessity of the case; and every day which he is detained before trial, not absolutely necessary for the attainment of justice, is totally unwarrantable, and an injury, not only to the individual detained, but to society at large; for they not only lose the labour of, perhaps, an efficient citizen, but are burdened with his maintenance in idleness. Nobody, it is presumed, will, at this day, contend that prisoners not tried should, in addition to their imprisonment, be compelled to labour for their own sustenance. Farther, suppose an innocent man be kept in jail, among convicted felons, for months, it is almost impossible, particularly if he be a young man, not to come out thoroughly tainted. Thus, by the existing system, where you do not find a criminal you make one; and if you do not succeed in getting an innocent man condemned for a crime he never committed at the first trial, you may very probably have the satisfaction, on his second trial, to obtain a conviction for a crime he has committed. Besides, as was very clearly shewn by the Marquis Beccaria half a century ago, and admitted ever since, by every lawyer who has risen above the handicraft of his profession, the effect of punishment depends, for its efficacy in repressing crime, more on its promptitude (*promptezza*) than on its severity, or any other circumstances attending it. One would have thought the admirable treatise "*Dei delitti e delle pene*" of Beccaria, so short, so logically reasoned, so luminous, so readable and even amusing, and spread as it was over the whole civilized world, a few years after its publication, with an able commentary by Voltaire, might have operated on the existing generation—the third from its date—and modified the absurd and atrocious doctrines, and heartless administration of criminal law. But all experience teaches that, while fraud and fanaticism disperse themselves, with the celerity of the winds, through mankind, the progress of truth and common sense can only be marked at intervals of many ages. But to return: it is the obvious interest, both of the accused and of society, that speedy trial and speedy punishment should follow apprehension. And we, in Scotland, have admirable means, without innovation, without increasing patronage, without creating expense, to accomplish this object. It is generally admitted that the keeping up the two Inner Houses, as they are called, of the Court of Session, is worse than superfluous. It is like having too many servants—they are continually in each other's way, they break the furniture, they interrupt work, and create delay. Your case is called in the First Division; your senior counsel is engaged in the second; you are fortunate if you have it struck out of the roll, and have to wait for six months till it have again a chance to be heard; for it often happens that your junior counsel is forced to plead your case against two on the other side—and it is decided against you without the possibility of redress, except that very pleasant and cheap one, an appeal to the House of Lords. We recommend, therefore, the abolition of one of the Inner Houses, and the despatching of the four Judges, thus liberated, two and two, at stated intervals, not exceeding a few weeks, throughout the kingdom, for the trial of delinquents. We are aware that it is held out as of great advantage that the same Judges should decide both civil and criminal cases; but we are not convinced by the reasoning on this subject, nor that law, any more than a mechanical trade, is not benefited by the operatives confining themselves to particular departments of it. But, admitting it were true, the Judges of the Court of Session might make the circuits in rotation, nine constantly sitting in Edinburgh, while four were on the circuits. The Judges on

the circuits might also hear and decide appeals from the Sheriffs-Substitute, while the Deputes were attending the Court of Session in Edinburgh, for the purpose of keeping up their knowledge of law, as is alleged. Our plan would, no doubt, impose much additional duty on the Judges of the Supreme Courts; but they are well paid for it: their salaries have lately been raised, the days of sinecure are fast disappearing, and these are not the times for any set of men taking the public money without working for it.

THE PENNY POSTAGE SCHEME is in great danger, and it is only by the utmost exertions, that it will ever have the least chance of becoming the law of the country. We were, we must confess, exceedingly suspicious that all was not right, when we found that the Penny Postage Act, as it was called, enacted nothing at all as to the rate of postage, but left all open to the Lords of the Treasury. Only a few weeks ago, it was alleged by the Whig Journals, as a reason for the Treasury not having announced why "*the Uniform Penny Post*" was not carried into effect, that the innumerable plans and suggestions which had been received, required the most deliberate consideration of "my Lords," but that the measure would be in operation in a very short time. This announcement appeared in *The Morning Chronicle*, on the 2d November, before the Chartist Insurrection in Wales had taken place. Two days afterwards, Newport was attacked, and the Ministerialists having, no doubt, been convinced of the danger of the free communication of the People with each other, by the articles in the *Quarterly Review* and the Tory newspapers and by this attack, just ten days afterwards bring out their Treasury Minute, dated 12th November, not for "*THE UNIFORM PENNY POST*," but for *anything but a uniform "FOURPENNY POST,"* and that even to be conducted on principles wholly at variance with those which Mr Rowland Hill has uniformly advocated. In the first place, franking, one of the grossest abuses of the present system, is to be retained in its full efficiency, thereby saving many thousands a-year to the aristocracy, and to tradesmen in London, or elsewhere, who happen to be in good odour with them; although the exemption is attempted to be concealed in the minute, by placing it at the end, under the head of the "London District Post." Prepayment is not enforced; an omission which, of itself, is sufficient to defeat Rowland Hill's plan.

Whatever is lost on the General Post, is attempted to be made up on the existing Penny Post. At present, letters carried by the Penny Post must be under four ounces in weight; but, by the proposed plan, a letter of three ounces and a quarter, sent by the Penny Post, will be charged sixpence; for the minute states, 1st, that, "Two postages are to be added for every ounce up to sixteen ounces, beyond which, no packet, subject to postage, shall be received;" and, 2d, "Inferior rates, under fourpence, to remain undisturbed; *but the letters to be charged by weight.*" The Treasury minute seems evidently to be drawn up to mystify and mislead, and, in every point of view, is a most discreditable document. What meaning may be ultimately attached to it we know not for many of the passages bear more than one at least. Our strong conviction, however, is, that the aristocracy—Whig and Tory—having, at the eleventh hour, seen the danger to which a free intercourse by letters, among the People, would expose hypocrisy, monopoly, and fraud, have joined together to defeat the Penny Postage, and that this Treasury minute is the first official evidence of the conspiracy in which they are engaged. We are not to be *blarneyed* over to the "*Fourpenny minute*" by such a statement as the following, which we find in the *Scotsman*, a paper which has hitherto advocated Mr Hill's plan. "It will scarcely be possible, we suspect, to introduce the uniform penny rate at the *New Year*, but the great reduction now announced may well reconcile the public to the want of it for a *month or two.*" We are quite willing to wait for it, "for a month or two," as we feel strongly inclined to think, with the *Morning Post*, that the Penny Post has got its quietus, and that the "*Fourpenny Post*," is all we are

likely to have for some time. While we denounce this attempt to defeat a great measure, by false pretences, we give the Whigs credit for the address, or rather cunning, with which they have managed it, and only hope that it is one of the last stratagems which "Plain John" will attempt before he ascends the judicial bench of Ireland, where we wish him long life and happiness. We are, however, mistaken if "*my Lords*," whether Whig or Tory, will succeed in gulling the able and energetic men who have hitherto advocated the "Penny Postage;" but the country must be roused, without a day's delay.

THE USE OF AN ARMY.—A month or two ago we pointed out a change in the management of the Army, in time of peace, which had occurred within the last half century. We stated that formerly they were employed in the making of roads and bridges, and other useful labours; but owing to the jealousy which has arisen of their having any intercourse with the "*Civilians*," they are now kept in idleness in forts and barracks. It appears, however, that the Continental Sovereigns are not under the same alarm of intercourse between their soldiers and their subjects that our's now exhibits. Between the years 1816 and 1838, the Swedish army wrought on Canals and Rivers, 4,164,000 days work; on roads and bankings, 130,000; on civil constructions, 241,000; and on fortifications, 501,700. In 1832, they completed the Canal between the North Sea and the Baltic, across the widest part of Sweden. Why should our soldiers not be employed in the same manner, instead of idling in the streets? What is there in the condition of Sweden that makes it safe to employ the army there in useful labours, and unsafe here? We suspect the investigation, which would be necessary to give an answer, would prove that we are not so much "the envy of surrounding nations" as many of us imagine.

MR AYTOUN AND THE DUNFERMLINE BURGHS.—We are glad to find that Mr Aytoun has every chance of carrying these Burghs at a new election. His canvass has drawn down upon him the wrath of the Whig press; and accusations of indolence and want of information, and of incapacity, have been made against him. From any opinion, however, that we have been able to form of him from his appearances at Public Meetings, and his conduct in the Town Council of this city, we are convinced that there are not many of the 658 present Members of Parliament who do their duty to their constituents more faithfully than would Mr Aytoun. In what respect he is inferior to Lord Dalmeny, we confess, we are not aware; nor do we recollect any brilliant appearances of his Lordship in Parliament, nor any active exertions in Committee, nor indeed any of his speeches at all, except the absurd harangue against Vote by Ballot, which did not contain a single argument nor a single statement which had not, a thousand times before, been made, and as often refuted. There are two most valuable qualities in which Mr Aytoun is not excelled by any man now in Parliament—honesty and courage. He is not likely to do what many representatives have done—hold out certain opinions on the hustings, and vote against them in Parliament. Lord Dalmeny is rather a favourable specimen of a young Whig nobleman; but he is a most unsuitable representative of the Radical Constituency of Dunfermline. The proper Constituency for his Lordship is West Lothian, now occupied by a Tory; and he ought long ere now to have canvassed that county; but so long as he is allowed quietly to nestle in these Burghs, he will never make the attempt. Rather than be excluded from Parliament altogether, we have no doubt he would make an exertion to attain the position fitting a nobleman of his rank and fortune—that of a county member.

FREE TRADE.—NEW TARIFF.—One of the arguments constantly reiterated by the opponents of free trade, is the want of reciprocity, on the part of foreign nations: by which they mean that though we lower the duty on imports, foreigners will not follow our example, and, in like manner, lower the duties on the articles they import. Now, although this statement were true, it is no reason

whatsoever for our not resorting to free trade. Such a trade may not be so advantageous as it would otherwise be, if foreigners adhere to the protective system; but still it is highly advantageous that we should be enabled to purchase in the cheapest market, although we may not also be able to sell in the dearest. It is evidently no reason whatever for our not procuring our food cheap, that some foreign governments will not allow their subjects to obtain cheap cotton clothing from Britain. But the truth is, that foreigners are most willing to enter into commercial treaties with this country on the principles of free trade; and nothing but our obstinate adherence to the restrictive system, especially in the important articles of corn, food and drink, of all sorts, and timber, prevents the most complete system of reciprocity the greatest zealot for restrictions could desire. But even without such treaties, the principles of free trade are making rapid progress on the Continent. A party in this country has been actively engaged for years in abusing Russia, and endeavouring, by every effort, to engage us in war with that country; yet in the new Russian tariff, which came into force in 1837, nearly 100 articles that were prohibited by the former tariff, are now admitted on the payment of duties, and the duties on many articles formerly admitted are greatly reduced. The British will derive the chief benefit from these alterations, because we have by far the largest share of the trade with Russia. The new Austrian tariff, which came into operation in 1838, reduces the duties on many articles; and in no instance, we believe, is there any increase. Although it is a country producing abundance of grain and all sorts of food, our absurd example of prohibiting their importation has not been imitated: but fresh animal food of all sorts is allowed to be imported at a duty of 1s. 8d. for 123½ lbs.; wheat at 9d. for the same weight, or about 3s. the imperial quarter; barley and oats at 6d. for 123½ lbs., or about 1s. 6d. a-quarter. It is plain the landed interest must not be so powerful, or at least so despotic, in Austria as in Britain. The Prussian Commercial League is often appealed to as an instance of the hostile feelings with which foreigners view the trade of this country; and it is even asserted that its chief, if not sole, object was to diminish our exports. But this is not the fact. The real object was to put down the innumerable and vexatious restraints that impeded the intercourse of the German States. Generally speaking, the duties on imports are reasonable. On printed cottons, worth 1s. 6d. a-yard, it is only sixteen per cent.; on fine cottons, worth 2s. 6d., under nine per cent.; our own duties on cotton manufactures generally amount to twenty per cent., and are never less than ten. Although the League has now been in operation for six years, and includes twenty-five millions of people, so far from our trade with Prussia and Germany falling off, it is greater at this moment than when the League was entered into. Had Prussia, indeed, altogether prohibited the import of our goods, we would have had very little reason to complain. She has only three great staple articles of export—corn, timber, and wool. The first we virtually prohibit in ordinary years; on the second we impose a duty of 55s. per load, while Canadian timber is admitted at 10s.; and it is only of late years, and after we found that our manufactures were going to ruin for want of foreign wool, that the prohibitory duty of 6d. per lb. was taken off German wool.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

From the 29th of August to the 18th of November, no fewer than sixty-six sequestrations have been awarded against mercantile men and tradesmen in Scotland—a number, we believe, almost without precedent in a period of equal duration. It is occasioned, we have no doubt, in part, by the new act coming into operation, whereby much expense and delay are saved in comparison with the old system; but the accounts from the manufacturing districts shew that, everywhere, trade is greatly depressed. We shall quote a few specimens of these accounts. In Dundee, many excellent mechanics are idle, and the manufacturers are not faring better; forty-five have set off for France. In Montrose, there

are a considerable number of fixdressers out of employment. In Arbroath, there are many complaints. In Paisley, there are a number of weavers out of employment. At Manchester, prices of yarn continue to droop. At Huddersfield, prices have a downward tendency, and the warehouses and shops exhibit an unusual state of inactivity; and, every week, the number of unemployed operatives increases. An important failure in Glasgow, to the amount of £80,000, and several of inferior amount, in Manchester and Dundee, have been announced. The stoppage of almost all the banks of the United States has paralysed trade in America; but cheering prospects for the future continue to be held out. A great part of the present depression of our manufactures is, no doubt, to be attributed to our Corn-Laws, which have drained the country of bullion, and rendered it impossible for bankers to give the usual accommodation to manufacturers and merchants.

AGRICULTURE.

It is impossible yet to form any opinion of the late harvest, but, from all we can gather, it has little chance of turning out an average produce. Prices of late have certainly not risen, but this arises from the quantity of bad grain which the farmers, being anxious to get rid of, have thrown on the market. There is, however, one important fact already ascertained, which is, that the wheat crop is exceedingly deficient in Ireland. In ordinary years, Ireland exports to Britain £1,000,000 worth of wheat, but it is estimated that this year she will require wheat to the value of £800,000, to make up her own deficiency. However that may be, there has already been a considerable importation of English wheat into Ireland. We may here notice a very important use to which a coarse grass, which abounds on all parts of the

sea coasts of Scotland, where sandy, has been put to in America. The grass is known by the name of bent, in Scotland, and sea reed or beach grass, in England: it is the *Arundo arenaria* of Linnæus. The only use it has been put to hitherto, is to prevent the loose sand from shifting and blowing over the cultivated grounds, or filling up harbours, and for making door-matts. But it has been discovered that it makes admirable paper—smooth, soft, pleasant to write on, and very firm and strong. The grass is easily whitened, and the pasteboard made from it is especially valuable. We hope some of the papermakers in this neighbourhood will try this material; for the collecting of it would give employment to the poor, besides rendering us independent of foreigners for rags. If found to answer, it could be cultivated to any extent, on sands which are at present utterly worthless.

ALL HALLOW FAIR was the best for dealers that has occurred for many years. The number of cattle was about 8,000, being 3,000 or 4,000 less than last year. About 6,000 of the cattle were disposed of the first day, and the whole were cleared off next day. West Highlanders, three year old, brought from £8 to £10: 10s.; two year old, £4: 4s. to £6: 6s.; stirks, £2: 10s. to £4: 10s. North country cattle realized from £9: 9s. to £10: 15s.; two year olds, £7: 10s. to £10: 16s.; one prime lot of twenty short-horned cattle were sold for £19 a-head. The prices altogether were from 25 to 30 per cent. above those at the same fair last year. Of sheep and lambs, 2,800 were shewn. Prices were on the advance, and may be stated at 6½d. per lb. The show of horses in the Grassmarket was small; and there was little demand for those of inferior quality. A few good horses for agricultural purposes, brought from £50 to £70 per pair.

TO POLITICAL CORRESPONDENTS.

AT the close of the year, and approaching the opening of, probably, the final Session of "Lucky" Lord Melbourne's Government, we regret exceedingly that pressure for time, together with the previous state of our columns, prevent us, in the present month, from publishing "The Claims of the Melbourne Administration to the Support of Reformers Considered." The article we consider too important in its bearings on the cause of National Improvement to admit of curtailment.

Tory-Radical, as, in common with every consistent and disinterested Reformer, we have the honour to be styled by the apostate and hireling Treasury scribes, and those who either fasten or hope yet to thrive by Whig official patronage, the miserable plight to which the Whigs have reduced themselves by their five years of shuffling and dishonesty almost disarms resentment. The place of indignation is now occupied by pity, not in the least allied to respect:—

"Fallen Cherubs, to be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering!"

The warmest advocates of the Government—*i. e.*, the best paid, in the kind of coin most acceptable to themselves—*are* themselves urging the *weakness* of the Ministry as a plea for the compassion and forbearance of Reformers, and as an argument for granting them yet a little more support, a little more succour in their extreme need. What has reduced them to this deplorable state of weakness? Dishonesty: Toryism at heart, and the shallow hypocrisy of pretended Liberalism, now and then assumed in order to retain their place. What has made them thus contemptible in their weakness? Their deliberate bit-by-bit betrayal of the cause by which they rose into power. They have ostentatiously shewn—while their creatures do not hesitate to boast—that they carry the Court in their pockets. Ireland is vaunted to be at their beck—under their spells. Of the *moderate* Reformers—the very, *very* moderate Reformers—they enjoy the confidence; and they have the support of the middle-class Electors in the towns, for doing, if not much, yet their little *possible*, and "keeping out the Tories." This is, indeed, their greatest, if not their only merit in the eyes of many. And with this united strength, and with Mr Macaulay and Mr Sheil placing their shoulders to the wheel of improvement—as Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Sir Henry Parnell, and many other Liberals and patriots did before them—it is still acknowledged that the Ministry is weak, and urgently requires more support; and who, save Tory-Radicals, can refuse the modest demand to men so tried, so proved, so everyway deserving, from their principles, their measures, and, above all, from their sincerity and courage? We again mention our regret that we cannot at present publish our Contributor's examination of the claims of the Melbourne Ministry upon every man in the country who professes to be a Reformer; as these claims are stated by—among other of their advocates of less celebrity though of equal zeal—Mr Macaulay, in the Apology for the Whigs, entitled "A Defence," published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and attributed to his pen.

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